Our task here is to read each of the narratives named in our respective names and check if they are qualified as ”good” data points to use for our model training. There are multiple narratives, each narrative is differentiated by the word “Post Url”. The qualifications are as follows:

1. Do the narratives reflect/shed a light on the experience of being a low-SES student and attending higher education? Does it lament on financial, psychological, physical, or even social struggles a person has faced due to them being from a background of low socio-economic status?
2. Does it describe the struggles faced by a person with the aforementioned experience? Does this narrative highlight what they tried to improve their condition, and what worked for them? Has their life/perspective changed as a result of recent actions?
3. Does the narrative sound like it involves general commentary, a general description of a condition, or an offer of advice? If yes to any of these questions, then maybe these shouldn’t be included. In essence, we wouldn’t want any valid data point to be a “blog post”.

If the answer is yes to all of these questions or at least one of the questions in each qualification, then that data point should be fit for our purposes. You are to give me a list of yes or no to each of these narratives serially.

This is the data

Post Url:

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/4pwxst/im_at_a_deadend_need_help_and_advice/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm at a dead-end, need help and advice

Hey reddit, this is a little bit of a long post, and it's really quite embarrassing, so please bare with me.  
  
I graduated in 2015 with a BA in anthropology (focused on biological) with a GPA of 2.4. I want to continue my education but cannot get anywhere because of my low GPA, reaching out in hope that someone can help guide me to the next step.  
  
Some of you may get a laugh out of this, but my dream/goal is to go to medical school. I've been told many times to give it up, my degree is useless, and so forth. And I do admit, an Anthropology degree is pretty difficult to get around. To make it relevant, I focused more towards the Biological side of the discipline, working with biostatistics and genetics data. I took courses in public health, medical anthropology, biological physics, things of that nature that are offered at my university. Academic performance and competitiveness, is where I fail at and absolutely where I should have been more careful about. I was under a very difficult circumstance, which of course, is what many students with poor academic performance would also say to justify their GPA. I've reflected about this over and over again and take full blame for everything, I simply want to move on and learn from these mistakes find a way to fix it. I tell you a little bit about my background and circumstances, not as an exhaustive list of excuses, but as a lesson that hopefully someone can help me out and evaluate the options I now have.  
  
The one positive thing about all of this, I graduated with no debt and didn't take out any loans. I came from SE Asia and was born in a small village with no running water, no electricity, we lived a very primitive and simple life. How I get to the U.S is a long story, and I will spare you the details. I came here when I was relatively young, but took a while to adjust and learn all the new technology, the first time I used a computer was when I started my first day of class in the U.S, it was in 5th grade. I was the first in my family to attend and graduate High school, and then college. As you can imagine, everything was a "learn-on-the-job" type of situation. Applying to college was a magical situation for me, everything was online, submit a few essays...and that's it. Who submitted my documents, test results? How'd they know it's me? Everything was just done automatically, it was a little shocking to me. But somehow, I managed it, I got in a decent state college (UF). I was a little behind the curve with technology, but everything else, I managed. But that's when everything just went sour.  
  
Being away from home was, of course, a little difficult. But I managed the first two semester fine. My second year and forth is when everything just went bad. I started overthinking about what I wanted to do, the end goal, that I over load on volunteering, extracurricular, silly resume booster things that are now meaningless because of my incompetent GPA. My grade dropped, I became ineligible for the grants and aid I was receiving and ended up having to take a job to cover for these expenses. I was literally illiterate when it comes to money and financial aid at that point. My parents advised me against loans (it's a big no-no and highly stigmatized for them), and of course I listened. I made absolutely no use of the resources available, had no idea where to look for help or even ask questions, I felt like completely lost and ashamed in front of my peers with my situation. Looking back, I was a fool and hated myself for it. I worked overnight shifts and weekends at the hospital, scheduled my classes early in the morning so i can go straight to class after work, getting paid 10/hr, you can imagine how it was to pay for 3-4k tuition a semester. My schedule would often look like this: 10pm-8am (work) 8:30-noon (class). It was exhausting, I studied on the job, on the bus, between classes, during lunch, on the toilet, literally anywhere, just to get by with a 2.4. Pretty sad, I know.  
  
I graduated and working now at a dead-end job that pays 9/hr, even worse than when I had no degree. Doing everything I can, volunteering, researching, everything and anything to hope for a chance that some school would look pass my horrid GPA and a somewhat irrelevant degree. My GPA is too low to even apply to any postbacc, masters, certificates. Some have suggested that I do some DIY classes at a nearby school to raise my GPA, but that would require me to be a non-degree seeking student, which would rule out financial aid, I can't afford tuition with my job and even if i could, that would be making the same mistake all over again.  
  
What should I do reddit? I've consider cutting my losses, apply for a second degree and get a STEM major? I'm really at a dead-end this time around and it's becoming quite a burden/depressing thing to handle. Reaching out for some words of wisdom and advice. Thank you, reddit.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/569apb/living_with_parents_a_good_choice_or_not/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Living with parents a good choice or not?

I'm gonna be graduating high school in the coming year, and I was wondering if it would be reasonable to live with my parents, or go off to a great college somewhere.  
  
Now, before you answer right away, I'd like to take a moment and explain my situation:  
  
I'm a fairly well off student, with a 4.1 GPA Weighted, and 3.8 Unweighted. My ACT's 31 (I jumped 3 points from 28 to 31 between the last test and this one so I am expecting to do somewhat better the next time I take it this month). I took the SAT subject tests, still waiting to get my scores back. I have a pretty good transcript, and this is the basic rundown:  
-Freshman year: No weighted classes, just the prereqs to prep me for the classes the rest of high school  
-Sophomore year: Starting out slow with just AP chem and AP Human Geo, with the rest unweighted  
-Junior year: Ramped it up this year with the IB program, with my only non-weighted class being Java programming (1 semester), which brings junior year to a grand total of 15.5 semesters worth of weighted classes. Only AP class was AP Macro (1 semester)  
-Senior year: Ramped up even more, with those IB classes going into their HL II phase. I have a lot of B's because I'm reaching the limit of my ability, and I'm just scraping to survive at this point. Decided to take an extra SL and extra HL just for the lolz and now I'm choking on it.  
  
Now that you have a basic rundown of how it is in school, I'd like to explain my concern with college itself:  
  
My parents work for a university in town, and it's not the best university in the world, but they offer tuition remission, and if I went there, I calculated that my cost to go there would be $10k before scholarships kick in. I've looked into another college in town, and my counselor informed me of a similar rate because of my ACT score (a 32 would get me full ride).  
  
Now, these aren't the greatest colleges. And I don't know if they're the fit for me yet. Mind you, my mindset is still that of college being a prize to be won, not a match to be made, so I might be missing a step in my reasoning.   
  
So, as I expand my exploration of colleges, I'm eyeing Ivy league schools (idk if I would even get in, but let's assume in a hypothetical that I am a reasonable candidate and they do invite me to join their school). Now, these colleges probably don't offer the same financial advantages that a smaller school would offer its students, nor would it offer something like tuition remission. On top of that, I would have to pay room and board, inflating my costs by at minimum, $10k, the cost of an entire 4 years at the university my parents work at. \*and that's just a fraction of what I would pay\*. But say I get some hefty financial incentives, say somehow I knock off a majority of it through scholarships, grants, financial aid, etc (I assume 20k/yr would be reasonable? maybe? remotely?).   
  
Is it worth forgoing the \*\*guaranteed\*\* free/next to nothing education at a small university, to shoot for a possibility of going to a larger institution for a bigger post-graduate income at the cost of paying more for an education? This is assuming I do get in, and assuming that said hypothetical scholarships can fund me at the $20k/yr (correct me if my estimate is wrong).  
  
I have looked at college ROIs ( http://www.payscale.com/college-roi ) and done calculations based on them, and the math says that bigger, out of state colleges are better. But financial incentives, along with room and board savings, as well as proximity to my parents, says smaller colleges are better. I can't tell if the opportunity cost of choosing a small college matches the incentives I gain by making that choice. At the same time I cannot justify the opportunity cost of choosing a large college to the \*\*possible\*\* favor I receive when I get a job (Do employers really say "hey this kid graduated from Harvard, let's hire him and not the kid from Hawaii State University"? (I'm sorry if I offended anyone, it was an arbitrary example using my favorite state))  
  
My parents' stance on this is that they want me to go to a small university, so that they can keep an eye on me and out of learning bad habits (might seem funny, but it's a very serious issue when it comes to my parents)  
  
Thank you in advance for your advice, and I hope to hear from someone (or a lot of people) soon!  
  
TL;DR - I don't know wether to go to a big university or a small one. Small ones give me money, but big ones give me cred. Parents want me to go to a small university. I'm saying that I want to go to a big one if it outweighs the benefits of going to a small one. Please give me advice on what to do. Thank you in advance!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/9hnq5a/dropping_out_of_college_indefinitely/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Dropping out of college indefinitely?

\*\*This is gonna be LOOONG and detailed. But if you have time and choose to do so, I would appreciate a read, with any advice you might have.\*\*  
  
I went from being a first year student in an intensive four-year biochemistry program at an undergraduate christian university to taking two really easy classes at my local community college. I also had my first panic attack in college after deciding this. During my first year of college I made a lot of good friends, \*failed pretty much every class I had,\* learned way more about myself and how I think then ever before, changed my spiritual/philosophical views pretty hard, and gradually changed from the optimistic/relaxed person I had always been, into a depressed and anxious individual.   
  
Now I work 20-30 hours a week at a local Wendy's and am a part time student at my community college. I'm unsure of what I want to do, but I've changed my dream from biochemistry researcher to psychotherapist. I love science, love music, and enjoy helping people through their emotional problems. I think I've found the right thing for me at last, but after having a rather terrible start to this semester (skipping classes, not doing homework, several all nighters, etc.) I think that I just can't work with the academic world until I have my mental/personal issues worked out.   
  
Also even after finally taking my ADHD seriously for the first time in my life, my psychiatrist hasn't really done much to help me (ok the meds were nice I'll admit), nor do I think he will do anything more. He says he thinks I should seek a psychotherapist (weird how that works out) and I'm currently looking for one right now.  
  
So I want to officially get out of academia and work full time, until I'm ready to go back to college. \*\*If that's enough information for you, then go ahead and comment, but if you want some more info on the situation, feel free to look at a LOOOONG list of pros and cons I typed out.\*\*  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
\*\*Cons:\*\* 1. I owe nearly 20,000 in student loans that I'm currently paying a small interest off of. Both the government and state of New Jersey will spike up the interest rates on my loans like crazy (ok really more the state of NJ, man this state sucks) if I don't attend a college at least part time.   
  
2. I can't get a refund anymore for this fall semester, I owe what I owe and I have to finish paying off my payment plan (at least its a community college tuition and not uber expensive private christian university tuition) whether I finish the semester until December or not.  
  
3. Let us address the fact that I am an impulsive, anxious person that turns things into nightmare scenarios and always looks for the easiest way out, usually by quitting.   
  
4.My career goals will become ever farther and harder to reach. I'm nervous about delaying my future career into the unforeseeable future.  
  
\*\*Pros:\*\* 1. Even though I LOVE the material in these classes (General Psychology and Music History) It's been a terrible semester already and it's just started, it would be stupid to not recognize I'm worse off than before and need to bail NOW.   
  
2. I have a steady job that I really like and have a great relationship with my coworkers and managers.   
  
3. I could work more rather than study and so pay off those loans quicker over time.   
  
4. I've been dealing with a lot of personal/spiritual stuff so its no wonder things are going bad, my mind is in too many places. And that's already its default mode so my thinking has been getting REALLY out there now.  
  
5. I've been ignoring hobbies I love, like reading philosophy and science, running (I used to love to run my brains out, but now I'm an unhealthy sofa spud), playing music, hanging out with friends, and dedicating much needed time to my family. Maybe that's why it seems my depression has only been getting worse. I did the same stuff last year in college as well. Completely ignoring everything I liked doing and trying (but failing) to focus everything on work/school.  
  
6. I haven't even come close to figuring out how to manage my ADHD, how to study, or other stuff that I should learn properly to become an adult. Struggling with school is only gonna slow that down, if not make it worse. Me not having managed my ADHD also makes me struggle with school even more. Fun viscous cycle there right?  
  
7. My future is pretty undetermined, really. I don't HAVE to go to college, get a degree, and start my lifelong career. I don't have to even stick to this career as I move on in life. I recognize that there are more important things to me and I can change who I am whenever the time is right, whenever I want.  
  
\*\*OK ENOUGH OF ABOUT ME. How about you, how's you're day going? jk help me fix my life thanks.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/2tlsbe/doubts_about_cc_and_then_some/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Doubts about CC, and then some

Hey there, /r/college. You've probably all heard this one many times before, but here goes. I apologize in advance for the upcoming Great Wall of China of text. Brace yourselves.  
  
  
  
  
I'm a 2014 high school graduate. While I always loved learning and was in AP classes, my utter laziness caused me to barely graduate high school, and now I haven't any choice but to go through CC if I want to pursue even a semblance of anything like a higher quality education, which I absolutely do, both for reasons of personal intellectual fulfillment and because I don't want to be almost certainly stuck as working-class wage slave for the rest of my life. The kind of job I have right now just won't cut it for me for the approximate next 70 years of my human existence, assuming there aren't any complications along the way.  
  
  
  
  
But I digress. You reap what you sow and my actions (or lack thereof) have landed me in CC. Now I'm fully aware (perhaps a bit grudgingly) that this isn't necessarily a bad thing, as my local CC is one of the best in the nation and easily rivals some universities in certain aspects (not so much in many others, but you can't win everything). So while it's less than ideal (at least to a teenager), CC won't be a death sentence for me like it would in other places, and, financially, it's a sound idea, as my parents won't/can't contribute a penny to my tuition costs, and I don't have a couple thousand dollars to throw around for CC, let alone a good 20-50k/year for actual University. Ergo, this could all be a blessing in disguise, strictly financially speaking, since I haven't got the means to pay for college nor the luxury to waste time spending it superfluously trying to figure out what the hell to major in.  
  
  
  
  
So here I am, bittersweet, half a week into my first semester of CC after a semester's break (7 months total) fresh out of high school to earn money via underpaid, mind-numbing labor, and, frankly,to get a bit of a break from school after 15 continuous years of it (I started young). Despite the wisdom in going to a good CC for someone in my position, I can't help but feel a bit sad and regretful of ending up there, for relatively superficial reasons. I see all of my friends shipped off to places near and far, living in dorms with their roommates (for better or for worse), all in one building with friends and foes and crushes alike, going through the ups and downs and all the antics that come with being a freshman, and I feel like I'm missing out on some fun times. While I understand that dorm life isn't all it's cracked up to be, I still wish to go through the experience of it, to make new, long-lasting friendships, and experience the independence and learning that comes with the "college experience". While the fact that I am now left here, with all my classmatess and acquaintances gone in and out of state to schools, while I stay behind a counter and greet the faceless entity of customers 5-7 hours a day, is entirely my own fault, I still wish to live that social aspect ASAP, especially after being deprived of any interaction with anyone within 5 years of my own age for nearly 8 months now. I'm lonely. I didn't really have any friends before, more just acquiantances, but now my interaction with people my age is at 0. I don't get to be independent, I'm still stuck with my family. I love them all very dearly, and they're all great, but I feel so suffocated. In all 19 years of my life, I've been with them. I've never really had much of a social life. I want to get out, to meet people. To get drunk for the first time, to pull all-nighters, to feel the stress of exams, to learn all those little life lessons, to make long-lasting friendships. Right now my life is this boring, monotonous loop, and I'm alone in it.   
  
  
  
So, with all of this (most likely gratuitous) babbling done, I have these questions:  
  
  
  
  
What is the quickest way to get out of CC and into my university of choice (which requires the wonderful range of 12-36 credits for transfer, I'll shoot for 15+ because I don't have some relative that will pay for most/all of my tuition, and I have a grand total of roughly $1600 under my name), without rushing it and doing more harm than good? Please consider the fact that in all my years of school, the extent of my studying ended with the school bell, so I don't have any study skills whatsoever, thus making me take 5 classes/semester right off the bat a bit too ambitious of an idea to be of any benefit to me.  
  
  
  
  
Ultimately, does the opportunity cost of saving a few thousand dollars outweigh the lessons and experience learned through an early and true college immersion? (I understand that this is nearly entirely subjective, and that's perfectly fine.)  
  
  
  
Is "the college experience" really all it's cracked up to be? Can a transfer student still live that lifestyle and experience that iconic chapter in life fully with a maximum of 2 years to experience it all? What would be the best course of action?  
  
  
  
And finally  
  
  
  
Should one even go to college, at all? Is it even worth it? Honestly, nowadays, it seems like less and less of a good idea to go to college if you aren't 90+% sure about your current path in life.  
  
  
  
I just can't help but feel regret at this point, yet I am also well aware of the rising costs of tuition, or of the danger of mindlessly abiding by the somewhat misplaced cultural idea that no college= no success, especially in today's globalized economy. I understand, rationally, that CC is actually becoming more and more of a wiser option, provided your local CC isn't absolute shit, and/or you aren't absolutely certain about what you want to do with your life. I get that. But there's that whimsical side of me that's slipping into a depression because I'm deprived of all social interaction, drudging through each day where the person nearest to me in age is a 30-something alcoholic, lest you count my 13 year-old sister. I want to make friends, I want to find myself, as I don't even know who I am. I want to forge strong relationships, and have the opportunity to meet many people of different backgrounds, and the chance to thrive intellectually and be humbled by those superior to me in that aspect. Being a hostess at a restaurant is hardly conducive to rich, fulfilling intelligent conversation. I'm just bored of life right now. Bored of the daily grind, the colorless monotony of it all. And if not through college or travel to some faraway place, where else will I find a place where young people just like me are clustered together, united under a common goal?  
  
  
  
Sorry if this got melodramatic/preachy. I'm just utterly bored, and unhappy, and want to get out of it ASAP.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/bjb5se/ive_fucked_up_again_and_im_lying_to_everyone/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I've fucked up again and I'm lying to everyone

I'm a college student at a very good college and have a lot of potential. Not to brag, but just so you get an idea, I was accepted to study at Oxford University next year (just though study abroad but still quite competitive).  
  
Yet I feel like that just makes me all the more of a fuck up. I am extremely, extremely behind-- basically failing -- in all my classes and life. Failing, as in, despite all the generous extensions I've received, I still have three weeks to complete basically an entire semester's worth of work.   
  
That's the biggest issue but on top of this I haven't been taking my antidepressants for a week or so because I just forgot and then I just kept not taking them I don't even know why? And because I'm procrastinating with money stuff and can't find the energy to walk to bank and then the pharmacy I've been going without my ADHD meds for a couple days and using caffeine to compensate. I have missed so many doctor's appointments that I needed to go to. I am also, I believe, a bit of a kleptomaniac (or maybe I'm just a conscience-less asshole) and stole some small things like lipstick from my best friend (she knows we chatted about it and she forgave me) but I recently did it again and she found it and somehow forgave me but I still feel like shit and don't feel like I deserve or can reciprocate her friendship. And I've stolen other things, like clothes lying around campus, foreign money I found in a purse in the lost and found and even books from the library because my account is frozen from lost items and I guess I have no conscience about stealing old books no one reads anyways (except I do feel bad after the fact, sorta..) it's going to catch up with me and I don't even need things!!!! I'm a disaster human and for a long time know one knew but now I feel like my mask isn't slipping and the shame is unbearable.  
  
I owe money to a bunch of different places and people and have an overdue rental laptop I'm too afraid to return because of how late it is. I have it and don't need it but the thought of facing them, after how many emails and calls they've made, and sheepishly being like "here it is" makes me want to die. I literally want someone to return it for me! This is so ducking stupid. I also have an overdue tab from on campus cafe from last year! They've been pestering me to pay it (it's like $50 dollars) for like a year but I never have the money and hate asking my parents for help.  
  
To make matters much worse I lost my debit card a over month ago and am too scared now to call and get a new one because what even do I say? I lost this A MONTH AGO? I never even told them to freeze it (the account was zero anyways so I thought it didn't matter). I'm also procrastinating on that because I'd to tell my mom (they have to ship out first to her address) and that is always so shame inducing and stressful.  
  
More ways I'm a fuck up: I haven't recorded the hours I've worked. Partially because I'm too forgetful and/or lazy and embarrassed to ask my boss for retro hours. I desperately need the money, though, and have been selling my clothes to get money to pay for things/bills. I also haven't bothered with it because it goes directly into my credit card which, as you know, I lost a month ago and haven't dealt with. And the class dean keeps calling me because I'm sure my professors have been emailing her (it's a small school where profs notice and care about students, another reason I feel so guilty for letting them down). And of course I am avoiding the dean too because the idea of visiting someone who know how badly I've fucked up scares the shit out of me. I just want to get my shit together a little before I talk to her bt I've been saying that for a month. Any progress I make is so minimal. Like I seem to take three days to just ORGANIZE my planner. Or get everything together and make the calls so I can walk to go and get my ADHD meds? That takes a whole damn day. Not kidding. Now imagine a 7 page paper? Well, two days needed to get everything ready: find the money to buy caffeine pills so I can actually have energy to write, figure out how to steal appropriate library books, ask friend to meet me somewhere to give me the assignment because I lost it and deleted the email on accident, borrow/rent a laptop because I don't own one, walk to library only find out it it closed on the weekends, try to work in dorm but it's too loud, explain to your friends and boyfriend why you never have time to hang out, try to figure out what to write about, have a meltdown, write reddit post because of meltdown, etc etc. Then the writing stage starts and I am writing a the speed of a snail. My eyes hurt and I need a break after spending three hours on a couple sentences, having scoured the thesaurus because none of the words work...  
  
I feel so guilty for throwing away this opportunity, again, especially when so many people are trying to help me. This has happened before too. It's not like I'm a first year. I'm a junior! I feel like I'm letting everyone down again and again. And I want so bad to make them respect me and be prof of me so when I'm talking to them, especially my favorite professor, who honestly loves me because we are just really close and I'm super enthusiastic and smart in his subject. I know he must be getting sick of my excuses/lies, though. I always make promises about turning in stuff that I know I can't keep, just to make him happy and not annoyed and mad in the moment. Like I just say what people want to hear instead of the truth. And then I let them down and feel horrible. And no one trusts me and they shouldn't because I am the least trustworthy and honest person alive and I want to stay in bed and avoid everyone forever.  
  
The worst part is the shame and avoidance and web of lies I've spun. I don't even know how many people I have been lying to so many people I can't keep track.  
  
I probably haven't even mentioned half of the ways I've fucked up lately. This feels like beyond ADHD. It feels like madness. And the lying and hiding and avoiding is about to backfire real hard. I've been daydreaming about suicide to be honest.  
  
I have tried to start therapy again this semester, by the way. But when I went in it was to focus on childhood trauma, a sexual assault as an adult and--mainly-- a childhood sexual abuse/incest situation because I have trouble with sex and with my boyfriend. It would have helped probably but I can't even make my appointments I'm too lazy. That and the fact that's when I start to talk about that stuff it consumes every waking thought and I need to get work done. I'm a very good student sometimes, like I win awards for research and stuff, so my professors have been very understanding. But that can only go so far. I have to turn something in eventually and my brain just feels broken. It can't do anything. But I always feel like this and it has happened again and again and I never seem to improve so how can anyone trust or respect me?  
  
My mom is going to be so mad at me. I will have to stop lying and tell her everything about school. And she will be upset and yell at me, which is normal and expected, but it will be so hard to listen to go on and on and on with the yelling and lecturing me about how hard I make HER life without just shouting at her that I was fucking molested by my dad and never told her, and never will, because I know it will ruin her life!  
  
But at the end of the day it all comes down to me. I'm a liar. And lazy. And cannot be trusted. It will take a lot of work to gain back the respect of everyone.  
  
I'm just waiting for shit to hit the fan

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/lsoa5q/having_second_thoughts/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Having second thoughts...

Hi all -- I hope everyone is hanging in as best as you all can, right now. I have been working in the social work/social services industry for a little over four years and was recently accepted to an MSW program. I am awaiting my financial aid package, but have enrolled in the program but am having some pretty intense second thoughts about moving forward with this plan  
  
Basically, I have been experiencing pretty intense burnout the last couple of months. In all, my workplace is super fair in managing our workloads, I get paid better than most other similar positions, and they have been really accommodating in giving us stipends to build out our home offices and giving us time off to deal with the stress of the pandemic.   
  
Prior to working at this job, I was working at a community health center and I was making considerably less money. I took that job mostly out of desperation; I had moved to a different city after some pretty intense family stuff happened that I needed to distance myself from. I was driving Lyft full-time, and barely making ends meet. It was a hot mess; my car was almost repossessed, my student loans defaulted, and I didn't have health insurance for almost a year (as you can imagine, I was really struggling with anxiety and panic attacks during this time).   
  
Eventually, I got myself out of that hole (I had to work two jobs pretty much the entire time I worked there) and moved back to the area that I'm from (the family issues have calmed down and now we are on our \~healing journey\~) and began working at my current job. The pandemic caused me to move back in with my family (I was renting an apartment nearby but it was too small for non-stop remote work) and I have been fortunate enough to be able to save up money for the first time in my entire life. I have rehabbed my debt issues, my credit score has gone up, etc... and I feel so much less stressed and never ever want to feel like I did a couple of years ago (side note: it is unbelievable what our bodies will do when exposed to that amount of stress. I kept joking with my Mom at the start of the pandemic that I was sleeping so much because I was finally able to sleep soundly for the first time in 5 years).  
  
While the conditions of my current job are adequate (I have heard horror stories from friends in other non-profit spaces throughout the pandemic), I just feel so burnt out by the work. Constantly feeling like I have no ability to actually make changes or impacts (I work in housing services in a huge and expensive city lol), having a difficult time building trust with clients who think that we aren't offering apartments to them for one reason or another when it's literally just that there are no apartments, and the bureaucratic red-tape of social services (a fun example would be the city agency that administers housing vouchers literally failing to renew a client's voucher and then being impossible to get in contact with, resulting in the client accruing a $10k balance because of their error!!!). I feel like I am banging my head up against a wall every day, and feel like the burn out is impacting my ability to do very simple things like read e-mails properly or complete data entry.   
  
(Also, don't even get me started on how annoying it is to work with landlords... that is a different thread entirely)  
  
I guess my ambivalence now comes from whether or not I will be able to recover from this burnout and pivot to something more fulfilling by going back to school. Additionally, due to my student debt from undergrad (I have private loans that cannot be deferred because they are run by the literal devil), health insurance premiums, and my car payment, I will burn through my savings pretty quickly while I am in school. I am so traumatized from the last time I was flat broke that I worry about going back to school and ending up in that place again, especially if end up making less money than I earn now if I decide to go the clinical route.   
  
In the past, I have toyed with going into an operations/project management/account manager role within the healthcare field (I did something similar for a year after graduating college and really enjoyed some aspects of that work). I also really enjoy writing (I have published some stuff here and there and am taking grantwriting courses right now), so I feel like I could combine these things to do something else, but I genuinely don't know even where to begin. Any advice/guidance or even validation that it's okay to feel this way would be very appreciated.  
  
I have had some really wonderful experiences working within this field, and I have met some of the most selfless and kind people throughout the process, and I appreciate all you do to help care for people &amp; communities.   
  
Thank you for reading my rambling ranting :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ugapw7/i_really_blew_it_please_help/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I really blew it - Please help

This is a really long one- but please stick with me. I need some real help and I'm breaking down here trying to figure it out. I've written this much because the problem could be anywhere in here and I want the best advice I can get.  
  
To preface, I was a high performer in high school (Class of 2020). By no means was I a particularly good student, but I was a high performer, and I've read tons and tons at this point on the issues that are associated with that/being labeled "gifted"/etc. I never really had to apply a ton of study skills in high school therefore and never really had the chance to learn them. I was both smart and decently privileged, so anywhere that my smarts couldn't make up for the study skills, a tutor or my mom was there to catch me. I pretty much nailed high school with the exception of like one B in Senior year after COVID hit. Graduated with honors, wasn't valedictorian but that was fine, the kid who got it really deserved it.  
  
In the summer leading up to college, I got accepted to my dream school, which was awesome, but a lot of family issues resulted from it. Toxic father who was abusive as both a parent and a spouse who insisted to pay for college for the sake of status, but also refused to pay for any school unless I landed ridiculous amounts of scholarship money... you know how it goes. Eventually we managed to get him to pay for my dream school, since I didn't get in on any scholarship and our blessed situation financially didn't really award any financial aid. I promise this becomes important later, just stick with me here.  
  
Of course, because this was the summer of 2020, this is when COVID really changed the college scene and my school offered the option to go online, so naturally this is what I did since my whole family was really COVID-conscious. Fall semester comes around... and given how I started this, you're probably expecting me to say this is where I flopped, but truthfully, I actually NAILED first year. I even managed to develop all the work ethic and good study habits, along with having a thriving social life while at home! All As in primarily important pre-med stem classes with an extra elective I wanted to take. Only got an A- in the lab Gen Chem lab. I had the option to take Spring semester remote as well, so I did that.  
  
At this point, a huge family crisis hit where we finally just hit the peak of the bs my father was putting my mother, sister, and I through, and he filed for a divorce behind my mom's back after she suggested they could file together. This became an incredibly stressful situation on top of being ostracized from an online friend group I'd been in for a year and a breakup with my girlfriend of three year at the time. My coping mechanisms weren't the greatest, but I trudged through the semester and did alright. Somewhat lighter course load, in all fairness, but all As and A-s, with one B+ from Gen Chem (which would have been an A if I didn't botch the final), so that's still incredible performance. In all fairness, I also made a lot of excuses in my lighter, less-serious classes that allowed me extensions on certain assignments and such, but that's still incredible performance and I'm not afraid to flaunt that. Ended freshman year on a 3.8/9 (depending on how you round it) GPA. However, due to the panic at the time, my mom really was panicked about that B+ in Gen Chem, so we decided it would be a good idea to get Organic out of the way ASAP, so I took it during the summer.  
  
That was hell, but I came out with a B-, but my mom and I, being so used to how I was performing in high school, felt it wouldn't be a bad idea to just take it again during the school year since I've already seen the material once now and can just nail it next time, while also taking Bio and some other lighter classes (that would fit my now major, Psychology). It also was a huge hit to my confidence and momentum, alongside what I perceived to now be another huge pressure I needed to compensate for when I got to school in the Fall.  
  
\*\*Here's the juicy part. Sophomore year\*\*  
  
The divorce situation between my parents boiled on for the entirety of that winter semester, through the summer and fall semester, and finally ended during the Spring break of this past Spring 2022 semester. It only became worse and worse, and with my moving out, I wasn't able to handle it well at all, especially since on the big move-out day (remember I was remote that entire first year), my father trounced all over it by calling in his moving crew to move out to his apartment the same day.  
  
My coping mechanisms with the whole ordeal were awful, and I had also recently rekindled my relationship with the girl who broke up with me during Spring 2021 (we found out a lot of our issues were based on gaslit misunderstandings from some 'friends' we had who hated what we had going on... we're healthier and happier than ever with each other now). So I was spending a lot of time with her over the phone trying to cope. At first, things still felt exciting and fresh and new. I renovated my room from the worst building on campus into something \*AMAZING\* (not to brag). My first couple weeks I was studying hard and good, but it all just started to catch up with me.  
  
My work ethic just vanished. All that change I'd made and resilience I had to the family situation and other problems in freshman year just vanished. I was breaking down, I was skipping classes (which I had never done even \*once\* up until this point), and was doing so pretty unapologetically. I was suddenly having intense trouble grasping material well enough to do anything on exams, even when I felt just as confident as I would in freshman year before exams that I \*aced\*. I tried talking to on-campus counselors and therapists and they were nice but it just wasn't helping. I took courses from the Student Wellness Center to see what I might be missing, but I just couldn't do it.  
  
I knew and know what I have to do but I just can't do it. I know I need to put in the work, but I've stopped studying diligently and regularly too. That whole first semester I didn't really even have close friends on campus aside from my roommate, because I became a shut-in, but in the last two weeks of Fall 2021 I managed to find some really nice people who I'm now close friends with. I even start making the walk to classes, then just sitting outside the classroom or building. It's right there. It's just another 50 footsteps away, but I don't go in. My confidence kept taking more and more hits as I'd mess up even incredibly easy classes. Fall 2021 ended with one A in a basically gimme-A class, a B-, and all Cs.  
  
It's only during Spring 2022 when I managed to fix my issues of attendance and start actually getting up in the mornings consistently and going to classes and not just staying outside, and even now, my grades are technically doing even worse. I ended up with a midterm deficiency for my absences in one of my classes. I used standing witness in my parents' trial to skip out on some midterms whose credit have been shifted onto my upcoming finals. I don't want to be a bad student or a bad person but I really just feel like I somehow randomly am now. I really want to do well. I just can't find the drive, focus, or motivation to do any of what I need to do now. My semester is yet again looking like it's going to finish out on Bs and Cs, which, while not the worst thing ever, is certainly not gonna cut it for med schools.  
  
I've made it this far, and even got myself together during my freshman year of college. I managed to overcome that typical gifted-kid burnout slump or whatever it is. I overcame my lack of study skills, time, management, and social awkwardness I had in high school. Then I move out to college after doing the first year remote with a few unnecessary hits to my self-confidence over things that really weren't big problems in hindsight, a bunch of extra problems on my back, and no ways to properly cope that are genuinely helping me.  
  
\*The interesting part of the issue here is not the same thing about high-performing high school students doing bad in college\*. \*It's about actually getting myself together after high school, nailing freshman year and not even feeling too burnt out, making one mistake (that I blew way out of proportion) at a bad time when everything else in my life comes crashing down, and now it's all gone.\*  
  
I keep feeling remotivated to try and try again but then two days after I get that motivation burst I just fall back into it all. I'm so tired and don't know what to do. I can't find anything on even remotely similar situations, but there has to be someone out there, right? Please. Someone help me. I'm so tired and scared. I'm not gonna make any huge life-altering or ending decisions so please don't worry about that. But just, please. Someone help me. I don't know what to do.  
  
\*\*What tried and worked before isn't working anymore. Help me.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/21eyv1/what_is_my_lifes_purpose/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: What is my life's purpose?

Alright, this is a serious question, that I'm hoping someone on the outside looking in can help me understand, explain and/or see. I don't understand what is my purpose here in life. What is my life's purpose? And here's a little about my life. I'm thirty, when I was about seven, I had a good chance of leaving here and dying when I almost drowned in my uncle's pool. However, I was saved by mu uncle and I'm still here. All during my years in Elementary school, I had no friends and when I say no friends, I don't mean like one friend or two friends, I mean, I had no friends. Why? Because during my years in elementary, while all the other kids were busy tongue kissing boys and acting all fast and wild, I was this nerd into studying, books and education and writing and into the arts, so I was without friends and severely bullied several times over.   
  
When I was in high school, I had zero friends, why? Because at my all black school, while all the other kids were busy listening to hip-hop/rap, smoking weed, doing drugs, having sex and acting wild, I was extremely old fashioned in behavior and in dress, I was interested in what they called "white music", I was called the "black girl, trying to act white", I was interested in Broadway, the arts - theater, filmmaking, writing, Science, Biology, education and so once again, I was severely bullied to the point where I spent everyday during lunch in the bathroom, because I was afraid of sitting in the cafeteria and then the bullied continued all the way until I graduated - emotional and mental trauma that still haunts and affects me today, which is why no matter how many times a few people tell me how pretty, slim and all that, that I am, I have a hard time believing them, because of the zero self esteem I have now. That all came from the bullying I faced from the time I was in second grade all the way up to when I finished high school. It's also the reason why I have social anxiety disorder and mild aspergers, because I'm afraid/super shy of being around a group of people and being ridiculed and bullied verbally, so I prefer being alone - all by myself. I don't know how to engage in conversations with people, I don't know how to socially interact with people, because every time I tried to do so, I was verbally (and at times physically) bullied and that fucked up my mental and emotional state when it comes to interacting with people.  
  
So, then there's the thing where it's just my mother and I, sure I have two uncles and two aunts, but they're not like the regular aunts and uncles in other people's families. My aunts and uncles won't have anything to do with you, unless you're on their rich financial level - my mom and I are not, so we're shunned by them. The family members we did have, that did show us true, unconditional love (not material love, I mean emotional and family love), they died. Every family member that my mom and I were really loved and were truly close to, God took away and left us with the four who don't give a damn about us - period. The four family members we have left here (and their children), they're mean, cruel, selfish, they treated my grandmother like shit during her last stages of Cancer - Cancer which THEY caused her to have, due to all the emotional and mental stress they put on her on a 24/7 basis. This is how bad those four family members my mom and I have - so anyway, they refuse to deal with my mom and I, because they feel they're too good to be around us, because they have money and wealth and we don't.   
  
So, it's just my mom and I and it's been hard. My mom is a teacher, I'm a filmmaker. I graduated from high school as a valedictorian, graduated from college with honors. I'm a really smart kid, who is also a teacher part time but a filmmaker full time, being a filmmaker is my dream. It's a dream I was inspired by, because during all my years in school, when I was getting bullied, the only person who kept me from putting a rope around my neck and killing myself was actor, Dallas Roberts. I used to watch all his films regularly, every time I'd come home from school, crying and depressed and suicidal from being bullied, I'd watch his films and I'd feel better, seeing someone do an art that I always tried to do during my years in school (and got ridiculed for it by my fellow peers at school) and his work inspired me and I said, if I can just make it through school and make it through all the B.S. I'm going through in school, maybe one day, I can go become what he is. I can do great art like he's doing. I've always wanted to be a filmmaker, he was just my great inspiration and in a way, he's the reason I'm alive today, he was a inspiration.   
  
Anyway, my mom and I are poor (and no I'm not asking anyone for anything, so relax, I don't want a handout, I want an answer as to my life's purpose), and when I say poor, I mean, poor to the point where, for all but about three or four years of my living, my mom and I have lived in shelters, and sometimes in storage units. I'm thirty and my mom is in her sixties and we're still homeless. We aren't on welfare or on government assistance, because we don't want a handout or anything handed to us, we want to work hard like everyone else for things, but trying to find a job is hard. You go out and send out resumes for teaching jobs and you know you have the experience but these jobs never call. You send out resumes for ANY job out there and no one calls - what do you do? You lose your place of living. And being homeless in the dead of winter is hard on me, yeah but I don't care about myself so much as I do my mom. She has asthma, COPD and being homeless has been hard and extremely tough on her. She has been battling bronchitis/pneumonia for weeks now and she's been without medicare, because she doesn't have money to buy medicare, so she can't get her sickness treated. Then there are agencies and such that can help people from being homeless - sure, but you call these agencies and such and they're either way too swamped helping others, to be able to help anyone else or they can't help because they themselves have run out of funds to help others. So what do you do? You can't find a job, you lose your place of living, you can't afford medicare, government agencies and such won't help - what do you do? Pray.   
  
My mom and I consider ourselves to be christians. Before I was born, my mom was poor herself, then she had me and continued being poor - we became poor together. However, we thought we always had God. I as a young thirty year old, have always been loyal to God. I've never had a boyfriend, never committed fornication as they say in the bible. My whole life has pretty much revolved around education and being a christian. So my mom has been praying to God for help, because it says in the bible to just ask God for what you want and he will give it to you, so we pray and fast and pray and fast and pray and fast......and it just goes on and on and on and - NOTHING. It's like we're praying to air, to nothing. Prayers go unanswered. These other "pastors", "ministers" and "christians" are driving around in BMW's and fancy cars with big homes and it seems they're getting "blessed by God" and they're crooked as hell but my mom and I, who are devout christians, who defend Jesus on a regular to anyone and everyone, we're struggling worst than a homeless man in the middle of a hurricane in Texas. I mean seriously, all our lives, we've had nothing but bad luck and struggling. All the family members we loves - snatched away, we've had our most precious, personal belongings and keepsakes snatched away from us four times before, because we couldn't pay to keep our stuff in the storage unit we were in, I'm talking about my HS diploma, my graduation photos, my baby photos, the only video I had of my grandmother when she was alive - all gone and sold because we didn't have the money to pay for the storage unit the stuff was all in. And so, I keep asking God, why? WHY is this happening to us? What are we doing (did we do) wrong? We read the bible daily, we don't drink, we don't party, we're christians, so why are we being made to suffer while others aren't. Why does God make good people suffer?   
  
Then I heard this story of how Jesus and Christians were invented by the Romans and the Pisos family and I though, is that the answer? That Jesus and the bible are all invented things? They aren't real and that's why our prayers are not being answered, because there IS no God? I still don't know the answer to that and that bothers me. I'm starting to think with so many good people suffering, maybe there IS no God, maybe he WAS invented by Rome and is not real.  
  
Then, there the issue with me. I'm 30, I never had a life, and I mean seriously, I never had a life. I never had friends, I don't know what it means to have someone (other than my mom - and her expression of caring and love is very rare) to truly love and/or give a damn about me. My father abandoned my mom and I and that also played a part in fucking up my emotional state, to where it's made me feel like I'm not good enough for anyone because my father left. It made me feel like something is wrong with me, because my father didn't want me as his kid. As a young girl/woman my age, I've never been anywhere, I don't have things other girls/women my age should have, because of being poor. I don't have any self esteem, because when I was younger (not only by those at school, but my four, evil family members and their children), I was constantly made to feel and believe that I was ugly (which I'm not, from what I've been told - one girl said I should even get into modeling because of my pretty face and slim figure and all that but whateve) and just been verbally told everything negative about myself, so I look in the mirror and even though, there's a pretty face there, all I see is ugly. Then I'm the type of person where, I care about everyone - strangers or not. I don't know why that is but I do and I'm not bullshitting when I say that. I literally care about everyone that comes in my path, whether I know them or not. If a stranger on the street needed an umbrella because it was pouring out, I'd take them to a store and use my last five dollars and buy them an umbrella, that's just how caring and nice I am towards people. I care about everyone a little too much. I don't know how to hold grudges and stay angry at people. Someone can throw cold, ice water in my face and I'll be mad for about an hour and then the next hour, I'm back wanting to be their friend again. I don't know why I'm like that, I just am, it's like I only have one feeling of emotion towards people and that's the emotion of being nice/caring.   
  
Being this way, sometimes people take advantage of my niceness without me knowing it (not sexually, but just by asking me to do things for them and go places with them and knowing I'd never say no to them because I am so nice). Anyway, so with all that, with me caring for everyone - it seems no one gives a damn about me. I never get people asking how I am, unless it's my mom and that's even rare when she does ask me how I am. I don't get calls and emails from people because I don't have friends, and I can't go out and meet friends, because until I get a job and get out from being homeless, I can't go out to dinner and movies and etc., to meet people but I mean, it would be nice to know at least one person gave a damn about me, but no one does. I have no one to talk to about my feelings and emotions and such. As I stated, the family members who did give a damn about me, God snatched away, but no one does anymore and that hurts. I get on the bus and train and I smile at people and/or say good morning, because I was raised with manners and people look at me like they can't stand me and I'm a very sensitive person and that hurts because I don't get why they're doing that to me. I try so hard to impress people and get them to like me and it's like for all my trying, I feel like the most hated person in the world by people. I still get treated like crap by people And it affects me so much where I cry all the time. I cry because I'm tired of people reacting so coldly to me and treating me like crap, I cry because I'm tired of my mom and I being poor, I cry because I'm tired of living day to day for - what? Just to be poor and homeless and to have a shitty life.   
  
I used to tell my mom when I was younger that when I became an adult, I'd buy her a house and that I'd take care of her, but I can't even do that. My mom and I have never been in a house - ever. At my mom's age, I should be taking care of her and I can't even do that. Then I feel, maybe if I weren't here and my mom were here by herself, she could make it and be better without me. Maybe she wouldn't be homeless or in poverty anymore, because everyone - EVERYONE likes my mom. She has no friends she calls or anything, but everyone my mom meets, she just charms them and they like her - that's not the case with me. I can be nice to anyone and still be treated like crap and I don't get it. So, I say to God at times, if this is all my life is supposed to be, then just let me go to sleep one night and not wake up. Why do you have me here, God? Just to live day to day and suffer in emotional hurt and suffering and to be in poverty and homelessness until the day either my mom or I die? I mean, what is my purpose in life? What is my mom's purpose in life? My mom is a phenomenal teacher, and she has a lot to offer as a teacher. Teaching is her gift, like being a filmmaker/screenwriter is my gift. I've let people read my scripts and they've been so touched by my writing, that they're moved to tears. I've been told my gift is in filmmaking and writing but how can my mom and I use our gifts, if we can never be in the right type of situation to use them? I just don't get what our lives are for?   
  
So, last night, I tried taking a few pills and ending it, but here I am, awake another morning. I don't know if maybe self-consciously, I purposely didn't take enough pills or if I did and God just refuses to take me out of this life, because my purpose is to keep suffering, but I am so, so tired of this life, of this world, where everything you want, you can never have, unless you're rich, where people are so mean and cruel to you and treat you like crap, where you pray and pray to a God that you've been told exists and nothing happens. I just - I'd like to know why was I put here? What is my purpose for being here? I think if I weren't here, maybe my mom would be better...If someone can read everything I put here and determine what my purpose is, I'd be forever grateful, because I have no idea and it's to the point where everyday, I'm literally hoping to get struck by a stray bullet or hit by a car so I can be put out of my misery. Because people don't believe this, but every day is like being slowly eaten from the inside out, by a cancer with no hope in sight for being cured....That's what my life feels like and I need answers.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ueb27/i_am_20_work_55_hrswk_fulltime_student_and/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I am 20, Work 55 hrs/wk, Fulltime Student, and support my 43 year old Mom, and am losing it all. How do I get through this?

I am 20 years old, work a sales job earning 12.50 an hour, go to school full time thanks to financial aid, and support my unemployed immigrant mother who is 43. Where lies the problem you ask? I am bound to lose my job any day, as the industry I work in is limited as far as sales and lead generating, I was suspended for a year from school due to dropping a class 2 semesters in a row, while working 2 jobs to get by, and now my mother, without notice, well a 24 hr notice, has decided to pack her shit, after me supporting her for the past 4 years, and move out of state, leaving me to find a new place to live within 3 weeks ( when our lease is up), with no credit, or money for first last and security, and having to move everything with my 2door coupe vehicle, and is expecting me to be sending her 500 dollars every month for her expenses where she is going, on top of what I will be paying for to live on my own.  
  
Dont support her you say: I come from a middle eastern background. She can do whatever she wants, however if I turned my back on her, my whole family would disown me.   
  
Why dont they help you say: They can barely get by themselves.  
  
Get another job you say: I work monday through friday 8:30 am- 6:30 pm but most days later, like around 9 or so. Any job I have applied for, has either not replied, or turned out to be a scam.   
  
I know this will most likely get lost in the unknown world of Reddit, But at least I tried.   
  
Who is John Gault? right?   
  
Update:   
  
The reason my mother is unemployed: She has a very heavy accent, and although she has a degree in hotel and tourism with a masters in Accounting, no one will give her the chance of day. Its not necessarily optional, she has probably gone to more than 500 job interviews and even worked with a career placement agency.  
  
What is the 500$ for: the credit card bills she has accumulated through the years of unemployment to help us out with the bills and expenses. Also for rent while she is out of state.  
  
Reason she went out of state: to possibly find a job.  
  
Why speaking to my family does not help: My grandparent's solution is for her to go back home which a.) she refuses, and b.) the plane ticket home is $1800 that I don't have and they can't pay for, and in order for her to be able to ever come back to the USA we have to go to NY and do our citizenship stuff which is $600 per person not including the fare up there and also room and board for the 5 days we have to be there. However if she was willing and could manage to get there, my Grandparents would take care of her and house her until she found a job, which would be much easier since she is native to the country  
  
Is my family crazy: for the most part yes. My grandparents are conservative muslims in their 70's and 80's. I am pretty much the only grandchild, of around 30 or so grandkids that has made ANYTHING of themselves. Some are in the progress of cleaning up there lives while others have moved away and disconnected from the family and fucked their parents over.   
  
p.s. I am a girl, in case you were wondering.   
  
Update 7/25/12  
She moved out of state. I moved out of the house, and since I couldnt find a place in time I moved in with my boyfriend with the idea that I will keep on searching while saving up some money to move in to my own place. So far since her departure in early June, I have sent her around $1500 which I Could kind of sort of afford since I dont have to pay rent. Fast forward to last nigh. She calls me asking for more money. Another 300 dollars on top of the 250 I sent her 2 days ago which is not calculated in the 1500. I say " we'll see" and hang up. Write a long email explaining how her actions have ruined my 1 year relationship, with the money, the being forced to move in together, with me feeling obligated to take care of her and my boyfriend disagreeing with that ideology. Side note, she got a job a week into being there, and got fired a week later and is now once again unemployed. Back to last night: i tell her how I cannot afford my own place while sending her all this money. Nor can I continue living with my BF because our relationship has gone down the shitter due to all this stress. Conclusion: I tell her the $250 is the last money I am sending her, and to not call me until something changes all Via Email. While at work, receive a reply: I understand, Dont call me until you decide you want to be my daughter again. Result, I burst into tears, and feel like shit. Thought: well this turned out fucking great. Thanks for your help reddit ( not sarcastic)

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/kdbo8f/things_for_high_school_seniors_to_consider/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Things for high school seniors to consider.

Hi All,   
I am now 2 years removed from graduating college and I just wanted to let any 17-18 year olds looking for colleges things to consider that I wish I could've thought about when I was your age.   
  
1.) Don't take out loans for the college experience / its okay to go close to home -   
  
Im not saying loans are bad. You should take out the loans you need for school, I emphasize 'for school'. I lived about 15 minutes away from a really good college with a highly recognized Engineering school, instead I went to an out of state school about an hour away that is just as recognized in Engineering as the in-state school. I enjoyed my time at the out of state school, but I ended up with about 30k in loans (which isnt that bad) while friends I had in the in-state school escaped with about 15k in loans. I would've probably gotten the same job at the same pay regardless of either school I would've gone to, so I could've saved 15k. Most of the loans were just to live on campus and get the college experience because I didn't want to be so close to home. Trust me, a social life is not worth the loans if you can get a similar social life elsewhere for the same education. If you have a chance to go to Harvard for example, or your local state school, then that's different. Really assess your options if that is the case and see what's best for you.   
  
2.) Take out a credit card -   
  
You should ask your parents about building credit now. Have them take out a credit card in your name and let them use it for gas and pay it off every month. Or have them add you as an alternate user to a credit card they rarely use. That is if you think your parents will be responsible enough, there are also horror stories of parents messing up their kids credit. If not then take it out on your own but only use it once a month and spend like 50 bucks and pay it off by the end of the month. Your student loans will give you credit history but if you plan to pay those off quickly then it gets erased from your credit score once its paid off. Im not 100% sure but I think your credit score could go down for paying off your oldest account (its stupid, but that is the way it works). If you have a credit card as old as your oldest student loan, then your credit score won't be affected as much because your credit history is based off your oldest active account. My oldest accounts are my student loans and I didn't get another account till I graduated. So if I pay off my student loans early my history will drop 4 years. Even if you don't use the credit card you should never let credit cards close, because the more money you have in credit cards (the max amount in the credit card) and the less you use the higher your score gets. It's always good to use less than 10% of the credit card, keep it below 5% just in case.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
3.) apply to scholarships even throughout your years in college -   
Scholarships are still given out even if you have been in college for years. Don't stop applying just because you are already in college. Colleges tend to have programs where alumni donate a certain amount to be used as a scholarship. There are scholarships for people online. If you can avoid getting more loans, you should do it.   
  
4.) you can start at a community college -   
community college doesnt get the credit it deserves. My parents/uncles/aunts saw it as an embarrasment to have me or my cousins go to a community college. If you want to save money and you think you can still graduate in 4 years assuming you get good grades, then go for community college for you first year to get general eds out the way. Check if there is a community college that works closely with a state university to transfer credits easily, usually if you get good grades you can get all your credits transferred if the CC and university have a good transfer program. If you only got accepted to one school but the school is too expensive or they are not giving you enough financial aid, go to community college for a semester or two, get your grades up and you can transfer to a 4 year school even if they rejected you in high school. It's easier to transfer to a school if you have good grades than it is to apply out of college. I get it's not the easy way out but it can save you a ton of money.  
  
5.) College isn't for everyone / there are other options -   
this is for kids who may be in school because of their parents and may not like being in school. This does not apply to me but I do have relatives who went to school only because their parents slammed it into their heads and they didn't dare to tell their parents they didn't want to go. I also knew a few kids who went for the same reason and ended up dropping out. The relatives who didn't want to go stayed for at most a year and have student loans that they never wanted. Trade school (plumbing, electricity, etc) gets disrespected nowadays because nobody wants their kid to be a plumber. Even though you may have to work harder to make good money, there will always be a need for plumbing and other trades. There's no shame in it if you really work hard. You can even get in to real estate or maybe if you're really street smart and dedicated you can work hard at investing in stocks or real estate. It may take years and alot of luck for you to get good money in houses/stocks but it's been done before. Assuming you put in the necessary work. It's not easy and will take alot of learning and failing and you may never get good money but at least you tried. I wish me and my relatives knew of these different options, I would probably had still gone to school still but maybe my relatives would have gotten a good certificate and gotten better jobs. We were basically told its school or working at a factory. You can also sign up for the military if you like it and decide to go to school after your contract is up, which they pay.

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Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/jsh35/alright_reddit_ive_created_a_complicated_and/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Alright, Reddit, I've created a complicated and sticky love triangle unintentionally, and I'm not sure how to handle it.

I had recently begun seeing this guy (Let's call him Eric) who lives about 40 minutes from my college town. Although it was a rather premature relationship, it was definitely pretty serious. We were staying for days on end at each others' houses and he introduced me to his family and showed PDA in front of his family/friends (which, I came to find out, he never even did with his exgirlfriend of 6 years). We would spend weekend nights in the city, go out to the expensive bars and clubs, and overall just really enjoy each others' company. He is very sweet, passionate, caring, and very intelligent. He also is about 6 years older than I am... which is a little different for both of us but we connect fairly well. In all honesty, if I were to pursue this relationship, I could see it going very well.   
  
Well, I left early June to Mexico for a 6 week study abroad program and right before I left, he had me promise him that if anything happened with any guys while I was abroad that I would tell him. I promised. I never expected anything to happen and I don't think he did either, but it was precautionary since we weren't anything official. Just dating/seeing each other. Very casual.  
  
Everything in Mexico was great. About the 2 1/2-3rd week in, I found out that one of the guys (we're gonna call him Bryan) in the program has this huge crush on me. So, being the awful partying young adult that I've become, I took advantage of this knowledge when we were drunk and I made out with him... very intensely. Being single, young, abroad, and every other excuse I can imagine, it was all innocent for me. Well... just before this incident, Bryan and his friend (Tom) had met these Mexican guys (they're brothers) while at a bar and I was introduced to them. So later that week I ended up drunkenly making out with one of the brothers (let's call him Pedro -- and for the record, I had never had a drunken hook up like this before Bryan. I'd only kissed people I had any serious interest in.) and both Pedro and Bryan had hickies on their necks from me... Pedro knew about me via Bryan and Tom and knew that Bryan had this huge crush on me so he knew everything that had happened already and was fine with us hooking up. Well, Bryan wasn't too keen on it. But that's not too important. So after the first hook up with Pedro, we start hanging out a lot. Like everyday after classes/comida and we're going out together with our friends and just enjoying life. Neither one of us had any intentions of anything serious, we both knew it was just drunken hooking up. Well, the school program ended but I stayed for a week and a half longer because I wanted to travel some more/spend more time in Mexico. During that time we hung out even more than before... it was all day every day. He would come over at like 7:30am before his college courses just to say hi and wish me a good rest of the day. So, naturally, feelings start to develop. Both of us were a mess the first few days after I'd left Mexico. He has some really serious feelings for me and I feel as if I just have some puppy love crush... but I'm just not sure?  
  
So... I never got around to telling Eric what happened because the only means of communication I had while abroad was sending him messages online, like e-mail. And I figured that telling him via the internet was a really shallow thing to do. So I decided I would tell him once I got back to the States. Well... I arrived... and still haven't told him. I 100% plan on telling him but I have yet to figure out HOW to tell him and how many details to offer up. I'm not sure if I should wait until I move into my college apartment and he visits me... or if I should call him... or what. I really like Eric and am excited to be back home so we can resume our relationship but at the same time, with Pedro, we talk absolutely everyday via skype and although I try to pull back on the affection, he is very open with it and talks about how when he visits me and the friends he made (like Bryan and Tom, because we all go to the same college) that he's going to sleep in my bed with me (nothing sexual, just cuddle and cute stuff like that) but I have firmly told him many times that he's to sleep in my second bedroom on the futon. Pedro and I have discussed multiple times the boundaries of our relationship and we've agreed to just go about our own lives as usual until we meet up again and then we'll see how it goes. He is very much still hooked on me and my friends who are still in Mexico tell me how he always talks about me, smiles when he talks about me, etc.  
  
So I'm really confused about many things:  
1. Most importantly, how do I tell Eric and how much should I tell?  
2. I still feel really cloudy on how my emotions and mine and Pedro's "strictly friendship" boundary mix.  
3. I realize it would be really foolish, but I feel almost like abandoning something great with Eric to hope for something in the future (nearly impossible, I realize -- but I've been planning on an internship in Mexico for months now) with Pedro.  
4. WHY AM I SO MUCH MORE INTO PEDRO THAN ERIC RIGHT NOW?!?!!?  
  
  
  
TL;DR: Was seeing a guy in the States before leaving for Study abroad. Made brief commitment that I'd inform him if I hooked up with anybody. Hooked up with two guys abroad- failed to inform Eric. Many complications.  
  
EDIT: fix paragraph breaking

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/a0xobt/i_have_a_d_in_a_class_after_missing_a_quiz_due_to/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I have a D in a class after missing a quiz due to being ill, and my professor has refused to work with me at all.

So this semester has been absolutely terrible. It began with my new apartment's oven catching fire and me missing classes from catching a cold before and after this fire. I've been having ongoing issues with waking up in the mornings, constant exhaustion getting sick all the time, blurred vision, memory loss, dizziness, nausea, etc. Long story short, in the month of October I had four MRIs, a spinal tap, five visits to the hospital for testing, and six neurology appointments. I found out a few weeks ago that I have MS and have started medication. As I said, this semester has been awful.  
  
I've kept all of my professors in the loop with doctor's notes as proof so they were aware and when I finally received a diagnosis, I went to Student Accessibility services as my neurologist suggested so my professors would receive an official letter, so they know I haven't been stringing them along with nonsense or something. All of my professors have been understanding except one, a foreign language professor.   
  
I missed three quizzes in this class. One was because of a doctor's appointment, so I brought the professor the note and she let me retake it. Another was because I had a short time window to figure out the insurance stuff to pay for my medicine or we would end up paying an ungodly amount (think thousands) out of pocket, so I missed a quiz to meet with them in person and deal with that. I told her what happened and that I did not expect to retake that quiz, as her syllabus states you can retake up to two quizzes with an excused absence like a doctor's appointment.   
  
The third quiz I missed was due to being ill. I can't visit a doctor every time I'm sick, and I don't even have a car, so I just emailed her at 9 AM that I may not make it to class, which is at 1:30 PM. When I attempted to make my way to the bus, I was so dizzy and nauseous I could not even walk in a straight line. This is after my diagnosis and after I began my medicine, both of which have dizziness and nausea as side effects. She did not respond to the email but sent a notice to the entire class stating that nobody did well on a specific portion of the quiz and that she would let them retake it....except those who missed the quiz. Quizzes are 40% of my grade, so that is a problem.  
  
I have also missed homework. I was upfront with her on two or three days when I had so much happening that I simply did not go to class in favor of studying for exams since all of my appointments were happening during midterms. There are also days when I had doctor's appointments or was sick like I was with the quiz, and not able to make it to class, and had to accept a zero on the homework. Homework is 10% of my grade. This class had one project. We had to write a speech, worth 5% of our grade, and then present it to the class, another 5% of our grade. The day I had to do the presentation portion, I went to talk to her and apologize for being a mess during the semester, but she said things that really upset me. I was crying, so she told me to submit the speech "later". When I got home, my laptop stopped charging and I spent all of my time attempting to make it work. That night, at 1 AM, I emailed her about it, and she replied at 9 AM that the speech was due the day it was due but to just record myself with my phone. I emailed her back that the speech was on my laptop and she never responded, but the speech portion of my grade was changed to a zero. I submitted the speech regardless yesterday when my laptop was all good, and she has not responded.   
  
Now, when I mentioned she said some upsetting things...here is what she said. Ever since I first started talking to her about this, she has been suggesting that I drop the class, withdraw from everything, or take an incomplete in the class. She has made several comments that to me, feel condescending. When I went to submit the first draft of that speech, she looked at it and said it was filled with mistakes and then went on about how long it must have taken me to write it. When I had just explained to her that with the constant appointments I didn't have much time to focus on writing it, but that I did my best. I guess to be fair, it was really shitty. I can write all day in the language this class is teaching, but not when I'm ill and exhausted. She has also been fond of pointing out that I don't know a lot of things I should know for this course. The thing is that I do know them, I'm just experiencing memory issues and am learning how to recall things I've forgotten. She also keeps telling me that the foreign language isn't my major, so I don't have to be taking the class. I don't need to focus on it, I can come back to it later, and I should focus on my major. Bullshit. I love this language, I've been learning it since high school and plan to visit the country one day. I'm minoring in this language and she knows this, so I actually do need this class anyway.  
  
She also said that she didn't understand how I made an A in the previous level class, and that that professor must have been an easy grader. I actually talked to him, and he said that I got the grade he felt I deserved. She also keeps mentioning that she doesn't understand how I skipped the first level course since I don't remember things you learn in that class. Well, once again, I took those classes when I didn't have two brain lesions and a million doctor's appointments. She has told me to my face that if I don't do well on the next quiz, exam, and last few homework assignments, I am going to fail her class. And this is when I asked her what I could do to do better.   
  
The Student Accessibility services couldn't help me- she says that everything has been graded and she can't change the grades. They said she's set in stone on this so they can't do anything. I asked my advisor to send her an email and he said that he can't do much either, after talking to her. He said that she feels really strongly that you have to be in class to learn, which is kind of bullshit. She doesn't teach anything that isn't in the book or that doesn't appear on powerpoint slides all students can access so I could and can absolutely catch up on days that have been missed. Yes, going to class in person is very important. You learn much more by being forced to sit down and listen for a certain amount of time. But that response, in my opinion, is basically telling me that if I get sick too much I will not get any help and will fail the class.   
  
  
What the hell am I supposed to do at this point? I was going to take an incomplete, but many people have told me not to since it will only delay anything happening. Keep in mind, she is the professor for the next level course, so I will have to interact with her in the future.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/nyn57z/im_currently_a_sophomore_and_will_be_a_junior_in/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm currently a sophomore and will be a junior in a few months, which is scary as hell. I need help and advice in regards to thinking about college

So I'm in 10th grade rn and will be in 11th by like, August/Sept. of this yr which is scary (time is passing by so fast noo.) I took the only AP offered by my school for 10th grade this yr - AP World History - and have an A in it (though we have to argue our grade so ig I'll see whether I get an A or B? If u get a B in an AP course it gets bumpd) and have had A's in every other class I've taken this yr. I didn't take the AP test for it this yr bc I've been having mental health struggles and didn't want to pay for it, will pay for my tests next yr. Wasn't sure if it mattered or not. I had all A's in freshman yr too with the exception of Geometry, wherein I had a B second semester. I'm signed up for AP English, AP Statistics, and AP Biology for junior yr alongside Spanish 3 and normal History (non-AP - I was initially signed up for the AP version but decided I didn't want to kill myself lol.)  
  
I do think that I want to go into the medical field, am leaning toward nursing but feel like I haven't really had enough time to explore...? Am thinking i want medical field doe. I am mostly looking for advice on college apps, on how to cope w junior yr, etc. I know that the seniors had a v tough yr college-wise due to the pandemic and imagine that the juniors will unfortunately maybe have a tough yr too, even though it might be a bit better? I also need to know whether or not I'll have to take the SAT/ACT, I imagine I will bc I'm Class of 2023?  
  
I'll list off my extracurriculars too if it helps:  
  
\-Co founder of youth activist org in my city, am senior member and help lead one of our committees. We have over 2,000 followers on Instagram and planned protests last summer/plan protests. Have had some drama w one or two org members which made me consider quitting but I have ultimately decided that I actually, def won't. We started our work last summer (summer of 2020.)  
  
\-I am also co-president of our youth activist club that we started at school to ensure we get people volunteer hours and summer opportunities. Started club this yr.  
  
\-Completed Nursing Workshop (that is moreso geared toward college students but they let me in lol) and received a certificate (idk if my parents lost the certificate or not, it was virtual and during COVID so ig I could email the guy and ask for one again...? But I did learn a lot abt nursing)  
  
\-Did track in freshman yr, wasn't able to really go far w it bc of COVID cutting our season short. Didn't do it this yr due to COVID fears. Intend on doing it next yr but might not be able to bc I'll need to be vaccinated and my mom is really weird abt the COVID vaccine, kind of up in the air, I do want to do it though?  
  
\-I was president of BSU this yr but wasn't voted in, was appointed by club advisor. Have decided to not do it next yr even though I was also apart of it in freshman yr just bc there's some resentment there due to having had interpersonal drama w another co-president (due to me doing all of the work) and with our Treasurer, who has always bullied me even though I did her job for her  
  
\-Am a part of summer program Girls Inc, joined it summer before my freshman yr. Have a job shadowing opportunity this summer - opportunities are volunteering at pre-school (which I wanted but might not be able to get bc my mom doesn't want me to get vaccinated,) and journalism opportunity (which I actually really don't want, is it going to kill my like chances?)  
  
\- I want a nursing internship but probs won't be able to get that until next summer :( Everyone said I can't do it this yr bc of COVID  
  
\-Was on racism sub committee appointed by City Council representatives to make suggestions for City Council  
  
\-Am part of Youth Advisory Board, we work with SBHC to teach students about health-related topics. I did it this yr but it's on Mondays and \\*might\\* conflict w another extracurricular I have for next yr? I did enjoy it this yr and think I want to next yr, I joined this yr but it admittedly felt different than it might normally bc of COVID?  
  
\-I was School Site council rep for my grade this yr, worked w the principal, was voted in by peers  
  
\-Was nominated by BSU club advisor to do something called Martin Luther King Jr. Freedom Center and actually do like attend the meetings? They offer leadership seminars on certain days of the week, it seems interesting and you do it over summers too.  
  
I want to do more actually for junior yr but can someone help and give me advice?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/j75u1/reddit_im_gay_but_should_i_let_my_parents_try_and/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I'm gay, but should I let my parents try and make me straight in the hopes that they won't cut me off, or should I leave?

Hi Reddit, I'm a seemingly normal (or so I believe) gay third year college student who has been hiding my sexuality from my parents for about a decade. Last month, my life (and my parent's) turned upside down when my mom discovered some gay magazines in my backpack. Needless to say, my mom didn't take it well. The next morning, I awoke to my dad screaming insulting names at me and storming out of the house with my laptop, and phone, among other belongings. Apparently, my mom told my dad.  
  
After reading my texts and discovering I had a boyfriend, they told me that I was dead to them and that they would no longer be supporting me unless I could convince them I would not be gay anymore, cut off all ties to my boyfriend, get a job, let them live with me at college, and give them access to my school account, email, bank accounts, phone, and laptop.  
  
I'm at a loss as to how I can convince my parents that I will be straight for life without them constantly looking over my shoulder for the rest of my life making sure that I don't do anything gay. When I asked for clarification as to what they want, they admitted that they don't know what they are looking for. I gave them access to my school account to show that my academic future is still bright (B+ average at a top 50 engineering university), but after criticizing my grades, I was left empty handed. They also explained that sending me to college is difficult because of the trust issues, but if they move up with me, I don't see how I could live with them acting the way they are and still do well at school. I have tried reassuring them that I'm still thier son, that I can still have a future if they let me, but they are already convinced that I'm "brainwashed", that I'm a different person who is destined for failure unless I turn straight. I can see how they might consider this control as a form of helping me, but thier emotions and lack of respect for me are getting in the way of any reasonable conversation to the point that they don't accept anything I'm saying. I'm afraid that trying to sway my parents view that homosexuality is a choice is a lost cause and going to college seems a long shot as they have simply been asking for more and more from me in order to attend college.  
  
From what I understand, my parents are hurt that I've lied about my sexuality, that I lied about going to visit friends when I was actually visiting my boyfriend, and that I was "pushing them away" by not visiting them as often as my boyfriend. But from my position, I felt forced to lied because I predicted that coming out in such a conservative environment would cause trauma and rejection and the results have been worse than I had feared. I have also tried to address their concerns about not being accepted in society, about having children via artificial insemination, and even the health risks, but nothing seems to help. It's been a month, and I've still gained no trust; I only received a violation of my privacy and the destruction of my relationships.  
  
Time is running out for me and my options are becoming more limited. The deadline for financial aid has already passed and I have to decide whether or not to stay by early September. Financially, it's easier for me to stay and just let my parents torture me for two to three years, but I don't think I could handle being forced back into the closet and beaten with a stick until my parents are satisfied that my homosexuality is "gone". If I leave I would have to live with my boyfriend, withdraw from school to work a job to finance myself, and perhaps even transfer institutions, all of which I'm willing, yet reluctant to do. I'm also concerned that leaving might cause my parents to do something rash in thier highly emotional state.  
  
I recognize that I am not entitled to anything from my parents; they can choose where they spend their money. I just don't know if my parents' expectation of overbearing control is ridiculous or if I'm the one being ridiculous with these thoughts of running away. However, with my education and mental stability at risk, I don't see many other options but to leave. My question is, do I lie about who I am, giving my parents false hope and let them control my life to try to make me straight? Do I leave home with close to nothing and try to support myself through school? Or is there some other option I'm perhaps missing?  
  
  
TL;DR Parents found out I was gay, rejected me (I'm dead to them) and explained that they would not support me unless I could convince them I was straight, cut off all ties to my boyfriend, get a job, let them live with me at school, and give them access to my school account, email, bank accounts, phone, and laptop. Should I just give in to my parents demands in order to maintain limited support? Should I leave and try to support myself? Or is there another option?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/32raff/only_16_days_left_to_make_a_decision_and_im_stuck/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Only 16 days left to make a decision, and I'm stuck.

SO. I've basically narrowed it down to 3 very different schools, and I can't seem to pick one. Don't get me wrong, I'm not letting reddit decide for me which college to go to; I just want some advice or experiences.   
  
\*\*So here's the deal:\*\*   
  
- I don't know what I want to major in (could honestly be anything, preferably something challenging), but I'm considering engineering as a possible option.   
  
- I'm very fortunate, as my parents have said that they will be able to pay for my entire undergrad education, but I am a bit uncomfortable with the thought of taking so much their hard-earned money, especially if it's not going to lead to anything worthwhile.   
  
- I live in a smallish suburb in Maryland, where at least half of my school and half of my county is attending UMD. I \*really\* want to get the hell out of here and reinvent myself/start something new.   
  
\*\*The colleges:\*\*  
  
1.) Northeastern University  
  
- Pros: Their co-op program is EXTREMELY good, and I feel like I can easily get a job after graduation. Also, living in a city would be interesting and a, hopefully, pleasant change of scenery compared to the suburbs. Their undeclared program (which I got accepted into) would also definitely help with the whole \*oh god what am I going to do with my life\* thing, and it is a smaller school population wise (compared to my other colleges) as well. I also really like the whole "vibe" of the college, as well as the campus.   
  
- Cons: Although I'm not sure this is necessarily bad, but it has a less traditional college feel (no Greek life, football, and the small campus is basically integrated into the city). Students leaving for co-ops, along with the fact that there isn't really much of a campus/social scene (at least not until you're 21) could make it intimidating to make new friends, especially for someone really shy and introverted like me. Lastly, it would cost ~$50,000 per year to attend, almost doubling the costs of my state school.   
  
2.) University of Illinois - Urbana-Champaign  
  
- Pros: I was accepted into their engineering undecided program, and their engineering program is VERY prestigious, and like I said before, I'm considering doing engineering, but I'm not really sure about it. The campus is also extremely large; there's a lot to do, and with a population of 40,000 people, I'm sure that I'll be able to make friends with someone. Basically, it's an all around great school, especially for engineering, and I'll be far away from Maryland.   
  
- Cons: I know how this might sound and it's kinda irrational, but there are A LOT of Asian international students at UIUC. When I visited, I did not see a single Asian student hanging out with anyone other than their groups of other Asian students. Being Asian, I feel like there might be some stigma associated with being Asian, as people might just shrug me off as another typical international student who doesn't speak English. Again, probably irrational. Furthermore, because the campus and populations are so big, I feel like they might be \*too\* big and I won't be able to receive any individual attention. I also am not sure I even want to do engineering, so being in their engineering undecided program might have negative consequences. Lastly, this school also costs ~$50,000 per year.   
  
3.) University of Maryland - College Park  
  
- Pros: I save my parents a ton of money by going to this school (around $100,000); the cost is only $24,000 per year. UMD is a \*great\* and very well rounded school with many of their programs, such as engineering and business, ranked very highly. The campus is a pretty good size and there would probably be lots of social activities there with its traditional "college experience." I am also in the general studies program.   
  
- Cons: As I've said before, I really want to start over and go somewhere new, and a part of me feels like that will never happen if I go to UMD. "But UMD is a big school! I'm sure you probably won't see most of your classmates from your high school anyways!" It's not even the fact that a lot of people from my class are going, but it's that I've gotten sick of the whole "vibe" of my county and area, and I just want to leave everything behind. I'm also not particularly fond of the campus; I think it's kinda ugly. However, UMD is still a really good school and is near the DC area, which is great for employment, and in all honesty, I probably wouldn't even be \*that\* miserable if I went there.   
  
\*Wow\*, I was not expecting to write that much. I completely understand if you guys are sick of the constant stream of "REDDIT WHERE SHOULD I GO TO COLLEGE" posts and downvote this, or if you guys don't want to read this giant wall of text -because honestly, I wouldn't either-. It actually feels pretty good just to have organized my thoughts and put them in text. Anyway, any advice and experiences would be much appreciated!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/itgbft/goodbye_social_work_thank_you_but_goodbye/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Goodbye Social Work. Thank you, but goodbye.

I'm 23M, went to a computer science trade school after graduating high school which landed me a great hospital job that pays very well. After working for about a year I changed my major to Social work to eventually get an MSW which is a means to an end regarding my end goal of becoming a psychotherapist. I love psychology and truly feel like it's a passion of mine, so for the last 2 and a half years I've been taking social work classes part time while working full time.  
  
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I recently reevaluated my life plans, goals, values etc and came to realize that I no longer want to pursue this. mainly because the cons outweigh the pros.   
  
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Pros: eventually landing a part time job as a psychotherapist (on top of my full time tech job which i plan on keeping for as long as I can) which may add meaning and fulfillment to my life. that's what i'm doing this for, to do something meaningful that will be fulfilling.   
  
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Cons: expensive. both time and money. I am paying out of pocket for my education. do I want to go into thousands of dollars of debt to pursue something that won't even be my main focus? if i plan to do this part time in the future, is it really worth the $$$ and time spent in class/clinical? is this really worth so much of my resources (time and money etc) to eventually land that part time gig so that i can feel like what i'm doing is meaningful? my heart says no. my plan was to focus on working full time and getting that social work degree part time. but that will require about a decade (minimum) and up to a few decades of work. granted, I get it. an education is important. but this isn't something i want to do full time, I wanted to do it part time on top of my full time job. I get that an education is important, and the future me is probably going to somewhat regret this but I think it's for the better.   
  
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I want to enjoy my 20s and 30s and 40s. I want to work full time as a tech, come home to my gf (future wife and kids one day) and work on the house. the car. spend time with family. spend time with my nephew. I don't want to get out of work to go to classes and study for hours on weekends. leaving no time for other things I want to spend my time on. I don't want to go into massive debt for this part time gig plan of mine.   
  
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Part of me wishes that I stayed in college immediately after high school as to get that financial aid to help me with college. but that's not the path I took. I now have to accept that my income is too high to get financial aid but I still can't pay 800$ per class minimum (CC, when i transfer to a 4 year school it'll be more expensive. when i apply for my Masters even more so etc).   
  
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but I do not regret my path. I'm glad I have a great start to my tech career. a great gf who just graduated as a nurse. I have a multiple family house that I recently purchased with my mom and sister living in the same building as me and my gf which is great (at times not so great but family is family haha).   
  
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I think my attention is needed at home in the next few decades. I do not want to spend it in a classroom to eventually land that side gig JUST because "it's fulfilling work". not to bash social work, but for my personal situation, it isn't worth the money to get that degree, it isn't worth the stress that comes with jobs within the field. I got stuck with the idea that getting that degree is the only way to find meaningful fulfilling work, but that's just not true. I can find it elsewhere in the quality time spent with loved ones. in woodworking, in mechanical skills, in computer skills, helping my nephew learn and grow while also growing myself.   
  
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I will continue to learn about psychology and will continue to apply that knowledge to myself to embody the lessons and to lead by example in hopes of helping other people through my actions etc. I may even volunteer in the future to find a niche that I find meaning and fulfillment.   
  
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but for now, I am stepping away from pursuing social work. my path is leading me elsewhere and I am choosing to follow my gut.   
  
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Since dropping my social work classes this semester, a weight has fallen from my shoulders. I feel like my horizon has broadened and many avenues for opportunities are being revealed to me. I have potential, but i know that's not enough. I must DO. I must do the work.   
  
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What's "the work?". the work is to continue going above and beyond in my job (which recently landed me a promotion), it means to continue to develop my woodworking, mechanical, house maintence skills. "the work" means to spend more time with my nephew to help him grow. to spend more time with loved ones before their time (and my time) on this earth is over, to be more present. to kiss and hug my gf when I'm home. to cherish my time and to stop wasting my time by allocating too much of my resources for a goal that doesn't seem as worthwhile anymore. but that's okay. we live and we learn.   
  
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Thank you social work/psychology, you've taught me a lot and I will continue to learn.  
  
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Thank you, but goodbye...   
  
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Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/obip7/i_dont_know_how_to_effectively_communicate_with/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I don't know how to effectively communicate with my grandma and it's ruining our already non-existent relationship. Sorry, this is long.

So, my parents split when I was about 10. I lived with my grandma, grandpa, dad and 2 sisters for 3 years, in a one bedroom apartment. It was crowded, there was no privacy, but I think those were the best years of my life, minus the year my grandpa died. My dad used to do my hair, and I used to play a lot of video games with him. My dad's kind of like me. We can disappear into our TV/monitor for hours, and we're very weird when it comes to our feelings, or expressing them, I guess.   
  
  
When I was 13, my mom found a suitable apartment for us(her, my sisters, and I) to live in. I was with her on weekdays and with my dad and grandma on weekends. She used to go clubbing a lot. And she worked crazy late hours. This went on til I was about 16. Then our landlord went bankrupt or something, sold the property and told us we had to move out. My older sister was already out living with her boyfriend. My younger sister and I went back to my dad's and grandma's. My mother moved in with her boyfriend. We didn't see her much, she said it hurt her, but I honestly didn't think so.   
  
  
I've grown to resent my mother. I think she's a terrible mom and thinking back, there are things I would have done differently. And I always wonder why she didn't do them the way I would have and the only explanation I have is that she didn't care about us enough.   
  
  
So, I'm 16. My dad starts dating a 19 year old. He is 35. The 19 year old convinces him we, his daughters aged 14, 16, and 18, are old enough to not need our dad in our life actively. They move to another state. I am crushed, I feel rejected and unloved. I begin to resent my father as well. Everyone tells me I am selfish and he deserves to be happy. Now, my little sister and I are living with our grandmother.   
  
  
Now, I'm 18, little sister is 16. My mother finds an apartment, but in this time has had 2 other kids. She comes to my grandmother's house excited about finding a new apartment. It's a 3 bedroom. One for her and her BF, one for the 2 toddlers, and 1 for my sister and I who now both have boyfriends and different interests to share. I say fuck that, I'm staying with my grandma. I talk it out with her and she agrees. So, now I live with her.   
  
\*\*TL;DR- After years of a messy adolescence and already sort of living with her, I finally officially move in with my grandma.\*\*  
  
  
Everything was fine. Then, my older sister got evicted and came to live with us in our (remember, one bedroom?) tiny place with her kid and husband. At this point, I was spending most of my time at my BF's house because I my home was now crowded again. Every time I came home, I fought with my sister because she would use my things with out asking. I thought it was already bad enough that she's invading my living space, but now she's using my stuff. She would leave her son with my grandma every night and come home really late. That would make me very mad and I would tell her. We fought a lot. My grandma didn't like it.   
  
So, my sister was supposed to stay with us temporarily, but 1 month turned to 2 years. So, now I am 20 and I find an apartment for my grandmother and I that we can afford. We leave my sister and her family in our old place. I hardly talk to my grandma and she is 73. I hardly ever talk to her. I just use the computer and play video games. Sometimes my friends come over. She watches her novelas and that's all there is to our relationship.  
  
\*\*This is the important stuff\*\*  
  
I'm 22 now.   
  
I'm not perfect, and I have done some pretty shitty things, but she accepts me, or so I thought she did. I found out she kind of hates me and I am a burden. I didn't know she felt that way. It could be because I never talk to her, but she never really talked to me. As I stated above, I am really weird about sharing my feelings with others. I hate hugging people. And I just don't know how to be compassionate. I see her sitting in her room sometimes just staring at the floor, and IDK what to say to her, so I walk into my room and use the computer.   
  
She recently took up watching my mother's children, but she is old, doesn't do a very good job, and the kids are fucking terrible. She is abusive to the children. She has hit my brother in the head with a drumstick (from Rockband) because he wasn't eating fast enough. I can't see that and not say anything. So, I told her not to hit him for no reason and that he is a child and she needs to be more patient with him. I've also heard her calling them names, really bad names, in Spanish. Things that would make me cry. So I've told her that kids aren't born knowing how to respect, and that we have to teach it to them. IDK what she got out of that conversation but she turned it around on me.  
  
She told my older sister that I constantly undermine her authority and I disrespect her, and that I told my mother she abuses the children. I did no such thing. I never spoke to my mother about the abuse because I know my grandmother really needs this baby sitting money, all I did was try to stop the abuse. My mother found out because my brother, who is 8, told her.   
  
  
So, she's threatened to kick me out. I haven't added that my boyfriend lives here too. He got kicked out of his house last year because his parents found out he was smoking. So, I asked her if he can move in with us. My grandma and I split the rent 50/50 and I pay all the other bills with my boyfriend's help. She has a foodstamps card with $120 in it monthly, which she has also threatened to take away from me.   
  
If my boyfriend and I could move out we would, but we just don't make enough money. I get into a lot of fights with my sister because she says my BF and I take advantage of my grandmother. We don't. All we do is live here. We take care of all the bills, we buy food($120/month isn't enough for 3 adults and 2 children), and we buy all the toiletries. My grandmother has never been more comfortable in her life.   
  
\*\*I don't understand her problem with me and I don't understand how to talk with her in a way that isn't disrespectful because anything that defies her is already disrespectful no matter how gentle I lay it down.\*\*  
  
  
\*\*The big problem, I think, is that everyone in my family is extremely old school Hispanic. Like, I have to respect and never question my elders no matter how wrong whatever they're doing is.\*\*   
  
  
My father broke up with his girlfriend a little over a year ago, and moved back-- next door to us. Since then, my grandma has been cooking for him EVERY night, with the food I buy, and doing his laundry. I don't think any of that is okay, especially because he contributes absolutely NOTHING to this house hold. I've said it before and it puts me in a shit storm of trouble. So, I've learned never to comment on that topic.   
  
  
I've never cared about establishing relationships with my family, but looking back, they've never reached out to me either. The only times we talk is when we're fighting. We've never been close. What do I do?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/tes33g/physics_biology_dilemma_on_whether_i_should/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Physics, Biology: Dilemma on whether I should switch my major ft. mental health

TLDR is at the bottom as well as my questions. This turned out very long, I apologize.  
  
To start out i would like to say this: I love physics, ever since i was in elementary school i've loved physics phenomena, lasers, optics and had marvelled at the fact that we can explain so much about the universe. I took physics as one of my Leistungskurse (elevated courses with more hours in German high schools), did my hs graduation exam in it and finished with an excellent score. I really did enjoy it all the way and our teacher was super chill and supportive, in general all my physics teachers were very cool and made our lessons fun with many very interesting experiments. It's a language that we can explore the universe in and that makes it very exciting.  
  
So it's no wonder i went into university pretty determined on physics, however i didn't make my decision based on one specific job i wanted to do, but coming from a thirst for knowledge.  
  
In high school, my strategy was to pay attention in lessons and thoroughly write everything down and take notes. I wasn't the kid that caught up to everything the teacher said in the lesson and when preparing for exams or revising I would sit and go through everything by myself. This was a very good method for me personally because i could understand the concepts and their connections in my own pace and understand things through my own methods. It might sound weird that the kid who was regarded as one of the top students sometimes couldn't have answered the most simple questions on a new topic, but that's how it was, i just needed the time.  
  
But ever since the bridge courses before the semester i've been struggling. I'm told that it's normal for first years to feel like everyone around you knows everything and only you are behind, but after a semester the feeling is still strongly there. I will admit I have made many mistakes, like starting the more in-depth math courses from the beginning and not revising after every other class. As the workload was immense, I barely slept in the first two months. This in turn lead to me barely being able to stay awake in class and tutorials. I acknowledge these mistakes and have already made adjustments to lighten the load.  
  
Now, as for uni, the sheer amount of stuff we have to learn, on our own, at my university -which might be a normal amount, given this is university- is a lot to approach with my method. We were advised to study in groups and do our weekly exercise sheets together, and though I had some moments of victory where I could do one exercise, mostly it consisted of the other students talking about the topic like they understood it really well while I sat there and listened for any coherent crumbs of info and sometimes asked for a tip on how to proceed. Admittedly this was not a good method and I found some people closer to my pace who I could study with, but they weren't always there or we ended up sitting with our sheets well into dusk. So by the time I got home I was tired and turned to my phone for an escape lot of the time. Now I know that delaying catching up with our topics is a bad strategy due to time and the amount of material. But it seems like it's good if i take the time to catch up and revise by myself, also because the way things are explained in class don't always work for me.  
  
As for the social aspect of it, there wasn't really a time where I felt that I fit in or that I have much in common with anyone there except maybe when we were talking about art. I also found myself rethinking my choices a lot. I missed my friends and my family immensely and honestly struggled to feel human at times. I haven't really been able to find the motivation to study beyond the desire to get through another week.  
  
When I look into what kind of scripts belong to classes in later semesters, the topics seem interesting, still it's pages of text with about the same amount of equations which i'm sure contain so much interesting and informative stuff.. Still right now that aspect of "woah that's so cool" is kind of missing. Maybe that will come later, i figure when we get to more stuff that's beyond mechanics.  
  
I suspect I might also have ADHD and may be nd in other ways which i will get checked out with a professional if i am able to. So to be clear i'm not self diagnosing, but i'm constantly reading up on these subjects and honestly everything seems to make so much more sense.  
  
So that's a little bit on how I have felt about my first semester of physics.  
  
The thing is, beside physics, I'm also very interested in biology. Our university has a small biology faculty and it seems to be much cozier than 200-300 people in physics. The longer i've thought about it, the more i find myself interested in life and the parts of science that deal with living things. I took biology as a Basiskurs (a course that has less lessons and is more simplified compared to Leistungskurs) and I loved it. At school i've done several presentations in both physics and biology (and ethics) and I loved doing those, I find it's so much fun to research things and share them with others in a way that's engaging and comprehensive. I watch science videos and listen to podcasts in my free time as well, like Scishow (both vids and podcasts) and books like The Selfish Gene (that i found super interesting and recommend!!), and generally beside physics, a lot of them have a lot to do with biology. I find that these pieces of media don't overwhelm me and i want to know more about them, in general all kinds of stuff that have to do with life feel like tangible things to me and they kind of fall into place in the big scheme of things. I hope i phrased that in a way that's understandable.  
  
I will implement new strategies in the coming semester and am in the process of hopefully getting a private tutor. I'm determined to go through my second semester in physics and reevaluate things after, but the way things are looking for me mentally right now, i think going with something that is naturally and directly engaging and has a sense of novelty and many little rewards that are directly applicable (so: biology) would lighten the load for now. Going into uni i talked with some advisors from both faculties on doing two bachelors, they said it was possible but i should rather wait. I would even consider doing them one after another with no overlap (of course i'd have to start working a job too eventually, to afford rent and basic expenses, right now i have a very amazing scholarship and mainly my parent's support paying for that)  
  
The direction that would unite like, almost if not all of my interests well (given my current level of being informed) would be neuroscience. I think it's just in the sweet spot between big stuff and small stuff -ie. humans between particles and the universe and it has that direct application to life that i'm looking for as well as physics and biology. My dad is a surgeon and he has inspired me a lot to look into things that have to do with humans and with medicine, and when we learned about the brain in bio in hs i was always like "heh i can't wait to learn more about this". So far it's been the most definite career that i could see myself pursuing in the area of science. I want to help people and i want to feel like i am needed.   
I still wish to pursue physics, because i love it after all and I Want To Understand Those Things!!!!(tm) also the experience and learned methods are definitely very valuable and give good prospects. I know it will remain a passion. But maybe it could be better to do it when I have the resources, support system that i also have control over, and maturity to do so.  
  
TLDR: first semester of physics was a lot to handle partly because of inexperience and partly because it's A Lot, took a toll on me mentally. Implementing new and improved strategy for second semester, will see how things turn out. However, also want to do biology at one point, maybe doing it earlier would benefit my mental wellbeing more? Would love to combine both in future job, not sure of the road to there though.  
  
Question to you: Have you had any experiences like this? Is it worth it to keep pushing? Will things change?   
Also: if you have experience starting out in physics and then going into biology later (maybe even not from a bachelors, like from a masters with overlap in bio or a job) how is that road?  
  
Thank you kindly if you read this far and if you have any questions i'd gladly answer, I know my points are a little bit all over the place.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/95pppu/the_college_guide_for_poor_kids/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: The College Guide for Poor Kids

hi r/college!  
  
After browsing this thread for a while and also just searching online, I realized that while there’s an abundant amount of information and college survival tips/guides for the average college student, there’s hardly any for \*actual\* poor students and students of immigrants/first gen kids. After three frustrating years at Boston University, a seemingly progressive private institution that basically just discriminates against its lower income students, I decided to create my own guide as a lower income student who is a child of a single parent immigrant for anyone who might be facing the same experiences or about to enter college. Feel more than free to enter your own tips and/or experiences!   
  
1. Work Study: Most lower income students qualify for work study, and while its a good federal aid opportunity, I quickly realized after my freshman year that you don’t really get paid enough to live because there’s a cap on the amount of hours you can work, especially if your parents can’t afford to give you some spending money too. I recommend getting a second job if possible, and either working very little hours through work study, or forfeiting it altogether.   
2. Financial aid: You’d think schools would be more willing to help lower income students who are already enrolled but that’s just not the case. If you ever find yourself needing more money from the school, I highly recommend appealing for more (even if its a small amount). If they deny your appeal, keep calling the office. I have a friend who even emailed our financial aid office once and talked about his deteriorating mental health as a way to guilt trip them into giving more aid.   
3. Discrimination: The funny thing about my school (and probably all seemingly “progressive” institutions) is that they try to hide how discriminatory they are. This year, and every year for the past three years, I was “randomly” selected for income verification as were many of my other low income friends. Not very random if you’re only targeting low income students. Little things like this are the just some points of discrimination I and many others face every year at private institutions.   
4. Health Insurance: If like mine, your parents are immigrants and don’t qualify for health insurance, the odds are that your school will try to force you to pay for their student insurance plan. That would be fine, if said insurance plans didn’t cost thousands of dollars, which is kind of contradictory if you can’t afford health insurance, or tuition, to begin with. I didn’t realize until this year that there’s an easy loophole around this if you’re able to find a part or full time job that offers health insurance, which is helpful to begin with if you already plan on getting a job in addition or in lieu of work study.   
5. Housing: I lived in on campus housing for the first two years of college, and then decided to move off campus. Many other low income students I know fear doing the same because of student housing scholarships, which is fair, but what I’ve found is that living off campus is for the most part still cheaper than living on campus with a housing scholarship. If you also get federal aid, that money can also be refunded back to you to pay for the cost of rent. At the end of the day, paying around the same to live off campus and have your own room, kitchen, privacy etc will always be better than living on campus and sharing a room with someone in a dorm that hasn’t been renovated in 50 years.   
6. Friends/Socializing: This is one of the hardest things for me to deal with, because I’m constantly surrounded by middle class and to upper class kids who complain about how poor they are and how expensive school is. Yes, school totally is expensive. But I can’t pity someone who comes from a well off family when mine can barely afford rent let alone put me through school. (Seriously, I once had a girl complain to me about how her family makes 100K so she doesnt get any federal aid and so “in a lot of ways college is harder for middle class students than poor ones”). Its also hard when your friends parents pay for all their ubers and they can afford to go out almost every day and you can’t. My best advice is to not try to follow that lifestyle if/when you can’t. It sucks, but unless you want to work like a dog to be able to afford it, it really isn’t worth it.   
7. Parents: If you’re a first gen college student, especially if your parents arent from this country, there’s a weird phenomena that happens in college where you kind of feel caught between worlds. There’s the world of poverty you feel like you belong to, and then there’s the world of academia and security that you’re introduced to. In a way its alienating, because you can’t really even turn to your parents for guidance since they haven’t experienced it. You can’t ask your parents about motifs in \*The Great Gatsby\* if they’ve never read \*The Great Gatsby\*. This is actually still something I struggle with, but the longer I’ve been in school, the more I’ve been able to find people in a similar boat. We’re all sinking together.   
8. Major: This is similar to the above. There’s a huge pressure, once again especially if you’re the child of immigrants, to study something lucrative in college so you can make more money and rectify their choices/emigration. That’s perfect if you naturally excel and want to study engineering, but it can lead to so much anxiety if you want to study something related to the arts or humanities. My best advice is to study what \*you\* like and what makes you happy even if your parents don’t approve, because at the end of the day its your life. Additionally, it can still be difficult to pursue the arts in school because, at least in my experience, most kids who do study something in the arts are the ones who can afford to, meaning they have their parents to fall back on and pay their rent even if they dont excel after college. Or, their parents have the ability to help them out after school with industry connections.   
9. Student Organizations: One thing I’ve found after joining a fraternity is that dues are super high and you can’t always afford them even if you’re working. This is even harder if you can’t ask your parents for financial help, so apply for all the inter-organization scholarships you can, or try to talk to the leader of whatever organization you’re apart of about lowering your dues.  
10. Textbooks: Split the cost with a friend! Check the university library because they often have a copy of whatever book you need! Then photocopy the book or ask to borrow a copy from your classmate and then photocopy theirs! Yeah its time consuming, but textbooks are super expensive and this is a virtually free way to get them. I haven’t had to encounter any online textbooks that \*require\* you to buy them, but I would also talk to the professor of whatever course you’re taking and explain the situation. They’re a lot more understanding than the university as a whole.  
11. Food: Ask your friends who have meal plans to swipe you in! Buy in bulk! Trader Joe’s is cheap and incredible! I also recommend buying groceries every two or three days instead of weekly to avoid waste of food and money.   
12. Mental Health: Even today its still kinda taboo to discuss mental health, and i felt weird mentioning that i go to therapy until this year when i realized a lot of my other friends do too. don’t hesitate to go, even though i know how hard it is to take the first step. More often than not, whatever insurance you’re on covers most or all of your outpatient costs, and if its still too expensive, most universities offer on campus licensed mental health professionals at little to no cost. One of the perks of being in a high stress environment.   
  
That’s all for now but I will definitely update if i think of anything else. Apologies if any of this comes off as bitter or spiteful towards anyone who isn’t from a low income/international fam, I love everyone regardless but it can definitely be isolating to only see middle class and upper class experiences discussed in both this thread and around you at school. Feel free to add below !!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/f86t46/why_you_probably_shouldnt_double_major_discussion/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Why You (Probably) Shouldn't Double Major (Discussion Welcome)

[Why You (Probably) Shouldn't Double Major](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gSUZwLtFYWE)  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I know this will be a controversial topic, so all respectful and free discussion is welcome. These are my opinions as a college graduate myself. I am also biased because I didn't double major although I considered it. I'd appreciate hearing counterarguments from those who double majored and enjoyed it.  
  
Note: This refers to double majors where the extra major MANY extra classes. I am not referring to combined majors that actually take about the same time as one degree.   
  
The decision to double major can seem tempting. It lets people pick 2 loves for studies when they can't pick one. Some people are overachievers and just want to double major for the thrill and challenge. Some people want to double major because they believe it will raise their income and make them more well rounded.   
  
When I first entered college, I knew that I wanted to do engineering. I loved math and science, and it was the right fit for me. However, coming into college, I also enjoyed the humanities. I felt like I just wanted to be able to take on the challenge and be able to say that I was able to beat it. Because of this competitive mindset, I considered pursuing a double major when I entered college. In fact, I even thought to myself, I have enough credits. Why not pursue a triple major!   
  
\*\*The first reason that you shouldn’t double major is because of cost.\*\* Pursuing a double major basically means going after two degrees. Depending on the level of overlap, you could be looking at an additional 1 or even 2 years just to be able to finish both degrees. The cost of pursuing that second degree can basically be computed as the cost of tuition plus the time opportunity cost of having to stay in school longer and not being able to make money from a real job. If the cost of tuition is 30k per year, and you could have made 70k from a job with a single degree, then you basically lost out on 100k for one single year, and 200k for being in school for 2 years. According to a study by PBS, double majors barely add any extra income. If you look at STEM majors who take an extra degree in the humanities, they earn \*\*on average an extra 3.6% more income\*\* compared to their STEM only counterparts. That’s basically nothing. When I thought about triple majoring, and finishing in 4.5 years, I realized I could just as easily do a single major, finish in only 2 years, and not have to deal with 4.5 years of stress and pain. Basically, that decision saved me 100k in tuition ALONE. This doesn’t include the savings because I was able to start working earlier, as well as the cost of food and housing when you are at school.   
  
So let’s answer the next question of whether a double major is truly enjoyable. The short and simple answer is no. \*\*People who choose the route of double majoring usually really regret their decision because the courseload is too much if they really want to be able to graduate on time.\*\* One of my friends who is double majoring rarely has any free time and literally spends all of her time just on her coursework. The only reason that she sticks with it is because she’s an international student, so staying in school longer buys her more time to find a job while she is still in school. My other friend picked a double major as well. After she realized it would take her 6 years to graduate instead of 4, she decided that she will cancel the double major. However, it’s not an easy decision. \*\*Once you are already deep in the rabbit hole of pursuing your double major, it feels like a sunk cost to quit now. That’s why many people, even after deciding a double major isn’t for them, stick it through to the end.\*\*   
  
\*\*The real value of a single major comes from the fact that you can have laser focus. Having a major that you really like, focusing all your time and attention to it, and getting the best value out of that one degree.\*\*   
  
\*\*The first alternative is one major and one minor.\*\* Usually a minor is just a few classes and very easy to complete. It doesn’t add much time to your degree, and you usually decide on what minor you want later.   
  
\*\*The second alternative that I think is acceptable is one major and one master’s degree.\*\* Truth is that you can literally do a master’s in anything irrespective of your undergrad. My coworker at Amazon literally did Animal Studies for her Bachelor’s. Then, she did a 2 year Master’s degree in computer science. Now, after less than a year of working, she got an offer from Amazon and is making that big money. Also, you aren’t committing yourself to hell at the age of 18 right out of high school. Instead, you are opting to pursue the master’s degree in your junior or senior year of college, ideally after you’ve focused your career path and known exactly what you want to be studying. So overall, save your money guys! Don’t take the double major! If they are unrelated majors, you will basically be wasting it anyways, and if they are related, you could just as easily do the master’s degree and finish in just the same amount of time with even a more valuable degree!   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
TLDR: Costs don't pay off, stress is usually too high, it is difficult to give up, you are dividing your attention between two loves, and there are better alternatives.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/szo2r/reddit_whos_up_for_putting_a_happy_ending_to_this/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, who's up for putting a happy ending to this Hollywood-like story?

EDIT: TL;DR  
  
Dear WMO/Reddit/Internet/World,  
  
I could very much do with your help right now.  
  
See, I'm about to do the hardest thing in my life...  
To put the happy ending to this story, I am putting the fate of my future in your hands...  
  
  
Last year, something amazing happened, after my girlfriend of 9 years broke up with me...I fell in love with this Canadian girl.  
  
Only, if only the story could be as simple as in...daily life?  
  
Truth be told, it's much much much more complicated than it usually is.  
  
TL;DR:  
  
- I met the girl of my dreams  
  
- I asked her to marry me, and she said yes!  
  
- she lives in Vancouver, with her 2 boys.  
  
- she is financially dependent on and living in with her abusive ex  
  
- I want to move, but I need a job...  
  
- which is considering the Vancouver job market, the hardest part!  
  
- I've worked as an ICT Consultant in the Network/Security, with Linux/\*nix and programming experience.  
  
- I'm available straight away, aside from the immigration process  
  
- I would really like your help!-  
  
  
Here's the FULL story:  
  
I'm a Dutch guy; just turned 33 2 weeks ago; I finally got diagnosed with Asperger's Syndrome last year; had a burn-out partly because of that; I saw my relationship of 9 years broken up in the latter part of last year as well, and later parted with my employer due to the fact that I was about to explore a possible future in Canada.  
  
Then due to some weird twist of fate, through a mutual friend, I got in touch with this Canadian girl! We just connected, on a personal level, no intentions. One part because I wasn't looking for a relationship as I had just come out of one, the other part because she was in a relationship, a bad one but still. We just enjoyed talking to each other and sharing insights into the other genders' minds! Nothing more!  
  
Until we suddenly found ourselves having the night and all the pieces of the puzzle seemed to fall into place! It was like getting back together with that ex of years ago, which just did not work at the time but it sure did now! Only without the previous history...  
  
This was such a paradox to us! This just couldn't be! But... it was perfect! And while we were fighting this - I mean, this could not just be! The distance! Nearly 5000 miles between us! - we just saw ourselves getting back to each other, no matter how hard it got...sleepless nights were had... Yet, still!  
  
As her relationship was going from bad to worse, we were talking on Facebook, then taking up other methods, going to Skype calls as her health didn't permit her to work at the time, then Skype calls to her cell as she was out looking for a job, sending messages to each other to wake up to, etc. We also knew that we needed to meet, as impossible as this was.  
  
Over the course of December, things got so bad that she saw no other solution then to break up with her then boyfriend.  
  
There's plenty I could say about him, but I won't and it's not important... Let's just say that things between them were apparently just not destined to be?  
  
The only thing is...and this is where the plot thickens... She has 2 kids and as she had moved out from Ontario to Vancouver, BC together with her ex and had been in bad health, she had no real financial means to get out; she saw herself forced to stay where she was while applying for jobs. Considering the Vancouver job market, she was was not that fortunate.  
  
It was around this time that the first mention came of a party in Toronto, at the end of March; knowing that she felt the obligation to give it at least one more try and we had agreed that we would give it until the end of March. I knew right there and then that this needed to happen, I needed to make this happen.  
  
Then, over NYE, I had a weekend with friends, so, considering I DJ as a hobby, I planned on making her a mix, which ended up being two mixes, a double, in her favourite genre. (Happy Hardcore for the curious.) Because of my background, I've always been a sucker for naming, so I needed to name it something with big relevance. I named it Perfect Paradox, one mix being in a minor key, called Dusk, the other called Dawn, in upper key. Dusk, for the sadness of the cold of the evening, Dawn for the uplifting vibe of the morning setting in, but also for the moments we shared as the time difference meant that she went to bed as I got up.  
  
On NYE however...Things had escalated again, where her ex managed to push some buttons, making her spiral into this negative stream of thoughts...to a point where she confessed to me that she was writing a suicide note and threatened that if I called the police or anything that she would immediately take the pills she had in front of her; having tried to commit suicide quite early in my life, I knew the mindset. I managed to convince her that this was not the solution, and after I found myself dropping the L-word a week before... I knew that I needed this girl in my life, permanently, and I did the best and stupidest thing ever: I asked her to marry me - and she said yes! Even if this meant that I had to endure beef for this, because my ex was around during that weekend.  
  
And we kept on "dancing" from then on, because she had her responsibilities to mind; even though things kept on escalating between her and her ex.  
  
Over time, this ended up being a pattern, where, due to the fact that he was a freelancer, they got into a pattern where - because they had little money - he had become more and more abusive towards her... leading up to a few massive fights between them and no matter how frustrating this was... I kept my distance, because I knew one thing... She was something I had never imagined to be possible, a statistical anomaly at best; I found my one. More importantly, due to the pattern of abuse and the fact that she was stuck in this pattern, I had to get her out of there, to give her something important, perspective.  
  
As this progressed, January turned into February and I had a weekend in London, and because of the massive snow fall this led to disrupted communication, as I had somewhat become her line of stability. Yet, I was not about to give up on her! Pulling an all-nighter, camping at Starbucks for free wifi and food and drinks; but I had become more determined than ever! Despite what she said, I saw the person she really was, piercing through that façade, time after time. This needed to happen. I needed to make this happen.  
  
And as Valentine's day was approaching quickly the week after, it had every appearance that her ex was about to leave to "the Motherland" to get work and because she wanted to look for a job, I offered to fly in. I had managed to pull it off with work to take 2 weeks off as I had told them about the situation and got booking, until her ex decided to forfeit the flight and stay...just after I had booked. He had effectively thrown away 800 Canadian dollars to do...more of the same basically, which wasn't a whole lot. Luckily for me, KLM was nice enough to reimburse me the full costs and planning continued.  
  
The party I mentioned earlier, was a party in Toronto; called Heart of Gold, where, more importantly, her favourite DJ was playing: Darren Styles; producer of a track by the same name as the party. I'll get back on the significance of this later.   
  
Yes, I definitely had a bit of a WTF moment at that time; imagine doing something crazy like that?! Because not only was I about to fly in myself, but due to his persistence in believing in this situation I needed to fly her out as well... Quite the picture!  
  
In the mean time, things got to an all-time low on her end, where they basically could not afford the rent or food; going against better judgement I guess, but making the decision with a conscious mind, I lend them 2000 CAD. On the premise that, as he had a job offer and was getting his Work Permit, they would pay it back as soon as possible. I have this all in writing.  
  
But of course...he was the one causing shit about it, to the point where it escalated so hard they had a massive argument, of which I was in the loop through Skype where he basically told her to leave as this was his house - the lease was in both their names. However, as she had thrown a lamp through a room in anger, it got turned around on her and she later, as she had checked into a shelter, told the police and the shelter workers that she had been abusive. One of the biggest indicators of abuse.  
  
After that weekend, she had gone back...back into her submissive role...cutting contact with me...  
  
Not for long though, because as soon as things got back to normal... he slipped right back into his abusive behaviour and we couldn't go without each other. Not any more, the idea was there, and as V put it so aptly: "You cannot kill an idea."  
  
During this period, my dear employer I came into an agreement with my employer over my future within the company and we parted ways, and I got booking. I booked the flight for her. There was no turning back. We needed to see how deep the rabbit hole went.  
  
As an extra motivation, I pushed myself to quit smoking, as she's asthmatic; never touched a cigarette ever since.   
  
And as dust was sort of settling down, with the help of my awesome mother, I finally got down to arranging things. I booked my own flight, returning from Vancouver 2.5 weeks later so I also had the chance to get some job interviews in. Transferred funds to my credit card. As we had found the father of her youngest prepared to fly into Vancouver to watch her sons (her ex was not playing nice), I booked a flight for him as well.  
  
Okay, her flight was booked, mine too, sufficient funds, now to get things on the road with telling her ex that she was being flown into Toronto for her birthday for a party where her favourite DJ was playing! Everything was looking awesome! And more importantly, I had a brilliant idea! She wanted to meet her favourite DJ, why not try to make it happen? Especially as we had said over the sudden engagement over NYE that I'd ask her properly when we met! Because I was this sure about her, about us. I sent an e-mail to Darren Styles to ask him for the meet and greet, never hurts to try! Right?! And as I followed up on this with the organizer of the party, I had a hunch that everything might fall into place.   
  
We still needed to tell her ex... Luckily we found one of her friends up to the task of telling him that her friends were flying her out! And she did a perfect job! Everything was go!  
  
Until...the father of her youngest decided to cancel... \*STRESS\* What now!? Okay, alternatives?! We tried a whole bunch of friends of her and as these were her boys (and we could not fly them out to Toronto either, as the youngest does not have a passport) and she had no friends out there, we needed to get someone out that she trusted. Family and friends were asked. One after the other had to decline due to various reasons, until... WE FOUND SOMEONE! But as House always says...everybody lies. We booked the flights, until... shit... she had appointments and rebooking cost a fortune, but given the circumstances... there were very few options :-/ So, instead of flying her flying into Toronto on the Wednesday like me and us both flying out on the Wednesday, the sitter was now arriving Friday morning, I was flying into Toronto on the Wednesday as planned, she was flying in late on the Friday, we were both flying out from Toronto on the Sunday evening and the sitter was flying out from Vancouver on the Monday morning! There! All settled!  
  
It was a rush job, but we got it done! All I had to do was get the doctors letter for my medication sorted! Wow...after having called to verify everything with government department #1, it seemed I only needed to get a stamp with them and go to a department that was opened all day... WRONG! Shit! This meant, as I was flying out the next day, that I had to go to the department of Foreign Affairs before my flight! OMG STRESS! Not having slept a whole lot, I managed to get it sorted (getting the odd look because I had packed fluffy cuffs and my suitcase had to go through the x-ray machine at FA :p) and I arrived at Schiphol on time!  
  
Checked my luggage, went through passport control, went to the gate, got a thorough interrogation as I was travelling alone with a stopover in Minneapolis, being nice enough to point out his interrogation techniques to him, explaining my Aspie-being and my medication, sat next to an evangelist on the plane (Hi Bret!), had nice discussions, and finally landed at MSP! I was finally on the same continent as her!!! Nearly!!!  
  
Until the faithful text messages and phone calls came... The sitter had cancelled... Seriously, wtf is wrong with people, don't say yes if you can't keep your end of the deal! BUT! Luckily, I could cancel the ticket for the sitter from Ottawa and she had managed to get another friend to come babysit, someone she trusted and who was able to do it! (Thanks so much again N!) This just meant... flying her in...from Hartford, CT, the US of A. Yeah... luckily, this was the Wednesday, flying out on Friday, we got "fairly" good deals through a student travel site and luckily the rebookings for the Ottawa sitter's flights were also reimbursed. As it was less than 24 hours! Okay, new sitter was sorted, flights were sorted and all just before I was off to Toronto!  
  
Flying into to Toronto was an interesting experience, landing at an +45 degrees angle, with the right rear wheel touching down first, awesome flight! And with an awesome Canadian lady next to me, who was unfortunately flying into Toronto for less fortunate reasons. As I landed, I felt it in the air, this epic adventure was about to become even more epic!  
  
I was awaited by one of her good friends, who even gave me a little cash to get something to eat (thank you nice lady at the place near the information desk!!!) and got me on the phone with her! Eager anticipation is the expression. Unfortunately her friend had previous engagements, but after some pointers, we parted ways and after a little help from the information desk (thanks fellas!) I finally found myself a hotel in the area for the night. And after checking in, exchanged some messages with her and then it was time for some sleep!  
  
The next day I made my way to Downtown, on the way meeting a nice American lady from the Smithsonian at the bus-stop, who was on her way from the airport to Downtown for a conference! As I had time to kill and needed to check my options for the night, we were discussing the nicer things of life, and over lunch told her the story so far, after which we parted ways. Another one of life's experiences richer! :) (Thank you S! It was nice getting a view like yours on life!)  
  
Going downtown, I had a good idea of where to stay and after getting some stuff sorted, I ended up at the "café" of the local branch of my bank on Yonge Street, enjoyed the hospitality and free internet and found myself a nice hotel a few blocks away. Off I went, checked in, and after a quick bite, more sleep! Finally! Friday! Moved rooms, twice, because I had stayed in a twin room the first night and I didn't know if I wanted to stay there for the night... Finally getting a room with a proper bed! Spent some more time around town, passing time until it was evening...  
  
Due to...ahem...Air Canada...her flight had nearly 4 hours of delay...and as her friend that had come to meet me on the Wednesday and I were sitting there, patiently waiting, upon landing, I received a message from her: "We have an issue!" and after exchanging more messages, I got in the nervously waiting mode!  
  
And as her friend and I were casually talking, I saw someone coming closer, only to stop, put down a bag and as I looked, I recognized her and I felt my eyes drawn to hers and as our eyes locked... time stopped and as I slowly got up, she got closer and we first hugged, as I wrapped my arms around her. Right there and then, all the doubts we might have had dissipated and as we broke the tightness of the hug and we kissed, we found home. A journey over thousands of miles had reached a first milestone!  
  
I know that some people might consider this in bad taste or ethics, but you know what... Even as an Aspie, I can tell you with full honesty, you have never felt true love! We needed to control the situation, because she needed to get out of there, she needed something important, perspective, but more importantly...a future! In a sense we both do, or did! Because we found it! Right there and then!  
  
As reality started to set in again, we got talking and she showed me the messages that her ex had sent while she was up in the air, accusing her of being a bad mother as the sitter was sleeping in the bed of one of her sons and her son was apparently shivering on the couch! Telling her that the "unknown girl" needed to be gone by 10 or face to be removed by force if needed. Now what... But due to the time differences, we decided to wait until the morning in Vancouver, to at least give the sitter the courtesy of some sleep as she had had a tough day as well!  
  
As it had become quite late, we quickly left the airport for a visit with some of her friends and in the morning, after we had sent a message through FB, we got in touch with our friend. Not surprisingly, she was freaked out by her ex's behaviour and after confirming that her son was not cold (he's used to Ontario winters...in his t-shirt); so our friend left... leaving the care of her boys in the hands of her ex... But we couldn't get the flight rebooked, so I ended up booking her a separate flight after her student travel organizations promised that she could get it reimbursed... FAIL. At least we got her home safely. It was a risk taken in full awareness, just as any other risk on this incredible journey.  
  
As we finally made our way down to the hotel, we hadn't fully realized the time and after quickly dropping off stuff, we picked up some of her friends, quickly continued our way to the CN tower for a video shoot for a crowd sourced video, arriving too late, going back to the hotel, her friends quickly getting ready, making their way, us getting ready and then went on our way...  
  
Arriving at the party, getting introduced to her friends, having a thoroughly good time, enjoying being together! (Yo! Canadians! Heart of Gold was one hell of an awesome experience!!! As the UK crew can confirm too!) And in the end... I got my meet and greet... Thank you Darren on picking up on the Dutch part and asking her if she was the Vancouver girl! It was so cute! She was completely out of it! Meeting her DJ hero and barely ushering a word... but as we thanked him, I took her away and asked her if she didn't think it was weird that he knew she was from Vancouver... at which point she broke... and I told her... and this time, although I didn't have a ring, I asked her to marry me, again! And yet again, she uttered some random words, followed by "I think so...", after which we had a tender moment and I looked her in the eye and we both knew it.  
  
After some nice "after rave" randomness (Ash, thanks for bringing that cake decorating set from OT! And Dave &amp; Steve, funny guys!), we got to the hotel, and as her friends got their stuff out of our room, we finally got together, alone. Only to confirm what we both already knew...  
  
After a late check out due to a panic attack, we left our stuff at the hotel and strolled around town for a bit, finally making our way to the airport, with some interesting conversations with security about her cake decorating set, we made it to the plane... only not to be seated next to each other... but as we had some kind fellow travellers, we finally got our seats together! And as we arrived in Vancouver, we were so knackered that we decided to get a hotel near the airport and after quickly checking in and getting ready, we finally had a good night together - the last one together unfortunately; because she still had her live-in ex and her boys!  
  
Checking out, we made our way through town, from YVR to Surrey, because there was another hotel of the same chain there, really close to her house as well. On the way there, she asked me the question of questions... If I wanted to meet her boys... Wow, I would've more eagerly met the parents! But in the end...as this journey was crazy enough already...of course I said yes! And wow...meeting them was every bit as natural as meeting her! They even warmed up enough to me to take my hand as we were walking beside a busy street, much to her surprise even! And wow...this was home.  
  
As her youngest was in daycare, her oldest in school, and her ex off to work, we hung around during the day, taking trips around the area, just enjoying time together, as she went back home at night to care for her boys, as we didn't want to make the situation with her ex too volatile. That was until he decided to fall back into his regular behaviour again, giving her shit again, which escalated in such a manner that I was so fed up with it that I wanted to get her out of there, took a cab, called her at the end of the drive-way and offered to get her and the boys out of there! After which I received death threats towards my persona, as he realized that it was over, in a sense that he had competition, effectively threatening to kick her and the boys out onto the street! I had to "officially" say goodbye to her and the boys the next day, and I said goodbye to her oldest, he even shed a tear; I knew that this situation wasn't good for him, for them either!  
  
I returned to my hotel, not entirely sure what to do, but they had a meeting with their landlord/-lady again. The outcome effectively being that they supported the attitude and behaviour of her ex, forcing her to build a lie... The story being that I couldn't stand it that she was threatening to harm herself and that I went home. Her ex's behaviour got a little bit better, but right after it was "safe" again, he fell back to his old behaviour, but with the excuse of "no, we have to make this work!"  
  
After that week, I was at loss about what to do that weekend, as there was a party in Seattle that Friday that we had been invited to, and in the end...  
I went! While taking the Greyhound from Van to Seattle, I was looking at the surrounding areas and I realized something weird:  
  
  
I never realized I had missed Vancouver this much, until I got here! A love that I never knew I missed, in a town I never knew I missed; the home I had always been looking for.  
  
After an awesome party, I ended up forcing myself to stay up all night for the 08:45 bus back to Van! But some adventure I had! If you live in Seattle and you know Paps/Pops, say hi to him for me! Awesome guy! And listen to his stories and songs! He's got a whole lot of wisdom to share! Also hi and thanks to Melissa at the Hurricane and Liz at Beth's! And, if I recall it correctly, Jamie, don't ever lose that Dutch guy of yours! We Dutch don't just think we're so cool! Hehe! Also, check out Beth's Place! (7311 Aurora Avenue North) Best diner ever!  
  
In the mean time, we ended up still seeing each other, but in the second week, I already noticed some pain in my throat, which on my birthday turned out to be a full-blown tonsillitis. And while that Friday, the Friday before I was supposed to leave on the Sunday, after having spent 2.5 weeks in Canada, nearly 2 of which in beautiful Vancouver, after visiting a doctor, I quite hastily got to say goodbye to her and the boys... But, later that night, despite the consult and penicillin, I woke up with a terrible pain, my tonsillitis in full effect. I actually took my ADD meds to control the impulses and therefore pain. After waking up, I got myself ready to see the doctor, again... who referred me to the ER.  
  
Trust me, something you don't want to do as a tourist, is get ill abroad! To make a painfully long and mostly boring story short, thank you Surrey Memorial Hospital and Jim Pattison Centre staff! After they hooked me up with an IV and "the good stuff", I ended up going back to the hotel later that night, alone, as she could not join me due to the situation, but with an appointment for more IV antibiotic therapy at the Jim Pattison Centre the next day! And the Monday, but luckily, she was now with me! :)  
  
And as her birthday was later that week, the doctor at the centre luckily did not deem me fit to fly yet and I still needed a checkup with the ENT who would possibly need to do a simple medical procedure to ahem "reduce the swelling" of the tonsils. Unfortunately, the ENT had a private practice, which meant... no money, no care. Back to the travel insurance, made a new appointment, got the guarantee that the financial side was handled, showed up, and again no appointment to be had. Even got slagged off a little because I wanted to get information. (Vancouver, this is your attitude problem! Someone who isn't paying, might be wanting to give you money later on! Don't slag them off because you have no immediate profit!)  
  
In the mean time, on her birthday, her ex decided to pull a "Yeah, I'll stay home for you" stunt, preventing us from spending the day, in reality, the financial situation was so messed up that he didn't even have enough money to buy a bus ticket to get to work, because he only got paid the next day. But because he needed to show that he loved her, he gave her an expensive weekend downtown, while making sure that her bank account was emptied.  
  
On the other hand, I did manage to get a job interview with a Managed Operations (IT) company having an office in Gastown the Monday after! Potentially bringing me one step closer to realizing the dream that started all those months ago...!  
  
Okay, so, yeah, imagine the situation, here I am... just slowly recovering from the severe tonsillitis, faced with my girl being away for the weekend with that &lt;insert derogatory terms&gt;, by myself, far away from home... Of course I'm talking to one of my favourite front-desk employees as a long-stay guest walks in, starts talking to the hotel employee and after getting asked how the guest is doing, she slowly breaks down and admits that she just got fired. Awkward was not the right word...  
  
I saw myself faced with a moment... and because of my journey, I decided to do the right thing, because no matter what my problems were, this woman needed an ear, a shoulder and a hug.  
  
After spending some time talking to her and again telling my story, she came around and said "What!? You mean you were in the hospital this weekend and yet you're standing here?! Smiling?!", to which I replied, of course! With possibly the biggest grin I could give, the sparkle I saw in her eye right then, was priceless! :D We talked some more and although not entirely happy yet, she had just lost her job, she went up to her own room, but not after welcoming her to come over if needed! After I had been chilling out for a while, there was a knock... it was her! Together with one of her daughters... And as we stood around, talking, I realized something, we all face a similar struggle in life, the universal thing of not doing the right thing, because we feel the need to over-perform in fear of letting people down. Explaining this, I slowly felt her come around, accepting this negative thing, while not letting herself be held back by it! Because we only hold ourselves back because we let ourselves do that to ourselves. (Think about it!)  
  
After some more talking, we parted ways again, but not before I gave her a bracelet, one that I had found while cleaning out the house after the breakup, one that I had put on my own wrist, as a promise to myself, to do what was needed to make myself happy; I knew that she needed to make that promise to herself, so I gave her the bracelet as she promised to make herself happy! As she asked me what she could do for me to thank her, I just asked her to, when the time comes, give the bracelet to someone else needing a reminder to make him/herself happy! And also if she knew of any hairdressers, because I had grown a fro in the meantime!  
  
Being recovered well enough, I went into the local mall the next day, got my hair cut, and then went out to Downtown, to check the address for the company I had the interview with on Monday, and generally stroll around Downtown, ending up doing a quick round around North too, where... There's been this weird thing... I'd always send stories to her... And in one, I told her... That we went for a walk by the waterfront, where I had asked her to marry me a year earlier...only...in my "exploring", I found the gazebo, at Waterfront Park and for some odd reason, it just clicked. I just had a plan. Monday.  
  
While we had been close to each other that Saturday, we had never seen each other, but that Sunday, as the weather was again great, I didn't know how/what, but I needed to put this plan into action...  
  
I got a message, they were going to Stanley Park and... she wanted to see me, even if we couldn't talk. Challenge accepted.  
  
Not before I needed to quickly stop at the mall, to get some cash, but for some reason, I felt myself drawn to a store where we had been checking rings together and on the way there, my eye fell (very un-me) on a jeweller at the lower level with a ton of Sale signs. I decided to follow my instinct and headed down there, and I knew that I wanted something simple, inexpensive, because at the end of the day... it's not about the money, it's about the thought, the idea, of the gift. As I walked up, one of the employees got my attention and I explained the situation, I was already engaged, but it was more like a promise, but not and... She told me to come... She walked over to another section and showed me a ring...  
  
Which was a very plain and simple ring, with a little heart with some diamonds, and...a heart of gold.  
  
And I got a \*really\* good deal, while it was...perfect.  
  
After getting it, I made my way to Stanley Park, had a nice walk, saw her...it took me everything not to ask her right there and then...but oh wait...her ex...and went back again, back to my hotel, time to iron my shirt and get ready for the awesomeness of tomorrow!  
  
Early night, she came over in the morning, trying to hide the ring as well as possible, shower, shave, dress up, etc. Telling her that I want to go to North to show her something before my job interview! Of course, she feels under-dressed, so we quickly stop at her house so she can put something more fancy on and we continue! We get to the Skytrain, take the Seabus, she wants to lunch first, calm on the surface, inner hurricane of nerves, but get lunch anyway! Could hardly eat, but I tell her it's because of the meds... after lunch, we walk over...as she's cold I offer her my jacket, carefully getting the package out! D: She didn't notice anything! We continue, small talk, she wants to go down the wooden landing, takes pictures of the sea-stars and then we finally go up...and I get to start my talk and as I tell her about the weekend and how this felt like home, with her, looking out from the gazebo to Downtown, I pull out the ring... While telling her that I still needed to ask her decently! Her first response being... "OMG ARE YOU CRAZY!?!?!", but I did get a yes out of her eventually! ;-)  
  
Unfortunately, the job interview went different than expected, due to Mountain and Pacific time, the actual interview had actually been an hour earlier. That information had unfortunately not reached me on time, but I still had a really good conversation with the Strategic Officer of the company and we agreed that I would get back to them with the time lines for Work Permit sponsorship. Unfortunately for me, the 8 week period was not a viable scenario to them as they needed someone yesterday.  
  
Then on Tuesday, I finally had the checkup with the ENT, and my tonsils were still inflamed... So as a precaution, I was sent off to get my blood work done, to get tested for Mono, results back in a week!  
  
After that, things were finally looking up a bit I guess, at least after all the turmoil, things were getting a bit more stable.  
  
The days with her have been nothing short of amazing! Even doing little things like shopping! We took the boys out to the park for some pizza and we sent the same thing to each other... "It felt like a real family!"  
  
This weekend, he has been an ass again, treating her like a maid...like a piece of dirt...  
  
Now, I have the checkup with the ENT on Tuesday, and as it looks I'll be leaving on Wednesday or the day after...and I need to get her out of there!  
  
I also have my flat to sell, no current job in The Netherlands, but motivated to make the impossible happen!  
  
Reddit, as I am only human, I could very much use your help on this one!  
  
I'll happily fix your computer all day if that means that I can provide a roof and food for and be with her and the boys!  
  
If anything, I am looking to get established here, because to be honest, Van is where I belong! With her!  
  
Reddit, Vancouverites, the only thing I could ask you for is a job in my field and a little help filling out the forms, I'll do the rest! Because I choose to take on this responsibility, because I want to. In return I can offer you a motivated and experienced IT Consultant in the Network and Security field, with Linux/\*nix and programming experience.  
  
I've come this far, I'm not giving up now. I'm nearly home!  
  
As I've been typing all night, I'll need to take some time off to sleep, but by any means ask away! And I'll be more than happy to verify after some sleep!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/6bihso/seeking_input_on_my_list_of_potential_transfer/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Seeking input on my list of potential transfer colleges

Hi, my name is Jessica and next year in fall 2017 I will be entering my second year of Nassau Community College. I currently have a 3.87 GPA and hope to have a 3.92 by the end of the Fall semester. This may be long, so I'm sorry about that. If any one has school suggestions, see a school on my list that you think I should get rid of, or just transfer advice in general I would be very thankful.  
  
List of schools \*PS this list consist of a lot of reach schools at the moment  
  
1.University of Virginia  
2. Pomona College  
3. Penn State (was previously accepted)  
4. University of North Carolina Chapel Hill  
5. Syracuse University  
6. Vanderbilt  
7. Tulane  
8. University of Southern California  
9. Pitzer College  
10. Colgate University  
11. Claremont McKenna College  
12. George Washington  
I'm also applying to 4 SUNYs but the only one I'm certain about is Binghampton  
  
I don't want to apply to as many schools as I listed, the list used to be a lot longer. I took out a lot of schools that didn't offer a lot of financial aid. My EFC is 1320 but my mom can't actually contribute anything (she's in the process of paying me back money).  
  
I've recently added UVA to my list because it has a lot of the things I want in a school. It's a big school with D1 sports, I think it has a good location, has generous financial aid, I looked into my major requirements and I liked the classes. I like the programs, the school has this good vibe about it if that makes sense. Honestly when I saw the website I just really like the school then when I looked at their academics I liked it a lot more.  
  
Pomona has a "Politics, Economics, Philosophy" major that I like a lot. I'm currently a political science major but if I went to Pomona I would define lay try and change it to that. Pomona is a really good school for my major. It's in California which I love. I like that you can take classes at any one of the colleges on the Claremont campuses because I saw that some of he other schools had classes I liked. One of the drawbacks for me is how liberal the school is. When reading reviews about the school on Niche, which I do for every school I look at, the students said it was overwhelmingly liberal which is annoying to me. I also think they take the least amount of transfers of any school on my list.  
  
Penn state was my dream school, I thought it was the best of both worlds academically and socially. I still think that but when I got accepted the first time I got about 25,000 in aid and this school cost over 50,000 for an out of state student so I don't think it would be financially doable honestly. When I visited I liked the people a lot more than I like the school. When I slept over at a dorm and ate in the cafe a lot of students sat with me and I thought that was really nice. This city girl also saw a cow for the first time which was cool. But when I got to the campus it was kind of a dud.I  
  
I like UNC for a lot of the reasons I like UVA, big state school that still offers a good name and friendly people. A girl I watch on YouTube just graduated from UNC but I watch her vlogs and it seems like a great place. She shows the good and the bad, the activities, sororities, and sports etc and it seems like a place I could be happy.  
  
Syracuse, I remember applying to Syracuse in highschool and then having the worse interview of my life so I pulled my application. Honestly right now I can't tell you what I like about Syracuse other than it's environment of students because I keep thinking about how mad that admissions officer made me. I know one negative about the school is the price tag.  
  
Vanderbilt is really good for my major. I spoke to a representative at a college fair I went to this year and she told me I had a real shot of getting in. I like the program and internship opportunities I was told about. The main thing that concerns me is he schools location. I'm from NYC and I'm black. I've never directly faced racism so I honestly don't think about it that much so when I met with the Vanderbilt lady, I had never heard of the school before that, I thought this school is great I hope I get in. Then, as stupid as this sounds, I watched family guy last night where they drive through the south then got arrested and that freaked me out. Then I looked up most racist states and Tennessee was on the list. So that bothered me because I didn't know what to do with that information.  
  
My hand is tired and for the rest of the schools it's mainly the same reasons as listed above. About the SUNYs btw the reason I'm not focused on them is because during my first application process my school pushed SUNYs onto us hard and I applied to four then like I am going to now. It was the most complicated process ever, they lost everything, I was supposed to be going to Buffalo and they changed the housing and over admitted people, the housing was so much money and the SUNYS I got into ended up costing more or around the same as most of the schools I got into. I am applying again but there aren't any that I love.  
  
I want to go to a big school but I'm not against a small school. I want to go to a school where I can go to games I love hockey and baseball. No I wouldn't go to a school based on their sports but I am taking into account how much I will enjoy the school itself. I hated my highschool, I don't like my home life (it's one of my motivators in doing well, the thought of being able to leave), and I'm just not happy with my current situation so I want to be in a place where I will be happy. I plan on going to Law School, hopefully a tier one because I want to go into coorporate law. I want to have an internship while in school. I want to live somewhere really different from NYC because I've never loved any where else. I want to study abroad because I went on a highschool trip to Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Liechtenstein and I loved it there. As I said before I'm not into an extremely liberal school like Reed. And if the school is liberal I just don't want it to always be the topic of conversation. I want to dorm so I can have that experience. I don't think I can afford a sorority but I've always liked the thought of them. I don't care if the school is predominantly white or what the demographics are as long as it's a good environment to be in. I'm fine with any size classes, all my classes now have about 25 people but I'm not a big talker so I wouldn't mind a bigger room.  
  
Classes I've taken  
Fall 2016  
HIS 20th century Europe, B  
ENG 101 A  
Intro to Politics and Gov A  
Algebra 2 and Trig A  
PHI Critical thinking A  
Spring 2017  
Pre Calc A  
Eng 102 B+  
Intro to Sociology A  
Intro to Psych A  
Business Law A  
Fall 2017  
Intro to Philosophy  
Calc 1  
General Chemistry  
ECO principles of macro  
ART Drawing  
Yoga  
Volleyball  
I'm taking these classes so I can get an associates degree and I'm taking the economics class because UNC recommended taking it and two other classes before transferring  
  
My first semester I did something called "conversation partner" where I was paired with someone who was learning English and we met once or twice a week for an hour and we talked. I got a job at the movie theater in November. I'm going to work at a summer camp this summer. During the fall I really do hope to join a club. Also I do events for animal adoption and fundraising for shelters. I really want to volunteer at a shelter at least once a week starting in the summer. I've also looked into volunteering at psychiatric facilities and shelters because it's another "passion" of mine

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/muehrj/how_to_get_an_internship_step_2_the_application/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How to Get an Internship: Step 2 - The Application Process

Hi everyone! I got a lot of positive feedback on my last post so here’s the next step in the internship process.  
  
  
Okay so you’ve gathered all your potential internship/work sites...now it’s time to actually \*apply\*.   
  
I understand this can be an incredibly grueling process and industries have totally different standards - for tech they’ll want to see useful projects whereas in the humanities they may be more interested in your writing and research skills - which may add to any confusion. Whatever it is the industry and organization is looking for, make sure to highlight how you meet those needs (even if you feel like you don’t meet all of the qualifications!) by doing thorough research - this will guide how you structure your cover letter, resume, other application materials + what you share in your interview.  
  
Please remember that most students usually apply to tons of internship programs, many receive multiple rejection letters, and none of it is a personal affront. There’s always going to be someone with a better application than you and there’s always going to be someone with a worse application than you, so don’t let this define your self worth or think it’s indicative of how successful you or your career will be.   
  
If you want to improve, ask for feedback from the hiring committee (but they may not be able to give any), an advisor, or industry professional but \*don’t\* torture yourself with any mistakes you may have made.   
  
General Advice:  
Double check eligibility! This is especially important if you’re a college freshman, sophomore, or recent grad (1 year or less out of college). A lot of internships have restrictions on who is eligible to apply, which means underclassmen and new grade are frequently excluded (or, are not considered a priority applicant) from the applicant pool.   
  
Double check the requirements! One of the worst feelings is missing out on a great opportunity over a silly mistake - make sure you know which documents you have to provide for an application and when you to have submit it. It doesn’t matter how great your resume is if you’re missing a letter of recommendation - to keep things fair, a vast majority of companies will automatically decline to review an incomplete application.   
  
If an organization doesn’t have internship information on their website buuuut you still really want to intern there, you CAN “cold email” (straight up asking if you can intern there while proving a copy of your resume, despite the company lacking a formal internship program). If possible, look for a department specific email or an employee’s email rather a general, company-wide one. This is more likely to work at a small, local company/organization and it’s also more likely this internship will be unpaid.   
  
If you know someone who has interned there/is interning there or is currently working at your target organization, then ask them questions about the company + application process. They may help, they may not; the conversation may be beneficial, ultimately it might not be - regardless, it doesn’t really hurt to ask (especially for organizations with a giant applicant pool).  
  
Quality over quantity. This may vary upon your field, but applying to dozens of jobs probably means your capacity to research the company and why you want to work there is pretty limited and this subpar work tends to lead to a subpar application. I’ve seen wayyyy too many posts about students applying to 50+ companies, wasting their time and energy. Narrow down your top dozen or so choices and pour energy into creating an application someone will want to look twice. For anecdotal evidence, I applied to 8 internships for Summer, was accepted to 3, rejected by 3, withdrew from 1, and ghosted by 1, giving me a success rate of 37.5% which is pretty decent!   
  
If you get rejected during one application cycle this doesn’t mean you can’t apply again! I’ve received two acceptance letters and two rejection letters from the same company - if you really want to work there there’s no shame in being persistent.   
  
Keep your LinkedIn updated! I don’t mean that after every new resume addition you need to create a post that you’re “excited and humbled to accept an offer at Company X,” (though you may be encouraged to by the company itself) but make sure all your accomplishments and descriptions are up to date, all the information on there (including comments you’ve made) are things you are comfortable with an employer seeing, and that you’ve utilized every inch of space LinkedIn provides for an employer to get to know you, your interests, and your goals (especially your Summary and Featured sections, which tend to be woefully underused).   
  
Utilize LinkedIn’s “Summary” section to create a quick blurb about yourself, your school/your year in school, a bit about your personal background (ex: maybe you’re a proud Minnesotan? A first gen college student?), what you’re studying and how this connects to your interests and career goals, and any additional information you feel is necessary.   
  
Take advantage of LinkedIn’s “Feature” section to highlight any interesting projects you’d like an employer to learn about, any interesting achievements, (did your school write an article about you for winning an award or scholarship? link it here!) etc.  
  
The Application Process, Step by Step:  
(Organizing, Resume/Cover Letter, Letters of Rec., Transcript, Essays, Submission)  
  
 1. Organizing your applications. It is absolutely IMPERATIVE to keep track of deadlines throughout this process - I cannot stress enough how easy it is to get overwhelmed by school, your job, extracurriculars, and life’s many responsibilities and forget about an application deadline. It doesn’t matter how intelligent, experienced, or qualified you are - if you miss the deadline there is a 99.999% chance they wouldn’t let you turn in an application late.   
 2. I recommend making a Google Folder where you keep alllllllll your application materials - a document to track application deadlines (a spreadsheet may be best if you’re planning to apply to a lot of companies), standard documents (recent transcript and letters of recommendation IF you are allowed to see your LOR), application questions, cover letters, etc.   
 3. In the document where you track deadlines, note when you asked people for letters of recommendation, when the recommenders submitter a LOR, when you submitted an application, got rejected, etc. This will allow you to know when to follow up on things (ex: you asked someone a LOR 3 weeks ago and haven’t gotten a response, you can tell based on your deadlines sheet it’s time to follow up) and take the appropriate action.   
 4. Update your resume (and cover letter, if you use a cover letter template). Your resume is one of the most important - if not the most important - component of your application and can truly make or break an application. If you don’t have one already make a “Master Resume” - this will be a large document (more than one page) that contains all your education, work, leadership, and volunteer experiences + scholarships and awards. After creating a bullet point description for each experience (and it can be several bullet points, the idea is that you can eventually copy and paste different lines to customize your resume for each application), have someone else (preferably an advisor or someone working full time in your industry) review your work and encourage them to be absolutely BRUTAL in their review. It can be a serious ego bruise, but it’s better that they catch it than realize you made mistakes after submitting the application. Repeat this step until you have a Master Resume you’re happy with. Also, make sure to update this regularly (1-2x an academic term and after every new accomplishment).   
 5. The same principle can be applied to cover letters - create a standard formula or set of topics to cover, then adjust it to fit the organization.   
 6. After this, you should be able to create a 1 page resume to accompany each application. When the 1 page version is completed, I still recommend having another person double check your work for any grammatical errors or formatting issues. I’m not sure if a “standard resume” format truly exists, since different countries, industries, companies, and hiring managers have their own preferences. As a general rule of thumb, limit the amount of “distractions” (bright colors, images, symbols), use strong, diverse action verbs to describe accomplishments (instead of “wrote” use “composed”), and quantify your experiences (instead of “fulfilled customer orders” write “fulfilled 10,000 customer orders on a weekly basis”).  
 7. If you don’t have a lot of previous internship experience, highlight any projects you’ve completed, completions you’ve won, papers you’ve written, research, leadership, awards, etc. If you’ve had a job before but don’t feel like it’s “relevant” (shoutout to my fellow fast food workers) still include it, but emphasize transferable skills like efficiency and customer service.   
 8. Ask for letters of recommendation EARLY! I’ve heard 1-2 months is best practice, especially if you’re asking a professor who receives dozens of requests. I recommend doing this right after you’re done making your resume, as many recommenders may ask for your resume or another document to help guide their LOR. Be specific in what you want them to write - if you want to highlight your strong research skills then ask them to do do directly and politely, they’re not mind readers! Give them as much detail as possible about the internship - what company is it at, what are the highlights of the program, what’s the deadline, are there specific qualifications the company is searching for? This is important to know so they can write a thorough letter. Make sure to follow up with them - at the latest - a week before the LOR is due; there have definitely been students who couldn’t complete an application due to a late LOR and it’s a crappy feeling, to say the least.   
 9. Request your transcript early, especially if the company wants a physical copy of it! At some schools, requesting transcripts can be expensive and time consuming so I recommend getting this out of the way as early as you can to make sure you have the financial resources for it and that it’ll arrive in time.   
 10. If you’re in an industry that typically asks for essays as part of the application process \*cried in humanities major\* try to create a standard essay answer for questions like “Why are you passionate about x topic?,” “What are your career goals and how can x organization help you meet these goals?,” “Why do you want to intern for x company?,” “Please write about one major issue and how you envision solving it.” Again, I’m studying political science + environmental policy so these questions tend to be more geared towards humanities major, but I would venture to say that each industry has a pretty standard set of questions, so find out what they are and be prepared to answer it. Whenever you apply for internships, SAVE all the questions and identify the common patterns - this will save you so much time in the end.   
 11. Think of the essay/cover letter as a chance to create a strong, cohesive narrative that complements your resume and other application materials. Ultimately, the entire application is a storytelling exercise for the candidate.   
 12. Group applications in folders based on topics to fill them out even faster. For example, at Companies A - D their internship programs revolve around electoral politics while Companies E - H revolve around climate change; develop a standard answer (using the advice in the previous bullet point) for each topic - electoral politics and climate change - and apply it to the relevant applications. Though still time consuming, it’s easier than developing something totally original each time. For my junior summer internship hunt, I did this and the essay portion of the application process was pretty much a breeze.   
 13. After you’ve assembled all your application materials, go ahead and have someone double check it again. Yes, the name of the game here is double checking! Again, I recommend an advisor or professional of some type who’s more likely to be brutally (but in a good way) honest with you.  
 14. Make sure to submit it in the correct application portal - even if a posting is shown on a third party website (LinkedIn) they may want it submitted to their own company site portal, to a specific email, etc. Read the instructions! This is basically your first test as an intern.   
 15. If the portal or individual you are submitting the application to notes that you are supposed to get an email confirmation (this confirms you did actually submit something) then make sure you actually get this confirmation email. If for whatever reason a company says they never received an application for you this is your “receipt.”   
 16. \*Fight\* the urge to panic and demand a response from them in one week. Remember that hosting interns is a smalllllll component of an organization’s work. If they have an application timeline (ex: round 1 will be completed by x date, round 2 will be completed by y date) expect them to be late/fall behind. Is it fair that we have to submit everything on time while they may delay the response process? Probably not, but unfortunately, that’s the game. If you have special circumstances where you need to hear back sooner (ex: you’ve received multiple offers), then contact the relevant person but know they may not be able to accommodate you.   
  
Thanks for reading! I’m still making a Google doc and I’m planning on adding more sections about interviews, choosing the internship that suits you best, etc. :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/vwfs0/i_cant_stand_being_in_the_same_room_as_my_father/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I can't stand being in the same room as my father and I don't know what to do. Help?

I didn't know where to post this, so if you know a better subreddit, feel free to tell me so I can post there instead :)   
\*throwaway\* And sorry if I jump around, I'm really mad/sad and need to get it out.   
   
\*\*TL;DR I feel like my dad cares more about his siblings than his own children, I feel like he's lying to me, and he doesn't seem to care about my feelings/life.\*\*  
   
My dad had never been a huge part of my life. My mom pretty much raised my siblings and me by herself while my dad worked. That wouldn't be such a problem if my dad had attended events that were important to me: Birthday dinners, "family nights", etc. He could never attend those, but we \*always\* attended events that were important to him, even if it was extremely inconvenient to us. That had been going on my entire life. As of last year, he and my mom decided to get a divorce (they went through marriage counselling and everything).   
   
I expected it, but whatever. My dad gave old cars to his serial unemployed brother, money to my other deadbeat relatives on his side, etc. because he is practically the only one in his family that has a steady income to support a family. He and my mom have decided "their weekends" and when to eat dinner at my dad's house since he moved out. They were almost always inconvenient due to school and jobs and my small social life, but I usually attended if I could. He \*is\* my dad. Then he got worse.   
   
We're going through economic difficulties. My mom found a job about a year before the divorce, but it's only part-time because my brother is still young and needs help. The house I currently live in is too expensive, so we have to move out. My mom has a lot of job opportunities in her hometown, it's a great opportunity for me/my little sister/my brother and my older sister is fine with moving, but because it's about a 2.5hr drive away, my dad, who was pretty much absent my entire life, doesn't want us to move there. It's a great school district, I have family that I like there, I have some friends there, etc. My dad constantly tells my brother that it'd be terrible to move there, so my brother is adamant on staying in this town, even though we have to pay for him to go to private school due to education/bullying. My dad said my siblings and I can only move if my brother stays here, which is not an option for obvious reasons. Despite economic troubles, my dad (who lives with his deadbeat brother) buys aforementioned brother/my uncle cigars, cigarettes (which are $10 a pack here or something), alcohol, and pays the rent. He also bought 2 bikes for a total of $20,000, pays insurance on his \*4\* bikes, his car, and his deadbeat brother's bike. Oh yeah, that brother is unemployed. My dad also gave him old cars that he no longer used, and that brother gave them to his step-wife's children. They aren't even really married; it was only for legal issues.   
  
My dad makes a decent amount of money, but for some reason, he can't buy plane tickets for my siblings and me to visit our dying relatives, but he \*can\* afford for us to go on a multi-day trip with another one of his siblings in a town a few states away. He also promised me a good computer (which I'll need for school this year and for college, along for entertainment) as just a gift. Then it became a Christmas gift. Then birthday and Christmas. Then birthday, Christmas, and graduation gift. My graduation is \*next\* year. We ordered one, but after 3 months it was still backordered so I canceled it. He said he never got the money back yet, so he can't afford a different computer. I get straight A's in school and work really hard in hopes of getting a scholarship, so I also kind of feel like I deserve a good computer. That's only a big deal because he still buys my uncle a load of crap and I feel like he's lying to me.   
   
At first, I honestly tried to have a strong bond with him. Then I felt like he cared more about his useless, government-mooching, family-mooching brothers than he did about his own children. I still feel that way. I went to his house for dinner today, and I'll admit that I have been cold and rude to him for about a week because of how hurt I am, and a bunch of people I didn't know were there. He never told us that they were coming and he \*knows\* I'm an introvert, so I felt even more hurt. While they were away, he told me I was being rude, entitled, selfish, prissy, etc. That's when I just left and went home. I'm crying right now because of how mean and detached he is from me and how little he seems to care.   
   
Sorry for the wall of text. I appreciate any advice you have to offer. I'm really upset about this and he's the reason I want to go to a college on the other side of the country. Also, I live in America and I'm still a minor. Not sure if that's relevant.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/b8csq/reddit_can_i_get_advice_from_anyone_who_has/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, Can I get advice from anyone who has gotten a restraining order on a crazy Ex?...(MN/WI experience most helpful)

\*\*Wall O' Text for background:\*\*  
  
Towards the end of 2004 I had recently dropped out of my first year at University due to discovering an undiagnosed learning disability that had previously not affected me \*too\* badly. I was a straight A student in school because I didn't have to work at all. Although I maintained an apartment on my own, I kept under my parent's health insurance due to the American's With Disabilities Act, as I had every intention to go back to school in one years time. I wanted to take a year off to clear my head and find the right meds to help me out with my problem. Dropping out really did a number on my self-esteem. On top of that, I couldn't land a steady job and was unemployed a few times.   
  
I had decided to find a date via an online service, and that's where I met the crazy Ex. (I'll call her Genevive, or Gen for further use). Gen was going to school at a University nearby and was only a year younger than me. We hit it off immediately, leading to sex on the first date and her staying over quite frequently the first few weeks. It was pretty easy to tell she was damaged goods, but I kept going as I hadn't had a decent lay in nearly a year, and was starting to get really lonely.   
  
Needless to say, this was the wrong idea. I should have dropped it, but I kept on like a moron. She professed her love for me in two weeks, and had practically moved in with me by three weeks. At that point, she stopped going to school and just stayed at my place all the time (another red flag, I know). I was working full time at a major retailer at that point, and wasn't making an exceptional amount of money. I would literally use the money my parents kindly gave me to pay the Co-Pay on my meds and use it for living expenses.  
  
Needless to say, this woman turned out not only to be a complete parasite, but a complete nutjob. Some highlights include:  
  
\* Going through 12 jobs in the year and a half we dated. This includes Night stocker at the store that I worked at after I recommended her the job. The longest she kept a job was for 3 months.  
  
\* Having me buy us things on my credit as hers was shot due to unpaid bills (including a new bed and PC).  
  
\* Snooping through my PC and deleting things she felt were undesirable, and just spying on me in general  
  
\* Cutting herself  
  
\* Faking overdosing on OTC painkillers to get attention  
  
\* Snorting my meds  
  
And this doesn't include the multiple instances of mental and physical abuse. She would explode at me over the slightest provocation. When i caught her previously snooping on my PC, I passworded it. In retribution, she cut the cord of my expensive gaming mouse "To teach me a lesson". Here's the email she sent me to taunt me about it.  
  
&gt; So you fucking think it's fucking funny to lock your computer? Fuck you! I will NOT be here when you get home you prick.  
&gt; I cut the cord to your precious mouse you asshole piece of shit. Why would you even do that? If I were to lock my computer, I'd get fucking screamed at. Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...................I hate you right now   
  
On top of that, she would physically attack me. The first time was when (god I can't believe I'm actually admitting to this) my guild in World of Warcraft started raiding Molten Core in the beginning of the game. Her guild wasn't yet doing it. So she freaked out, punched me in the head, and threw a laundry basket at my head too out of jealousy.  
  
Other incidents include her hucking a jar candle at my head and putting out a cigarette on me.  
  
The coup de grace is that (if it wasn't apparent before) she is legitimately crazy. She was admitted to a mental ward for overnight observation due to suicidal thoughts. And since breaking up with me, she has been diagnosed with really bad Bipolar disorder (she IM'ed me on a throwaway account screaming about it.)  
  
She is responsible for so many shitty occurrences in my life, it'd take pages to tell all the stories. So I'll just cut it short right here.  
  
\*\*So....now that the backstory is out of the way here's the meat.\*\*  
  
 I broke up with her mid 2006 with the help of my family. I kicked her out and sent her to her family 400 miles away. Since that time, I have returned all of her stuff to her or disposed of it according to the law. She has no reason to remain in contact with me. And I have told her multiple times to leave me and my family alone.  
  
Over the course of the last four years she has disappeared for a while only to pop up later with a throwaway AIM or E-mail account to harass me and my family. Although she has never made direct threats against me, she has hinted at it ("I'll send someone up there to kick your ass", "I know your class schedule", etc.) She has also left threatening voice mail messages on my phone.  
  
I have taken the collected transcripts of all these, with me stating in them repeatedly "I want nothing more to do with you, leave me alone." I have taken them to the local authorities, as well as the county government to try and get a restraining order or something put on her. Nothing has come from this however. The county basically laughed at me, and the police have shown themselves to be worthless. They in fact LOST recordings of the voice mails she left me, as well as other documents I left with them.  
  
I've since met someone else and am prepared to marry her in October. Gen has herself married, and should have moved on. However, she persists in harassing me to this day. The final straw came 4 days ago.  
  
I must have forgotten to change my facebook password since then, and she hijacked my account. She changed my religious and political affiliation to the opposite of what I am, then made it so I was "Looking for Men". She then had me join the Bisexual Alliance and KKK groups. This kind of petty shit is her trademark. The problem is, she now has access to not only my phone number, but my address as well now as I had it posted on my account. She also now has knowledge of what my fiancee looks like and where she works.  
  
She took the time to create a dummy facebook account where she accused my fiancée of "Looking like a man" and other such idiotic things. However, the last line of the message she "Swore she would find out where our wedding is held, and be sure to crash it."   
  
My fiancée has officially started to freak about this. The Ex has gone from "Crazy Annoyance" to "Real threat" in her mind. We're going to try the police again this afternoon, but I don't expect to get any further than we already have. We're going to probably end up hiring a lawyer.  
  
My question is this. Has anyone here on Reddit had similar circumstances? What did you do to get rid of the crazy bitch/bastard in your life that, while, not demonstrating a "credible" threat, was really fucking annoying?  
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\*: Crazy Ex who physically and mentally abused me won't leave me alone 4 years later. Although making no direct threats, she's really fucking annoying. Any advice how to get restraining order?  
  
\*\*Edit:\*\* Oh hey, I forgot two of the best stories to add some fun to this.  
  
\*\*Story One:\*\*: She cheated on me once, pretty elaborately. She met someone over WoW, and talked with him. Because she played with him while I was at work, I was none the wiser. All I knew was she was friends with this guy named "Dan" and he lived in Arizona. Towards the end of our relationship, when I just stopped caring about anything anymore, she flew down to Arizona to be with him for a week under the pretence of "Meeting her best friends while they were in the middle of a roadtrip. She flew down and was with that shithead, doing god knows what. In retrospect, this is one of the most depressing moments of my life. Not because I didn't follow my gut and suspect her, but because I met her at the airport with flowers and told her how much I missed her. =(  
  
\*\*Story Two\*\*: I got her knocked up. Worst moment of my life. I thought that my life was totally over, and I would be chained to her for the rest of my life. Luckily, the bitch miscarried. I still can't believe I was so lucky (I'm an atheist, so no comments about god, please). To this day, she claims two things. A) If she would have had the kid, she would have used it as a tool to milk me for every cent I had for 18 years. B) That I physically choked her during the pregnancy, which caused her to miscarry. Of course, this never happened in reality.  
  
If more people are interested, I'll share the story later of how she nearly ruined my cousin's wedding. I don't have the time to type it out now however.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qp6xp/how_far_would_you_go_to_defend_your_viewsbeliefs/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How far would you go to defend your views/beliefs?

Two days ago I got into a huge argument with this girl at school about KONY 2012. I'm shooting rebuttals left and right at her, she won't have any of it. Eventually I shut up, as everyone else started yelling at me for being a heartless piece of shit.   
  
I go back that evening and post a long post to her Facebook wall, with all the information I talked about and more, with the proof. I made it very non aggressive, and made sure that I agreed with the cause, but not the means. I few minuted later someone tells me to stfu, and then she says "shut up you knob" and deletes the post.  
  
Unfazed, and by this point kissing my social standing goodbye for a few weeks, I post a copy of my wall post as a status. I get into a very long argument with someone about the legitimacy of Invisible Children, rebutting every single argument he throws at me.  
  
Today, I got called heartless, a cunt, a piece of shit etc by almost every single person who has seen my status/ heard me talk about my views toward this campaign. Some racism got thrown in there too (I'm Jewish, and am saying not to donate to them. You can guess what they say), and I'm still saying "No! These people are lying to you, using your money for their fancy offices and fat salaries!"  
  
So, Reddit. Is it better to stand up for your views and take a risk, or just go with the sheep? Share your stories below.  
  
\*\*Transcript of status/argument\*\*  
  
Even if you do read this, you probably won't change your mind. But I would feel wrong if I didn't write this.Firstly, I don't feel that it's a bad cause. On the contrary, Kony is a bad man, what he does is bad and he should be stopped. However you should not be donating to Invisible Children to try and stop him, for a number of reasons.   
  
1. The finances of Invisible Children are public (http://c2052482.r82.cf0.rackcdn.com/images/737/original/FY11-Audited%20Financial%20Statements.pdf?1320205055). That means that we can see what is bring done with the donations that they receive. If you look at them, you can see that they use around 2/3 of the money for the travel, films, and salaries of the staff. Hardly ideal for an issue that needs action, not awareness. Of the $8.9 million in donations they spent in 2011, this is the breakdown: $1.7 million in US employee salaries $357,000 in Film costs $850,000 in Production costs $751,000 in Computer equipment $244,000 in "professional services" (DC lobbyists) $1.07 million in travel expenses $400,000 in yearly office rent in downtown San Diego $16,000 in Entertainment etc... Only 2.8 million (31%) made it to their charity program (which is further whittled down by local Ugandan government officials) - what do the children actually get?  
  
2. Invisible Children support the Ugandan government. It is a dictatorship, and among many of its human rights violations the regime tortures prisons, oppresses other political parties and the press and also wishes to introduce a bill that would have 'convicted homosexuals' put to death.  
  
3. In the civil war in which Yoweri Museveni gained power child soldiers were used by his army (National Resistance Army) which is now the army of Uganda but under a different name. (http://www.teachkidspeace.org/doc315.php)  
  
4. The bulk of Invisible Children’s spending isn’t on supporting African militias, but on awareness and filmmaking. Which can be great, except that Foreign Affairs has claimed that Invisible Children (among others) “manipulates facts for strategic purposes, exaggerating the scale of LRA abductions and murders and emphasizing the LRA’s use of innocent children as soldiers, and portraying Kony — a brutal man, to be sure — as uniquely awful, a Kurtz-like embodiment of evil.” (http://www.foreignaffairs.com/articles/136673/mareike-schomerus-tim-allen-and-koen-vlassenroot/obama-takes-on-the-lra?page=show)  
  
5. Still, Kony’s a bad guy, and he’s been around a while. Which is why the US has been involved in stopping him for years. U.S. Africa Command (AFRICOM) has sent multiple missions to capture or kill Kony over the years (http://www.foreignaffairs.com/articles/136673/mareike-schomerus-tim-allen-and-koen-vlassenroot/obama-takes-on-the-lra?page=show). And they’ve failed time and time again, each provoking a ferocious response and increased retaliative slaughter. The issue with taking out a man who uses a child army is that his bodyguards are children. Any effort to capture or kill him will almost certainly result in many children’s deaths (http://chrisblattman.com/2011/11/21/what-you-should-be-reading-if-you-want-to-understand-the-us-and-the-lords-resistance-army/).  
  
http://i.imgur.com/vS3VC.png (Someone who spent 6 months working in Cambodia last year)  
  
http://www.reddit.com/r/videos/comments/qk0pd/kony\_2012\_help\_raise\_awareness\_and\_stop\_joseph/   
  
http://libcom.org/forums/news/kony-2012-dodgy-fck-07032012  
  
http://visiblechildren.tumblr.com/  
  
\*\*Argument in comments on said status\*\*  
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\* Kony is a scam. NO IT'S NOT. Yes it is. NO IT'S NOT. x1000  
  
\*\*HIM\*\*‎   
  
1. Yeah idvck those people have to live? and of course they need money for the travel to Africa, the equipment, etc... They're putting time and effort into this, it's called a profitable charity. What you want them to spend all their time supporting a cause flying to Africa, without getting paid? The 2 thirds that they keep is necessary for them to keep going. And the third that they used for the kids is what this company is all about. Payment for the film was necessary idvck because they raised awareness, and now many people will donate and the charity will raise more money.   
  
2. They work with the Ugandan government because they have to as their government are trying to take down Kony. So yeah the ugandan government is a dictatorship, But they can't do anything about that can they? So instead of saying "oh not gonna work with and just let the cause down" they actually do their best to help the ugandan people to fight against Kony.   
  
3. Fighting against a government is much harder than just fighting against a crazy guy. There's dictatorships in many countries, but it's not our country, we can't do anything about it, except go to war, and end up killing more people. But that cause can treated, without going to war with the government, by working with them.  
  
4. Do you think that if you don't exaggerate and the cause doesn't look "that bad" people will donate? No don't think so. They did raise awareness, for a reason, not for fame; to fight against Kony.   
  
5. Did anyone know about this cause before? Did they donate money? No. Now they will, and it'll help the government fight for the cause.  
  
6. Why can't you just accept that what they did was great, and it's gonna help many people who are right now fighting against their will?  
  
\*\*ME\*\*   
  
1. they have offices in downtown san diego with hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of furniture. that's not what I think of when I think charity. (http://www.reddit.com/r/videos/comments/qk0pd/kony\_2012\_help\_raise\_awareness\_and\_stop\_joseph/c3yjbbn)  
  
2. you could work against a government that does worse things, considering Kony's army is 250 strong. (https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=1763486362045&amp;set=p.1763486362045&amp;type=1&amp;theater)  
  
3. tell that to the people of egypt, libya and syria.  
  
4. and for profit, as previously stated 20% of donations go towards salaries.  
  
5. yup, they will, and that money will go towards their nice offices and furniture, maybe finance another film, or buy some new cameras.  
  
6. so great. too bad the cause is non existent anymore, as Kony's army is now only 250 and withdrew from Uganda 6 years ago.  
  
\*\*HIM\*\*   
  
1. Do you just believe anything you see on fucking reddit?   
  
2. If you were the mom of one of those 250 kids how would you feel huh? Any cause deserves awareness.   
  
3. Yeah but that's different idvck cause it's people from the actual country who didn't ask anything to anyone, just decided to rebel.   
  
4. As i told you already, they need salaries. They can't just keep fighting for a cause without getting a salary...   
  
5. Bullshit. Why would they make a new movie? And a third of the money still goes towards uganda... Jesus idvck you have to make a profit, you can't just live of   
nothing -.-  
  
6. It still is existant, maybe not in Uganda, but it still is. There's people fighting for a cause, give them credit for trying.  
  
\*\*ME\*\*   
  
1. yes. in case you don't, here is a link. http://g.co/maps/2z8he looks pretty fancy to me, certainly for a charity.  
  
2. the fact that I'm the grandchild of a holocaust survivor doesn't stop you making jokes about it.   
  
3. well okay then let's fight against these 250 kids who aren't even in our country anymore.  
  
4. that equates to about 45k per employee. pretty high for a charity.  
  
5. well they have 200+ videos on youtube, so obviously that $1.7 million of computer equipment is being put to good use…  
  
6. if you're gonna put that much effort into a cause make it for one that's going have a relatively large impact.  
  
\*\*HIM\*\*   
  
1. Oh so a charity shoulds work in the streets?   
  
2. Um ok now can i go back in time and stop holocaust? No. And i'll still make jokes about Jacob and his african accent..  
  
3. What d'you wanna do? Just abandon them?   
  
4. 45K a year idvck. That's under the average american revenue...   
  
5. Umm that's good dumbass. And that's not the 1.7 million, it's the other 2 thirds..   
  
6. What's a large inpact huh? Is 250 kids not a large enough impact for you? heartless bitch  
  
\*\*ME\*\*   
  
1. it's a non profit, they should not be working in a fancy skyscraper.   
  
2. well you can't go back in time and stop the abductions either. but you can respect the dead, especially in front of someone who's related to someone who witnessed it. and I haven't heard you make a joseph kony joke once yet (and yeah, it's joseph, not jabcob), but even if you did that would not be right.  
  
3. sometimes you just don't have the choice. it's all they've known for their whole lives.  
  
4. $18 under the average salary. I bet you it's a lot higher for the founders too.   
  
5. you're right, it's more than $1.7 million. silly me. ($357,000 in Film costs, $850,000 in Production costs, $751,000 in Computer equipment)  
  
6. remember in that psychology lesson? when you said it's better to save six people than one? well the same thing applies here, you could intervene here http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2011–2012\_Syrian\_uprising or here http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mexican\_Drug\_War and save a lot more people.  
  
\*\*HIM\*\*  
  
1. no, they should work in good offices like everyone else. They need to be taken seriously.   
  
2. No, but those kids are still alive. And you don't see kony in the movie dumbass, but you do see JACOB the black kid with his african accent. And it's racist jokes, get over it.   
  
3. idvck you're being so heartless, 250 lives is alot! a lot of kids are out there, used as infantry for no reason...   
  
4. Exactly they deserve an average salary.   
  
5. As i've said already it was to raise awareness. Now that they have, they're not gonna buy more computers, or make another movie...   
  
6. Many people are already on that. The movie was made so that an unknown cause could be taken into account by the population. They've managed to get more soldiers looking for them... So maybe they're taking a bit too much profit, but they're doing it for a good reason.  
  
\*\*ME\*\*  
  
1. NO THEY SHOULD NOT. If I give money to a cause I expect it to go to the cause, NOT to some fancy offices and furniture or to computers or to making films. I expect it to go to the cause, to help change something.  
  
2. I didn't watch the whole thing because I got sick of the manipulative style and lies.  
  
3. how many people do you see posting about "Save Homs" or "Save the Syrians"? none. however, if you look, 1770 people have been killed there in the last year. that's a better cause to get worked up about. but you know why no teenagers care? because some fucking director didn't make a manipulative video about it.  
  
4. no they don't. if I work at a not for profit I do it out of the goodness of my heart, not because I want a good salary.   
  
5. oh really. wanna bet on that? and even if they didn't it would still be a lot of money wasted.   
  
6. it's unknown for a reason. 250 people are not a lot. it's bad, sure, but there are worse things that are happening out there.   
  
7. can you show me that you donated like you said you would?  
  
\*\*HIM\*\*  
  
1. So they should have no offices, no computers?   
  
2. Because you don't care about a serious cause that doesn't involve jews.   
  
3. Okay, well that's a good thing to know for the future, that by raising awareness through social networks, we can make things change.   
  
4. So they're suppose to get no money and live on the streets?   
  
5. They actually care about the cause idvck, not just a fucking movie..   
  
6. Oh 250 people is not that now is it? Dick.  
   
7. I said i'd ask my mom. I don't have enough money. And many people will donate you'll see on their site, their "public shit". \*\*[He gets a hundred euros a week doing a rich kid's homework]\*\*  
  
\*\*ME\*\*   
  
1. they should have computers, they should have offices, but not expensive offices and expensive furniture. that money would have done much more in uganda. last thing I heard ugandan child soldiers don't benefit from high rise offices and expensive furniture thousands of kilometers away.  
  
2. how many jews are there in syria? or mexico?  
  
3. no, you can't.  
  
4. no. you're supposed to get minimum wage and work there because you want to and believe in the cause. if you really want to support the cause you work a proper job and give some of your salary to the charity.  
  
5. which is why only a third of their income goes to Uganda?  
  
6. it's not a lot compared to the amount of people dying in syria or mexico, right now. (8500+ and 35000+, respectively)  
  
7. you got 50 euros this morning. if you weren't selfish you would donate to the cause you are so generously spreading.  
  
\*\*HIM\*\*  
  
1. Also guys we need proper furniture for a charity to work. Do you really think they can just go around and sit down in huts on little plastic chairs and drink out of plastic teacups? NO we must donate money to keep them and their furniture.  
  
2. Oh so you've donated to mexicans now have you?   
  
3. Yes you can, prove is everyone know about this and i guarantee donations will be made.   
  
4. Idvck this takes all their time, they are fighting for something, and deserve money...   
  
5. Idvck i've already told you, the 2 thirds are needed for them to make a minimum living, and get the equipment needed, raise awareness.. etc.  
  
6. Just because it's a small cause doesn't mean you can't stand for it. They shouldn's just be abandoned cause there's "only" 250 of them...   
  
7. I'm not in the position to donate, my parents don't even know i have this money. And i never said i'd actually donate? I just said the cause was touching, and they did a good job and i'm glad they'll get help for those kids.  
  
\*\*ME\*\*  
  
1. you don't need to live in a skyscraper and have fancy furniture to work well.  
  
2. no, but I'm raising awareness. like you, spreading this stupid campaign.  
  
3. It's always someone else. never you.  
  
4. you don't work at a non profit for money.  
  
5. how come the red cross can use 92% of their donations on their causes?  
  
6. they're not being abandoned. the US has made many attempts to kill/capture him.  
  
7. so go to the nearest charity and give in 50 euros in cash then.  
  
\*\*HIM\*\*  
‎  
  
1. ok they went a bit OTT with the furniture and all.  
  
2. If they'd made a movie about mexican traffic and a foundation and everything, they'd probably be further along with dealing with it.   
  
3. That's what you think. People do donate to charities idvck. Just cause you don't doesn't mean other people don't.   
  
4. They need to live and do this full time.   
  
5. Red cross has people who work for free and beg for money. These people are just doing it more smartly.   
  
6. Now they'll make a biggeer attempt, because of them.   
  
7. I have a life, I don't want to spend money on that. My mom gives money on a regular basis to charity including amnesty international or medecin sans frontieres.  
  
\*\*ME\*\*  
  
1. One down, 6 to go.  
  
2. you shouldn't need a movie to donate. you should be doing it out of the goodness of your heart and you should believe in the cause.  
  
3. I don't see you donating, even though you have a substantial amount of disposable income.  
  
4. so they should work a proper job and give to the charity, NOT take money away from the cause and keep it for themselves.   
  
5. it's really fucking smart to lie in a video and ask people to donate.  
  
6. unfortunately, as it is an election year, nothing will happen.  
  
7. what do you have to buy, now that you got caught smoking weed and aren't allowed out? and so does mine fyi, but I don't because I don't have a steady stream of disposable income.  
  
\*\*HIM\*\*  
  
1. I said they went a bit OTT. Didn't agree. Met you halfway.   
  
2. Well do you see people talking about mexican drig trfics everyday? naha. They're more affected by a movie like this.   
  
3. As i said my mom already donates to charities and everything. And i never said i'd donate or i'm a good person? I'm saying what they're doing is good.   
  
4. ummm yes they should, then they have all their time for the charity.   
  
5. They're not lying in a video. And it seems more effective than going out in the streets with a red uniform...  
  
6. We'll see about that.   
  
7. So? I want to get a new guitar, and many other shit. I never said i was gonna donate and shit or whatever, i didn't even share the video... But if i was an adult with much more money, i'd donate 100 euros or so yes. and i'd know 33 euros of that would be used for a good cause.  
  
\*\*ME\*\*  
  
1. got you to change your viewpoint. that's good.  
  
2. exactly, but they shouldn't be.   
  
3. yes you did. We were arguing, I said you should donate and you said okay.  
  
4. 5 to go.  
  
6. they exaggerated about the cause (http://www.ibtimes.com/articles/311353/20120308/kony-2012-video-invisible-children-uganda-lra.htm) and implied the LRA was   
still in uganda, when it hasn't been for over 6 years.  
  
7. you want a new guitar over saving poor child soldiers? you "heartless bitch"

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/fmrmy/have_you_ever_had_a_dream_where_maybensfw/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Have you ever had a dream where... Maybe[NSFW]

[No Joke, for better or worse I dreamt all of this last night.]  
  
The dream started off with a blurred flashback type of scene with an Asian lady holding a cat and yelling "It's the robbers! It's the robbers!". I remember seeing that image and being both confused and oddly guilty feeling.   
  
Not sure what you call it in a dream, but right here is a (cut scene).  
  
I come to... I'm on the couch in my apartment with a few friends sitting around me laughing. I'm viewing things in first person. My friend Zach is laughing the hardest and I ask him what's going on.   
  
"You don't remember?" he says.   
"You've been out of your mind the last hour or so on THIS."   
  
He points to his hand and I make eye contact with a white half cut pill in his palm.   
  
"You only had half!" he said, continuing to laugh.   
  
Drowsily I pulled myself up and evaluated my condition. I am shirtless, my hair is completely tousled like Jim Carry when he's dressed as the mental patient in Ace Venture. I am wearing jeans and have a white powder on my bottom lip.   
  
"How've ya been bud?" my friend Cole said as I stumbled into the kitchen looking for anything to drink.  
  
"Better."  
  
"Haha yeah, I can imagine.. you were pretty nuts" he says.  
  
"You saw me? How long have you been here? What was I like?! Fuck, I never take drugs!" I said in a haze of confusion.   
  
Just then more people start pouring into my apartment. I had apparently invited them all over to celebrate. I still wasn't sure what we were celebrating.   
  
"The snake!! Man.. oh shit you don't remember THAT?!" Zach says as I plopped back on the couch still shirtless in jeans.   
  
"No."  
  
"Probably for the best!"  
  
He takes the powder from the last half pill of what he was now referring to as "Express" and jokingly smears it onto my lips. Both lips immediately swell up and I feel like I had been spun several times around and set free. Like when you put your head on a baseball bat, spin, and try to run straight.   
  
(Passed out again.. cut scene)  
  
I come to... for a second time. This time I am on my couch wearing dark khaki colored corduroys with a rip in the leg and a red and black plaid shirt. My house is empty but you can clearly tell there had been a massive party there.   
  
I check my phone texts:  
  
"Yo man, sorry we had to bounce. We are all on Eve St for the Halloween parade. Come when you're feeling up to it" - T.J.  
  
"Hey cutie. Eve street. Be there or be square. CUM!!" - Nicole  
  
I look around my living room and see a video camera on the brick next to my fireplace.   
  
Play.   
  
[Video Sequence] From the point of view of the camera lens.  
  
Me laughing as I'm looking into the camera "Ooooh man this shit is crazy!" I'm waving my hand and making a warbling sound. Still clothed and neat looking.   
  
Cut.   
  
Me hanging up the phone...."I WON!"   
All the people around me erupt in cheer. I had just won an exclusive Halloween dinner with Conan O'Brien on a radio show.   
  
Cut.  
  
"He's passed out come in, come in!" Zach says as I lay motionless on the couch.   
  
Still being filmed I'm asleep when a man with a gigantic green boa constrictor walks through the front door and puts the snake up to my nose.   
  
"AHHH!!!!" Everyone screams and jostles me awake.   
  
I stare at the snake. Then, I see myself looking at me watching the camera footage of me staring at the snake.   
  
"I'm ok... I'm fine. Snakes don't bug me. I'm cool... I'm cool" I say in the video.  
  
As I hold the camera I think.. wow, that was incredibly badass of me.   
I rewind the footage to watch it again. Same thing.. "He's passed out come in, come in!" Zach says as I lay motionless on the couch.   
  
I'm asleep when the man with the green boa constrictor walks through the front door and puts the snake up to my nose.   
  
"Ahh! Oh God, get it away! Get it Away! Fuck! Jesus please! Oh my God, Oh my god!"  
  
The room fills with laughter.   
  
"Guess not" I thought to myself.   
  
Back in first person view I put the camera down and look out my window to see a black car waiting for me. The Conan O'Brien dinner.   
  
I run to my bedroom and pull on a black cashmere v-neck sweater over my red plaid shirt and keep on my ripped straight leg corduroys then make my way outside.   
  
(Cut scene)  
  
Now I am in Conan's house at this table. The whole room looks to be made of polished wood. The table is a slightly darker wood stacked with white cloth placemats and crystal stemware. A huge flatscreen TV is on the wall beside it above a burning fireplace.   
  
He emerges from a back room wearing black pants and a purple smoking jacket that I initially thought was for comedic effect. Turns out he just liked to wear it.   
  
We eat dinner and casually talk. Dinner turns to desert and by this time we are kinda drunk. I tell him I should probably get going as he's ending his laughter from my previous joke he says, "You're funny. You're a funny guy. You should come by some other time. It'd be great to have you over. I know my mother just loves you." (She'd been at the dinner too)  
  
Cut Scene. The rest of the dream is no longer in first person but multiple angles like a film.   
  
I am on a bridge above the Chicago River talking to my friend. We are discussing things but the "view" of me is from too far away and I hear more wind than conversation.  
  
Cut Scene.  
  
I am back at Conan O'Brien's house eating dinner in the same room. I am talking to his mother about how my mom is in the medical field and she should come be her live-in nurse as she is getting too old to successfully take care of herself. Conan, now wearing a black and yellow argyle sweater agrees to this. I express to him that "something big is coming and this might be our last encounter." We laugh and joke about things and I distinctively remember him reaching over to a very expensive looking wooden box and pushing an orange glowing button that dispensed purified water into his crystal glass.   
  
Cut Scene.  
  
Turns out the conversation on the bridge had been with my friend Zach, the story's antagonist you could say. We had just robbed a very large bank in downtown Chicago and were pitted on the end of upper Whacker Drive by Lake Michigan with dozens of FBI agents and CPD officers pointing their guns at us. Negotiations occur.   
  
Through a megaphone comes "Look, put down your weapons. It's over, we have you surrounded. There is no where to go!"  
  
"Fuck you, fuck you!" Zach says as he fires a few rounds in the air from behind our navy blue unmarked getaway car.   
  
Just then an agent walks up to us. Hands out. Unarmed.   
  
(A helicopter flys over our heads. It's getting dark out.)  
  
The FBI special agent is now on the other side of the car. His hands open on the top.   
  
"Guys, come on. It's over. You both know it is. Now, you took the money but you haven't killed any body. Some property damage along the way sure, but your life doesn't have to end here. No one's does. No put down the guns and lets call it a day, huh?"  
  
I contemplate giving up and actually begin to lower my gun.   
My thoughts are just then interrup--  
  
"I have your daughter."  
  
Zach says this with a cold look on his face. Staring right into the agent's eyes.   
  
"That's impossible she's at home with.."  
  
"Anne? Your after school babysitter? Haha, nah.. she's not. She's with one of our fuckin' guys, right now. What do you think about that Topcop? And right now, she's scared. A little banged up? Hey, I can't say. But what I do know is that YOU are out of options. And YOU will let US go. Now. Because if I don't get home safe tonight. Your little rugrat won't either. Hell, she might never. Get it?"  
  
Zach maintains a look that is more threatening than his words.   
  
"Man, what the hell? Are you kidding me? How did you know? How did you do it!?" I ask him, panicked.   
  
"Don't you fuckin worry about it" he says waving the gun at me while maintaining eye contact with the special agent. "Insurance."  
  
The agent, very slowly, with a shocked look in his eyes makes his way back to the officers packed tightly onto wide the street.   
  
After about three minutes they start moving their vehicles.   
  
Zach lets out a menacing laugh as we slowly cruise past them.   
As we are leaving with me driving, he reaches his head out the window of the car and fires approximately 10 shots back at the crowd of officers. At least two are hit.   
  
The cops jump in their vehicles and begin to chase us. We swerve up Michigan Avenue narrowly missing tourists and one ambulance. We loop back on to Lakeshore Drive right along the east coast of Lake Michigan and fly up the wrong lane through heavy traffic. I swerve onto an exit and head right back into the heart of downtown Chicago. Right as we hit the buildings I jump from the car without telling Zach. I run straight down an alleyway while the getaway car coasts into one of the support beams that hold the El train above traffic. He jumps out and runs after impact.  
  
I see a scene with him running to a country club looking pool deck where a "care package" inexplicably falls out of the sky and onto the deck. He pulls more guns and ammo from the crate and runs to the bar asking for a bottle of water. The bartender hesitates and Zach shoots him, reaches over the counter, grabs the bottle and runs.   
  
He's on his way up a flight of stairs heading toward the train station when cops swarm toward him and gun him down between a frenzy of people screaming and dodging out of the way.   
  
Cut Scene.  
  
Several hours have seemed to pass. My head emerges from the shadows of an alley. I am wearing all black and carrying 2 huge heavy duffle bags full of money.   
  
I start walking down the sidewalk in a Wrigleyville neighborhood when all of the sudden an Asian woman appears out of the shadows.   
I flash back to the same images I saw at the start of the dream (a woman yelling "It's the robbers! It's the robbers!") I think to myself "Oh no! Was that foreshadowing? Is this it!?"  
  
Just then she stands fully up from behind the dark green dumpster she was reaching under with an orange and white cat tucked firmly against her chest. She smiles, "Mr. Rogers! It's Mr. Rogers" she says as she extends the cat out to me to give it a petting. I obligue and laugh to myself as I walk away into the night.  
  
The very last segment of the dream is an overhead shot of me on a hot beach sitting next to Cameron Diaz in a navy blue bikini with white polka dots.   
  
I wake up.  
  
I think "What the hell just happened!?"  
  
I type this.   
  
The End.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/9gn00k/my_senior_year_feels_like_a_nightmare/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: My Senior Year Feels Like a Nightmare

I am in a very stressful situation right now because of my parents. I thought my senior year was supposed to be exciting and fun, but it is a total nightmare. They are hurting my mental health and my relationship with my bf, and I feel lost. Long story short my parents are divorced and do not get along at all. My family is completely fucked. My dad is very wealthy, and I do not like being around him since he is very narcissistic and can be abusive. (He is also involved in scientology but I won't get into that right now). He now tries to be a good dad by sending me money every month while I am a student. The only rule is that I have not been allowed to have a job while he gives me money.  
  
 I am very grateful for this money, but the problem is that neither of my parents have really been helping me pay for school. Previously I have been secretly saving some of the money I get from my dad to pay off my loans later that my mom had set up for me, but I had to use it all up for this past year's tuition. It is my last semester of my senior year now, and my tuition has not been covered... AGAIN. I told my mom about it, and she told me that she "forgot" to set up loans for me or financial aid or whatever and its past the due date, but previously she had told me I don't qualify anymore since she got remarried to another rich guy. She basically told me its not her problem and to figure it out myself. My dad did pay for my summer internship class this past semester, but my parents had a huge fight about it first. He also just paid for a new laptop for me that he is forcing me to pay him back for, so I have a strong feeling he will say no to helping me and have another horrible fight over the phone with my mom, and my mom will probably resent me for it if he gets verbally abusive again. So now i'm scared I'm not going to make it to graduation.  
  
On top of all this, I had to move out of my apartment because of a bad roommate, and my mom told me to move back home. It has really put a strain on my relationship with my wonderful bf of 3 years too, since I lost some of my freedom to be with him whenever I want. We even secretly lived together for a year too and it was amazing. Anyway my mom is now always upset at me about little things that aren't even my fault most of the time, and wants me to pay rent. I would be fine with that, but my dad has started giving me way less money than usual every month so that she won't get any more of his money than the child support for my sister he barely pays.   
  
I really don't know what to do and my anxiety is just getting worse and worse. I am almost always crying about it if I am alone too long... especially when I need to be working on my artwork for my senior art show. My bf and I have been talking about moving into an apartment together after I graduate. Then I can get out of this mess of a family and hopefully go to grad school for my masters in graphic design, but I still have to make it another few months until then, and idk if I can even afford that... my mom also says she is totally on board with us moving together since she "can't afford my lifestyle" (whatever that means), even though she also always makes a point to tell me to NEVER marry him. Its like even though my mom says she agrees, she also makes me doubt it will even work out by saying things like how my bf is not who she would have picked for me (what is this, the 1500s?) and how it will suck when we break up and are stuck living together. I know that is a possibility but it sucks that she has no faith in us, or anyones relationships really. She also just told me she asked my dad over the phone what he thinks about me and my bf living together and he said he does not approve at all and would cut off all money for me.  
  
I am feeling completely lost right now and I don't know what to do anymore. My parents are too selfish to help me with anything, but at the same time try to control me to the point where I feel every decision I make is wrong. I am just trying to graduate and be an adult and a professional artist, but I also have to deal with all this garbage. I am now terrified for my future and my parents are making me feel like I am suffocating.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8blqbt/trying_to_get_my_life_together_at_26_and_fear_i/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Trying to get my life together at 26, and fear I might have messed it up too much already.

Hey guys. This might be a long story so I apologize, and thank you, in advance.  
  
Anyway starting in high school, neither of my parents ever went to school, and neither really believed in it. I was never pushed to do good in school, and never encouraged to pursue higher education. Just before I graduated, the two of them had a very long, drawn out and dramatic divorce. I had just gotten out of a relationship where I had been cheated on. I stopped caring about anything and lost myself in mindless things like video games.  
  
I bounced around from pointless minimum wage job to the next, while also bouncing between parental households as they each kicked me out repeatedly, seeing me as a failure who would never amount to anything. I began to believe they were right.  
  
Eventually I met another girlfriend, and got a decent paying job netting me about 20$ an hour. I was still unhappy, but things felt like they were starting to look up. Until I realized this was just another dead-end job in a warehouse that I was miserable breaking my back at everyday, and even that girlfriend ended up having cheated on me for over a year of our 2 year relationship. I went into a slight depression, stopped working hard at work, and lost that job because of it. Being a dumb 20 year old at the time making that sort of money, I got a credit card thinking it would help build my credit; and it did - until I lost that job and could never pay it back. Now I'm pretty sure my credit is abysmal and I'll never be able to buy a new car let alone a house.  
  
After I lost that job, my mom kicked me out yet again, calling the cops and having them throw me out. I lived in my car in the freezing winter for almost 2 weeks before my dad let me come stay with him again - on the premise I enroll in school, which I did the next week. I was accepted soon thereafter, started working at my dad's business, and started going to school and doing well. I felt like my life was finally going somewhere.  
  
Those first 2 semesters, I held a 3.8 GPA going for a business major. However there were still some things that were getting at me - I had little to no friends, my dad's new wife hated me and made me feel worthless all the time, and because of that my dad told me I was ruining his new marriage, and to top it off I didn't even know what I was going to school for outside of my parents telling me to so that I would simply have a place to live. I started skipping class, which was infectious and go to the point I would only go on test days. My GPA dropped but I was still passing my classes; until in the latter part of my second year, my dad's shop started to do really poorly - he couldn't afford to buy new supplies or things to sell, and he somehow blamed me for it. I was doing the best that I could. I still to this day don't know how he thinks it was my fault. He didn't even pay me to work for him. So thinking that it was my fault his shop closed down, he again kicked me out.  
  
I used a bit of my financial aid loads to move into an apartment on the school campus. But again I became depressed, thinking my whole family hated me, I couldn't get a girlfriend that would ever love me and not cheat on me, that I would never have friends or a good job or even be able to get good grades. I started skipping to the point that I just stopped showing up to class altogether, and needless to say, failed most of them. My last semester there, I stopped going altogether and never went back. I ended with a sub 2.0 GPA and multiple failed classes. I now have about 25k$ in student loan debt without even having a degree to get a job good enough to pay it off with.  
  
During the time I was at school and working for my dad, gave my mom a bit of time to realize I really was trying, and she began to become much more caring. She understood that I was really struggling and once more let me come stay with her. Thankfully she did, because while there I met my now fiance who went to a school nearby there.  
  
Fast forward a few years, and me and her have decent stable jobs in a new town, in a new state. Along the way, I've found an all-encompassing passion for physics and astronomy, and feel for the first time actual drive to finish my schooling. It makes me regret everything I've done along the way besides meeting my fiance, and wish that I could do everything all over, but I can't. And now I sit here, wondering if its even possible to get a PhD in physics and astronomy with all the things I've done wrong compiled into my now life. Thinking that I might not ever to achieve that dream because of my many past failures makes me sometimes want to just end it all.  
  
I don't even know where to begin to finish my studies - I know credible schools won't take me with the grades and attendance record I've gotten, and the community colleges around here either don't have the programs I'm looking for and even if they do, I don't know if they'll even add up to me getting a bachelor's from a reputable school since by next year I'll have 3 years worth of credits amounting to nothing; I have a sum of 2 years of business classes combined with extracurriculars, so would going to community college mean I'm starting all over? Let alone going on for a PhD somewhere even better. Why would anyone ever accept me with my record as a PhD candidate when as of now I'm pretty sure no one reputable would even consider me a BS candidate. Even if it was possible to line everything up perfectly, I wouldn't graduate with my PhD until I was almost 40. That in itself is discouraging enough.  
  
So here I sit, lost, depressed, in debt with no degree and no foreseeable future that I can see lining up for myself because of my past mistakes and failures. I really need advice from anyone who can offer it. I finally found something in life I'm honestly 100% passionate about, and am so afraid its too late and that I've messed my life up beyond repair - please help me find how I can achieve my dream despite all the things I've done wrong in my life.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/ewku8n/conflict_with_supervisor_struggling_to_even_walk/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Conflict with supervisor... struggling to even walk into the office each morning! Advice welcome if you make it through a long read!

Will try to make this as short as possible but I feel like back story is needed to build an understanding of the situation. All names have been changed to protect the innocent and the not so innocent even if they pretend to be empathetic and understanding and innocent of any wrong doing....  
  
My husband, Jack, and I met in early recovery from substance use, so we were working on rebuilding our lives when we first got together. Struggled for first couple years while I went back to school and he worked multiple jobs. We got married as I was finishing up my bachelor's and he landed a great job working working for a county's mental health dept. as a Peer for people with SUDs. He was excelling at his job and he was building an incredibly successful SUD peer program for the county. All admin loves him, like a lot, and it can be annoying at times, you will find out why if you keep reading.   
  
Once I finally graduated and had some CM experience he encouraged me to apply for a CM position at the county as the pay and benefits were way better than my nonprofit job. I was offered a CM position in the children's and families program. I had no experience working with kids and was also nervous about working with husband. Offices on same floor, he has huge office in administration (told you administration LOVES him) and I would share tiny office around the corner with 3 coworkers and 1 supervisor whom we will call Nag.   
  
As I learned the new position, I built a caseload pretty quickly. I love working with youths and I also really liked my team. We all got along great and chatted all the time because we share this tiny office. However, I did noticed Nag was very nit picky about paperwork, all the rules, how to interact with clients, policies... just super controlling about everything. She also has issues with a lot of staff. Our other boss who oversees CMs and clinicians, lets call her Athena, seemed nice enough, but I was told by Nag within my first 2 weeks that Athena is terrible. She literally shut our office door when I first started and talked shit about Athena for over an hour (this made me uncomfortable and seemed unprofessional). There is some big feud between Nag and Atena because Nag wanted a promotion but it went to someone else. Then they made Nag supervisor of CMs to appease her. Like they just created the supervisor title for her. She still has a caseload but now basically overseas the youth CM team too.   
  
The first 6 months there were good, even though I noticed more and more that Nag's anxiety crossed over into her role as supervisor. Hard to explain but basicly if I have an opinion that's different than hers regarding how to approach a client, how to organize my files or just anything, she will dismiss my thoughts and tell me to do it her way. I am very easy going and sometimes a door mat so I would always just back down. I also avoided Athena because of all Nags warnings about what a terrible person she is.   
  
About 6 months after I started Jack lost his best friend and 3 clients to overdoses and Jack himself emded up relapsing. He also had a brief relapse about a yeat after he started this job, well before I worked there, and I knew administration knew about it, because people reported him looking high... but they ignored it because he still did such a good job. That really pissed me off and when they ignored it the second time I was even more frustrated. For 2 months I was trying to deal with my marriage being in shambles and the man I love using drugs while I tried to hang on to my own recovery. Then he got 2 DWAIs in one day, so he had to tell administration. And they did nothing... other than encourage self care, apologize for working him too hard, and telling him he can't drive county car until DWAI court is finished. So he just continued using. So yes, I was a mess. I ended up telling Nag what was going on because she had disclosed to me that she too is in recovery when I first started and I wanted to explain why my work was behind (I was having trouble focusing on work at this time because of all the stress). She shut the door and we talked for hours and she said it was private, shared about her past relationships, and offered support and suggested I tell rest of my team so they could help me out too with rides or whatever. So I did. About a month later he jumped back in to recovery and was back to super star status at work again. I worked on catching up with my work but still held resentments towards admin who are all also technically my bosses too because they are heads of mental health department.   
  
Soon after he got back into recovery he began target shooting and bought a couple guns. I don't love the idea of guns but was also happy he found hobby. My coworker's husband runs a shooting range so we were talking about it one day in the office. 5 of us in tiny office so Nag jumps in conversation. Nag is very anti gun ans I could tell she was getting mad so I changed subject. She left shortly after and said bye to everyone but me. Well a few days later, Athena and Nag call me into Athenas office and I end up getting a write up saying I am not to talk about personal things in office, especially about my husband who is also an employee, and maintain professional boundaries. I was humiliated. Went to my friend who is therapist there and she told me to go back and talk to Athena again. So I did and Athena told me Nag came to her and said Jack has guns and I have been talking about too much personal stuff and it's making her uncomfortable. Athena said she had to bring it to Admin because of the guns (Jack is not suicidal or homicidal at all!) But it was a liability. Athena was super cool and understanding. Then Nag pulls me aside later and assures me she never said anything to Athena. I had just talked to Athena so I knew Nag was lying right to my face.   
  
So... a little time has passed. Jack is getting better and better. I started wearing head phones in office to keep my focus while 4 other people are right on top of me, talking, making calls etc... Nag kept trying to chat with me but I do my best not to engage. Just keep my head down, not let all of this break me. I was mad that I got in trouble for basically being a gossip (I am so low drama and gossip, hate it) and Jack is treated like gold. Mad that Nag encoured me to talk openly with her, then when she didn't agree with something or was "worried", went right to admin without talking to me first, then lied about it!! But just kept my head down and tried to just focus.  
  
Here's the real issue though. Ever since this, the controlling shit has gotten bad. I had 6 hours of supervision this month, split into 3, 2 hour sessions in which she basically told me how to run my case load. I don't brag, but I do think I am pretty good at my job. My paperwork is almost caught up and most of my families like me. But she tells me to do everything her way!! So I recently started going to vacant offices the days I am in office most of the day to get away from Nag. I know it's pissing her off. I can just sense when she doesnt like something, so right away I got confirmation from Athena that I can use vacant offices to work in. Also talked a little about what's going on with Nag to Athena just to leave a paper trail.   
  
Today I walk in and on my desk is a list of things that I have due. Nag sat there and went through all my cases and picked out all the things I have due. She didnt do this for any other members of team and I know they are all just as behind on some things!! And 90% of what was on list is done, I just need to enter into EHR. We didn't say a word to each other. I tossed list aside, did a little work, then left to meet with some clients.   
  
So that's where I am at. I feel targeted by Nag and bullied. It's super uncomfortable and she makes me feel like everything I do is wrong. I am not the only one with these feelings. Athena said that Nag's insecurities about her supervisor role causes her to be like this..... I just want to be able to do my job without feeling like everything I do is scrutinized or that she is going to go to Admin about something to get me in trouble. Her behavior is super passive aggresive and I feel ready to snap on her.   
  
If you made it here.... thanks for reading! Takes major commitment to get through this long post. Any advice will be well received even if you think I suck in this situation. Open to constructive criticism. Thank you again!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/snvciy/restart_life_tech_rehab_that_should_be_avoided_at/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: ReSTART Life: tech rehab that should be avoided at all costs

\*\*I am not anti tech rehab or anti tech therapy/mindfullness. Before you reach for ReSTART Life as a service, please read.\*\*  
  
I worked at a Tech Rehab for a few months over this last summer. It was garbage and run by a greedy CEO and co founder. Below is a quick review I'm trying to get accepted on Glassdoor so others don't work there. I also want to warn families before they decide to spend the outrageous tuition rate and send their children.  
  
I'll add more details later as I work full time and have a lot of other things going on right now...I'm hoping to get this information out to a lot of people in the gaming community especially.  
  
There were definitely clients that did not belong in the program. There are definite signs that some kids did not have a major issue with tech addiction and Restart was more like a drop-off site for "problematic" kids whose parents just don't want to deal with.  
  
In my experience, family therapy would have been more effective or even just familial bonding would have benefitted these kids more. Before accepting the job position, I was told that family therapy was a big part of the program but parents were never held accountable for how they interacted with their children and were infrequently brought in to help their own children. Instead, it was always up to the clients to get better and be better. This fails since "addiction" usually has other factors at play such as family dynamics, trauma, comorbidities, etc.  
  
The client base is all wealthy families who have a ton of expectations for their kids. They usually fail to realize that gaming and tech are normal. Instead of having healthy conversations about how to interact with tech, the clients were demonized for being "addicts". Many clients were in several extracurricular activities, on the path to high school graduation, socialized positively with their peers, and had great things going for them. Tech addiction seemed like a catch-all for kids who enjoy video games and out-of-touch parents who fail to realize that a lot of socialization happens online nowadays.  
  
There is no official screening tool for admittance other than an extremely short survey that parents often would fill out for their child. If the family can pay the tuition and Restart likes what they see on the application, they will admit the client. In my experience, it seemed like the wealthier and more connected a client and their family was then the more likely they were to be accepted and to stay in the program.  
  
Some of the other clients needed different mental health services that Restart is not equipped to handle. Restart would never admit to this, and would keep clients in their program as long as they physically could. Restart never referred out when it wasn't a good match. If the client's behaviors were so severe, they would talk down on them and treat them punitively until they left.  
  
Group facilities should be considered a last resort in mental health services as being torn from your family is trauma in of itself. Clients (especially the kids) often talked about being "gooned", where someone outside of Restart is hired to take you from your home, often in the middle of the night, and transports you to Restart. Some kids were even lied to about where they were going and often by their own parents. In social services, this is not okay. This is unsettling for children and not a good way to build trust in their familial relationships. I was shocked to hear about this and how frequently it happens. Also, if you could not transport your child to and from restart, Restart would charge an outrageous amount for driving your child to/from the airport (500$). If the CEO had to come in for any reason outside of her scheduled time, it was written in a policy book that the family would have to pay her hourly rate which was somewhere between $300-500.  
  
The program tried and failed to apply addiction interventions to technology such as the 12 step program and other practices. Unfortunately, the therapy and program steps aren't well translated to handle tech issues and youth.  
  
Restart functions off of tech abstinence which isn't going to be an effective treatment method in the modern world. School, work, socializing, entertainment is all done online now. This all increased with the pandemic as in-person hang outs and events were/are canceled. Many clients reported that they were hanging out with friends via gaming and discord, but their parents failed to recognize that and just assumed they had an addiction to tech. So many younger people socialize online and it doesn't interrupt their daily functioning.  
  
The program was intensely chore orientated. Clients had to make their rooms military style, cook, clean, take care of everything themselves with little time left for therapeutic activities and sessions.The program also advertises lots of hiking and other excursions. Clients who had been in the program for months and sometimes up to a year claimed they RARELY leave campus and the hiking gear they brought is never used. They advertise amenities that don't live up to the advertisements. For example, there's a pool on campus for the youth program. For the longest time, it went unused because they never had staff that had the necessary life guard training. Staff is expected to pay for this training out of their own pockets.  
  
The adult program was sometimes worse. Especially The Ranch. The ranch boasts that they have animals, and a farm that clients can get away from the techy world and feel re-connected with nature. That would be awesome, but there is no official ranch staff other than the group care counselors. This means that ALL farm work is done by counselors and clients. Clients are expected to do ALL the farm work/animal care daily. once in the morning and then again at night and little bits through out the day. They are rushed in this; in their schedule. After caring for the animals, they get LITTLE time to actually hang out and spend with the animals. The horses they care for cannot be ridden. Most clients didn't seem too interested in wandering out towards the animals in their free time as they already spent so much time caring for them. Staff were expected to pick up any slack in farm work if clients refused or there weren't enough clients. Honestly, this part isn't TOOOOO bad if you're into caring for animals and signed up for it BUT I was never told of these employee expectations, and I was never respected as a qualified mental health professional. I was a babysitter and a ranch hand. The co founder would also come and let her family interact and play with the animals - more than the clients ever got to. In relation to everything else about this program, it honestly seemed like the co founder wanted horses, goats, etc. and found a way to get free labor out of her clients in caring for her animals. in fact, they PAY HER to care for them.  
  
There is a lot of money coming in and out of the program. The tuition rate is extremely high- more than college for most people. Program properties/campuses are beautiful million-dollar estates, but all the money seems to go into appearances and not actual services/trained and trauma-informed staff. In order to graduate the program, clients have to receive "clinical recommendation" to leave or have their parents pull them out. Clients were well aware that almost no one gets clinical recommendations. This was also noticed by staff. There was one therapist in particular that NO client wanted as it was WELL KNOWN that she never gave clients clinical recommendations.  
  
The one therapist that would graduate and approve clients to leave the program left after a year. He was the only qualified therapist and was getting paid less than market value for his position and qualifications.  
  
Clients would have to repeat activities and sessions due to not getting their recommendation and it just made things worse as all motivation to do better was lost. Clients never felt like they could do things right.  
  
Overall, clients aren't engaged in real therapy or a real therapeutic program. They demonize their clients, don't do half of the things they advertise and don't allow kids to be kids. They clearly don't understand things like ADHD, Autism, ODD, and other behavioral domains.  
  
There is a lot of greed and weird boundaries that get crossed. For example, HR is one person and she is the assistant for the CEO. Fear of retaliation for coming to HR was an issue. Clients AND staff who made their concerns with the program known, were dismissed, kicked out, asked to leave and/or fired.  
  
Staff are paid way below what they should if they're ACTUALLY qualified mental health professionals. This creates tons of turnover, and the program is barely put together enough to keep the place running. There were glaring pay discrepancies between staff who held the same position and had similar qualifications. Staff were told not to discuss this.  
  
\*\*This place is run by out of touch adults who are terrified of technology and the internet OR even worse, they understand they are the only tech addiction treatment center in the US and are capitalizing on mental illness, and taking advantage of struggling families. It's hard to tell the motivation but I truly believe it's both. The program seeks compliance rather than helping and supporting clients.\*\*  
  
There are so many other things wrong with this place...I could write for hours, but sometimes I don't even know where to start.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/64ak00/im_a_professor_this_is_what_i_tell_my_family/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm a professor: This is what I tell my family members BEFORE they go to college.

I know it is college season and many of you are picking a school or looking to switch schools. I see your questions and your comments on the front page of /r/college. Some of you have parents that went to college and some of you don't. Some of you are traditional and some are nontraditional with respect to age. Some of you are veterans and some have never had a job. I want to give you a piece of advice I give to my family members. You can take it or leave it, but don't discount what I say because you don't like it; I'm tenured, I've been doing this a very long time. I've spent nearly two decades now within the walls of a college in some capacity.   
  
\*\*1. The top students in any field will get a job in their field, but the % considered "top" varies by discipline.\*\* Jobs in editing are less plentiful than in engineering. Majoring in either does not ASSURE you a job, but if you are in the top percent out there, you will likely be hired. For English, that may be the top 5% and for engineering it is probably the top 60%. Just like anything else, it is supply and demand. If you aren't competitive within your major with your classmates then you likely aren't going to be competitive in the jobs designed for that major (unless you already have an "in" somewhere). That said, it doesn't mean you will be unemployed, as many jobs in retail still want a bachelor's degree.   
  
\*\*2. College is expensive and many of you will waste money.\*\* If you are on this sub (or conscious) you know college is expensive. The average student loan debt in the US right now is around $30K for a bachelor's. This is about a $300/month loan payment for 10 years. In general, you can expect $100/month repayment for every $10K you take out. I see a LOT of students who are ROYALLY screwing themselves over here. Look at a few scenarios: you go to an expensive liberal arts school that costs you $100,000 over 4 years. You are literally owing more than most mortgage payments when you get out. Some of my students take out the maximum aid dollars and then go out to eat, pay for an expensive phone, new computers every year, and shopping trips. Some people say, "yes, but I'll be a \_\_\_\_ and have plenty of money when I'm out." Will you? Do you know how many students change their majors? Flunk out of classes/their major? Aren't the top whatever percent in (1) above that won't be competitive for those jobs? It's a LOT of people. Google tells me that 80% of students change their major at least once and 44% drop out (70% drop out of a 2-year college). The average job with a bachelor's earns about $50K/year (+/- $15K depending on the field). Your take-home pay after taxes will be around $35K-$50K depending on your location and tax bracket. Do you want a solid 1/4 of your income to go to student loans for the next decade? If not, read the following points.  
  
\*\*3. Don't waste money.\*\* Unless you are in the top 1-2% getting very powerful, high ranking jobs with a bachelor's degree, the college you choose is largely irrelevant (think Harvard business school, and you have family connections on Wall Street). Regional public universities offer the most affordable education, and many are within a driving distance from home. You may want freedom from mom so you go away and live in a dorm for 4 years, but when you are 22, living back with mom because you have too much student loan debt, you'll wish you took my advice. Most of you will lose nothing by going the affordable route. You will still be a teacher, or an engineer, or a chemist, or a writer. Just be the top %. An exception obviously is if the local school does not offer the program you need.   
  
\*\*4. Don't retake classes. Ever.\*\* This means you have to take college seriously. Don't ever fail classes. Don't retake them. When you do, they still show up on your transcripts but the GPA is ignored by your school from the first time. A med school will see 3 hours of F in organic, followed by 3 hours of A, and average to 6 hours of C. You can't escape poor decisions. So be studious. Be serious. Don't ever fail a class. They are expensive. I see students wasting thousands of dollars in their classes by retaking them. It delays your graduation, it costs you money, and if you are on student loans, you'll literally be paying for classes you failed for a decade. This brings me to my next point.  
  
\*\*5. Know when to change your major.\*\* Nobody, and I do mean NOBODY, wants a physician that has to do everything twice to get it right. I have a ton of students every semester that struggle in every class in their major (I'm in chemistry). They MUST be doctors though. So they keep taking the same classes over and over and over and... it is never going to happen. As I said, nobody wants the doctor that has to do everything twice to get it right. Pick a major that you are good at. It will help you do well in school, which will save you money in the long run. Develop reasonable career goals that fit your strongest attributes, not ones that will showcase your weakest.   
  
\*\*6. Don't go to college if you don't want to.\*\* I have a lot of students who waste a lot of money going to college because their parents wanted them to. Let me share a story. I'm 3 years older than my brother. He had a ton of learning issues and decided to pursue a trade (auto mechanic) while I spent a decade in college. My salary at 30 was the same as his salary at 30, but his lifetime earnings are more than mine since I took out 10 years of full time work to pursue studies while he was working full time. There are plenty of ways to be successful without a degree.   
  
 TL;DR Don't spend more money than absolutely necessary in college. Be smart and don't fail classes. Don't go to expensive schools. Don't fall into the "real college experience" bullshit that will keep many of you in poverty until you are well into your 30's.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/9hx6pz/i_dont_feel_too_good_at_my_college_choice_and_i/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I don't feel too good at my college choice, and I felt even worse deciding. Plus, I can't go back :/

Throwaway because this is illegal and I feel like crap for doing it.  
  
I spent my HS years grinding to go to a prestigious university, and by the time senior year rolled around, Northwestern University was my dream school. It had the best location close to home, a decent campus, and a lovely media department (filmmaking and radio are hobbies of mine). Despite my family's misgivings about cost, whenever I was on campus or saw it’s name I felt it was \\*my\\* school. And, lo and behold, I got in! (As for the other top 20’s around my home city of Chicago, I also got into Notre Dame but not UChicago).  
  
Yet when it came time to choose in April, I panicked. I heard stressful things about NU. That people there were always overworked, when I visited people were uber-professional and serious (which isn't what I'm like, I can be pretty goofy). It seemed to be a lot of work for a school that isn't as prestigious as, say, UChicago or Harvard, and I didn’t want to be stressed anymore. While I was considering Tulane University over NU, on May 1 (the deadline to choose), at 7:30PM, I had a flash of knowledge. I'll go to Notre Dame! It's plenty prestigious, people there seemed happy, the focus on the whole person was dope (as opposed to just being pre-professional), and, unlike Tulane, it's close to home! I paid the deposit.  
  
...the next morning I felt awful. Why did I choose to go to South Bend over Evanston, just outside Chicago? Do I actually belong at a Catholic school? Did I just waste my dream of Northwestern? Long story short, I submitted a deposit to NU the next day, too .(I had filled out a form that meant I was able to do it late). Of course, I still had to decide where to go college.  
  
I didn't decide until August. In the mean time, I was turned down by the girl of my dreams after prom, so I was a broken man in both mind and heart. Life sucked. I graduated high school, and spent the best part of an otherwise awesome summer break ruminating. For three months, deciding which school was the only thought on my mind from morning 'til night, and it gave me so much anxiety I could hardly function at times. My thoughts became pretty erratic and I was often suicidal. How pathetic was I? Here I was, the funny, tall, and undoubtedly intelligent star of my high school, wanting to kill myself because I couldn't choose between two great colleges. My world completely crumbled; my mind went to hell and still hasn't completely come back.  
  
The whole time I filled out housing, placement exams, and such for \\*both\\* schools. Eventually, it came time to actually pay tuition. I obviously couldn't pay to both schools, so, with a lot of anxiety... I chose Notre Dame, much for the same reasons I paid the deposit in the first place.  
  
I've now spent a month there, and it's... fine. My roommates are cool, my professors are pretty good teachers, my classes are interesting, and I think I've adjusted to the courseload pretty well. But, my dorm itself looks like a prison built by a Catholic school, I'm physically uncomfortable all the time, and I hate South Bend so much. As someone who loves live music and festivals and big cities, it feels like I'm not part of the rest of the world, and since there's nothing to do there everyone just drinks on the weekends. I don't drink, but even if I did, it looks like it'd be boring after like a month. As someone who doesn't like football, even the legendary ND football games get pretty monotone after about a quarter or so.  
  
Is this what my college years will be like? Work all week, and then spend the weekends downing Natty Lites in a house off-campus in a do-nothing town?   
  
It's my first weekend back home and I've realized how unhappy I've been. I still don't have the feeling of wanting to be a part of ND, whereas I still wanna be in Northwestern-- even as I'm typing this. I'm worried by the fact I chose the less prestigious school, that my peers aren't as intellectually motivated as I am (though a few are), and that the academics just don't suit how interested I am in so many disciplines . On the other hand, I definitely agree with ND's mission ("to be a force for good") over NU's superficial professionalism. I like that I'll instantly form a connection with the ND "family" around the world after I graduate, and I like that people think of ND as "home" even after they graduate-- it's a sentiment I'd like to have too, especially in this crazy world.   
  
In short, every time I see Notre Dame or any of its logos (which is often), I feel unsure of my decision.   
  
Today is coincidentally Northwestern's move-in. Though I haven't filled out any forms or logged into my account or had any contact with them for a while, I still haven't officially told them I'm not coming. I feel terrible for unfairly and illegally taking someone's spot in that awesome school, and to still be enrolled in both (presumably, maybe NU took me off the rolls). Plus, I can't go back. Even if I want to go to Northwestern, I'll never get in again after what I did-- I'd be lucky if they didn't report me for enrolling in two schools. Transferring to another college is difficult and it would mean going away from home further (unless I go to UChicago). And yet, I always feel like I'm not supposed to be at Notre Dame.  
  
This time last year I felt so much potential after all the years I worked in HS. The future was gonna be amazing! I was gonna go to a great university! I was going to do great, maybe even historic things with my intellect! But, the future isn't amazing. Do I go to a good school? Will I become great? I don't know. I don't know if I'll ever feel normal again.  
  
Thanks for reading this wall of text. I know my problems are pretty good ones compared to the rest of the world, so sorry for being so whiny and acting like a r/iamverysmart bozo. It just helps to finally have all my worries out there.  
  
TL;DR: Submitted deposits to two really good schools, eventually chose the one that \\*wasn't\\* my dream school, and I still feel absolutely buzzed out about it. :/

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/12zmkd/ive_been_job_hunting_since_may_and_havent_had_an/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I've been job hunting since May, and haven't had an interview since August. What more can I do?

Hi Reddit,  
  
I’m a first time poster, though my fiancé is a longtime redditor. I have never before felt such a strong need to air out my frustrations to strangers, but, here goes.  
  
  
I found out in May that my job was going to vanish at the beginning of August. My company is a good one, however, and they tried to place me elsewhere, to the point where they had me stay on as a temporary assistant in another department, meaning I was actually employed through to the end of August. Unfortunately, things didn’t work out.   
  
  
I worked in a small industry, and I have a lot of contacts within it. Despite all this, I haven’t had an interview since a week before I became unemployed. I have been putting out resumes nearly every day, in my industry and others. I’m on LinkedIn and Career Builder and Monster. The only calls or e-mails I’ve gotten (the ones that aren’t automated, that is) have been scams. Luckily, I’ve caught on before I wasted any time with them.  
  
  
I’m feeling down and out. My lease is up at the end of the month. My mother wants me to move back in with her and ditch my fiancé, who has been fighting with depression and hasn’t managed to finish college yet because of it. He’s in debt, like anyone else who went to school. However, he’s fighting through it, and he’s going to finally finish up this coming semester. We plan on moving away from NYC to someplace less expensive where dear friends have offered us a place to stay while we get back on our feet. Moving is becoming a fiasco, because we need to store furniture that will not fit in our friend’s home. I can’t even get into the stress I’m under because of all of this and watching the money I had saved up slowly dwindling away because I’m unemployed.  
  
  
And then there’s the job hunt. I keep plugging away at it. I’ve signed up with headhunting websites; they send me jobs I’m not remotely qualified for. Any job I’d be interested in outside my original purview—even the entry-level positions—is asking for upwards of a year of experience in their particular industry: marketing, social media, publicity, evens some administrative positions. I’m a loyal employee. I’m smart, honest, and I go out of my way to learn things that will make me more efficient at my job—and I will teach those things to others. I have management and customer service experience. I can work Excel, Wordpress, I know basic HTML and CSS, and I’m on top of social media. I write exceptionally well. All I really want is a fair wage, a vaguely 5-9 Monday-Friday schedule, and the occasional time off. If someone would give me a chance, I would put my entire heart and soul into working for them. I’m sick and tired of writing soulless cover letters; I want to go completely nuts with them like letters from Joey Comeau’s "Overqualified."   
  
  
I don’t know what employers want from me. If they don’t interview me, they’ll never see how passionate I can be. If I don’t write the stale letter, I don’t even know if they’ll look at my resume. It feels like my applications get sucked into the void when I submit one online, but nowadays you’re not allowed to call a company, or drop off a resume in person, that just irritates people. My resume has been reviewed and edited by an excellent outplacement/career change service. There’s nothing more I can do with it—I have only had two jobs. My LinkedIn profile has recommendations from people who were major moves and shakers in my industry, and I have a stellar letter from my ex-boss explaining how she had wanted to promote me but couldn’t because of budget reasons.   
  
  
With all the rest of the stress just piling on and piling on, all I want to know is what else can I do? Is the only option for me falling back into the pit of retail work? Would I even manage to get a job there, since I’m wildly overqualified for it now? I want to work, and I’m willing to work HARD. If I was suddenly offered a job tomorrow, I would bound into the office with glee. Heck, if it paid enough, I would pay back the unemployment the state had given me over this tumultuous period of my life. Every day, every scam phone call, every time I get a rejection e-mail without having an interview, every day closer to the end of my lease and needing to move I’m losing more hope. I can only see more struggling in the future. I’m fighting for something better, but there are days when I don’t know if I’ll ever see the light at the end of this tunnel.  
  
  
I don’t know if what I need is help or advice or encouragement or what. My fiancé has been supportive, and he’s kept me from losing my mind entirely, but the more I fret, the more pressure he feels, too.  
  
  
What can I change, guys? How do I turn this around?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/35t7fb/its_4_am_and_i_have_an_exam_tomorrow_could_really/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: It's 4 am and I have an exam tomorrow - could really use some help about a very long issue

I know you guys see these posts all the time, but I have another "I have below a 3.0" sob story to bring you and I could use some honest advice.   
  
I'm a really, really terrible student. I'm the sort of person that, halfway through college I'm still just straight up not showing up or not doing homework (and double majoring in math and philosophy no less, so huge portions of my grades rely on it). Even if I do homework, sometimes I'll take a 0 before I turn in an assignment that I haven't completed. It's the same thing with quizzes (another large portion of the grade): if I feel I am shaky on material I will sometimes just not go rather than do poorly. This has resulted in a 2.7 GPA that has been absolutely all over the place, and frankly I'm surprised it's even that high. Obviously, I recognize the faults in these behaviors, and those times when I am consistent studying I can achieve good results. Sometimes the late nights studying will pay off in the most ridiculous ways and I'll get an A on a 20 page paper that was supposed to take weeks in only a night of work, or be near the top of a curve on a calculus test because I stumbled across the fountain of youth of studying strategies. Inevitably, these situations have become farther and farther away from each other, and I've never been so aware of that until now. Those are the things I can change.  
  
What I'm afraid I can't change, is two-fold:  
  
1. I'm a second semester sophomore whose semester is finishing up, and I'm \*\*horrifically\*\* far behind in my Linear Algebra class. I missed about two and a half weeks of school because of an abscess in my throat (as often as I fool myself into thinking I'm actually sick, you'd think I would have been more capable of dealing with actually being sick). I kicked my ass to get caught up on the midterm that I got pushed back to the week I expected to recover, and probably would have done decently well had I not gotten a bad sinus infection that Monday (and I want to reiterate that these are not feigned illnesses nor excuses to miss class; I wish I had been able to take the exam). My professor told me that I could take the final as my midterm, resulting in the final being worth a whopping 45% of my grade. In the meantime, I did very little to stay caught up. I attended class, but I only did about half of the homework assignments and missed at least one quiz. I kept pushing my studying back, and even when started it was always late at night and I was incapacitated with exhaustion the next day. I didn't request a leave of absence, I didn't go to office hours, I fucking missed a makeup quiz, and dropped probably my easiest class a yet inexplicable reason. All of the opportunities I had to rectify or postpone this semester (at least as far as this class are concerned) are gone. I might be able to scrape a C in the class, but if I do I won't deserve it at all. Any suggestions regarding cramming/anything related to walking into an exam worth 45% of one's grade completely unprepared would be welcome. This is a class I've taken before (though, granted under an extremely poor teacher and I retook it not because I didn't pass but because I felt I didn't learn anything), and is a class that I need to get a C or higher in to earn my major.  
  
2. Every single time I approach finals season I find myself in this dilemma. I realize how fucked I am and what a terrible student I am, generally whipping myself into a first class frenzy instead of taking what time I have left to study. When I end up passing with mediocre to poor grades (I've been sitting at a B- average the entirety of my time at college), I swear that I'll do the right thing the next semester. And I do know what the right thing is, it just never ends up getting done. At this point in my college experience, when I've halfway determined how this is all going to turn out (excepting summer classes or additional years - which I'll get to later), it's obvious that this is no longer an easy thing to convince myself of. As crass as I've come off in this post, I've frankly been more down in the past couple of weeks than I have in a very long time. My room's a mess, I don't really have any food to eat, I don't hang out with my friends very often. I just inefficiently study and sleep. I really know I can do it, because there are long moments when I've tried hard and done well. But I just don't, again and again. I'm so embarrassed that I've backed myself into a corner of lies to my friends and family and they don't know how poorly this is all going, and I can't even tell my therapist (whom I've continued seeing since I started seeing her last year because of some drug abuse) because it's like speaking it makes it more true.   
  
It's true that this semester was unusually difficult for me because of pledging a fraternity, initially working almost 28 hours (another instance of me actively choosing to do something extremely difficult - my parents just said that I had to get a job and I picked hard labor in warehouse at nearly 30 hours a week), getting very sick and staying that way for a while, but even though I tell myself that and have told my mom that this semester won't go well because of that, I know that the underlying issue is that I'm ultimately not a good student. What's more, my laziness turns into really awful self-hatred and manic motivation that leads me to go up to 48 hours on only a few hours of sleep.   
  
Almost done, after a very lengthy post. I'm lucky enough to be going to a good school that my parents are paying for completely. Summer classes and extra years are on the table financially (and the two summer classes I've taken have resulted in some of my more successful classes), though obviously this would be something I'd like to avoid. Both my mom and my dad have doctorates and very highly value education, though my dad went through a similar experience his freshman year. They're very supportive and I would suspect my mom has an idea of what's going on, but despite the financial capability they have my overriding feeling is guilt that I'm flushing this all down the toilet.   
  
Obviously, this is a complex issue and in retrospect I don't know if I would read through a post this long. I'd be extremely grateful to anyone with any sort of advice, anecdote, or outright criticism. Please be honest with me reddit, because I've gotten to the point where I don't even know how to be honest with myself.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/n44p8n/trying_to_figure_out_what_to_do/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Trying to Figure Out What to Do

Hello folks, sorry for the incoming essay.  
  
Right now I'm a junior working towards a B. A. in History with a minor in Music. Yes, I know, useless major. The full story was that I also had a major in Education, I was going to become a history teacher. Then Covid-19 hit and I lost a required student teaching opportunity because "essential personnel only" at schools. This student teaching was required to complete the education program, so for now I've dropped it. This does however leave me in a bit of a hole, since now my upcoming degree is gunna be useless with pretty much no real job prospects, and I don't really have the time to switch in a more useful major or minor.  
  
My father's cancer relapsed recently, it's the third time. Externally, he looks in a lot worse condition than the first two times, and I'm legitimately afraid he won't be around much longer. A bit of a problem since between his job and the family savings (which are nearly dried up now), he's basically bankrolling 3/4 of college for me. I work 25+ hours a week after classes in fast food to help pay for a tiny bit, and I've taken some federal loans for the remainder. Partially because I was an absolute idiot who didn't plan ahead sufficiently for this sort of situation, partially because of a recent rapid grade slump, and partially because I spend so much time outside of school working instead of studying, my GPA is just barely above a 3.0 - so while I'm not in danger of getting kicked out, and I could still apply to some lower-tier graduate programs, I probably can't expect any scholarships or grants to help out.  
  
My greatest fear at this point is that I'm going to graduate and not be able to find a half decent job, and get stuck working fast food for the rest of my life (which doing the math I can just barely manage, I'll just have to kiss any dreams of returning to school or ever having a family goodbye). I know that in order to actually have a chance higher than 0.001% of getting a half decent job, I'm going to need to go back to school. But with family savings literally almost emptied out (we have just barely enough for me to complete senior year), and my father literally breaking down, I don't know if we can do it financially. Plus, just looking at my father barely able to drag himself out of bed every day, coughing and barely able to stand, hurts my heart. As soon as I graduate and I'm no longer a burden on him, I legitimately want him to just take whatever money we've got left in the bank, and just go retire and enjoy life. He's earned it, unlike me. He's got a long list of things he's always wanted to do and places to visit, and he hasn't traveled for a vacation in almost 20 years.   
  
At the same time, the more I keep going to school, the more I hate it. I know I should count my blessings, being able to attend a fairly highly ranked school with enough savings available to pay through without having to take any loans except federal loans, but as I keep going I find it harder and harder to focus nowadays. Just one year ago I would spend all of my spare time just poring over historical texts and reading as much as I could, history was the one subject that I found joy reading and talking about; I legitimately could spend hours just talking about history. But over the last few months that's all changed. I barely motivate myself to get through the readings required for the next class. My grades are just slipping, and the more time I spend trying to study and work on papers and such, the more frustrated I feel when my grades keep going down. I'm kind of just forcing myself through the hoops at this point. I keep thinking about how my history degree is literally going to be useless in the job market, and that I've spent the last three years doing feck all without any actual result. I can't bear to read any of the stuff I used to. Just last week I took my small collection of history-related books and just dumped it all in the recycling bin. Inside, I've begun to feel resentment against my interest of history; or maybe, I just hate myself in general.  
  
When I was in high school, I had a friend who actually still lives down the street from where I do. He was your classic future "going places" kid - really good at music (got into Nationals so you know he's good), tons of connections, a near-perfect high school GPA filled with APs and honors, tons of extra academic awards. He was literally the one kid everyone said was going to be a future lawyer - he was going to make it in life, he would just breeze right through and everything was going to be great. He even got accepted to Harvard. Then in the last two months or so of high school he just suddenly stopped showing up to school. He never ended up going back to school again, never attended graduation, I'm not sure if he even got his high school diploma. He spends his entire day either cooped up in his house staring at the walls of his room, or walking around outside alone for hours. From what I've heard, he doesn't really talk to anyone anymore except his parents, turned down his offer from Harvard, doesn't have anything he does in life (he doesn't even have a job), and pretty much nowadays all he does is exist. I'm scared that I'm turning into him as well, except a lot more slowly. I can barely force myself to go to classes I used to be passionate about, I have no interest in the things I used to enjoy, I no longer really have any goals in my life. Above all, recently I myself have started going for "short walks". I tell myself that I'm just going to take half an hour to clear my mind, and a moment later it's been four hours and I've just wasted all of my spare time with no memory of what happened. I legitimately think I'm burning out, and I'm afraid of turning into my neighbor - all promise and potential, but he burnt out of high school and nowadays he's just a ghost that just sort of exists.  
  
Now of course this isn't the place to talk about finding a job; I've already made posts about that elsewhere, so there's that. But I am trying to weigh out my options. When I was 17 and just about to jump into college, I wrote out a path that I wanted to take based on my interests, but didn't think too hard about the other possible paths, or about a backup plan. This time, I'm going to spend some time assessing every single one of my options before I go anywhere, and I'm going to make sure I've crafted at least some sort of backup plan.  
  
After some thought, reflection, and research, here's what I've come up with in terms of options.  
  
Problem 1: Graduate early to save money (useful for future financial emergencies, or early funding for a future return to school if that happens)? Now that I've dropped the education dual major, I'm actually on track to finish almost all of my graduation requirements for my History major and general education. My music minor is already complete, and doing the math it's possible for me to finish up the last requirements and graduate next semester, which would be one semester early and save me 30k (which mathematically I've calculated would be enough for me to barely survive for one year where I live).  
  
1. Graduate early, take the money saved, and roll with it. The pros are that I get to save enough money to survive a year, and I only have to worry about burnout for one more semester, instead of two. The cons are of course I'll have one less semester to fill up with classes to attempt to pad my GPA, so my final GPA will probably be lower than it could be, hurting my chances of getting into a half decent graduate program in the future, or returning for another undergrad degree.  
2. Don't graduate early, spend the final semester just padding my GPA with random classes. The pros are that obviously I get to mentally put off the future for another semester, graduate alongside my few friends, maybe get some final happy memories before I face reality, and of course, I get one final semester to attempt to pad my GPA with easier classes which might help if I go for graduate school. But on the flip side, I would need to keep potential burnout at bay for one more semester, and I'd end up with less money and a tiny bit more debt. Also if I screw up and keep burning out, I'll end up with a worse GPA.  
3. Put off graduation and basically redo college to get an actually useful degree. This is technically an option, but considering the family's financial concerns and my father's health, as well as my feelings of burnout, this would be incredibly risky. The pro is that I obviously get a more useful degree with actual market value. The downside is that with the finances in such dire shape I'd basically have to bankroll the entire education with private loans, which might end up killing me even more afterwards. Plus, I'm already burning out now, and completely collapsing and turning into my neighbor two years down the line with all these private loans out would literally not only end my life, but also everyone else in my family, with no result. Still, if all my other options are sufficiently stupid ideas, I'm willing to give this a shot; it'll just be a huge gamble with the odds against me.  
  
Problem 2: Go for further education immediately? My GPA as-is won't be good enough for medical school or law school. I have absolutely no interest or knowledge in medicine anyway, so forcing myself through that might just burn me out even more anyway. It's still good enough for some programs at schools with lower rankings, although my grade slump in the last year or so is going to impact how admissions looks at my GPA. Plus, immediately jumping back into school is going to kill me financially, not as much as delaying graduation since I might qualify for more federal funding if I do a master's, but still, I probably won't qualify for scholarships or grants and the family savings are nearly dry. On the other hand, at least I get to dodge reality for a few more years, and I might come out with a more useful degree.  
  
1. Get a Master's in Education, which would be the plan that most closely follows my original dream. With a state school it wouldn't cost too much, so theoretically if my father was alright with it we could make it work without taking too much in loans. Downside is, in my state, we have too many qualified history teachers for open positions, so if I can't somehow beat out the most recent 1:900 ratio that's been reported, I'm going to be back where I am already, but with more debt. Plus, potential burnout.  
2. Get a Master's in some historical subject. Unlikely and not a good idea since I'll just get an equally worthless Master's degree, plus burnout potential.  
3. Get a Master's in some other subject. It's a possibility, but it will cost a lot of money. Plus burnout potential. Plus my GPA is already too garbage for most of these programs anyway.  
4. Apply to a lower-ranked school and go back as an undergrad. I can pray that they'll give me some financial assistance, and theoretically the classes shouldn't grade as harshly maybe. That being said getting a degree from a no-name school might not help very much. Plus burnout potential of course.  
5. Do an associate's in some sort of trade. Most of these seem to be in healthcare though, which I have absolutely no interest in, so I might just end up burning out of those too. They do tend to be a lot cheaper, so I might be able to work it financially. In the very worst case, I could just attempt to do some associate's in business administration and just go be a low-paid office clerk. I'd hate the job but it would pay a hell of a lot more than fast food, have mostly reasonable hours, etc.  
6. Yolo into an apprenticeship or trade school. Good future potential and an apprenticeship gets me pay. Downside is that I have a leg problem; I can still walk and do some manual labor tasks, I just don't know if I can keep doing it 10 years down the line. Still, man's gotta earn money.  
7. Don't go back to school immediately. On the plus side, it gives me a lot of time to reflect and actually figure out what the hell I want to do, and might help with the burnout. In the meantime, I will need to find a job though. If it pays enough, I might be able to save up enough to go back to school. But if all I can get is some minimum wage fast food job, I guess I'll just kiss my future goodbye. Especially since I probably can't expect my parents to pay for my education 5 years down the line.  
  
Feel free to throw in your two cents on what I should do. And of course: "lol useless degree"

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ui8chl/im_39_i_just_finished_my_first_degree_after_a_25/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm 39. I just finished my first degree after a 25 credit hour semester. Gather 'round, everybody!

I set a goal to finish my first degree before my 40th birthday, and now that final grades have posted, I can officially say that I am a college graduate with an Associate of Applied Science in Computer Programming. My final semester was 25 credit hours and consisted of the following courses:  
  
\* \*\*Assessment Prep 1CR\*\* - this is a 1-credit course that is essentially a big study group in order to earn some industry certification related to our field. It depends on your major, i.e. Networking majors will take CompTIA Network+, and so forth.  
\* \*\*C# Programming (with lab) 4CR\*\*   
\* \*\*Java Programming (with lab) 4CR\*\*  
\* \*\*C++ Programming (with lab) 4CR\*\* - this one was probably my hardest class the whole time I've been in school thus far. Pointers are welcome to return to hell at their earliest convenience. The exams were also extremely difficult in this class.  
\* \*\*SQL Programming (with lab) 4CR\*\*   
\* \*\*Windows Operating System: Client (with lab) 4CR\*\* - relatively easy, but a ton of assignments. This one was integrated heavily with the TestOut Windows Client Pro course.  
\* \*\*Microsoft Office Applications (with lab) 4CR\*\* - relatively easy elective because the rest was quite heavy.  
  
I was able to finish this semester with a 4.0 GPA by having no life whatsoever. I don't recommend this for most people because it was hard. Really hard. And I didn't go from 12 credits to 25 the next semester, either. I started with 17, 11 (summer, so accelerated 8-week classes), 21, 25. The ramp up helped me find my tolerance levels and get experience in what I could handle as I went. 25 was \*almost\* too much; I finished with a 4.0, but C++ was a weak A the whole second half of the semester.  
  
As I mentioned, I wanted to finish up my first degree before my 40th birthday, which was about 2 years from when I started. After I started, I decided I wanted to go faster, and then I decided I wanted two degrees. I've finished one and finish the other when they offer my last class to complete the program in Fall 2022 (AAS Software Engineering).  
  
I have been accepted at Oregon State University in the Computer Science program, so that's the next step on the journey. I'm still in the process of getting everything together for admissions, filling out scholarship applications, and so forth, but I hope that a lot of my credits will satisfy transfer equivalency because non-resident university is much more expensive than resident community college.  
  
If no one has any questions or comes here looking for my experiences as an adult student going back to college after many years, here goes:  
  
\* You're only too old if you decide you're too old.  
\* You will feel like the old guy/gal in class, and you will think people are judging you. \*They are.\* That's what people do. Not all of them, but you know. \*\*Focus on the goal.\*\*  
\* Older people are scared to go back because they are afraid their "old" brain won't be able to handle new information. Nonsense. You just need to start using those parts that you haven't been using. Much of what you did will come back, and you'll learn a lot more.  
\* Take a degree that you can use to enhance your life, your career, or that you can use to get a better career, and don't throw yourself deep into debt. As an adult learner, you have an advantage in budgeting, finance, and life experience. \*\*Use those skills and make it happen.\*\*  
\* You're older, and long experience has revealed everything you like and everything you don't. You're in a great position compared to most college students because you know what majors fit you, or at the very least, you can throw out the majors you know you will hate with cheetah speed.  
\* This is so important that I'll say it again. \*\*FOCUS ON THE GOAL\*\* I've had the self-doubt, the questioning, the imposter syndrome, the depression, and everything else that comes along with it. This is a major change in your life. It's going to be weird sometimes.  
\* And my biggest excuse before I started, and I told myself this for years: \*It just takes \*\*so long\*\* to get a degree. I'll be X age when I finish.\* So? And once you get started, it goes quicker than you think. Think of how fast time has flown up to this point and then tell me that a couple years is too long. And besides, I finished one degree and I'm one class short on another after 3 full terms and one summer session. If it's too long for you, there are ways to speed it up.  
  
If anyone has any questions or needs advice, ask away. If not and you just came to read the story, thank you for taking time out to hear my story. And since most here are also in college, I want to wish you the best of luck in your education, your career to follow, your exams if you haven't finished them all yet, and your life going forward. &lt;3

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/iewy1/i_hit_a_parked_car_the_person_i_hit_may_not_have/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I hit a parked car. The person I hit may not have insurance...

I hit a parked car yesterday morning in the lot of my office building as I was heading to work. I was checking to see if I had my key card to the building in my glove compartment when it happened. The passenger side of my car hit the driver side of the other car. My car had some minor cosmetic damage, but the frame and engine were fine. The car I hit has scrapes from the driver-side door and the front left fender, I also took out his driver-side view mirror and scratched up his door as well as other parts of body on the driver-side which is all cosmetic damage.  
  
I met with the owner of the car, "Carlos", hoping to work something out. Carlos is a Mexican construction worker working next door, and he can't speak English. His co-worker, also his cousin "Frank" was present on-site to interpret for us and out of guilt I told him I would write him a check to cover for the damage I caused if he could get back to me with a quote, so that way we didn't have to get our insurance companies involved which he stated he prefer to do. "John" wanted some collateral so that I could prove that I wouldn't run away from the incident, I provided him with my phone number but I reiterated that I didn't want to get my insurance company involved, assuming that he wouldn't want his insurance to get involved neither. "Frank" kept pushing for me to give up my and driver license number or my address, I told him that I wasn't comfortable with that but I asked them to give me a benefit of the doubt that I would do my best to rectify the situation, especially since the construction workers had a still had some work to finish in the building for the next two weeks which ensured that I would have to run into them in the near future. The owner finds this reasonable and agrees to this. Nothing is signed, we have only made a verbal agreement, and I have never found out if Carlos is insured in the first place.  
  
My driving record is relatively clean, I have only had one traffic ticket ever (making a right turn at an intersection just before a red light), that occurred last year which has been cleared through the traffic school, and the one accident I had was 5 years ago when I began driving. In hindsight, I should of exchanged insurance information as it would of been less work for me to commit too. I have a "fully-covered" plan and it would help me get my money's worth of the insurance so it would spare me from paying an immediate expensive repairs. Lastly if Carlos didn't have insurance it would free me from any threat or liability that I would have if he was going to make a claim to my insurance company. I still want to compensate Carlos even if he didn't have insurance as I caused the damage to his car in the first place.  
  
I get a text later from Frank on stating that I might have hit the front-left tire which caused Carlos to steer wobbly on his way home, he offered to let me take pictures of it so that I document this, I agree to this and we will plan to meet over the weekend to arrange this. At this point I am griping at the fact this repair may be much more costly than I thought, especially if I have to pay for it out of my own pocket which I am really dreading as I am broke college student making barely enough to pay for tuition and living expenses.   
  
I consult with a friend who just graduated law school who stated that getting my insurance involved would of been the best option in the long run, but since I had already chosen to agree to handle this issue without my insurance company, I should draft and notarize an agreement to prevent him from going after me and my insurance company after he gets my money. I consult with another friend who works as a claims representative at an auto insurance company, and he agrees with the law student's statement, but he adds the cost of repairing the the vehicle could exceed my budget in which case it would be best to get my insurance company involved. He also mentioned that if the Carlos was insured and if I didn't have enough to help him, that we would all be SOL.  
  
I am going to approach Carlos and ask him if he does have insurance. I hoping he does so we can let our companies try to resolve this if he is willing to agree, but I don't know what to do if he is uninsured, especially if the cost of his repairs exceed my budget.  
  
Redditors, is there anything else that I should take into consideration before proceeding? Are there any mechanics that could give me a rough estimate if I were post up pictures of the damage? Any substantial advice is appreciated, and thank you in advance!  
  
\*\*tldr: I hit a parked car, the other party might not have insurance, in which case I might not be able to afford compensating them for repairs on the damages I caused, what should I do?\*\*  
  
\*edit 1: spelling mistake corrected.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/78b680/existential_crisis_in_progress_messy/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Existential crisis in progress... messy

Hello /r/college, I've been a lurker on here for quite some time. I'm about to dump a lot of stuff on you:  
  
  
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Background:  
  
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Longer story shorter, I'm 28 and in CC. I worked for 10 wonderful years in project management at a Fortune 50 company (making very good money with no degree), and was doing very well in my beloved career, but alas my husband got a job in D.C. and thus we moved. Instead of going back into the workforce I decided it was time to get my degree, something that I've wanted since I was young. Its something that I personally want to do to prove to myself that I can do because I tried to go to college once before and it was a massive failure (tl;dr really chaotic homelife, poor af, and stress made it really hard. Also I was not ready) so I went into the workforce instead. I was encouraged by a professor (that I took philosophy classes from while I was working full time) to continue to pursue academia... and he was right...I love school, I love learning, I'm a sponge, and I'm doing super well here. I'm very happy in school, and I dont ultimately regret my decision, but i is at the same time ruining my life because of the lack of "knowns".  
  
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Issue 1: Picking a Major  
  
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I can't seem to pick a major between Anthropology, Sociology, and .....Photography (photojournalism to be precise). In regards am not looking to get a "job" out of my degree because I am purely going to school to learn. I am a firm believer that the process of getting the liberal arts degree has great value, not to mention I have learned more in the three semesters of CC than I did during all of my other school years combined. I can only imagine what its going to be like to get deep into a major program and learn more.  
  
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I love photography because it takes me to new places and I'm good at it. It gives me satisfaction (when I like my own work), and It challenges me to always change my perspective. I love cultural anthropology because I love learning about a culture, food, the rituals, relationships, the politics, language. I love traveling and getting people's stories on their lives, their families, and so I usually pair my photography with a photo essay when I go. This is something that I've been doing since I was very little. I love sociology because it involves systems and theory, which is where my mind loves to play. I also love philosophy and political science for the same reasons. It is a pure joy for my mind when I'm in these classes, I feel like I'm lifted out a deep dark hole of my depression and awestruck by the amazingness (or awfulness) of the human race whenever I get back from a good lecture.   
  
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The issue I'm having is how do you discern between "beloved hobby/subject" and buckle down to "undergrad major".   
  
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Issue 2: Picking a Transfer Institution  
  
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Its transfer season, so all of this seems to be weighing so heavily on my mind. I'll have three semesters under my belt, and four by the time I get into whatever institution I do get in to. My issue is that I have family members that are telling me that I shouldn't go to universities like Georgetown or GWU if I get in because its going to cost a lot of money...I'm really pining to go to those schools because of the curriculum and the teachers. I've been to the campus, Ive sat in on the classes. They are amazing schools. The family members I'm staying with think that me going to school without the solid idea of "getting a job" out of it is inconceivable. These are people who went straight from HS to Ivy League schools and had the money to pay for it. They had ideas that they wanted to be lawyers and teachers and whatnot since they were young, an apparently no one in this group has ever struggled with the ultimate life question "what should I do with my time". For the first time in my life I'm regretting being unconventional. I feel like a newborn baby deer learning to walk. Going to work after highschool was easy. I tried to avoid all this by giving up college, and this time I want to see it through.  
  
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So its getting to me. I feel strongly that it shoudln't matter that I don't \*know\* what I want to do on the job front because I'm going to get a job after. I'm highly employable. What the job is, where it is, I do not know, but I already feel that my time in college is opening me up to so many more possibilities. Values are very important to me, and the job that I have later after school will absolutely reflect my values and leverage the skillsets that I have built from my previous employment. I would not give a moment of my precious life-time to something that doesn't matter to me. I'm not worried about the future job prospects, I know I'm going to make it work.... but I am worried about the debt that school is going to pile on top of me. And if I'm going to be in debt, I want to make sure that I got a damn good education. So if I can ditch these feelings, and try and grow a thicker skin to shield myself from family members, I feel like I can largely ignore #2 and just worry about picking a major and picking how much debt I want.   
  
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I currently have a 4.0 GPA and in a greek thing that opens up opportunities for me....also another honors program at my school that is AMAZING. (I've learned so much from honors classes!) I've been getting good scholarships based on my merit at CC already, so I'm hoping that I would continue to get scholarships at whatever institution I get to attend. But I won't know what these financial aid packages look like until I get them. So I'll just have to wait for that.   
  
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Conclusion:   
So I guess I'm just half-venting, half-asking if I'm nuts. Should I just bail on school and go back into the workforce, the thing that I'm good at? Am I ruining my life? What should I pick as a major? Does it really even matter for undergrad? Is it so bad that I just want to go to school to get a well-rounded liberal arts education? Should I just ignore these people or does my idealism need to be crushed with an iron fist?   
  
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Thanks fam for even just reading. I just needed to get that out &lt;3

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/32xwep/considering_changing_my_major_at_a_very/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Considering changing my major at a very narrowly-focused school

I'm a freshman at Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University, a university which is very well-known in the airline and security industries as well as in some business circles and scientific communities. I'm currently studying Global Security and Intelligence Studies, which focuses on security, intelligence, business, language (I'm taking Arabic and I'm halfway done), and world geography and politics. The degree primarily will prepare you for work in three-letter agencies if you want to go the government route, but large aerospace companies like Boeing and Lockheed have been known to take quite a few GSIS graduates as well, plus everyone needs security experts. I've had a passion for security and protecting people ever since 9/11, and I work a security job back home that I've really enjoyed. This was my dream school, and the only school that I applied to (high schoolers, if you're reading this, don't do that. It's extremely stupid and risky, but I knew I would get in and the timing worked out perfectly so that's the only reason it worked out).   
  
I originally came here looking at their stellar aerospace engineering program, which is one of the best in the nation. I've been in engineering classes since 7th grade and science has always been probably my strongest and most intuitive subject. Engineering came very naturally and it seemed like the perfect thing to study in college. When I came here for a tour though, I got to sit in and experience a class dealing with the history of terrorism for GSIS, and I was hooked. I changed my incoming major from aerospace engineering to GSIS and hadn't looked back--until recently.   
  
Probably my longest-running passion (sometimes bordering on obsession) is with astronomy and physics. It's extremely empowering when you figure out for yourself how the fundamental forces of the universe come together and interact to create beautiful structures like nebulae, superclusters, galaxies, solar systems, and our gorgeous planet. I wanted to be an astronomer and an astronaut ever since I was a kid, but in high school I went through a phase where I thought that would never happen and there just wasn't a future in it, so I moved on. It was always nagging me at the back of my mind though, and we do have an excellent Space Physics program here that has been very successful.   
  
I have friends in Space Physics, and although the courseload can be very rough they were always happy and full of passion for the subject. In GSIS, the courseload can also be difficult in other ways, but a lot of the people are extremely competitive and negative. When you ask for help in Space Physics, everyone works together towards the same goal willingly, and there is a lot to be said about camaraderie in a small program. When you ask for help in GSIS, you are usually seen as weak and incompetent, even when the whole class can't do the problem. It's a mentality that can get very depressing after a while, and it's hard to stay motivated sometimes when you know you can't ask for help from your peers without being judged. GSIS people are usually very proactive A-type personalities as well, and I'm definitely not an A-type, but in the eyes of some that translates as weakness. I can still do all my work on a great level, but I'm not really the one to lead a group and call someone in the middle of the night to yell at them about a group project due in a month (true story). It's tiring when everyone around you is trying to outshine everyone else even though the program isn't as competitive as the STEM programs. Regardless, I'll be seeing the people from my school for the rest of my life since our industries are pretty well-connected, so good relationships will pay off. I feel like I fit in more with the astrophysicists, who are extremely happy about 90% of the time and are always willing to talk and help others out, whether it be for classes or with life in general. They are very tight-knit as a family due to the small number of them, but they are remarkably inclusive. I've already been welcomed "into the family" and even have access to the special building reserved for physics students called the Cave. Even if they end up competing for internships I have always seen them be very gracious if they don't get it and congratulatory if someone else finds the perfect internship. GSIS people can be very bitter about internships and the competitiveness carries over to nearly every aspect of life.   
  
If I switch to Space Physics though, I will have to go through at least eight years of grad school after my undergrad is completed, so the next ~12 years I will be in school working towards a doctorate. I feel like these are the best years of my life and I don't want to waste them, but if I'm working and passionate about what I'm doing, then I feel like I'll be happy for far longer. None of my classes aside from some history and English will carry over from my GSIS classes so I'll basically start off as a freshman again next year if I switch. I don't really have a problem with that though since I'll still minor in GSIS and Arabic and Middle Eastern Studies. Basically all I have to do is sign up for new classes and officially declare a new major. It's making a few clicks online and turning in a form, but I just want some second opinions. My family and friends are incredibly enthusiastic about the change and believe it's the right place for me, the Space Physics students are very excited to have a new family member, and the GSIS students looked at me like I was crazy and basically dismissed it. I think it's a good choice to do Space Physics, but it will change the course of my life.   
  
What do you think?   
  
TL;DR: I want to switch majors to something more science-based rather than security-based. Security people are generally not very welcoming or friendly and prefer competition, science people have great camaraderie and help each other out. If I stay with security, I do 3-4 years and go into the field, if I do science I'll have to go through grad school, so about ~12 more years. I love science and I'm lacking that in security.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/itgbft/goodbye_social_work_thank_you_but_goodbye/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Goodbye Social Work. Thank you, but goodbye.

I'm 23M, went to a computer science trade school after graduating high school which landed me a great hospital job that pays very well. After working for about a year I changed my major to Social work to eventually get an MSW which is a means to an end regarding my end goal of becoming a psychotherapist. I love psychology and truly feel like it's a passion of mine, so for the last 2 and a half years I've been taking social work classes part time while working full time.  
  
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I recently reevaluated my life plans, goals, values etc and came to realize that I no longer want to pursue this. mainly because the cons outweigh the pros.   
  
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Pros: eventually landing a part time job as a psychotherapist (on top of my full time tech job which i plan on keeping for as long as I can) which may add meaning and fulfillment to my life. that's what i'm doing this for, to do something meaningful that will be fulfilling.   
  
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Cons: expensive. both time and money. I am paying out of pocket for my education. do I want to go into thousands of dollars of debt to pursue something that won't even be my main focus? if i plan to do this part time in the future, is it really worth the $$$ and time spent in class/clinical? is this really worth so much of my resources (time and money etc) to eventually land that part time gig so that i can feel like what i'm doing is meaningful? my heart says no. my plan was to focus on working full time and getting that social work degree part time. but that will require about a decade (minimum) and up to a few decades of work. granted, I get it. an education is important. but this isn't something i want to do full time, I wanted to do it part time on top of my full time job. I get that an education is important, and the future me is probably going to somewhat regret this but I think it's for the better.   
  
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I want to enjoy my 20s and 30s and 40s. I want to work full time as a tech, come home to my gf (future wife and kids one day) and work on the house. the car. spend time with family. spend time with my nephew. I don't want to get out of work to go to classes and study for hours on weekends. leaving no time for other things I want to spend my time on. I don't want to go into massive debt for this part time gig plan of mine.   
  
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Part of me wishes that I stayed in college immediately after high school as to get that financial aid to help me with college. but that's not the path I took. I now have to accept that my income is too high to get financial aid but I still can't pay 800$ per class minimum (CC, when i transfer to a 4 year school it'll be more expensive. when i apply for my Masters even more so etc).   
  
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but I do not regret my path. I'm glad I have a great start to my tech career. a great gf who just graduated as a nurse. I have a multiple family house that I recently purchased with my mom and sister living in the same building as me and my gf which is great (at times not so great but family is family haha).   
  
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I think my attention is needed at home in the next few decades. I do not want to spend it in a classroom to eventually land that side gig JUST because "it's fulfilling work". not to bash social work, but for my personal situation, it isn't worth the money to get that degree, it isn't worth the stress that comes with jobs within the field. I got stuck with the idea that getting that degree is the only way to find meaningful fulfilling work, but that's just not true. I can find it elsewhere in the quality time spent with loved ones. in woodworking, in mechanical skills, in computer skills, helping my nephew learn and grow while also growing myself.   
  
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I will continue to learn about psychology and will continue to apply that knowledge to myself to embody the lessons and to lead by example in hopes of helping other people through my actions etc. I may even volunteer in the future to find a niche that I find meaning and fulfillment.   
  
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but for now, I am stepping away from pursuing social work. my path is leading me elsewhere and I am choosing to follow my gut.   
  
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Since dropping my social work classes this semester, a weight has fallen from my shoulders. I feel like my horizon has broadened and many avenues for opportunities are being revealed to me. I have potential, but i know that's not enough. I must DO. I must do the work.   
  
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What's "the work?". the work is to continue going above and beyond in my job (which recently landed me a promotion), it means to continue to develop my woodworking, mechanical, house maintence skills. "the work" means to spend more time with my nephew to help him grow. to spend more time with loved ones before their time (and my time) on this earth is over, to be more present. to kiss and hug my gf when I'm home. to cherish my time and to stop wasting my time by allocating too much of my resources for a goal that doesn't seem as worthwhile anymore. but that's okay. we live and we learn.   
  
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Thank you social work/psychology, you've taught me a lot and I will continue to learn.  
  
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Thank you, but goodbye...   
  
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Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/obctl/i_was_sexually_assaulted_and_forced_to_withdraw/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I was sexually assaulted and forced to withdraw from my school, what the hell can I do?

Hi Reddit, obviously a throwaway account hope you enjoy the name  
  
I'm a 20 year old dude who was sexually assaulted in September of last year by another student. I'm not going to get into the details of what he did or exactly what happened, so please don't ask about that. I had no physical evidence so I could not go to the police. Instead, I went to my school's disciplinary dean and went the the formal complaint process.   
  
  
It was exhausting and frankly rather embarrassing, but everyone was very supportive and the disciplinary committee found in my favor and punished the other student. For quite a while after this, I was very much in denial about the effects of the assault on my psyche and ability to function. I continually told myself that I was fine and that everything was ok. I even told the deans the same thing.  
  
  
I was not ok. I went into a spiral of depression (something I've struggled mildly with in the past and take an SNRI for now), stopped going to class, and really only left my room to eat and when friends would call or come over. Because I was in such denial about it, I continually told everyone in my life that I was fine, until one point in late October/early November when it all just kind of fell apart and I stopped even communicating with the dean. This is where things really come crashing down.  
  
  
My classes were obviously a mess and the dean called me in and told me that I should voluntarily withdraw (she did not tell me the consequences at the time) and not to return after Thanksgiving. I also found out the dean had no idea that I had been sexually assaulted (which is standard protocol, they aren't going to tell people without my permission). When I told her, she almost shrugged it off. It was essentially crushing. I never was looking for sympathy, I just needed some understanding. I had no idea what to do and told myself that the situation was recoverable (Which, to be fair, it was). Despite it being recoverable, depression is a bitch and I just couldn't do, well, anything. I came back to school after Thanksgiving, and continued as if everything was normal.  
  
  
I had completely cut off contact with basically everyone except a few friends and my family at this point. The dean sent police to my room to find out what the hell was going on (not to arrest me or anything, just to find me), I continued to fall deeper and deeper into depression, things went to shit. She then called my parents (completely understandable) to get them in on this and get me out. I went to see her the day before I left to ask what my options were and it was very much a, "quit or you're fired," situation, so I withdrew and left within 24 hours.  
  
  
I needed to leave school but I also needed help, and no one seemed to realize what was going on. I want to be very clear that I do understand my role in this and that I absolutely should have told someone what is going on, but it was just crushing me. It's hard to explain what that single night did to me, but suffice it to say, it's been fucking awful. I should note that the earlier mention of the police coming to my room was not the first time they had come looking for me (for obvious reasons), but my parents were never let in on the scenario.  
  
  
Which brings me to my current status. The school wants me to leave for an entire year before coming back. This is absolutely an untenable situation. It essentially removes the school as an option. I can't wait until 2016 to graduate, I graduated high school in fucking 2009. As far as my recovery goes, I'm not going to get better sitting on my ass at home lifeguarding all day (as great as lifeguarding is). To add insult to injury, the guy who did this to me appealed and had his suspension lessened. He will be returning at the same time I will. I don't know what to do, I feel like I've been punished for something that I had no control over. My life is in absolute shambles, I'm in therapy that's too expensive for my parents to afford, and now I don't know what the hell to do. I just want my life to be normal again. I know that I'm capable of going back to school and I'm more than willing to have my therapist attest to that. I want to make a change in my life and it's not going to happen at home. Do I have any options?  
  
  
a few additional details:  
  
 \* it's a private school (but does receive federal funding like pretty much every school)  
  
 \* it's in MA  
  
 \* in spite of everything, I do love the school. It was my top choice and they gave great financial aid. The professors are excellent and I have great friends there. I don't want to leave if I have any possible chance to go back  
  
 \* everything sucks, but at least I'm not as depressed anymore  
  
 \* I'm not going to kill myself, that's a lot of effort for very little reward and I'm pretty lazy  
  
tl;dr: ~~dm;hs~~ go back and read it jerk (please)  
  
please help me, I've never been so unsure about what to do in my life

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/50ns4b/please_help_transfer_process/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Please Help: Transfer Process

I am strongly inclined to transfer immediately after this semester to a school back home.  
  
I am a native of South Florida and I attended the summer semester at Univ. Of Central Florida (UCF) and am currently attending the fall semester here as well.  
  
My situation for going to college was largely based off the fact that I had a lot of AP Credits. I took 15 AP Classes in high school and passed all of the exams except for 2.  
  
I originally intended on majoring in engineering but switched to Radio/TV on the first day of summer classes. I had taken AP Chemistry, Physics 2 and Physics C: Mechanics in High school and only passed the Physics C: Mec exam. I had decided that at the end of the day, the teachers can only teach so much in an engineering/science setting. Every one of these AP Sciences I took always had a first-year teacher or a teacher who was a rookie to the class. Now, they were smart and knew the material, they just struggled teaching it as it was very difficult material. And it would ultimately be up to me to teach myself and try to get help. I tried to get help, but then realized it was \*just not possible\* for a student like myself. I really had never seen such challenging, unfamiliar material to the point where I didn't even know where to begin some problems. So I decided to switch to Radio/TV because I am good at public speaking and already have some advantages with YouTube and connections to current students that are also communication majors (these students are not students at UCF though).  
  
The summer was a questionable experience, but it was easy and I got 2 A's. The fall, however, is just as easy but I can't seem to get this topic of transferring off my mind. I had to change some classes for fall and was actually \*\*running out of classes\*\* due to the amount of AP Credits I came in with. Therefore, \*\*the only way I will even be able to attend UCF in the Spring 2017 semester will be to declare a minor.\*\* This is because the Radio/TV program here is application-based and requires a certain amount of credit hours obtained \*at UCF.\* So I would only be taking classes in Spring for that requirement.  
  
I really just don't see much of a future for myself here. UCF is a great school for a lot of people, but \*\*I just don't see a future for myself down the road here.\*\* The University is in I guess what most people would call an expansion stage; a large portion of this campus is under construction and the school has recently developed connections to funding and internships almost exclusively for STEM Majors and are now looking at opportunities for other majors. Our President is getting very old (no offense to him, but he took the position of President in 1992!) and he's been a good leader that I feel he will be hard to replace. He wasn't even able to attend most of the Opening Ceremony here for freshmen as he left the stage early barely under his own control and he studdered with the teleprompters. This school also has a lot of resources and tuition paying for things I do not even use. There is a \*huge\* drug and alcohol prevention program, a Pride (LGBQT) place to name a few things and I just have no use for that. I'm sorry but this is college and I have no pity for people who are alcoholics or drug addicts for the most part and the money in my tuition that goes to that is just not reasonable to me and I'm not offensive to LBGQT people so yeah... On top of this, the Radio/TV program is seeming unstable to me. The first day of COM class, my professor showed up late with a very petty excuse and they subbed in another teacher who didn't know what she was doing for the most part.  
  
All this worries me about a future here.  
  
I'm strongly intent on transferring back home to FIU in Miami. Their communication program is application-based too but has less requirement including the credit hours. I also would find a job with the Miami Marlins and Florida Panthers to try to get a background in sports (the portion of radio/TV I want to go into) and it will also give me connections and the opportunity to work for a team if I can't find a job with my degree. Plus, it will be cheaper and I won't be paying for these ridiculously priced meal plans and stuff. Living away from home is expensive and I didn't realize how different it can be until now. I'm not homesick as I've done very well here as you can tell, I just think I have better opportunities and a path down the road back home at FIU instead of here at UCF. My brother graduated 3 years ago and still has not found a job with his degree and I just would hate to see the same thing happen to me.  
  
The problem with this is going to be convincing my parents about it. They are very "helicopter-ing" as the UCF First Year Advisors put it. I originally wanted to go to a community college for one semester (to avoid this situation) but my parents insisted I go to a normal school. My parents have this sort of pride I guess with me going away to school, but in all hoenesty, they won't be able to afford this place after the first year and they refuse to admit that.  
  
I have until November 1st to submit a transfer application to FIU and I am confident at this point that I would want to submit one. I got a partial scholarship here to UCF and I have no doubt that I'd be accepted at FIU at this point.  
  
Help!  
  
How should I approach my parents about this?  
  
For transfer students, can you tell me what influenced your decision to transfer?  
  
I also am very not looking forward to making the trip to the advising office to talk about this. I'm not looking forward to the "Are you sure? UCF is a great place to be!" speech.  
  
Thanks for reading this.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/kefppd/how_to_make_in_college_2020/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How to make $ in college 2020

\*\*\*How to make $ in college\*\*\*   
  
\*\*#1: Use your skills.\*\* There are tons of people who want to learn something that you know how to do. And they are willing to invest some cash to learn something new. Use this to your advantage. Whether that’s being a coach, painting instructor, guitar lessons, whatever you are good at. Give it a try and it's great because work will revolve around your schedule. Plus you won’t have a boss to tell you what to do all the time. A way that you can get started in using your skills to your advantage is by making flyers and putting them in the places that relate to your skill and by posting on your social media that you are starting to give lessons and if anyone may be interested in. It is a good start and your clientele will only increase over time. And given that there’s low-key a pandemic going on… perhaps just try your lessons over Zoom and charge less.   
  
\*\*#2: Become a tutor, TA, or use a Work-Study job\*\*. This will not only get you a check but it will also help you relearn important topics covered that will help you out on any standardized tests that you may need to take. and when you aren’t busy you are able to do work on your own Homework. It’s a win-win situation. Just try and apply for the job and it's great because your employers will understand that you are in school and will help you prioritize your school work and can be flexible with your work schedule.  
  
\*\*#3: Sell your shit\*\*\- That piece of jewelry that you bought 2 years ago and have only worn once is not a necessity. Use Apps like eBay, letgo, Goat. One man's trash is another man's treasure. There probably a whole variety of things that you own but you don’t use any more. So remove your emotional attachment to that one thing that you actually forgot about and never use and please sell it.   
  
\*\*#4: Become an RA.\*\* Most people pay to stay in the dorms. You are getting paid to have a room by yourself, close to campus with the only drawback being the slight responsibility. However, college students are adults and most are smart enough to not do something that stupid in the dorm setting. Instead of paying for rent, get paid for rent.   
  
\*\*#5. Sell Class notes.\*\* If you have taken a class that is notoriously tough for many students. I would suggest gathering all the notes that you have taken throughout the semester and making them in pdf of some sort and sell the flash drives to students who are willing to pay. You can promote these notes by making flyers and using social media. You’d be surprised how many people would find value in this so if you are good at taking notes…why not make a profit off it?  
  
\*\*#6. Be a Designated Driver.\*\* The truth is that it could be hard to find a friend to be the DD and sometimes your “DD” ends up drinking more than you do. Also, Uber’s could really get expensive and we college kids are broke. So if you decrease your fee as a DD and promote your service in the university setting, you’re going to get tons of business. Just make sure to keep a trash can in your car with snacks.   
  
\*\*#7. Uber Driver.\*\* Now if you don’t want to go the independent DD route, you could just become an Uber driver as you set your own hours and can work whenever you please. The good thing about this is that Uber is quite established so people would probably be more likely to trust it. People will always need transportation and if you have a car that’s halfway decent then use it to your advantage.   
  
\*\*#8: Do Cheap Haircuts.\*\* Haircuts could be expensive. I myself spend around $25 every 3 weeks on a haircut. If you can offer the same or similar quality of haircut and perhaps decrease your charge, I almost guarantee you’re going to receive clients. However, your work has to be quality because your barber can really decide how fresh you looking in front of the ladies you know. All you need is some clippers with various clipper guards and scissors. But please sanitize your blades…  
  
\*\*#9: Dog sitting.\*\* If you are obsessed with dogos .. then this is the gig for you. There's an app called Rover and you basically just take people's dogs for walks and just take care of them. This shouldn’t even be a job because I would honestly pay the owner to hang out with their dog. Definitely look into it if you’re interested.   
  
\*\*#10: Vector Marketing.\*\* I used to have this job and it's basically just trying to sell Cutlery to people you know and whether you sell anything or not you get a base pay of like $16 per appointment. It’s totally all on your own time. I worked a total of 15 hours and earned $230. So it wasn’t bad at all.   
  
\*\*#11: Facebook ads\*\*. Perhaps you guys have heard of this but Facebook ads are basically you reaching out to a business to promote them using Facebook or Instagram. If they accept, you will receive a certain percentage of sales, or whatever their terms are. A lot of businesses are struggling right now and are trying to adapt to stay afloat but simply don’t have the knowledge, resources, or workforce to help them. It is very much like the evolutionary quote “It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent, but the one most \*\*adaptable\*\* to change.” So if you can help these businesses adapt to the current change, they will defiantly be offering you a pretty penny in return.   
  
\*\*#12: Dropshipping.\*\* Okay, I'm going to make this simple. You buy a product cheaply from a wholesaler and sell it for a higher price and you pocket the difference. But your quality of the product may suffer along with shipping time to the customer. This could result in refunds.   
  
\*\*#13: E-Commerce (Amazon).\*\* Similar concept as Dropshipping except you receive your customers products in advance and you are more in control of the shipping time period along with the quality of the product. If you do this over many products, you are going to start making some good monthly income.   
  
\*\*#14: Investing in stocks\*\* (Give run down on stocks). Okay so investing in the stock market may seem like gambling to some and honestly let those people think that. The stock market is very predictable once you start comprehending trend patterns but the biggest mistake many investors make is that they don’t do their research so they end up losing. Now you don’t have to be a full-on day trader to make some decent money in the stock market. If you do some initial research on a certain company or business and their overall trend pattern has been increasing then the stock may be solid. Defiantly look for stocks that are reaching higher highs and higher lows. I’ll leave some links in the description box below that are helpful videos to get an idea as to what the stock market is and some things that you should know before investing. Now you may lose some money as you ride the roller coaster but you will not only make it up but will double your money in the long run. I won’t get too much into stocks cuz there is quite a bit to know before you start investing but a good introduction is using something like Robin Hood or Acorns to slightly invest your money as you use spare change to invest money with. Just to clarify I am not a stock market specialist, I am just advocating that stocks can be very profitable and can be a solid means of income for you but invest at your own risk.  
  
\*\*#15: Youtube.\*\* Now, this will be quite sometime before you’ll be making some good money with this but once you hit that 50k subs, your Channel will really start to grow and gain you some passive income. Plus it's just fun af.   
  
Links for information in the video:   
  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kVgeW\\_e8TdA&amp;t=28s](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kVgeW\_e8TdA&amp;t=28s)  
  
[https://www.rover.com/](https://www.youtube.com/redirect?q=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.rover.com%2F&amp;event=video\_description&amp;v=kVgeW\_e8TdA&amp;redir\_token=QUFFLUhqbXFpcVlBV1EydUVLTVRfb0NoWDZ0ZDQ5Umdkd3xBQ3Jtc0ttOTlhbFgwUF81dmtTd083US1aR2pYa2RDYmtZd2Rwb0lLX2dQUllCQmlCNE16YUJkN0JEc3hPLTVtZXFHY1VfMjhmSmVJX00teElhRG9zSlg5UTVyOHJfdElvNlZMTVpBak11OHpxVlR2RXZhZHVKbw%3D%3D)  
  
[https://www.vectormarketing.com/](https://www.youtube.com/redirect?q=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.vectormarketing.com%2F&amp;event=video\_description&amp;v=kVgeW\_e8TdA&amp;redir\_token=QUFFLUhqbTJ1MHUwQzIxUzJJUEdfbVhpTVliRHhtMjV6UXxBQ3Jtc0tudnNNS0UycXQwY0o4eFlMVlF4NC1wQjJIT2JZY0RTYWJsNlV6NGtmSmxZemxfMDlhMXNxejhoMFZBMEZlMGJ2blFoMjZtb3ZpWmRzdFBKRnNpRnc0QkRuM2VYTHBMVHpEeTVZcVcxenUwZWZSUk1ETQ%3D%3D)  
  
Stock Market   
  
[https://www.youtube.com/user/jc4x4](https://www.youtube.com/user/jc4x4)  
  
[https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCK-a...](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCK-aOjEvZNJl3HINja0gAiQ)  
  
[https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCV6K...](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCV6KDgJskWaEckne5aPA0aQ)

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/49xih9/really_need_some_advice/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Really need some advice

I am a social worker in what is like a nursing home (SAR) in a hospital that does a lot of charity. This is my first job out of graduate school. I was offered a few jobs but this one paid the most and is in an excellent hospital. The description seemed like it was right up my alley.... Caseload is around 28 people, mostly elderly. Patients range from end stage cancer to just got a knee replacement. Discharge planning, case management, some therapy. We also get a lot of homeless patients and undocumented immigrants. I discharge around 60 people a month in a very impoverished city. This nursing home is kind of the "dumping ground" for patients the hospital cannot discharge but don't want to charity any longer.   
  
This all sounds fine and dandy and honestly I am very good at what I do but... I am expected to carry almost all of the non nursing workload on the unit. I do many things that were not in the job description and there was no one to train me on the new position. Just some examples, too many to  
list: I have to get insurance authorizations for people to come in, I have to be the one who gets people's stays extended by working with insurance companies (these insurance pieces are very very time consuming), I run pharmacy benefits checks for the docs (also very time consuming, sometimes ) I order equipment (but the therapy team makes no efforts to give me information on what equipment is needed, I have to seek it out, which is tough for that many people. I've tried establishing a system with no results) I set up home care and outpatient therapy, I arrange for iv antibiotics (which is a mess, the docs don't want to be bothered with this and I'm not a nurse with that knowledge so getting this together is sometimes a challenge and the docs often change the dosing hours before discharge and won't communicate with me) discharge dates change a few (2-3) days before they are set to leave, which means I can do very little to no planning in advance and have to literally scramble to get insurance extensions, the communication is very poor and I'm the one looked after to enforce what management wants ("they aren't doing enough therapy, they have to get out tomorrow!" That's fair but therapy hasn't even brought this up, the patient has no idea, this is also against cms regulations, it's unethical to give that little notice) patient's family members call and ask about medical care and the calls get forwarded to me (nursing or the docs can't be bothered with it) I have to tell them that's outside of my scope of practice and they get very upset.   
  
  
I've stated in our morning rounds meeting I need a little bit of help and the DON actually laughs at me. This has happened more than once. It happened this morning and a new "student nursing volunteer" approached me in the elevator and told me it made her sick. My administrator tries to be supportive but she's only there very part time. I field around 40 phone calls a day on a light day (no exaggeration. I have to charge the phone during lunch) The receptionist sends most misc. calls my way (someone looking for info on where to park, for example) even though often times they are things our admissions coordinator or reception should answer, they just won't.   
  
  
I consider myself a pretty smart and hardworking person. I've been working since I was 15 in some capacity. There is no teamwork on this unit and it's honestly too much work for someone to do in a 40 hour workweek. They truly need two social workers because many of these people are so medically fragile many cases are incredibly time consuming. I'm often there late even when I work my ass off from am to pm and I "work smart" The doctors call and text me nonstop even in the evenings sometimes. I have asked them to cool it but some of them take out their frustrations on me, like all of the bs that goes on is somehow my fault (it's not, I'm tired of constantly having to make that clear)  
  
Homecare and iv infusion liaisons bombard me nonstop (daily) looking for referrals. I've asked them to stop showing up unannounced but it doesn't stop. I've asked reception to ask them to make an appointment but "that's not their job."  
  
  
The cherry on top: I have 200 hours of pto and can't use any of it. There is no one to cover, I'm the only social worker. The social workers in the main hospital have tried to fill in for previous social workers on my unit but the job is nothing like what they do, they don't deal with iv antibiotics of getting group 2 support surfaces covered, etc. they mainly just do referrals. I've never taken a scheduled day off. The unit relies on me so much not a soul can or will "do what I do". If someone needs ambo transport or a nursing home referral when I'm not there they have to call me. These are doable tasks and I've tried educating others (reception, admissions, nursing ) but they just state "it's not my job". I'm the third social worker in as many years.   
  
My life is miserable, the stress is so high. I don't carry home sad stories or cases.. I'm actually very tough and I enjoy being able to help people navigate through medical emergencies.. I carry home the worry that patient x needs to leave by tomorrow but his insurance takes 10 business days to approve dme and I wasn't given notice of his discharge until Tuesday... Or patient y wasn't declared hospice eligible by the docs until she was basically incompetent and the family wants answers and all calls go to me.. Or patient z decided she's discharging to Texas with a cousin at the last minute and I have to order complex dme in Texas in just a day because she already booked her flight and no one notified me.. Even though we meet as a team daily. And I have to get the hospice patient out by Friday as she's been cut by insurance..   
  
  
This post doesn't do the job justice. I cry in my office weekly. It's only been 9 months. I'm completely turned off from social work. I try not to let anyone see me cry. I've never been this depressed in my life. I tried to take off next Wednesday.. Well, a half day... I won't know if someone discharging Wednesday with iv antibiotics until Tuesday night and no one can/will set it up for Wednesday discharge but me so I can't take off now. I'm in desperate need of dental work and I was going to go to the dentist.   
  
I can't leave. I have so many loans to pay. I live in a very high cost of living state and rent is high. I can't believe I went to school so long to be this unhappy. I am so turned off from social work I am afraid to get another job. I do have a Lgsw license. I have had many many internships, part of me knows it's not all this bad but I'm afraid of being trapped like this again. I know if I leave this job too soon it will look bad and I need those recommendations to get a better job I'm going to have to get on depression medication because I can barely get up in the morning.   
  
Just looking for some advice. Should I stick it out? Should I continue to try and improve things? What would you do? Am I just a whiny baby? I'm embarrassed to be one of the "social workers that didn't stick around long" but I can see why they don't.   
  
I do have a sw supervisor but she isn't much help as she does not work on the unit.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/dew96/reddit_im_broke_and_need_a_new_wheelchair_if_i/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I'm broke and need a new wheelchair. If I sold ad space on my current wheelchair and took pics, would any of you be interested?

I've had this wheelchair since my first years in high school. I'm 28 and still using the same frame which doesn't fit me anymore. My seat cushion is busted and provides zero support. The feet plate are bent up and the material used for the seat/back is torn up. I have private insurance but I can't even afford the deductible ($1250) nor the %20 I must pay once the deductible is met. I live on my own, so my mobility is key which is why I really want an ultra lightweight wheelchair but the lighter you get, the higher the price. I estimate that my out of pocket costs will end up somewhere in the $3,000 range after all customizations/features are taken into account when getting a new chair. My back is killing me and at this point, would love nothing more then to get a new chair. I had my eyes on [this](http://www.topendwheelchair.com/Everyday-Wheelchairs/Top-End-Crossfire-Titanium-pid30.html) model in particular. I'm flat broke so I thought about selling ads space on my wheelchair. So reddit, if I went through with it, would anyone on reddit be interested?  
  
   
For the curious, here is a picture of my [antique chair](http://imgur.com/oT0Mp.jpg). The bitch in the picture is my roommates dog, snatch. The most awesome pit bull in the world.  
   
   
Update: For anyone curious as I'm sure this will come up..[This is me](http://imgur.com/0zuiJ) and I have cerebral palsy. A quick shout out to Zach! You are awesome!   
   
   
Update #2: This seems to be moving up rather quickly so just in case this keeps up, I am looking into a paypal account for anyone interested in helping. I'll post an update with the information when I figure out what I'm doing. Thanks everyone!  
   
   
Update #3: I was going to setup a new paypal account for the sake of my own privacy, but what the heck, I'll just use my [personal paypal account](deleted and no longer needed thanks to reddit!!!). Since this is reddit and things can get crazy, quickly, let me apologize if I don't get back to you right away. I'm getting lots of comments/PM's and I am trying to get to everyone.  
Thanks to all of you for your help. Reddit really has me stunned and amazed right now. You have no idea. You rock!  
  
  
\*\*Update #4: I've got to take a break for an hour or two but I will be back to reply to everyone. I promise I will personally get back to each and everyone who was so kind to help. So far, $400 has been raised!! Reddit, you truly are a miracle to behold. I can't say thank you enough. Be back shortly!\*\*  
  
Reddit, I'm back! It's starting to look like I'll need a small army soon. This is so amazing. So many comments, PM's and emails to go through but I'm slowly getting through the backlog. \*\*You can bet I will be snapping a few pictures if this new chair becomes a reality.\*\* You are all amazing!  
  
\*\*Update #5: Reddit, I'm in shock. $1800 so far! I can't believe this! I'm almost in tears... I'm still trying to get back to everyone. Please be patient. I just took a flexeril, my bones and muscles kinda hurt so if I don't respond, I've probably passed out for the night but I will be back as soon as I can. Bless all of you!\*\*  
  
Update #6: I just woke from my slumber and its 2:00AM CST. Holy S\*@$\*&amp;!. Stop sending money please. You've all collectively sent $3463.17. More then enough to get a dream wheelchair. I never expected this in my wildest dreams. I know how many posts reddit churns through everyday and how much content is probably never seen. But what started out as a silly thought, something of a daydream that I thought no one would pay attention to turned into something real. Only a handful of you (and I mean a handful) asked for ads which really blew me away and I am in shock....I'll be calling a PT tomorrow to get the ball rolling and I'll be sure to post pics of the new chair soon and keep everyone up to date on things. Reddit, again, thank you. You are amazing. I honestly can say this is the best thing that I've ever had happen to me. Back to bed. I'll continue responding to everyone in the morning! Goodnight reddit!  
  
\*\*Update #7  
Awake to a new day! I went ahead and removed my paypal account as so many of you were able to help so much more than I could have ever imagined. I called my family and told them the news. I also requested a 1/2 day off from work today so I could spend more go through everyones emails and fulfill any ad requests and start calling/contacting the proper medical peoples to get the ball rolling on a new chair. You can be sure pictures of the new chair will be posted. It may be upwards of 6-8 weeks from start to finish but I'll make sure to keep everyone updated on its progress! I love you reddit! I love you reddit! I love you reddit! I love you reddit! Again, thank you so much!\*\*  
  
\*\*For those who would like some reassurance that I am who I say I am, I'll gladly contact whoever is in charge at the reddit batcave. Is this possible?\*\*  
  
Update #8: Because mom's will be moms, here are some childhood pictures for your enjoyment! About 1/2 way going through all the emails/PM's. Hopefully I'll be able to finish up responding to everyones messages by sometime tomorrow. Thanks again reddit! And yes, I was a major nerd.  
  
\*\*Click [here](http://imgur.com/VwjYo.jpg), [here](http://imgur.com/zu4Uk.jpg) and [here!](http://imgur.com/IFqaN.jpg)\*\* Notice my current wheelchair in the first picture, when I was around 15. The chair really is that old! I really can't wait for a new one!!! :) Oh, and the good looking lady in picture 3 is none other than my mother, better known as IKnowHimWell.  
  
Update #9: I ended up spending most of the day with mom so I apologize for the lack of updates and responses to all your emails/PM's. It's been such a wild ride but I wanted to spend some time relaxing with friends and family over the weekend. She and I both are still pinching ourselves! Hopefully over the next week I'll have some accurate measurements to post up for those who kindly offered additional assistance in getting demo chairs for me to try out. Reddit, thank you again from the bottom of my heart.   
  
\*\* One last note. [I saw this article and wanted to bring it to reddits attention](http://abcnews.go.com/US/dad-loses-cool-threatens-students-bus/story?id=11660119). Unfortunately, I was in this poor girls shoes as well many times throughout school so I feel her pain. Bullying happens often, but is rarely acknowledged or resolved via school officials. I'm sure my mom would find it surprising that I had to deal with bullying quite often and until this post she probably never knew about it. Please educate your children and be active in PTA/school board meetings about these kinds of issues. Reddit, you've done so much for me already, but if you could help push this to the front page I would greatly appreciate it!\*\*  
  
Update #10: It was a busy Monday at work but I'm back to give everyone an update! I've got appointments setup to be measured for the new chair so I should have more details for everyone by early next week. My insurance company (or at least the rep I spoke with at UHC) was so nice to point out that I may not be able to get the exact chair/features I want strictly because UHC reserves the right to approve or deny coverage based on what is most cost-effective so I am preparing myself for that if that should happen. It's sad isn't it? It's things like this that make me wish I was born in another country but thats a whole other can of worms :P I received a few thousand emails/PM's combined (no joke) so please, if I haven't gotten back to you yet I apologize. Just email me again and I'll respond as soon as I can. More updates soon! Thanks reddit!!!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/uyr0ul/confession_whats_your_thoughts/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: confession , what's your thoughts

My anxiety kills me . I wake up every morning in the state of a panic attack , feeling a terrible pain inside of my chest literally. I sweat and my whole body is shaking . What is more I have pains and especially headaches and gsstrenterical problems, my low abdominal hurts really much. I'm so sad and can't concentrate that I done even take my heart pills ( arrhythmias ) and during the day while I'm sitting or standing I feel a presure in my head ,my heart starts beating very fast and my sight bloors and I geek like finding but I manage to stay still and avoid that . I've been experiencing these things for 4 months now after having to choose major in college ( in my country thr system says that according to the subjects we have access to certain studies and we have to choose it before sitting exams). So that's my story a 19 year old who said that she would be a doctor since their 15 ; however she wasn't good at physics / chemistry, / maths , but she still chose them in ordrt to keep her opportunities open. She did got good grades at school with help of professors , but on the exams of the subjects she was not good at she always got under 10 put of 20 . She started feeling that she won't survive and that she is stupid comparing to most of their classmates who were like fuckijf ainstsins on these subjects . Then covid hit and also a brake up with the same person that I loved since a kid and hurt me severly by ghosting me and breaking up with me all the time because of distance. I felt ugly, problematic and not deserved to be loved at my 16 when we were on covid I was everyday in my bed crying and trying to understand what is wrong with me why I was treated like a rubbish like a girl used only to have fun With .. I focused on ..making myself looking more attractive an digested that I'm just stupid for school . I was doing bad and felt like there's no way no way literally I could learn these things and become good at them it felt so boring and late . After one year I was homeschooling couldn't pay attention I learned nothing I was fed up and so bored and remained so cocially alone and my bf was making our with someone else while j was home depending on his affection and attention to feel a human... I changed subjects last year without giving it much thought i had the need to score really high even on easy subjects to feel smart ,to feel that I'm not useless that I can do something well. Well no 4 months ago I was asked to fill my uni entrance exams and I realised that I could only go for psychology speech pathology and teaching... I've our them all to pass one .. instead tho I prefer to pass away... I can't believe what an idiot I'm for not even trying for med I don't belive that i chosed the easy path to get a good high school diploma score , which is now going to be avarage since due to my breakdowns I failed the high school examinations. I feel so useless and traped in my mistake non of the fields I have for option fills my heart and u think non of them is going to feed me in the future. I had also the chance of going to one country abroad for biomedice or physical therapy but my parents cut me .. only dad works and they are arguing even for going to the supermarket .. not to help me financially srudy abroad or in a private college. I am devastated honestly I can't accept that I know I could be better than that... yeahh I admit I did shit in sciences and did not study them effectively after seeing how dumb am with maths and what scores I got MY MISTAKE .. I don't want to pay for that 🥺I don't want to be one of those persons who end up being in misery doing nothing. They force me to go in the public university of my country with one of the above option s, they tell me that I'm a 19 already old ,and uselssed stupid Shame ..that they were telling me not to change majors and I did not listen my mind was on the bf ... 😢I don't knkw what to do now I'm left alone I have no friends and no one to socialize with the person who hurt me is going to study engineering and di his life abroad, whike I will be jn my parents home studying something that is going tk give ne no job . I'm so weak so unsolvable and so broke .. I can't see good in my future. I didn't even sit the exams for uni ( there next week ) I didn't even studied and run the risk of passing no where ... I feel guilt I even thought of staying hone and only srudy kne year thescienced I suck at to try for medice next year although I know I want pass , I even thought if there's anyway to study abroad med without breaking having a diploma with physics and chemistry on it ... I even thought of trying hard and I imagine my self being a doctor and dream about it .. then I wake up and reallise that I'm stuck I want tk vomit I ruined my future for some stupid guys who are going to be perfect. I have no financial support my dad has cancer and he was the only one working , my mum has heart problems and they are also fighting every day for if my dad wasn't sick they would have broken up, since my dad's behavior is a torture he screams because eat what he brings home he screams if er don't have a shower Ata fix hour he laughs and makes us feel stupid for expressing ourselves... I feel bad to speak in front of them and that caused me many traumas fear of abandonment , social anxiety feeling of needing tk Excell. I also developed perfectionism syndrome and instead of becoming the best I totally failed because of the avarage u couldn't take and jumped into a useless major . Honestly I feel stupid for searching for medicine whike they are so bright and smart kn sciences people put there , I also feek stupid for my thought of giving everything up and don't enroll to the public universityeven if I pass , work at cafes earn some money and sit them again next year and go for biomedice or smth .. I feel stupid for being afraid I feek stupid for really being afraid not to enroll in uni and stay like that at all I'm afraid of my parents actions they wait for me to pass so much in order not to have to pay a singe cent for me anymore.. they told me ai fucked up I stupid and I should accept how much I messed they told me that I should just take a degree in order to be less useless when searching for random jobs . And what is more I'm also feeling stuck in this country due to a loved person who I can't just abandon ; he us the person who knows my true self and the person who stood by me knowing all the shits of my life, whike I was running over someone else and dreamed of going to that country to study with him ( the person who hurt me at 16 ) I know it's stupid but I feel so attracted to yhr person who broke my heart but at the same time I can't leave the person who stood by me though the hekk of it because I know that those people are hard to find and I'm grateful for having him ... and I know that relationship from distant is not working out and if I go abroad I'm going to run over the one who manipulated me but can't get him out of mind ( the one who is going to study engineering) .. Anyway,my biggest concern guys is that I really feel hopeless and stuck I recognize I've made a mistake but I don't want to be defined by it I don't want to ruin my whole life I know how hard it is I was late to understand what is going on in this hotibble world we are living and I'm willing to work and achieve and Survive ... but I don't knkw what to do I want to finally take care of my needs of my brain and knowledge and i feel is so late I did not had a good doundation in high dchokl in order to be able to study something worthy... I'm stupid for dreaming a medical school although I would love it .. and stupid for wanting to go abroad and at the same time kept here for a person I love ... I'm aslo stupid for dreaming other things whike I didn't even sit exams and I want to die again ... I don't knkw what to do once I pass I don't want my parents to suffer either they already feel ashamed. I don't knkw what to do guys I'm lost the worst thing is that I dknr have a certain goal I just know i like health related studies and have no idea of finance ..computer and etc . I really want tk do something for me to feel human again , I want to succeed to build the life I've never had \* not to become wealthy, but to have a respectful life and not struggling paying the bills like my parents:( .... I don't knkw what do do everything feels so wrong I know it's my fault but what to do dam 😢😢😢I'm really sorry for this post I needed to speak somewhere my feeling.. I'm getting literally sick from this and right now u feek again like fainting ... I don't jnjw what to do .. I dream of becoming good whike I'm so abarage and in such shitty position . I was the one who supported education and recognized its value and bow I will be 20 next years still crying for my mess 😢also I have the need to live alone because I'm under control all the time I can't breath and can't develop at all but I'm so broke like really .

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/t2wgq/im_in_my_late20s_and_disabled_i_live_with_my/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I’m in my late-20s and disabled; I live with my mother who is facing bankruptcy and overwhelming expenses and I desperately need advice. What we can do to help keep ourselves going?

This is a very difficult story for me to write because I feel ashamed of myself and I don’t know what to do; so it may come out a little disjointed. I’ve been Reddit lurker for some time and I know Reddit is full of some of the smartest and most knowledgeable people around and I really need Reddit’s help and advice now.  
  
I’m in my late-20s and disabled. I have a litany of medical conditions: several respiratory conditions, a heart condition, a muscular condition, and a degenerative kidney disorder. I also suffer from clinical depression, Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder, and mild Autism. I am under treatment for these conditions, and have been since high school, but they have left me unable to hold a job all of my life.  
  
My parents divorced when I was 14 and I have lived with my mother ever since. She has been supporting me all of her life. Three years ago she was forced to retire from her job with the state government (new boss, new team, etc.) and has been supporting us with her retirement pension and savings ever since. She never let me know just how bad things were until the last few months, I suppose she didn’t want me to worry or feel ashamed. But things have gotten bad.  
  
For the last three years she has been drawing money from her savings every month to cover our bills; her retirement pension hasn’t been enough. She’s had to take out something like $1600 a month from savings, and now the money has run out. There isn’t anything left in her savings. For the last couple months she has been trying to find ways to cut our expenses down and break even with her retirement pension. One of the first things she tried was calling creditors and asking them for help lowering monthly payments. She has $22,000 in credit card debt. Of all the creditors she spoke to, only two were willing to do anything and the savings amounted to maybe $20 or $30 a month.   
  
She was encouraged by her credit union to seek debt counseling from a service they have. She went through the process and gave them all the information. The process was quite slow and didn’t amount to much. Their conclusion was that out of the $700 a month in credit card payments she makes they could lower it by about $300; but they saw that as immaterial because she would still be $1300 in the hole each month. So they told her that her only option was to earn more money.  
  
She tried to refinance the mortgage on our house but didn’t go well. She spent several weeks talking to so many people, trying to apply for programs like HARP and HAMP or Making Home Affordable, only to find out she doesn’t qualify for one reason or another: the mortgage is not expensive enough, she earns too much money before taxes, it doesn’t seem to matter that she has to support her disabled son, not just herself. She’s spoken to several FHA counselors who have told us there’s nothing we or they can do. The mortgage company itself said the same, as our home is worth less than what we owe because of the housing crisis. Her attempts to refinance her car loan were also fruitless. No companies want to help you out when you’re in debt and over your head.  
  
It’s become pretty clear that the only option to significantly reduce our monthly bills is for her to file bankruptcy. She’s spoken to a lawyer and begun the process. The lawyer said that we’ll probably be able to keep our house as they won’t want to touch it because of the value vs. what we owe. Her car is another matter and up in the air. But there’s a larger problem; even after a bankruptcy our expenses still outweigh her pension by about $900 a month. She doesn’t know what to do and is despondent and so am I. I have all these expenses, medical bills, medications, health insurance (State insurance of last resort, it’s incredibly expensive), and she has her own health problems and medications as well. Not to mention the normal costs of living.  
  
I don’t know what to do. I’m ashamed I can’t hold down a job to help her. I feel terrible about myself and I can’t think of any way to help. I know I’m a burden on her and if I wasn’t around she would be able to pay for her own expenses. I’ve thought about Social Security Disability, but from what I’ve read I don’t think I qualify as I’ve never worked and held a job before. Even if I did everything I’ve read says it can take more than a year to get benefits and will almost certainly require that I appeal decisions repeatedly and may need a lawyer. I’ve thought about food stamps but I’m not sure I qualify for them either. She’s talked about getting a part-time job, but she’s in her mid-60s and not in the best of health, and even then a part-time job might not be enough.  
  
Reddit, what can I do? Please help me think of things I or my mom can do to help turn this around. Are there programs I can apply for that I don’t know about, or that she can apply for? Are there grants I can apply for? What can we do? Help, please.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/s47so/extremely_long_storyreddit_i_suffered_extreme/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: [Extremely Long Story]Reddit, I suffered extreme trauma as a child, can any of you pinpoint what it is I may be suffering from?

So just a heads up, this'll probably be a little hard to hear, its pretty difficult for me to write out, let alone remember, but I'd like to get everyone's opinion.  
  
I've been too many psychologists who say that I do, and some say I don't, have Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Other classify it as a hybrid of a developmental disability and ptsd.   
  
So here goes:  
  
I grew up in an abusive home, with a mother addicted to drugs, a father who wasn't there, and a step-father/mom's boyfriend (it changed throughout the years), which, alongside my mom, would hit me, and yell at me. Not just a little tap on the bam, but a slap on the face, and repeated, overly heavy-handed slaps on the back, and the rear.  
  
I did okay, for the most part, emotionally. When I was 8 years old, I ran away, after being grounded for acting out in school. I suppose thats why I was okay, since I got rid of most of my steam at school, and not in the best ways. I was a problem child, with a lot of problems. Anyways, back to the info, when I was grounded, I ran away. Jumped out of my window, and went off. I was always up for exploration, always wanted to go around my home town on my bike and see what was where and what was what. So, I stole a bike, ironically from one of my very good friends at school, who I didn't know lived there, they never knew I did it. When I returned home, the police eventually stopped by, I had returned the bike, but I guess they had seen where I went from there. That or my mom had called the police because I'd run away.  
  
It was decided that I should be put in a Foster Home. And that Foster Home, was probably the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I went to school, didn't have as many angry outbursts, came home and drew, and drew and drew. And ate. And thats about all I really got up to.  
  
So it came time for me to go back home, 3 months later, and at first, all seemed well. We had to move, my youngest brother left to live with my mom's ex-husband, my ex-stepfather who used to hit me, and me and my mom and my middle brother moved to a different house. Myself and my middle brother had a strong bond, a strong friendship. He was born with some... I guess, things wrong with him. Ticks and stuff like that. And he found it hard to make friends. The abuse started back up again, once we'd moved into the new place, my mom found a new boyfriend, and from what I recall were getting heavy into crack. I've smelt it recently when I was homeless (more on that later), and remember smelling something very akin to that outside their door, which was right next to my bedroom.  
  
One day, the neighbourhood bully, who had never really given me trouble, but had always picked on my brother, decided that he would fill a 2L pop bottle with water, and beat my little brother with it. He came running to me, and I went out their ready to lay a smack down. Turns out there are three of them. I'm not one to chicken out, but I'm also aware of the odd's, so I run back home with my brother, and ask my mom to tell the kids to leave us alone. They sit out on our lawn, for an hour, waiting for me and my brother to come out. She says nothing. And I get mad, because, from what I'm learning at school, this is what she is supposed to do. Maybe I felt entitled, I don't know, but its one of those times when you want your parent to protect you, and for me, it was really upsetting when she didn't.  
  
So I freaked out. I went up to my room, started yelling, and screaming, and swearing, I'd started to calm down, and my mom's crackhead boyfriend comes up, opens the door, and says, "You're going back to the foster home, and you're never coming back." So I snapped. Started trashing my room, wishing I could be trashing his crackheaded ass, and my mom called the police. They took me to the hospital, and, well, things were fine. I was starting to calm down, once again, when I heard something familiar. My brother screaming. I stopped, and listened, and sure enough, it was without a doubt him, and I snapped. Went thermo nuclear. Started smashing the glass window trying to get out to go help him. I didn't stop, I wouldn't stop... I couldn't stop. They were hurting probably the only person I had in my life, and my brother at that.  
  
Next thing you know, this nurse and this big dude hop into the room, the guy squeezes my jaw to hold it open, and they put this pill under my tounge and she puts her thumb down on my tounge to hold it down so it'll disolve. Next thing you know, I'm out. Gone. Have no idea what happened.  
  
I wake up, my mom's in the corner of the room, and theres these baby versions of disney characters along the walls. I'm 9 years old at this point, so I'm freaking out. I thought I'd died, and this was like some messed up pergatory. I was scared, so I got up and started ripping the character's off the wall. It felt like what I would call now some "Silent Hill" type horrow stuff. Where it just feels wrong.  
  
Nurse comes in, needle in my leg, out again. Then I wake up in a normal hospital room, and things seem, okay. They seem right, I'm calm, don't really know whats happened, but, I'm okay.  
  
So I spend a couple days there, I dont' really know whats happening, I don't have any contact with my mom. And social worker from social services comes in, and tells me, that I'm not going home just yet.  
  
So they put me up in a hotel, with an aid worker, where all I did was watch The Fifth Element every night at the theater, and ate at a diner for meals. This was the life. No screaming, no abuse, things were relaxed, and calm, and I had positive people, and good things around.  
  
Then the day came when I found out, sure enough, I was going back into Foster Care. This time, it wouldn't be in the same place I was already living. It was going to be far away.   
  
There are very few things in my life that I recall as vividly as this, but the others are always looking out the back of the car when I leave to go somewhere new. Like a milestone in the timeline of my life.  
  
Anyways, so I get to the foster home, and its... its pretty good. But I can't stop crying, I'm scared, i'm far from home, I haven't talked to my mom, I don't know whats going on. I'm in a place I've never even heard of. Out in the country, and everything is alien to me. The foster parents are teachers, so I'm really not accustomed to things being nice. And I'm worried, that they're being deceptive, that they're just trying to be nice to me, and then hurt me more. the whole time, i just want to go home. I cry, and I cry, until hurts, until I'm all out of tears, and my mouth is parched.   
  
Then i start getting angry, because I want to go home. I feel I need to go home, it may not be the best place, but its where I feel I belong.  
  
Turns out, the foster parents couldn't handle it, and I do feel bad in retrospect, because they truly were kind people. I think things would've been a lot different if I'd stayed there. But onto the next place I went. And this is where it all changed.  
  
So I move to the next place, and this is a bonefied child farm style foster home, they've been wheeling and dealing in the unwanted kid business for years.  
  
Again, I didn't want to go there, I just wanted to go home. So I cried, and I cried, and they would put me outside, and leave me there. And the other kids, and their own kids who also lived there, would go to the door, and poke fun at me, and laugh at me, and then, well, I would get angry, and upset. And then I'd be out there even longer.  
  
Sure enough, a little while later, the laps started. Now, I mean, nothings wrong with a little physical activity. I wasn't in the best shape, so the punishment did me pretty well. It didn't seem abusive at first, but stay a while, its gets much much worse.  
  
So they enrolled me at school, and things were okay there. I made some friends, I made some enemies. Some of the kids tried to pick on me, when I'd responded to their questions about where I lived, that i lived in the foster home. Apparently everyone in the town had heard of that place. And that didn't really go so well for them. I'd gotten into the aggresive, fighter type of mentality. If I can't hit them with words, I'll hit them with fists. Obviously not a good thing, not going to rationalize or justify it, but thats how it was then.  
  
I used to get suspended for being your average little shit that didn't care. And I really didn't. I didn't really feel like living, so I didn't really focus on what I was living for, and how to make the best of it.  
  
When I was suspended, I had to do manual labour, cleaning out troughs, and chipping ice on the road, and I had to do it from the start of the school day, until the end of the school day. And if they decided, they'd just give me a set amount of hours to do. And chipping ice, at 10 years old, isn't easy to do. Scraping up poo, not so bad, stinks but, its easy to do. I cleaned the whole place, chipped off all the cow dung until it was a smooth cement ground. Yeah, I got suspended a lot.  
  
Then the sexual abuse started. I remember being suspended one day, and being brought home, and taken to the office of their home, and I had to do some pretty nasty shit. I don't really like getting into it. Lets just say, hands, and mouth, and all that gross shit I had to do for both the foster mom and dad. It was like chipping the ice, but sexually, I had to get these people off, but really, I think they were getting off on taking advantage of me. Then they started hitting me, and tying me up, and cuffing me in weird contorted positions and raping me. Keep in mind, I'm 11 at this time. The laps got worse, and worse. Each lap was about 120m, and I wasn't allowed to stop until I did five in a row. If I did, they didn't count towards my total, and I had to keep running. They started at 5, then 10, then 25, then 75, and then every time after that, it was just 100. 12km. Come rain sleet, snow or sunshine, I had to be out there. 5 at a time. I started going through puberty, and growth spurts, and sometimes they would rib my pubes out from my crotch when they had me tied up. They wouldn't give me enough food, even after or before running laps, going through a growth spurt, and not getting enough to eat, man. Just remembering how rough it was upsets me.  
  
A little while later, after I'd moved to a different school, I started finding out that I had rights. Not very many, and it was difficult to enforce them, but I had them. Something called the Children's Advocate, mediated between the child and the other party's to get the child's needs met, and stand up for the child's rights. An admirable group of people to be sure. They would play a huge role, albeit being able to help very very little, in the years to come.  
  
Once I had willed up the courage to talk to the children's advocate about what was going on, because I'd told my social worker about running laps, and that I wasn't getting enough food, and she didn't care. So I thought if she doesn't care about that, then I have to tell someone else who can help me. So I made an appointment with the CA, and he was going to come visit me. I was stoked, because maybe I wouldn't have to go through all this anymore.   
  
I haven't even mentioned the psychological abuse they put on me. I wasn't allowed to draw, or write, these things were bad, and they'd managed to manipulate my social worker into agreeing with this. I couldn't play my gameboy, something I loved and was an emotional escape that helped me cope somewhat. They broke me, broke me down, and destroyed my will. Dehumanized me basically. But I still had that glimmer of hope.  
  
So I'd come home from that day, after talking to the CA to make the apointment, and bragged to them that I wasn't going to have to put up with their shit anymore. That I was free, and they couldn't hurt me. Anymore. That was a bad idea. I should've kept my mouth shut. During the evening, when the other kids were watching a movie, they called me into their office, and then smacked me across the head, and started telling me I'd better shut my mouth, and you're not going to say a fucking thing you little rat. And then the foster dad said, lets do it. then they put me in a restraint and covered my mouth as best they could. I thought I was just getting put outside to run laps, as they'd done with the other kids times before when they'd refused to run them. I was usually complacent and just did it. But thats probably why the kids didn't think much of it. It was normal to them, to us, to the foster parents too proabably. Why they covered my mouth I don't know, maybe they thought I was aware of what was about to happen, I really don't know.  
  
So they took me down to this elongated shed type of deal. Like a workshop thing where they had a saw table and band saw and other things like that.  
  
At first they put my arm up against the band saw, and threatened to turn it on. Not thinking they'd do it, I said, I'm still telling, its wrong, you can't do this to me. And then they picked me up, and threw me on the saw team. And i thought they were going to cut my head off, the way I was place on there. I was sort of fixated on the saw, waiting for it to turn on. And then I felt my pants getting wet. I didn't really know what was going on. I looked down from the saw towards my legs, and saw a jerry can, that they used to fill the lawn mower up with, being poured all over my legs. And then they pulled out a bbq lighter, candle lighter thing, and then I started freaking out. They lit it on fire, my legs, and I remember not really feeling it at first, was kind of warm, but I was still kicking, and then I felt it. Like a cold, numbness from just below my knee's down. I started screaming, and then the foster mom put a blue tarp on my legs and put it out, and then I felt it even more, like my pants had melted into my skin. I couldn't even really fathom the pain, I think I was in shock. But I remember, when they let me go, trying to walk, with them behind me saying, if you say anything, we're going to light you on fire and let you run to the dugout, and then you'll wish we would kill you.  
  
So the day came when the CA was supposed to arrive, and arrive he did. The foster parents came by, where we were meeting in the house, and asked if they could sit in and listen, and the CA put it to me. They said they wanted to hear what I had to say so that they could help make my stay better. So I agreed, what else was I going to say, no, and then tell him, and then he leaves, and what, I'm dead. I didn't know any better than, and I was scared. So the meeting started, and I said, you know what, I'm sorry, I lied, I was just looking for attention, nothing is wrong. Sorry for lying to you. He said, are you sure, somewhat concerned. And trying my best not to give him a hint, I said yes, everythings fine, I'm sure.  
  
And then it all went down hill for me from there. The abuse died down in how often it happened, but it was fucking brutal from there on out. I still have trouble doing #2 properly... to give you an idea.  
  
A year and a bit later, my new social worker, decided it was best for me to be close to home. And so she pulled me out of there.  
  
And boy oh boy, did I have some anger problems. No one knew why, so to them, it just looked like I was fucked in the head. And I probably am. I had really huge issues with female authority, seeing as how the foster mom seemed like the initiator for all the abuse and sexual abuse. So I didn't listen to anything the female staff said in my now group home. They chalked it up to me hating women. But that has never been the case.  
  
Being in the place I was in, I was supposed to have a job. And coming from being in the middle of nowhere, not being to really have friends, or see anyone, and being immensely sheltered, being back in the city, and having a job, and going to highschool, which started at 14, was overwhelming. I struggled at all things. Most of the jobs I had to do, were menial, easy, but I could keep up. I was too stressed out, and when things got too fast, I would shut down, or stop, or freeze. A sign of things to come, for sure. As this persists to this day.   
  
My anger outbursts were getting worse, I really had no outlets, and no one to talk to, and I was scared that if I mentioned anything, they'd find me and hurt me. or their kids would. So no one really understood the gravity of the situation. Except me. I had this big weight on my shoulder, that I carried everywhere. Not to mention I started noticing that I was much different from everyone else. They had families, and friends, and had grown up with some sense of normalcy, and were, in most respects what the general definition of normal is. So I carried this stereotype, whether others though it or not, I knew it first hand. As the anger outbursts got more frequent, the stress got to me more, the main supervisor used to have to deal with me, and he started getting abusive. Choking me, and putting me in face down restraints and kicking me. And here I was... back where I'd just came from, only closer to my family.   
  
And that was another issue, I was forced to go on visits with these people who'd basically shunned me. I had very little visitation with my mom near half way through my stay at the previous home, and then it'd dropped off to basically nothing.  
  
My brothers didn't know me, I wasn't the same person, what had happened to me had changed me in so many ways. And being apart from them on a daily basis grew us apart from each other. I was no longer big brother, just the kid that came to visit sometimes.  
  
My mom and her boyfriend were always fighting and getting into arguments and yelling, I couldn't deal with. I couldn't cope with it. It got to the point where I would rather lose my video game privaledges, and being grounded, then go visit my family.  
  
  
Fast forward a bit here, and I'd moved to where I currently live now. Things, were better for me. I had a individualized goal list, people around me, that for the most part cared, some who cared a lot. I didn't really... get angry anymore. I had friends. And I was still part of that, against the grain, right guy in the wrong place type of deal, but my friends accepted me to some degree, and even a little to them was a lot to me.  
  
And then it started to really fall apart. The worker who was there working with me, left, and I wouldn't say I was emotionally attached to him, it was just I'd never had someone who cared about me, wanted me to succeed, and wanted to see me reach my goals. That for him, me having a great day, was why he came to work. Everyone else there just went there to get a fat paycheque to be some overqualified baby sitter for crazy kids. And when he left, I got one of those people. And then I started getting angry again. started smashing shit, and not giving a fuck. Started running away, and spending more time out with my friends than I was allowed. I was disobedient, and very defiant. Not to mention, my courses at school suffered, not for a lack of trying. But when I was elligable to skip a grade and a level of math, and needed a ti-83 graphing calculator, the group home was unable to reach my social worker, who had by then become a huge problem in my life. The one person tasked with making sure i was taken care of, was around less often than my own mother, which is to say, not a whole hell of a lot.  
  
And then, throughout the summer, I started running away, and staying away. Grade 12 started, and I'd decided that I wanted to go out with a bang, and really focus on school the best I could. By this time, my mom and dad, real dad, had gotten back together. And they were trying to be a huge part of my life. They kept saying they wanted me to come back, and we could be a family again.  
  
And theres nothing more that I wanted, out of anything in life, was to be part of my family again. to belong. To me, it would fix everything. I wanted them to love me, and love me unconditionally, and not judge me, because what I had been through, made me a different person. I didn't have the same deck, so I didn't play by the same rules, I couldn't. It just wasn't possible. It was my sincerest wish that they would've done this. I'd later find out, it'd be exactly the polar opposite.  
  
So I ran away, to live with my family. Things were taking to long, and I just couldn't wait. 7 years had been too long, and I was done. So I packed all my stuff up, and I left. That was another bad idea. I got there, and found out, a day before, my mom had packed up and left and went back with her boyfriend. So here I was, with my angry dad, who I didn't really know, and didn't know me at all. Who was an alcoholic, and way too heavy into pot for me and him to get along. I found out, that basically, the only reason he wanted me there, was so he wouldn't have to pay his debt that he owed for child support. Fucking cool hey?   
  
So it went on for about 6 months, until he drove my brother home, while being drunk. ANd I gave him an ultimatum, and said, "Its either the booze or your son." And he replied, in that stupid, slurry, dumb drunk way of his, "Well, I guess its the booze my boy." So I packed up what I could, and left to stay at a friends. I went from there, to my girlfriend's friends place, and then back to live with my mom.  
  
I tried testing the waters, to see if they would love me unconditionally, I needed to see it. I need for them to look at me, and forgive me, be mad yes, ofcourse, but forgive me. So I ordered about $30 worth of porno's that I never watched, off of the cable. And my mom's boyfriend flipped shit. Started yelling. At by this time, people yelling at me went in one ear, and out the other. I could yell too, I didn't really give a shit. So I remember watching the cat, who was sleeping next to me, was having a dream, and his face was twitching, and I couldn't help but laugh. I was worried, I wasn't mad, I'd excepted this. I'd hoped not for it, but, I was prepared nonetheless. And then he flipped the hell out. And it was time for me to move out. So I spent some time at my mom's friends house, and then found out that I was elligble to go to college on the governments tab, so I geared up for some upgrading. My mom told me that she would help me get up there, so, since I had a job, I put as much money into getting prepared as I could. And the day came when I had to leave for college, to meet with my landlord for my apartment there... and well... I couldn't get ahold of her. Turns out, they'd left the city. So i sold what I could, left what I couldn't take, had a change of clothes, and took the bus to the town where my college was. I was there with nothing, I also found out the hard way, that I had no life skills, I had none. I had no idea what I was doing, or even how to figure out what it was I was supposed to do in order to start.  
  
I slept on the carpet in my one bedroom, went to school everyday, but eventually, depression set in, my grades lowered, I was missing classes, and then the government pulled my funding. I eventually ran out of money, and didn't have enough time to work and make the amount I needed in order to live. So I was homeless. I stayed at a friends, and then went back to the city, the one I'm living in now, and stayed with that worker from back in the group home. Things were okay, but, I wasn't able to secure a job. Like I'd mentioned before, when things got stressful, I just couldn't handle it. I've also had problems standing, I've had issues with my feet since birth, and another thing I forgot to mention, was when they would hit my heels, the part I have the most problems with, with a hammer, in some sort of fucked up S&amp;M shit. They knew I had problems with my feet, I think its why they made me run laps so much, they liked seeing me in pain, probably some sick twisted turn on for them. ugh. I hate thinking about that stuff. Trying to figure it out... I just... I don't even know.  
  
So now I had to move out, and I moved in with my uncle, who, was having some addiction issues, and roommate issues. I came home late one night, and forgot my key, so i had to knock, and wake him up. He told me to get the fuck out, and pick my stuff up later.  
  
So here I was, in a City where knew no one, knew where nothing really was, save for the stuff near where my previous years were, but nothing that would help me. Homeless, 18 years old, and homeless, stranded, alone. Not that I hadn't already been alone for the majority of my life, but, alone, once again.  
  
The struggle continues further, but I think you guys get more than the jist. The nastiest stuff is up there. Some bad, but, not as worse things happened later.  
  
If you want to know more about what happened up until, well, around today, I can tell you all the big points.   
  
But I mean, what would I be diagnosed as?  
  
I'm thinking PTSD, but this stuff, how I am, and how I react, how I live, how I cope, its all, second nature for me. when someone scares me, I get upset, and I get defensive. I wouldn't hit them, I mean, they don't really know why right? But I have horrible nightmares, to the point where I just stay up as long as I can, and then go to sleep only because I pretty much have to.  
  
I eat and eat, and gorge myself, and its hard to stop. When I get that feeling of being hungry, it just brings me back when I'd come in from the laps, starving. And I can't take it. I can't deal with it, I've GOT TO get rid of that feeling. I hate running to excersice, I had a bike but it got stolen, but it feels like a punishment to me. I can't do it. I can't bring myself to do it.  
  
Most people, psychologists included, tend to see the visage I put on for everybody else. Something I worked hard on from 9 to know now, in order to not look like I don't fit in so much. I may come across as weird to some I suppose, but no one would ever be able to guess. Its a really good wall,and you only get a hint at the issues, through the cracks. I've only began to notice some of these problems, because I've taken the time to think hard about whats going on, and what.   
  
  
Sorry for making this so long guys. But I suppose I wanted to give you a really good idea of what it is I live through daily.  
  
Any thoughts or ideas?  
  
\*\*TL;DR Suffered some extreme abuse and neglect, and have some prominent issues going on right now, and would like some perspective on what it might be that has defined the way I exist today. PTSD? Depression? Lack of Oreo's and Milk?\*\*  
  
EDIT: Added TL;DR, sorry guys, still a Reddit n00b.  
EDIT 2: Sorry for improper grammar or incorrect spelling, but I was typing as I was thinking.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/pdkm8l/advice_tips_tricks_and_hacks_from_a_recent_grad/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Advice, tips, tricks, and hacks, from a recent grad - DMs open if any of you need a friend, someone to listen or advice &lt;3

\*\*\*Putting it at the top so everyone sees it - I am here to answer any questions, offer whatever comfort I can, help with whatever you ask about. Ask in the comments or FEEL FREE to DM me. ALL\*\*\* \*\*\*you have to do is ask. Doesn't have to be phrased properly, doesn't have to be thought out or pass a certain "worthy of asking about" mark. Anything you can think of, study habits, classes to take, how to tell if a prof is gonna be decent, etc etc etc. No questions barred, and ABSOLUTELY NO judgement, just help &lt;3\*\*\*  
  
Hi everyone! 23 year old, female, 2020 grad in the US and current math/english/computer science tutor here. Been a TA in 3 different disciplines, convinced professors to restructure classes, gotten WIFI upgrades for a whole dorm building, and so on. I want to share that knowledge with people that can use it, since it made my life so much easier in school. After hearing from so many of my students, and seeing so many "advice for new college student" posts all over reddit, I wanted to post here with a list of some of the best tricks I accumulated in my time at school. Some may apply more than others, since my school was on the smaller side. However, many center around one thing - get to know the people who work at the school. And not just your professors. They know things and can help in ways you don't even know about.  
  
Much of this is from personal experience, or from stuff I've heard from friends or tutoring students. Don't take it all as gospel, since some of it may not apply to the college you're at but try to read it for some of the general concepts if nothing else. Also I am sorry it's so long, I really want to give y'all as many tools as possible though.   
  
# The FIRST and most important thing is names.  
  
Names are one of your greatest weapons. People like to be remembered. And you can get a lot more help if you can ask for a senior person by name. Not in a demand-y way, of course, but being able to say "Oh, is there any chance that Bob is in today? He was great when I needed help with X, Y, Z last time!" doubles as a compliment and a means of getting speedier/better help! \*\*Keep a running notes list of people and interactions with them.\*\* I recommend in your phone, either as an actual list, or a series of contacts with their company field set to their job, a phone number for them/their department, and whatever other info you find helpful in the actual notes part. Seems like a bunch of clerical work but it is OH SO HELPFUL when you need a new bed frame and can just open contacts, type in "SCHOOLNAME maintenance" and see that you had Steve fix your door when the lock broke and Glenda was the nice desk woman who sent him.  
  
Given the above example, here is a good starter list of people to know/get help from  
  
\* \*\*Janitors or maintenance people\*\* \- they like you? You've been nice to them? They'll be more helpful than they probably would. Most people think of them as background, but they're the reason the showers work, the heaters don't spew dust and can fix your door when the lock gets jammed. By senior year I had enough cred with these guys that I got a full new set of furniture and mattresses for my room. Totally worth it.  
\* \*\*The person that answers the phone in the maintenance office\*\*. They just know most, if not all, of the maintenance guys, and probably a lot of coordination and behind the scenes people at the school. Call with a simple question, and REMEMBER (or write down) their name.  
\* \*\*Security guards -\*\* most schools will have a main security number that you can call for a bunch of stuff they may not actually mention. I had some joint issues that screwed up my ankle for a few years. Sometimes walking across campus between classes wasn't possible. I could call them up and they'd come pick me up and make sure I got to class okay. This was not an accommodation thing either, they did it for anyone that asked. It also applied to feeling unsafe walking around at night, etc. It can really help. Keep the security number in your phone as a contact all its own.  
\* \*\*Teachers assistants / free tutors etc -\*\* I'm talking about the writing center, the math tutoring that many schools have, TA's that have office hours, lab TA's and on and on. If they're still a student and working in some teaching capacity its VERY likely that they WANT to help and really enjoy it. I loved hanging out in the ceramics lab when I was a TA and was always THRILLED to be asked for help. We do it to help, and if you're nice to us we'll often go above and beyond. There is another side to this, if you go to tutoring/office hours of those student teachers and TA's - you'll meet other people (probably from your class) that are trying to study. Possible new friends or at least fellow commiserators are always a plus! And you'll have more people to panic text if you're not sure when an assignment is due.  
\* \*\*The IT desk people -\*\* They keep the wifi up. And the wifi is usually very important for studying, etc. Make sure you know the name of at least one actual university staff member that works there. They often hire students, and the students can help but are usually rather limited. Also, if you ever need to get them to fix something, especially in a dorm, get at least one or two other people to agree its happened to them and then call it an outage. The word "outage" indicates a special kind of \*get on this right now\* in IT. I got the Wifi in my dorm upgraded cause I went to them with a petition from like 30 people about how bad the wifi had gotten in my dorm :)  
  
# On to academics:  
  
I took a lot of classes across a lot of disciplines, so each trick's usefulness may vary school to school, though many of them are pretty all encompassing.  
  
\* READ the syllabus. It will tell you many things that are not explicitly written.  
 \* For example: Is there a schedule? Yes? Good! You should write all those dates in your planner/calendar. No? Pay closer attention to what the professor says is upcoming during lectures. Profs will often tell you if they will move exams slightly during syllabus day. Remember which ones they are, cause they're more likely to reschedule a test if another couple major courses have an exam the same day.   
\* Many people talk about picking the class for the professor. ALSO PICK IT FOR THE TA/GRADER, WHEN APPLICABLE.  
 \* Find out if the class is graded by the actual professor, a grader or a TA. Many classes, especially smaller schools will have things like math homework graded by TA's/graders and exams etc graded by professors. This saved me because physics lab was TA-graded and I managed to pick the section of the most experienced and lenient grading TA. Made a hard class WAYYYYY more manageable.  
\* IF you are unsure which of a few general requirements to take, sign up for one (or even two) extra, go to each of them and drop the ones that seem the least appealing. Base this at least partially on the professor.  
 \* You may get there, see the syllabus and go "SIX ESSAYS at least TEN pages EACH?!" and be able to have a fall back class that still fills a requirement. This way you're not scrambling to find a replacement when the good courses are full.  
\* WHENEVER you have an essay due, make an outline that's fleshed out enough to give an idea of your thoughts and arguments, at least a week before the due date. Then schedule a meeting with the professor to go over it.  
 \* The feedback they give is always helpful, follow it. People like their ideas acknowledged. The most important thing (at least that I found) was how they reacted to it. Did they like it? Keep it. Didn't like it? Tell them next class that you reworked the topic cause you thought of something else. They have to read tons of papers, and interesting papers or ones that aren't about the Same Thing tend to not be compared to as many. The smaller the sample size of papers for that topic, the more likely you are to not be graded as harshly.   
\* If you dislike a professor, offer to help them. Show up to their office hours, even just to chat. Chances are that a lot of students dislike them, and a little kindness goes a long way.  
 \* Even the profs I disliked for their teaching style were cool human beings. Professors that are actually BAD on all fronts are rather rare. See the good side and play into interacting with them that way. In doing this, I convinced the worst (terrible teacher, questionable human sometimes, but very intelligent) professor that the computer science department ever had that I was fond of him. Talked him out of some bad pop quizzes, and managed to make him filibuster his way through several whole 2 hr class periods just telling me about his life. Honey over vinegar, always.  
\* If a class isn't limited by some resource that determines the number of spots (i.e. pottery wheels, computer desks, physical seats in the classroom etc) and you want into it, get on the waiting list and then just SHOW up to it.  
 \* On the first day of classes, show up to that course with a printed add/drop form and say you're on the waiting list (if you're first on it, mention that too, otherwise just say you're on it). Then ask if they would be able to add you. That max number of seats (unless determined by materials) is often set by the professor, and can be overridden by the professor. Trust me it feels weird, but the worst they can do is say, sorry no I can't let more students in. This shows the prof that you will actively participate, you're on top of things etc. Have the prof sign the add/drop and then immediately go get it put into your schedule at the registrar's office. In person. This never failed to get me into a course.  
\* Some professors, despite being professors, are noticeably better at teaching one-on-one than lecturing to a larger class. If possible, go to their office hours, or schedule a meeting with them to get help.  
 \* Usually you won't know until you try, so I highly advise trying. They have office hours for a reason. Bring a study guide, your notes, some part of the slides/book that didn't make sense. Being able to show them material helps a lot in getting a good explanation too.   
\* If your professor is unavailable, or you don't gel with their teaching style but can't switch sections of the class to get a different prof, go to ANOTHER PROF'S office hours. Even if you like your prof, but they're busy or something doesn't make sense, try another person's explanations :)  
 \* Feels weird right? Surprisingly, most profs don't mind this. Don't tell other prof that your prof is bad, just say they're super busy today and I was wondering if you're able to help with X. Sometimes even if they don't teach the class they have in the past or they know the material. This saved me in O-Chem, on many many occasions. If you go back to them again, just say "The way you explained.... really helped me understand the material better! So I wanted to ask about this.....". Those compliment questions will get you far.  
\* Befriend as many upperclassmen as possible, both in your major and out.  
 \* The ones that have been TA's often know how stuff is graded (we see A LOT of the rubrics) and the rest can point you in the direction of the good professors at the very least. The real heroes will sometimes even give you old notes.   
 \* Especially in computer science this SAVED me more times than I can count. Newer students would ask the upperclassmen for help in the computer labs ALL THE TIME. And that student solidarity kicks in and all of the sudden the freshman that couldn't make their game render properly has a few of the best students in the major debating what could be causing it, and 10 min later - it's fixed. It really does take a village to survive college, so make sure you know the more experienced villagers.  
\* Stay ON TOP OF your homework. Especially in smaller schools where the prof might notice if you don't.   
 \* When life does happen and you need an extension, being able to say (with the gradebook to back you up) that you've worked really hard to stay on top of assignments and this is the first (or one of the few times) that you've been late on something makes a HUGE difference. I know homework sucks, but if its assigned there's a purpose. Even if its busywork, it's points you don't have to get later.  
\* Asking IN ADVANCE for an extension. Even if it's just the day before.   
 \* Email your professor something along the lines of "Hi Professor X, &lt;newline&gt; I had thought I could finish assignment Y for class Z by the due date tomorrow, but now that I'm partway through it I don't think I will be able to finish it in time and do a good job on it. Could I have a 24hr extension? &lt;newline&gt; Thank you, Cat" or some similar variation if a health emergency or other impeding thing comes up.   
 \* Always, ALWAYS mention being partway done since that is often the case and makes it about circumstances or not having enough time to finish (rather than a case of i-didnt-start-yet-oh-no).  
\* Have MULTIPLE advisors - at least one in your major and one in your minor. There are many many benefits, and most schools don't limit how many advisors you have.  
 \* If you get assigned a bad advisor at the start of freshman year DO NOT try to change and remove the original advisor. Especially if you will have to take classes from them. It can be seen as an insult and is hard to make fully inoffensive. If you have multiple though, they're not the end-all be-all of signing off on things for you.   
 \* Multiple advisors means multiple people that can be asked to sign off on that last minute add drop form you need (saved me 3 times in the 2 years where I had two advisors).  
 \* Multiple perspectives on how to navigate the system, what classes are suited for you etc. Works especially well with two profs from the same department, especially if one went to school there or has been there for a long time.   
\* CALL IN sick or missing class on important days or for classes that require attendance. (Mostly for small schools, where you know the prof)  
 \* Calling is the favored method of communication for many professors of older generations, so they'll often actually pick up the phone.  
 \* If you get voicemail, most (if not all) large systems like the university will have either send an email transcript of the message or an audio clip to the professor. They'll see it sooner usually cause they have to open it to see the contents.  
 \* Way better proof of needing to be out in a sincere little phone call than a short email. Especially good if you sound sick or in pain. Even if not, it somehow comes across less faked  
\* CALL your prof's office to see if they're around, or if their office hours are busy. Great way to get a quick question in without having to wait in a long office hours line, or hope your email gets seen.  
 \* If they're not there, decide if you want to leave a message or not.   
 \* If they are there, and its office hours - ask if there's a lot of students waiting. If yes, ask if there's a better time to come in and talk to them, or see if you can just ask after class.   
\* Course overrides are both a friend and a nemesis - they can help your schedule BUT make triple sure that you wont get too shafted by not having a requirement for a class you get an override for.  
 \* Some class pre-req's are actually a vague foundation that little to none of the material is based on, if you ask nicely some professors will sign you into the class and give an override of that requirement. Very useful, slightly dangerous. Apply with caution, and advice.  
  
# Social and sundries  
  
\* Most schools have some sort of clubs fair in the first few weeks. GO TO IT. Look around, talk to people. No, no one is judging you for going alone, the whole point of a clubs fair is finding new groups of people with similar interests.  
 \* Pick a couple clubs that either interest you based on the people at the table, or on the actual topic of the club. Give yourself full permission to not like it and never go again, but go to the next meeting they have. People get that not all clubs are for everyone, I still have friends that I met in college freshman year just by trying out clubs.   
\* The registrar's office is a vital place. A veritable hub of secret ways into classes that seem full. Always go in person when you need something, they know many tricks. They also have printed add/drop forms.  
 \* Remember the people that work the desk, they often enter course overrides by hand when registration opens, and if they like you, you may end up on top of the pile.   
\* Don't feel like you HAVE to go to study sessions that friends invite you to. Sometimes they're wildly unproductive.   
 \* I've never been one to learn well when there's a bunch of my friends in the room, so I would study by myself and occasionally go to study sessions to help friends or practice the material. Find your learning style and use that knowledge to be more effective in how you go about learning. Also, if applicable, tell your prof. Tell them that you're so sorry if you seem distracted in class, but you prefer to listen and doodle and then make notes from the text book later. Etc.   
\* If you're unsure of when fun social stuff will come up PREEMPTIVELY do your homework.  
 \* Don't leave it till 10pm on a midnight deadline, only to find out everyone's meeting up in 15 min to go on some fun adventure. Do your homework between classes, before dinner etc. I did this all four years as much as I could and I got to go on a lot more last minute adventures than I would have.   
\* IF you can manage it, have one day of the week as empty of classes as possible. Preferably somewhere in the middle.   
 \* It gives time for errands, sleeping in a little, that essay thats due Friday, etc. Its a cushion day, and I recommend either Tuesday or Thursday since a lot of schools run classes that are MWF or T/Th. Tuesday is more for homework catch up if you know you're not a weekend homework person, and Thursday is more of a break in the week for the random stuff that comes up. At least in my experience. But consider it, its super nice just sanity wise too.   
\* Consider getting a cheap monitor, keyboard, and mouse set up if you have a laptop. All you need is a usb hub and an hdmi cable to connect everything.   
 \* Being able to have a reference AND your paper visible together is a beautiful beautiful thing. Or your math homework and Netflix, whatever floats your boat.   
\* On a similar note, learn your context switching keys on your computer. Super helpful. See below for system:  
 \* Windows PC - alt + tab: switch between all open windows in order of most recent. Does not do it by program like mac. If it's open and separate it will be listed separately. Keep hitting tab to navigate on the little bar that pops up in the middle of your screen.  
 \* Mac - command + tab: switch between all open PROGRAMS. Will show the window for the front most open window of a program.   
 \* Mac - command + \~: That's the tilde key, its right below the esc. This will switch between open windows of the program you're currently in. Like from the chrome window with my google doc to the one with my reference doc.   
\* If you have a mac and HATE having windows maximized as much as I do, get the [Spectacle app](https://www.spectacleapp.com/) to be able to use a couple easy keyboard commands to pick which side of the screen a window is put on, etc. Basically a way to have it work a little more like windows. Highly recommend.  
\* Attempt to log into to the staff wifi network and see if your school's staff wifi is locked to students. The one at my school wasn't, and it was significantly faster.   
  
# Some health/accommodation tips   
  
I have a bunch of allergies and other health issues that meant I couldn't eat cafeteria food, got a room to myself and some academic accommodations. I am no expert on any of this, but I did notice a few things, and I hope they can help some of you if you face similar circumstances. And as I said before, I'm here if anyone wants to talk or is having a hard time adjusting to dorm/college life with health challenges &lt;3  
  
\* If you have documented allergies, you can ask the accommodations office if they'll give you an academic accommodation so that you don't have to take a test while having a reaction. I only found this out junior year, and it was EXTREMELY helpful. Don't abuse it, but not having to take an 8am calc test when you can only kinda walk and barely think is a huge relief.  
\* It doesn't hurt to ask - see if they'll give you academic accommodations if you have anything health related on file. Could be as simple as more time to get between classes, or getting to skip the waitlist for the only section of a class that isn't 8am because you can't get food from the cafeteria that early.   
\* They will clean the air vents to your room if you ask. Dust is not good for anyone, even if you're not really allergic to it. Just call maintenance and ask, or ask accommodations if you have something related that they know about.   
\* Regardless of what your school has on file, TELL your professors as early on as possible that you have health stuff that affects your x, y and z academically. You don't need to tell them what it is (and I advise you don't since they can't form as many judgements about it), I would usually just say "health conditions and allergies". Even if you don't have something official, they're more likely to be understanding if you miss class or need extra help with something.   
\* I was able to not have a roommate all 4 years of living in a dorm, so know that's entirely possible for most schools to do and I would suggest asking about it if you have severe allergies or something else that would make it helpful.   
\* Just keep asking for help, going to different offices etc until they give you the accommodations that you need.   
  
Hope it helped! Sending good thoughts to all of you for the school year &lt;3&lt;3&lt;3

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/95pppu/the_college_guide_for_poor_kids/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: The College Guide for Poor Kids

hi r/college!  
  
After browsing this thread for a while and also just searching online, I realized that while there’s an abundant amount of information and college survival tips/guides for the average college student, there’s hardly any for \*actual\* poor students and students of immigrants/first gen kids. After three frustrating years at Boston University, a seemingly progressive private institution that basically just discriminates against its lower income students, I decided to create my own guide as a lower income student who is a child of a single parent immigrant for anyone who might be facing the same experiences or about to enter college. Feel more than free to enter your own tips and/or experiences!   
  
1. Work Study: Most lower income students qualify for work study, and while its a good federal aid opportunity, I quickly realized after my freshman year that you don’t really get paid enough to live because there’s a cap on the amount of hours you can work, especially if your parents can’t afford to give you some spending money too. I recommend getting a second job if possible, and either working very little hours through work study, or forfeiting it altogether.   
2. Financial aid: You’d think schools would be more willing to help lower income students who are already enrolled but that’s just not the case. If you ever find yourself needing more money from the school, I highly recommend appealing for more (even if its a small amount). If they deny your appeal, keep calling the office. I have a friend who even emailed our financial aid office once and talked about his deteriorating mental health as a way to guilt trip them into giving more aid.   
3. Discrimination: The funny thing about my school (and probably all seemingly “progressive” institutions) is that they try to hide how discriminatory they are. This year, and every year for the past three years, I was “randomly” selected for income verification as were many of my other low income friends. Not very random if you’re only targeting low income students. Little things like this are the just some points of discrimination I and many others face every year at private institutions.   
4. Health Insurance: If like mine, your parents are immigrants and don’t qualify for health insurance, the odds are that your school will try to force you to pay for their student insurance plan. That would be fine, if said insurance plans didn’t cost thousands of dollars, which is kind of contradictory if you can’t afford health insurance, or tuition, to begin with. I didn’t realize until this year that there’s an easy loophole around this if you’re able to find a part or full time job that offers health insurance, which is helpful to begin with if you already plan on getting a job in addition or in lieu of work study.   
5. Housing: I lived in on campus housing for the first two years of college, and then decided to move off campus. Many other low income students I know fear doing the same because of student housing scholarships, which is fair, but what I’ve found is that living off campus is for the most part still cheaper than living on campus with a housing scholarship. If you also get federal aid, that money can also be refunded back to you to pay for the cost of rent. At the end of the day, paying around the same to live off campus and have your own room, kitchen, privacy etc will always be better than living on campus and sharing a room with someone in a dorm that hasn’t been renovated in 50 years.   
6. Friends/Socializing: This is one of the hardest things for me to deal with, because I’m constantly surrounded by middle class and to upper class kids who complain about how poor they are and how expensive school is. Yes, school totally is expensive. But I can’t pity someone who comes from a well off family when mine can barely afford rent let alone put me through school. (Seriously, I once had a girl complain to me about how her family makes 100K so she doesnt get any federal aid and so “in a lot of ways college is harder for middle class students than poor ones”). Its also hard when your friends parents pay for all their ubers and they can afford to go out almost every day and you can’t. My best advice is to not try to follow that lifestyle if/when you can’t. It sucks, but unless you want to work like a dog to be able to afford it, it really isn’t worth it.   
7. Parents: If you’re a first gen college student, especially if your parents arent from this country, there’s a weird phenomena that happens in college where you kind of feel caught between worlds. There’s the world of poverty you feel like you belong to, and then there’s the world of academia and security that you’re introduced to. In a way its alienating, because you can’t really even turn to your parents for guidance since they haven’t experienced it. You can’t ask your parents about motifs in \*The Great Gatsby\* if they’ve never read \*The Great Gatsby\*. This is actually still something I struggle with, but the longer I’ve been in school, the more I’ve been able to find people in a similar boat. We’re all sinking together.   
8. Major: This is similar to the above. There’s a huge pressure, once again especially if you’re the child of immigrants, to study something lucrative in college so you can make more money and rectify their choices/emigration. That’s perfect if you naturally excel and want to study engineering, but it can lead to so much anxiety if you want to study something related to the arts or humanities. My best advice is to study what \*you\* like and what makes you happy even if your parents don’t approve, because at the end of the day its your life. Additionally, it can still be difficult to pursue the arts in school because, at least in my experience, most kids who do study something in the arts are the ones who can afford to, meaning they have their parents to fall back on and pay their rent even if they dont excel after college. Or, their parents have the ability to help them out after school with industry connections.   
9. Student Organizations: One thing I’ve found after joining a fraternity is that dues are super high and you can’t always afford them even if you’re working. This is even harder if you can’t ask your parents for financial help, so apply for all the inter-organization scholarships you can, or try to talk to the leader of whatever organization you’re apart of about lowering your dues.  
10. Textbooks: Split the cost with a friend! Check the university library because they often have a copy of whatever book you need! Then photocopy the book or ask to borrow a copy from your classmate and then photocopy theirs! Yeah its time consuming, but textbooks are super expensive and this is a virtually free way to get them. I haven’t had to encounter any online textbooks that \*require\* you to buy them, but I would also talk to the professor of whatever course you’re taking and explain the situation. They’re a lot more understanding than the university as a whole.  
11. Food: Ask your friends who have meal plans to swipe you in! Buy in bulk! Trader Joe’s is cheap and incredible! I also recommend buying groceries every two or three days instead of weekly to avoid waste of food and money.   
12. Mental Health: Even today its still kinda taboo to discuss mental health, and i felt weird mentioning that i go to therapy until this year when i realized a lot of my other friends do too. don’t hesitate to go, even though i know how hard it is to take the first step. More often than not, whatever insurance you’re on covers most or all of your outpatient costs, and if its still too expensive, most universities offer on campus licensed mental health professionals at little to no cost. One of the perks of being in a high stress environment.   
  
That’s all for now but I will definitely update if i think of anything else. Apologies if any of this comes off as bitter or spiteful towards anyone who isn’t from a low income/international fam, I love everyone regardless but it can definitely be isolating to only see middle class and upper class experiences discussed in both this thread and around you at school. Feel free to add below !!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/k9f4ke/american_universities_should_move_away_from_a/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: American universities should move away from a forced liberal arts education.

Highschool is the partly the reason why I think we have so many U.S colleges that enforce a liberal arts education curriculum and make you take all these gen eds that are not part of your major. Defenders of liberal arts colleges like to say that you need to go to college " so you can become more well rounded, better critical thinker" as if highschool could not teach you that. I mean what is the purpose of highschool if I have to go to college to be able "to become a better thinker" and whatnot. I mean, I've heard various versions from Americans about the point of going to college but not the point of highschool or the K-12 system and how it plays a role in students transitioning into college or into adult life.  
  
Other universities around the world don't enforce a liberal arts education that emphasizes well rounded learning. If you major in history, you just study history. If you major in math, you just study math. You can graduate in as soon as 3 years because you don't have to take these other courses that dont' pertain to your major. Those majors I listed don't aim to prepare you for jobs like engineering so it's not a vocation. Only in America, will people say that college is supposed to make you take these well rounded courses and that if you just want to study the topic of your major, then it's considered a vocation or trade school mean for job training even if you just want to study music theory all day. Some Americans need to realize that when they define college, it is not a fundamental concept of higher education, but an American concept. Even the word "college" in the U.K means a different thing from college in America. Defenders of gen eds in college also like to say that engineers need a liberal arts education so they can become better writers and understand about ethics better, but it doesn't require 6 humanities/social science courses or an extra year of studying all these different courses simply to be a better communicator, orator, or have a better understand of ethics. I'm not denying the importance of these skills, but if you look at canadian colleges like the University of Toronto, a math specialist degree only require students to take a a few ethics courses. I don't think graduates of universities outside the U.S are somehow less educated because they didn't have a well rounded education in higher education. As I mentioned before, what is the purpose of highschool if college has to educate me again to become a better communicator. Additionally, my college education costs 52k USD in tuition per year so why should I not be able to choose the courses I want? It's not like my education is being subsidized by the government. Of course, the motivating reason for me to be at my university is for the connections after I graduate and a specific academic program within the university I like because realistically, no one is going to pay 52k USD per year if they want to "have a well rounded education." If you think a liberal arts college education is so important, you would still pay 52k USD and be in debt for a long time, right?  
  
Defenders of the liberal arts in colleges would say that if education was free and subsidized, it shouldn't matter if you had to to take courses that you were not interested in. However, as I mentioned before, why not have all the well rounded learning in highschool. Did I learn jackshit before going to college. I am taking many gen eds in college that I have taken before in highschool so I am basically re learning the same subjects. You might say that I should take AP classes and then I wouldn't have gen eds and this whole discussion would be pointless. But , realize that AP classes exist because the rigor across all American highschools are not uniform. Anecdotally, I have even heard a highschool student outside of the the U.S say that an AP class in the U.S is equivalent to a non honors class in their highschool so that says a lot about the rigor of the U.S education system. If education was not controlled on a State or local level and was controlled by the federal government, perhaps we wouldn't need these gen eds to re teach highschool students. I am sure most of you wont deny that there is an issue with the U.S K-12 system considering how much more is funded for public schools despite English and Math proficiency levels of U.S students not being as high as other countries. When people discuss about the problem with universities in American I dont' think the K-12 system cannot be ignored like it is its own separate issue.  
  
When I hear people say the liberal arts encompasses math and science, I also find that very disingenuous. The liberal arts curriculum in the college that supposedly encompasses math and science is probably one math and two science course a student takes and I don't think students gain much value from one math class in college. The liberal arts curriculum is most likely made up of social science/humanities courses, so the liberal arts barely encompasses subjects outside the humanities and social sciences. Someone majoring in humanities in a liberal arts college is more likely to take liberal arts classes that overlap with their degree requirement than a STEM major in a liberal arts college who has to take many liberal arts classes that are not related to their degree. Also realize that the liberal arts has meant slightly different things in the past. The liberal arts during the Renaissance period was rooted in classical languages and literature and had a strong emphasis on the humanities.  
  
I would like to say a lot more but I have condensed it into fewer words. My entire point of writing this is that I vehemently dislike these gen eds I have to take and that I dread every single moment of taking. I went to college so that I can study math and only math. These gen eds divide my attention and make me distracted from my goal of studyng math. I have learned a lot more and far more during the summer studying math on the my own because I had no distractions, but because I have these gen eds to take, I feel bottlenecked like my potential is wasted. If I put my heart to math, I would probably fail my other classes because I'd get so obsessed. I could study math all day, and you might think it makes me a very narrow minded boring person "who doesn't deserve to be in college" like many others have told me and I think I have heard every type of response, but I don't care what you think. I have had countless discussions with many people on why a liberal arts education in higher education is important but nothing has changed my mind that I dislike my liberal arts education and do not find as much value in it and I don't think anything will ever change my mind no matter what anyone says. If anyone tries to change my mind, it will only increase my hatred of the rhetoric by americans about the importance of the liberal arts. I have even considered dropping out of college just to prove a point about how serious I am. Hearing Americans discuss about the importance of a liberal arts college makes me angry since it feels like it's being shoved down my throat. I guess it all comes down to, why can't I choose what I'd like to study?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/4alc9f/my_dad_doesnt_want_me_to_major_in_what_ive/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: My dad doesn't want me to major in what I've decided to

The title is exactly the way it sounds. I'm a sophomore in an out of state college and have barely gotten close to past the GenEds stage of college yet I have already declared a major in Exercise Science/Kinesiology, Pre Physical Therapy. This major is science heavy, and it turns out I actually really dislike science and am not doing well enough to get into a grad school in my important major courses (I have done fine in my GenEds). I'm a terrible test taker and I don't retain memorized knowledge very well. I am better at learning when I have an actual physical task at hand. I did terribly in my second general Chemistry course and I am doing even worse in Anatomy. My advisor warned me that if I do poorly in courses like Anatomy and Physiology, graduate school is almost out of the question. It's only going to keep getting more difficult.  
  
I figured out that I am really passionate about writing. I thought about changing my major to something more English-related about 5-6 months ago. I realized I wasn't happy in my science courses and I couldn't continue faking it for my parents, who both had/have science careers. I decided journalism seems like something for me - every teacher or professor that I have encountered in an English related setting has told me I have some kind of talent for writing - and I felt like a very tangible career could come from this. I met with an advisor to get my credits in order - I have 57 credit hours in my kinesiology major, and those would transfer over to the journalism major perfectly, meaning I can still graduate on time. We got all my classes for the next four semesters lined up for registration.  
  
I waited a few weeks to hit my parents with the news. I told my dad first and his response was not at all what I expected. Right when I told him "Hey, dad, I've been thinking that I am going to change my major to journalism." Right off the bat, he said there is no career in journalism. Then he said immediately after that if I pursue that as my major, he is not going to pay for it and I can come home and take a year off to figure myself out and finish out my degree at home because he's not going to waste any more money on me. The funny thing is, it's taken me two years to finally feel like I know what I want to do. Not only that, but it's taken me this long to finally build up a community for myself that I feel comfortable in at my college, I've joined a cultural sorority, and I've been really involved in campus and I can't see myself letting that go. If I take a year off of school, how am I going to figure out what I want to do if I'm not taking classes that harbor that kind of growth and self-actualization?  
  
My school is expensive, but he's not realizing that I wouldn't be attending 3+ years of graduate school on top of my out-of-state tuition already if I pursued journalism. He would rather see me unhappy making a decent check in a science career than to see me in a writing/arts career. All of the sudden he has decided that he no longer has the money to pay for my school, because scholarships and financial aid as well as me working as much as possible don't exist outside of his bank account. I'm willing to do what I can to stay exactly where I am.  
  
This morning he sent me this email:  
"I just want to write to you to tell you what is on our minds regarding school plans and what I think you need to do over the next year.  
  
With the cost of out of state tuition at [college x] we would have to consume all or our non retirement savings which would leave no emergency funds in case I lost my job if you were to remain at [college x]. Given that your are uncertain about your major and you want to change plans with school I think the best thing for you to do would to be to come home in June and finish your education here, maybe take a year off to work to get a better idea of what you want to do continuing your education. There is nothing wrong with taking time to make a good decision for your future. I am not sure how you became interested in photo journalism. I am sure that you could pursue that here as well as at [college x]."  
  
I have felt for the past two years that my parents have been looking for reasons to pull me out of this school due to the out of state fees. It's funny because, just last summer, my dad was arguing against my mom to keep me going here - she wanted me to take a year off and stay home and work, and he wouldn't let her decide that for me.  
  
I sent an email back explaining my stance and reasoning, and it was quite long. Has anyone been in a similar situation? I understand that my dad pays the checks, but I feel like it doesn't give him the right to disallow me to attend college because I am not pursuing the major he wants me to.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/afh9xn/should_i_take_a_gap_year_for_mental_health_if_i/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Should I take a gap year for mental health if I will lose scholarship money?

I'm coming to Reddit mostly as a last resort because I've been deliberating over this for over a month and classes start in 2 weeks. Here's the situation:  
  
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\*TLDR at the bottom!!\*  
  
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I just finished my first semester of junior year in a city college. It's relatively low-cost compared to other colleges and I have no debt thus far because my mother is able to pay for it plus scholarship money I receive. I still rely on my family and live at home. I've been pretty aimless for my entire college experience. I have no clue about what I want to do with my life nor how to proceed other than drudging through the four years to my bachelors. I also have a history of depression and it's gotten a lot worst since I entered college. I developed full-blown social anxiety and I haven't been able to make any friends. I was incredibly lonely until I started volunteering/interning at a non-prof in the school for the past year, and it's the only reason my anxiety is better.   
  
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I have a decent GPA but I'm a generally horrible student. I'm such a severe procrastinator that I'm in a constant state of stress and sleeplessness during the semester because of my lack of motivation. I'll just stay up all night not writing papers, then writing them or studying hours before their due date. This in itself is a problem I'm ashamed of because I should have grown out of it, but that's a different issue. It's both caused by and contributes to my depression (I assume).  
  
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In any case, this semester was especially bad. I overloaded myself with difficult classes and an internship and I completely burned out. I had to drop a major class I needed, and I gave in all my final papers late. I was so depressed over my personal performance, that my mom or my therapist first suggested that I could take a gap semester and work. As time went on, I decided that a break would be beneficial to my mental help, and my therapist thought so too. My mother was very supportive.  
  
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 For the past three semesters, I've been receiving a scholarship that pays for my tuition. It's conditional, so if I don't meet 30 credits a year, I lose it. It was my main reason for not wanting to take a gap semester. How do you just take a break knowing it will cost you thousands of unnecessary dollars? I think my mom saw how distraught I was and ensured me over and over that she wouldn't mind if I lost the money if it would be good for me. The only reason I started to seriously consider taking off was because she was so supportive. It's her money she's spending on my education.   
  
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That was a few months ago. Since I've gone on break (3 weeks ago), I've been forced to seriously consider what I want to do and find work for the break. I don't want to defend myself, but I literally haven't thought much about it because once I got out of school, I went completely into rest mode. I'm extremely avoidant and procrastinate, so I put it off. Everyone is telling me to do different things (get a job/go back to school/ go part time and get an internship/ get a full-time internship) and I have no idea what to do. I feel like every choice I make will be a mistake.  
  
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I think this past week, I finally settled on taking 2 classes and finding an internship or work on the side, but even that is an undertaking. The thought of going back is scary. I hate school so much, and because of the way I am, it's made me miserable and isolated. I feel like I can barely function in class, and I can't do well.   
  
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So today, I finally tell my mom what I think I'm going to do during my gap, and she asks me (again, I've told her multiple times) what happens if I take a gap. I reiterated that I'd lose the scholarship and couldn't reapply. I think this made her nervous combined with my previous aimlessness. Against what she previously told me, she gently asks me if I want to just go back to class and take a gap later so I'll get another semester of paid tuition. She told me again that it was my choice, but asked me again if I really didn't want to go back. I didn't say anything, and she said that it felt like a waste to lose free money and I'd sit at home depressed and jobless.   
  
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I don't know what to do. Obviously, my mom is justified in doing this. It's free money and she has to pay for tuition. But I did consider this. Actually, the only reason I didn't want to take a gap was \*because\* of the money, and I only decided to because of how many times she told me it was okay. It's been at least 2+ months. Now, 2 weeks before class, she's suddenly asking me if I want to go back and stick it out. It changes everything. I can't justify taking a gap knowing that she prefers I go back to class.   
  
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It's just that I spent a long time thinking about this. I don't even have my classes prepared for full-time because I wasn't going back. And while she still says it's my choice, she has to know that it no longer is. Obviously her rationale is valid (and a little faithless). Why would she tell me so many times that it was fine if it wasn't, and wait until I'm ready to leave to tell me otherwise? Thinking of going back full time is freaking me out. I feel so sick. I will if I have to but I don't want to. I don't know what to do. I don't think my mental health is important enough to make her pay thousands of dollars if I can manage, but all the same, my head is really spinning now that my plans might be in the trash.   
  
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Her idea of delaying taking a gap is also useless to me. After the upcoming semester, I would only need to stay for 1-2 more semesters to finish my degree, so I wouldn't even bother taking a break at that point. I wanted to leave after this semester because of my poor performance and depression. So if I go back, I'd be in it for the long haul.  
  
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It could be I'm not thinking rationally. I don't even know if anyone will read this. I would just like someone to tell me what they think, and any advice they may have.   
  
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\*Tldr; I get a scholarship that pays for my tuition. I'm supported by my mom. Because of worsening mental health and confusion over career path, my mom encouraged me to take a gap year 2+ months ago. I would lose the scholarship and can't reapply, but she reassured me mult. times that she supports my choice b/c the tuition is low cost. I started planning for my gap and was set on it. Today, 2 weeks before class, mom asks me to go back full time. Stressed and don't know what to do. It's her money, but my head.\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/7sbp4z/is_there_still_hope_for_me_to_attend_college_long/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Is there still hope for me to attend college? (long)

I have attended three semesters of college as a degree-seeking student. I didn't fuss about it, but near the end of the semester, my family got an eviction notice that freaked me out like crazy, as my step-dad wasn't paying rent and was misusing our money. I was already struggling as these last few years of my life have been insane, but we were able to survive. Around that time my Mom and step-dad started their separation/divorce. It left me frazzled at the end of the semester, and I ended up getting an A, C, and D. Not terrible, but I got an academic warning. I told myself it was just me being lazy, and that the next semester I would do better.  
  
Then, spring semester of 2017 came and life got insane again, even more so this time. My grandfather committed suicide by shooting himself in the face during spring break, my step-father attempted suicide multiple times from the beginning to end of the semester, my brother got put into inpatient treatment for suicidal activity, and we realized how screwed over we were financially from my stepdad's misuse of our money. Things became tight financially, so I continued my student job I started the first semester of school, but I noticed my performance had dropped significantly from the previous semester, both in school and work. I got an academic probation, seeing that my GPA dropped under a 2.0 to a 1.66. But I was able to get an airline ticket as a prize in a lottery at work, so I thought I'd be able to relax by seeing my father and his side of the family down in Michigan. Heck, the next semester would be great if I came back relaxed! So I booked a trip right before the fall semester started.  
  
During summer, my stepfather overdosed on Ambien twice, strangled himself with a belt to passing out and tried suffocating himself with a bag. Finally, he was told to move out after he was hospitalized. This constant calling of 911 and being afraid there would be a dead body in our house kept everybody in the house on edge. Everybody was stressed, anxious, and terrified. Thankfully I was able to stay at another house for a couple days here and there when I needed to, but the stress still got to me. Then, during the trip to see my father, it turned out that he wasn't what we thought he was. I had brought my brother with me, and two days before we left, my father started verbally assaulting my brother over how he'd die if he were ever to be robbed, how my mother raised him wrong, how he would have raised us to be good christian children, how he wanted to take my little brother and force him to stay there. My father mocked him for having an online girlfriend, telling him he should be screwing every girl possible, told him that he was a pussy that needed to learn how to kill, and so forth. I hid in a room trying to stay away from the fight, but my stepmom dragged me out and started screaming at me at how i had told my mom that she was abusing my little brother, how I was totally conspiring against her when I was only 11. We later went to go on a boat ride, but on the way my step father screamed at us for being non-religious, that he was ashamed of us bieng his blood, that I was a pussy-footing failure, that neither of us woudl get anywhere in life, and finally that we better not tell our mother, as telling our mother would get him pissed off, and he told us that everybody that pisses him off would no longer exist on earth. So basically he threatened to kill us. So on the boat, my little brother called my mom while I kept a look out, and the next day our relatives in the town kept us away from our father as much as they could without raising suspicion. Then, past security at the airport we met up with my mother, where our father couldn't see, and went home. We were scarred from that, and we went to school full of stress and fright. I went to the counseling center at the university after breaking down when trying to tell my teacher what was wrong with me, but they said I was a bit too extreme to me and referred me to the psychological counseling center, who didn't accept me as I wasn't suicidal. So, I went to my former childhood therapist. My brother ended up dropping out. I got academically disqualified.   
  
I for some odd reason thought there was still hope that I could go to school this semester, but I wasn't able to. Turned out they removed me from the degree program, so I tried as a non-degree seeking student. Turns out that as a non-degree seeking student, I had no access to any of the loans or student aid I heavily relied upon, as my family has been spending pretty much every cent on the financial mess we were left in. I called the financial aid center and tried to see what I could do, and they said my only option was to go to class and pay out of pocket or go get a SAP appeal done. So, I emailed my academic counselor about it. This morning I got an email saying that I was pretty much removed from the university. The SAP appeal was only allowed for degree-seeking students, but seeing as how I became non-degree seeking a few days prior, I was disqualified from that.   
  
I have no financial way to go to college without begging for money from my father or getting a job, which would interfere with university especially since I can't even drive yet. So, I'll have to take the next semester or two off to raise up money to go to college, but my loans only give me a grace period of six months, so I am afraid I won't have enough money to go to classes before that is up. Is there anything I can do to still go to college, or do I have to just drop out for the semester and work until I can afford it again?  
  
  
TL;DR A ton of screwed up shit happened during my last three semesters of college, and now I'm academically disqualified due to the mental stress this all caused me. I have no financial means of going to college. Is there still any hope of me going?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/y5yej6/financial_tips_for_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Financial Tips For College

As a junior in college, I rarely get financial support from people like my family, and fafsa and stuff doesn't cover a lot for everyone (for me it was 0), being able to financially support yourself is both and struggle and very hard and while I can't solve anything for you, these are some tips that helped me pay for everything like rent, utilities, gas, groceries, etc.   
  
For personal reference, I spend around 200 dollars a month on food, 375 on rent, 60 on gas, 150 on utilities, and 100 on miscellaneous stuff. I make around 900 at my job, and an addition 100-200 through doordash/instacart. I live in an apartment off campus, have a 500 dollars a semester meal plan which covers some lunches for long days on campus  
  
\*Coupon, Clearance, and More\*  
  
I hate this tip because it makes me look insane to my friends but I save money so I don't care. Walmart is the exception but most grocery stores have an app or printout with coupons and sales. Study and clip the ones you buy for yourself. Don't buy something because it has a coupon, only clip ones for stuff you already buy. Most stores have a clearance section, try to find the meat section and buy and freeze that meat, meat is the biggest expense I have on groceries so finding this out saves me 20-30 bucks on meat alone. Without coupons, clearance, and all that, my grocery bill would probably be almost double than it currently is.  
  
\*Plan your Spending\*  
  
I never raw dog my spending, I always have it planned out. For me I have in my calendar app my errands and how much I need to spend. For example, I go grocery shopping for 20 days out so on October 20th, I can spend 110 on groceries. I also plan some fun things like maybe 20 dollars for bath things, or 10 dollars at a fast food place. This just makes it a lot easier to budget and you get better as you learn your habits and needs. I don't put my entire budget on it because I like their to be some wiggle room to go on a spontaneous cookout run or something and you never know what's going to happen.  
  
\*Check your accounts everyday\*  
  
This won't save you any money but it does allow you to pace yourself and your spending. When I wake up, I make sure to check my bank account, credit cards, and Venmo (and school grades but that's not financial, just a good habit.). This just shows me how much I have, how much I am spending, and how much I can continue to spend. It also just makes sure there's no fraud, surprise purchases, or subscriptions. I also had financial anxiety my first couple semesters where I would be too scared to check balances and therefore would spend terribly. So getting in the habit and getting comfortable with viewing your balances is key to having everything in order.   
  
\*Please don't get into addictive habits\*  
  
This is a more honest mistake I made, I got into vaping my senior year of high school in the pandemic and still struggle with it, honestly I don't do it often, just in the morning and at night but it still takes around 50 dollars a month from me that I could use on better things. If you are on the fence about these things, just stay away and use that money on things that will bring you honest joy. My friend quit and she's spends the money she would on vaping on bath and skin care and stuff like that.  
  
\*Store Brand is going to be your new best friend\*  
  
There are of course, store brand things that just don't cut it, but try to make some substitutions and see that grocery budget go down a lot. For example when I go grocery shopping, I will get store brand pizza rolls (they are 10x better than totinos), cereal, chips, and fruit snacks, pasta, sauces, cleaning wipes, paper towels, etc. most of them are the same and made in the same factory, you'll live. Sodas, hair products, etc I get name brand because those are just my afforded luxuries.   
  
\*Plan those luxuries\*  
  
You can budget all you want for necessities but 99% of the time, you will slip up and that okay, we all do it. I decreased this in myself by putting on my calendar budget, 20 dollars on a date night with my boyfriend, or 50 dollars on an Amazon haul on apartment stuff. This just allows me to just be able to have a bit of fun while staying on a budget  
  
\*Go off campus as soon as you can\*  
  
On-Campus living is very expensive and while you are not paying for it now, you will soon. Most campuses have a 1 or 2 year mandatory dorm living experience but see about getting an exemption or something to get off campus asap. When finding an apartment, skip on the big corporate housing like those 20 building apartment complexes, and find a local, realtor. Ours just owns like 5 2 or 3-unit houses around town and personally takes care of them all. The rent is amazingly cheap, and I live close to campus in an actual house instead of student apartments which tend to be shit often.  
  
\*Cut down on Services and Subscriptions\*  
  
If you are in college, I know its tempting to get doordash or ubereats but I promise you its not worth it. Go pick up the food if you really wanted to get takeout food. With subscriptions, always look up student discounts. For things like Hulu or HBO, try to set something up with your friends to split the bill, most allow 2-3 people on at the same time so see about spllitng up that 12 dollar Hulu account.  
  
\*Be Smart with Drinks\*  
  
This is just an nsfw tip but very useful and a little shady. Be safe but try to just get alcohol handed to you. Typically friends will be open to share and just drink what they have or what's handed to you by trusted people, its expensive, I did not pay for alcohol for the first 2 years of college from this.   
  
I am still not the most financially free so please share your life hacks or if you have questions lemme know. If this doesn't apply to you, don't listen to it, and share your alternatives.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/i1duf9/for_those_angry_about_tuition_and_hybrid_andor/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: For Those Angry About Tuition And Hybrid and/or Full Online Classes And the Lack of Communication

Disclaimer: As much as I don't like to defend Universities (because I think a lot of what they do is wrong), I feel as though people don't realize what's happening.   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I see a lot of people angry about schools deciding to go fully online or do hybrid classes and students being angry about "being charged more for less" or whatever the situation maybe for them.   
  
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I feel as though a lot of students / parents / people don't realize what is happening.   
  
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\- Lack of Communication:   
  
1. State Universities are housed in the control of what's called "[The Board of Regents](https://legal-dictionary.thefreedictionary.com/Board+of+Regents)" each state has their own board, and typically the president and administration takes orders from them and applies those orders to their own university - so oftentimes what you may see as "the president screws us" is "the president was told by the board of regents to do this, so they did it and now they look like d\\*ck heads". In this case, a lot of what's happening is the board of regents is working with local (and probably federal) governments to attempt to create solutions for students at the colleges, and then they say "Hey \\*State Name Here\\* University - We've decided you can't have students be on campus (two weeks before school starts) go deal with that." And then your school's administration has to go deal with that. And then you as a student / parent / customer gets an email "Sorry everyone no in-person classes, maybe next time" and now you hate your university for their lack of communication and everything else.   
  
2. I'm \*\*not\*\* saying this is the case for all the scenarios playing out right now, but ultimately your state's board of regents has the final say on everything whether your school administration likes it or not.   
  
3. Even if its the board of regents that's having problems coming up with quick and concise solutions that may not be 100% on them either - government officials have a lot of stuff to on their plates right now, and schools are just 1 piece of the puzzle - it's like working on a project for someone and you can't do your part without them getting their part done, and then they give you their part 20 minutes before the projects due. You're angry at your partner and your client is like "wtf why didn't \*\*YOU\*\* get \*\*YOUR\*\* part done???" It's not completely fair. But that's likely the way a lot of this is right now.  
  
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\- Tuition Costs:   
  
1. A lot of students are having to deal with hybrid and / or fully online classes for some and / or all their courses and see that their tuition prices are staying the same and in some cases they're even going up (from what some people have said).   
  
2. I'm not sure if any of you have ever worked in the campus IT department or dealt with them before but it can oftentimes be slow and likely unsatisfactory. From my personal experience of working at mine for 2 years as a student and working closely with other IT departments from surrounding schools - I can tell you that most schools IT departments (from some reason) are extremely under-budgeted. Running internet for a University can cost upwards of 10 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR, just to get you the student to access [google.com](https://google.com) while on campus, or for you to be able to VPN into the network to work on schoolwork or use school-related software. These budgets are spent less on employees and more on getting the stuff to work correctly - in turn giving the small teams a giant mess to deal with when something breaks, or a teacher not knowing how to open their email, etc...   
  
3. So what does this have to do with your tuition? Well, teachers now have to retrofit their classes to hybrid modes or fully online classes that may include expensive video gear, hosting large amounts of data on servers, training, new expensive software that often charge per student per year, and much more.   
  
4. This means that the department that was already under-budgeted and underemployed now has 10x more work to get done, and in more of a deficit and is gonna have to deal with an entirely new set of problems this brings. Its all simply going to cost more to implement. Its basically as straight forward as that.   
  
5. I know a lot of students are going to say "Yeah but this online stuff isn't even good, my teacher sucks and the entire way my university is doing this sucks" - While this may be a possibility you have to remember that for the majority of the people at the University this has NEVER been done this way before and they were likely given just as much warning as you were when you received your emails about changes.   
  
6. Not only all of this but teachers and faculty are being laid off or getting pay decreases due to schools enrollment being down so much and one might think "Well if they're firing people why shouldn't my tuition go down?" Well with all the new changes they're probably losing far more money than they did last semester and they if you want your tuition lowered then they're probably going to have to fire more underpaid professors and then it'll take you half a semester to get an assignment graded and an email response them the ones that are left.   
  
7. Side story: Last year when my university "announced" that they were going fully remote until the end of the semester we at the IT department weren't even told first by the university - WE SAW A NEWS ARTICLE COME OUT SAYING WE WERE GOING TO GO ONLINE. The following day we got an email stating it and nothing was prepared at all. (Just thought this could shed some light for some people).   
  
   
  
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This is clearly no ideal for anyone right now, it sucks and it seems like you're getting the sh\\*t end of the stick - but the University and the people that work there are probably getting fried from the burnout of being overworked and underpaid, and they likely don't like it just as much as you do. Their careers and livelihoods are on the line whether it be from their contracts not getting renewed, being laid off, their entire department being downsized, etc... All because enrollments are down and massive things are being changed.   
  
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If anything THEY probably want to see everything succeed the most - because if their university succeeds they'll have a stable job and can continue to live and support families in a lot of cases. Its in their best interest to do so.   
  
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I'm not saying everything universities do is right by any means. But I imagine everyone is working around the clock to get answers and keep students happy - because universities \*\*CAN\*\* and \*\*WILL\*\* go under. Quite some years back my university was in a position where it almost did that and their plan was to just turn it into a hybrid campus for one of the other state universities.   
  
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Hopefully, this helped open your minds a little bit more if they weren't already. At the end of the day if you absolutely cannot deal with what's happening right now, a lot of people are taking off semesters and universities are honoring their scholarships when they return (reach out to your financial aid department and see what they can do).   
  
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Thanks for reading!  
  
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P.S. I didn't proofread any of this - sorry if there are some horrible mistakes and errors lmao

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/7h6ij6/starting_back_at_school_for_mis_at_30_years_oldam/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Starting back at school for MIS at 30 years old...am I making the right decision?

Wanna make sure I'm making the right decision here. Life changing stuff.  
  
 Painting the picture..  
  
Single male, 30 years old. Living in central Arkansas. No kids. \*\*No debt\*\*. I went to college when I was 18 years old after being in the top echelon &amp; AP classes in all of my junior through high school years and went to college for 2 years, but only got credit for 1 year of classes cause I withdrew or failed the others. I was always the shy kid growing up and had only a couple of friends. Never went to a party, never dated, nothing. College gets here and I have my first drink. I move in with now 4 friends in a 2 bedroom apartment on campus. I GM a chain of video game stores and rack up a good 50 hours a week, while taking 12 hours of classes. Long story short, something had to break and I never had a direction in school. I was going to do Film, but the school didn't offer that program yet. Admittedly, I just went to college cause I was a dumb 18 year old and we are all sent to college with the idea of "Figure It Out". Thankfully, instead of spending more thousands of dollars on a degree that I'm not quite sure would have financially got me anywhere, I dropped out. But, that was after passing all of my classes the last semester to get myself out of academic probation. So, left in good standing.  
  
-  
Spent the next few years going from job to job after the owner of the video game franchise fucked up his personal finances with his 8 businesses and had to declare bankruptcy. I paid off the $15,000 I owed the university for my fucking shit up. Found a fantastic bartending position at 24 years old. Started making around $40k a year. Which is a ton for a single, bachelor guy without any responsibilities and in a very low cost of living state. So, kind of partied for the rest of my 20's and went on vacations. Saw a ton of shows, went to Bonnaroo 11 times (couple of times as a teenager), traveled, did cool shit. Had a good time.  
  
 Now..  
  
I'm 30. Don't want to bartend the rest of my life FOR SURE. Hate working until 3AM. I hate most of the 21 year olds that come in the bar. There's no career path with this job, I've been at the glass ceiling for 5 years now and I DEFINITELY don't want to manage. And one day I want to start a family. Also, I'm overrrr the party life. I hardly touch drinking. I went almost a year without drinking recently (damn 30th birthdays). I'm just ready to be..... a 30 year old, I suppose.  
-  
\* Time to get shit done, son.  
-  
So, I enrolled back at my old university. Pretty big school. They accepted me back immediately. I was looking at Computer Science initially after a frustrating 6 month span of redditing and talking to people and pulling all of my hair out. I was enjoying some courses on Team Treehouse. But, I ended up talking to some very like minded friends who urged me to do MIS (Management Information Systems) instead. Same job path, same career trajectory, same pay (perhaps a little lower ceiling on pay, but I don't need to make $200k a year), but wayyy more people skills involved (which I excel at) and business classes instead of advanced math classes in the course. Still learn programming. My buddy's company literally just hired 2 guys for the same job. One was CS. One was MIS. Same job. Same pay.  
-  
MIS &amp; CS opportunities are growing substantially in Arkansas. If you're not from Arkansas, you probably think this place is redneck and backwoods. But, if you grew up here, you know it's an amazing place with an awesomeeee low cost of living. I love the place. Also, looks like it is very likely an Amazon warehouse will be moving in just 25 minutes away from me in the next few years. Which could line RIGHT up with me finishing up my degree. Could be perfect.   
-  
Now, I'm not going to lie. A big reason why I chose MIS, outside of the confidence of succeeding in the field, is the pay. You don't walk off that stage making less than $60k a year. That's almost twice what I'm doing now and that's just starting pay.   
-  
I'm going to the University of Central Arkansas. Which has an excellent program for MIS.   
-  
 Now, the financial stuff..  
My first semester back, I'm taking just 3 classes to get back in the groove. Microeconomics to get it out of the way cause it's required for MIS, Biology for a gen ed, and Nutrition for another gen ed that's easy to pad the GPA stats. I signed up for the best professors &amp; classes literally 2 minutes after the 5 AM window opened for picking classes. I'm not fucking this shit up like my dumb ass 18 year old self.  
-  
I'm still at my bartending job. Despite wanting to move on with my life, I thankfully work with some of my best friends and I make good money. Also, most importantly, because of my seniority, they can work with my class schedule. So, this is what I have devised:  
-  
 Class Day Schedule:  
 - 9:30AM-10:40AM  
 - 12:15PM-1:30PM  
 - 2:40PM-3:55PM  
  
 MON: Off  
 TUE: Class Day Schedule  
 WED: 3PM-5PM Lab  
 THU: Class Day Schedule &amp; Work @ 9PM-3AM  
 FRI: Work either Double or 8PM-3AM  
 SAT: Work either Double or 8PM-3AM  
 SUN: Work 8PM-3AM  
  
- I wanted to make sure I wasn't getting off at 3 AM the night of having to get to class at 9:45AM.  
- Thursdays are gonna suck, it's possible I can occasionally work those. But, Scott Steiner math suggests I Don't Be A Pussy and just red bull it up and work that Thursday anyways.  
-  
 Work Info:  
 With those 4 days of working, I should be able to pull $600-$700 a week.  
 Knock off one night and move it to 3 days of working, $500-$600 a week.  
-  
  
 Utilities  
My rent is around \*\*$550\*\* a month after utilities splitting a 1,500 square foot home with 2 roommates. Being older and having experience with having up to 7 roommates at the same time, I just can't do more than 2. Preferably, I'd be by myself, but the world is not perfect. Oh, and I'm a 5 minute drive away from campus.  
  
\* \*\*\*Food cost is around $400ish\*\*\* as I also do some bodybuilding and the occasional dates with the lady.  
  
\* The rest of my bills between health insurance, phone bill, gym, netflix, Adobe Suite (sidework), etc is about \*\*$430 a month\*\*. Sooooo..  
  
\* Bills + Rent/Utilities + Food = \*\*roughly $1,400 a month\*\*  
  
\* Working 4 days with stacking one work night a week on class schedule, I should be able to roughly expect \*\*$2,400 a month.\*\*  
  
\*\*Leaves $1,000 aside\*\* for anything in the world that could happen. Life shit. I also have a girlfriend. She is very supportive and awesome and is more frugally minded anyways. So, we can have just as good of a time hanging out at home vs. going out often.  
  
 But Student Loans Now...my main inquiry..  
I'm expecting to be able to get grants and possibly scholarships next semester in the fall after I get my GPA up and I have this time of the year to apply.  
  
\* I can get 2 loans with my university. Subsidized which will cover my tuition this semester ($3,100). Along with an unsubsidized loan for $5,300. I obviously need the subsidized loan so I can have my tuition covered. The unsub I'm wrestling around with.  
\* In all honesty, I'm not too concerned about getting into debt with student loans, because I will be increasing my earnings from \*\*$40k a year\*\* full time before college \*(which, the timeline left on that job is probably only 2 years max and I do not want to continue that line of work)\* to starting at \*\*$60k a year\*\*. Possibly up to \*\*$80k a year\*\* and then with some years of working, I could get up to over \*\*$100k\*\* easily.  
  
So, $40k-$50k in student loan debt seems more of a Spend Money to Make Money situation to me.  
  
\* If I took both the sub &amp; unsub loans. That would also allow me to not worry about work. Be able to give shifts up when I need to for extra studying/project time. As, it has been 10 years since I've been in school. Now, I'm serious about it and want to be at the top of my class in every class. This is my future in my hands.  
  
\* Taking the $5,300 unsub loan would give an extra $1,000+ a month during school that could be used to cover all of my living expenses.  
  
Then, the money I make at work? I save.  
  
\* Obviously, I'm taking on debt. So, I'm not exactly saving. But, I save that money until I graduate, then I can put an immediate HUGE dent into my student loans. And, I also have the money for anything that comes up, such as moving into a new place. Car breaking down. Etc, etc. Which brings me toooooo...  
  
\* Should I buy a house?\*\*  
  
I currently live in a rent house. It's $1,150 a month before utilities that I split with 2 other roommates. I've already lived in the same city for 10 years. And with school, I'm locked in for another 3 years.   
  
\* My credit score is 717.  
  
Of course, that's before the loans. That's right now. After rent and utlities (I pay more for the bigger room with its own bathroom), I'm averaging $550 a month. Sometimes a little lower, sometimes a little higher. I could see me and my girlfriend eventually wanting to move in together.   
  
\* My lease is up in May and then it moves to month to month.   
  
My current situation is fine. But, staying here for school the next 3 years, rent minus utilities....just rent, is gonna cost me \*\*$15,000+.\*\*  
  
\* Perhaps I should buy a house instead? I could get something decent for around $110k-$140k. That's 1,200-1,500 square foot, 3 beds &amp; 2 bathrooms usually. I could still have a roommate/my girlfriend pay me rent so I'm not eating the whole thing.  
  
If I need to move after graduating, I could just make it a rent house.  
  
\*\*\*Am I making the right decisions?\*\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/esukg3/betrayed_by_my_bestfriendgirlfriend_of_10years/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Betrayed by my bestfriend/girlfriend of 10years. Struggling to move on and let go of the unbearable pain.

(First paragraph is relevant to story later, as it explains how we first met)  
I am currently 23years old. My story begins from high school 10 years ago. A decade ago when I was in high school I was minding my own business when this transfer girl came into my class. Let’s nickname her Stella for privacy reasons. I met my bestfriend due to the fact that when she instantly saw me she had the urge to get close to me. As the distrustful and highly sceptical guy I was due to my upbringing coming from a dysfunctional family where I didn’t receive much love and care growing up. I was very confused and sceptical of one day a girl who I didn’t know or was attracted (not saying she was ugly ,she was pretty but I just felt nothing for her) to in any way suddenly wanting to be my bestfriend and coming to talk to me. For weeks she kept trying to talk to me during lunch and recess. Eventually we got closer and we would hang out everyday. I was still sceptical about the bestfriend part but I eventually throughout the years I accepted it and she really became my bestfriend in my heart. She obviously didn’t like me in a romantic way I think. Or maybe I was just thicc in the head and didn’t realise it so I never made a move on her because at the time I had my own problems at home and it was constantly on my mind and al the stuff teenagers went through. But Stella lit a spark within my heart. Which I didn’t realise at the time. But one thing for sure was that she made me feel special. Wanted. Loved and someone who accepted me and wanted to be my friend. Which really made me happy. Of course even though we had the bestfriend stigma and talked about never things we never actually went too deeply into ur own personally lives. It was always about general topics about everything. I never went into my family life details because that was something highly personal as Of course she dated guys in school and she dated this one guy who was popular and was my friend back when we were in primary but after always seeing me and Stella so close he got really jealous. As her bestfriend I would comfort her listen to her and be their for her whenever she needed. I stood up for her many times to the other guys because as her first ex Clinton was popular he loved telling all his friends about their relationship and they had many problems and struggles. I stood by her obviously as the bestfriend when people talked shit about her or asked me about her. Even though sometimes we had an off and off relationships because I didn’t want to go in between her relationship as she told me that Clinton was jealous that stella was close with me. I perfectly understood the reasoning as a guy. I didn’t want to make her life difficult. However a Few times stella was kinda cruel to me in a way. Where we made plans to see a movie but she would leave me hanging the last minute. One time we were suppose to see a movie that night together that I really wanted to see . But she suddenly changed. I didn’t know why at that time but accepted it. So I asked my family to go with me. And low and behold whilst going to buy the tickets I see her and clinton going to see the same movie . I walked straight in ignoring her knowing that she saw me with a stone face and she had the face of “oh shit I got caught face” (i was raging inside). Because I would have understood if she just told me the truth. I would be perfectly be fine with it, but she didn’t. The next couple weeks was spent me ignoring her at school. But eventually We started talking again because I missed her. Another time when she was dating another guy because clinton her first boyfriend and her were having a spat and they broke up and we’re seeing other people I think she dated this guy roger and she told me one time she wanted to try being with a more older and mature guy also Personally I saw it as her trying to get back at clinton for dating someone else whilst they were fighting previously even though she never admitted it. One day I was invited along one day because I thought she wanted to hang out with me at the beach with her friends. In the end I got turned into a third wheel and most of the time I was alone hanging by myself . I was basically a spectator playing with sand by myself. To see them all lovey dovey and she basically ignored me nearly the entire time until one of her friends mentioned to her. I feel sorry for your bestfriend why did you invite him if you are just going to leave him alone. Mind you This was the first time she introduced me to this new boyfriend and I wasn’t really close to her friends. Okay let’s Let’s fast forward to me and Stella. High school ended. We didn’t have a proper goodbye to each other. One year later down the road of no contact and me and her not knowing what happened to each other. I finally realised in my heart that I missed her more than just a bestfriend and finally got the courage to confess to her. I didn’t know if she was still dating the roger . But I had to confess either way or I wouldn’t forgive myself and be at piece I had to let her know. Because I couldn’t contain that tiny spark which turned into a raging fireball. I chose her birthday which was in a few days and I got her a gift and went to see her. We rekindled our friendship I confessed.she was shocked that I would like her she expected me to find someone better. I told her I loved her I enjoyed her company that you made me happy and feel special. That’s all that mattered. I courted her for three days and she rejected me 47 times before finally saying “yes” I was really determined. To be with her. 3 years passed by. I was so totally in love with her to the point it was blind faith and blind love. We had many disputes due to the fact that our hobbies where completely opposite . (Keep in mind this was my first relationship. Yes I was a virgin. I am inexperienced in love but I knew what real love was. As someone who craves for love who didn’t receive love growing up I knew what I wanted. Stella was obviously experienced hence the story arc on top paragraph, and she had two prior relationships before me,which later she told me was very abusive and the second guy roger beat her and forced her into having sex, this happened after we broke off after high school , and I was shocked and angry this happened when I found out). I knew she lost her virginity to Clinton since highschool already. Even so I loved her truly and I accepted everything. She was hurt to the point that when she was telling me about it she was literally shaking. But I didn’t care. I wanted to be with her. And told her I love you for who you are and accept you no matter what). Eventually after one month I loss my virginity to her and she was shaking before we did the deed. I did my best to be gentle and before we did it I looked into her eyes and asked her “do you trust me” and kissed her forehead . But she believed in me that time and trusted me. I’m only saying this because personally to me. Nowadays if a guy sleeps with a girl he’s seen as a hero yet when girls sleep with guys they are seen as a h0es. Call me old fashioned but sex and kissing was really special to me and I wanted to give it to the person I loved which was stella. I loved anime/games/drawing/ dancing. She liked keeping in touch with all the social media/ vintage and she was really insecure about anime due to the fact clinton her first ex also liked anime but he use to collect all the perverted merchandise for example mouse pads with a picture of a big Boob chick that supports your wrist. I told her I loved anime for the amazing way it always delivered different perspective in a Creative and imaginative way. But she never wanted to give it a try. We did have things in common like we were Buddhist and shared same values about life. And that we had the bestfriend relationship thing going and we’re comfortable sharing things with each other. We were comfortable . I called her lotus because she was into Buddhism so much she always projected herself as a pure white lotus and she called me light because I was that bright light in her life. Eventually our values and beliefs clashed and it turned into fights. I made mistakes . But they were never severe . Example Playing video games with girls but never flirting or crossing the line ofc just she didn’t like the fact I played games with them. I promised I wouldn’t play anymore because I wanted I make her happy. I tried for a while but I sometimes couldn’t keep it. As gaming was something I really enjoyed . She wasn’t a gamer herself she hated it. She held it against me all these years always reminded me how I was a liar, kept calling me a cheater. Mind you she also broke promises to me as well, but I always forgave her and they were actually more severe than mine but I always ended up forgiving her. I told her my family problems and she used that as an attack on my character. She tormented me with it all these years. Something I couldn’t change. It was really hurtful and harming to my self esteem. Throughout the entire relationship she kept comparing me to her ex’s and saying they made her happier. She compared me to social media couples online or her family. Mind you I was never rich and I told her since the very beginning of our relationship. She told me she knows and didn’t mind she loved me either way. I couldn’t spoil you like the people you see on Instagram living the luxuary life . I did everything I could for her to make her comfortable as I could and feel loved and special just like any man would for the person they love. Since I couldn’t always afford fancy gifts and present I made most of the things I gave her by hand and spent nights and hours doing it.even skipping my gaming sessions and hobbies with my friends because she was more important to me. She tried to change me in a lot of things to fit her ideal version of the man she wanted But I realised after everything if she really loved me and accepted me she wouldn’t change me but bring out the best in me. But as the love blind fool that I was. Even though she hurt me . I always tried to see the best in her no matter what. Of course I got hurt and yelled back when she hurt me with all those words and actions she did. But it was never as bad as the way she abused me. She made me feel low about myself I felt miserable . But I always cheered myself up because I was like “ as long as she’s happy” then I was happy. She made me feel like I didn’t deserve her. Constantly reminded me how much better she was and how all these rich guys ask her but she declines them all. Because they don’t know Buddhism and understand about life that you shouldn’t be material. I remmber once I told her I would get her a MacBook Pro, Cost $3000 . I worked on my summer job for my uncle for 2 months straight . To save up for it. But I had school fees next year, which costed $500 . I told her sorry I couldn’t get you MacBook like I said because I told her I had fees to pay but I bought you the next best thing a $2500 zen book. She gave me an ugly frown and she wasn’t pleased. Then she acted like nothing was wrong.but that first reaction she showed for 5secs forever stuck inside my head. And had always weighed on my mind . Another time I was thinking of getting her a GoPro as a gift so we could take pictures together . Instead I bought her a $1000 sony camera that was on sale, her first reaction and words to me where “is it more expensive than the GoPro” I told her yes it is, and her smile beamed up and she was happy. She liked to say I suit and look better with guys who are bigger. Your too skinny and not that tall. Eat up. Most important when we fought. She never thought she was wrong about the things she said. She “said to me I never wrong” one day she even said to me. “ money solves all my problems, I’ll be your slave for a few more years. But then I’ll leave” I thought those were just angry words that time because we talked about it later. And she didn’t apologise but she calmed down and I I let it go. Because I was a love blind fool. She didn’t make it into university after high school because of all the relationships troubles where was having ( refer back to paragraph one) but I supported her believed in her and encouraged her the entire way. I even did her work / essays and assignments for her. Eventually she made it into her university undertaking 5/12 primary school education so she could become a teacher. I ended up doing 90% of ever assignment for her for the entire 3 years of her bachelor degree . Till she graduated . She didn’t even let me attend and take photos with her on that day. The only things I couldn’t do was sit her final exam but I spent hours making notes from her lectures and helping her memorise and learn it before her exam. Time I willingly sacrificed and wasted , because I thought of her as my only one and wife.who I would marry , grow old and die with hand in hand. Keep in mind I also didn’t make it into university after high school , I went tafe, struggled and failed. Kept trying and eventually got into my chosen field of medical science at a good university . I don’t come from a rich family , Stella came from a above average family , as her father who’s rally a good man owns a mechanic shop and since young , didn’t let his wife(stellas mum) work and made her stay at home. Whilst he worked 7 days for many over 30years. So she had a role model that she wanted someone like her father and expected me to treat her like a princess . Because my dumbass didn’t know better and I truly loved her and wanted to treat her like a princess I didn’t mind. I did my best to live up to her expectations and studied my ass off. So I could make the big bucks one day and show her family I deserved her and support her because she drilled into my head that I was lesser. That I was lucky to have her. . Even though I’m not one of this naturally gifted people . I was pretty average I just worked harder to get to where I was. But I always fell short from those students who had a better foundation than me. As I wasn’t wealthy to hire tutors since a young age or get the best teachers. Throughout the relationship she would never allow me into her family gatherings or join her family for dinner or any sort. When we went out together she wouldn’t show affection or allow me to hold her hand or touch her in public around the place we lived. We always had to travel atleast an hour away before we could display our relationship. She didn’t tell her friends. One time she said to people when they asked our relationship were , only just bestfriends. It hurt me really bad. But in the end she always had a way of her words. She was very sweet. Too sweet. She knew the right words to say. The right buttons to press and had me wrapped around her thumb. I loved her so much I fell into her net. I trusted her with my life. And never believed she would betray me or harm me. Eventually after all the argument and discontentment that had build up over the years. The red flags and signs finally built up and my brain finally overpowered my heart for once which was the one taking control of myself this entire time. I told her . The problems within my family got worse and worse and I told her about it but she didn’t seem to be paying attention or caring much. I said to her after a movie one day Look I want to focus on my life now I can’t help you do your work because I’m struggling with studies and my situation at home. I always shared everything with her the good and the bad I didn’t hide it. and I want to study properly and it’s getting harder, I love you and I need to focus so I can get a good job and support you in the future. You’ll have to complete your masters degree yourself. And then She flipped. She brought up all the past mistakes . Made it such a big deal as if I cheated on her and banged another girl. Eventually we ended up arguing out of anger we broke up. We have been doing this thing on and off for the last three years of the relationship only difference was that as each time we did it ignoring each other got longer and longer. And it was always me coming back to her because I missed her so much. I didn’t care even though I was right . I wanted to see her and be with her. My love for her was more important than my ego or pride or always wanting to be right like stella felt. And we always got back together. Even though we ended up fighting again later. So one year later. I fix my problems at home. I fix my shit together and I’m ready to begin again with her. I tried to contact her during the one year break we had between us in 2019 it’s nearing her birthday near Christmas I was going to finally restart anew with her and make her finally want to see my family. Afterall she kept giving excuses to meet my family and wouldn’t let me see her family all these years. I accepted it all. I texted her first. Butterflies was in my stomach I was happy I was excited it was the feeling as if I was falling in love with her all over again I could finally see her again. All the promises of never giving up on each other. The countless times and nights and hours we spent talking about our future life. Travelling marrying . Being there for one another. Never giving up. She told me that “I’ll be her last guy, if she doesn’t end up with me she’ll shave her head and be a monk” we promised countless times to never let go. You were the only one she said.   
  
Then .... She tells me “I’m with someone else,he found me, it wasn’t intentional” then she starts saying he’s a better man than you. That she doesn’t trust me. That I’m a liar a cheater. I was shocked I was like what. This entire year I didn’t see anyone else. I never talked for another girl. I didn’t even play any video games because I was getting my life back together. Everytime when I wanted to give up I remembered stella and our future together and it helped me power through the day. Countless times throughout that year apart when I was about to fall I woul stand right back up. I was shocked to read what she said . I thought she was joking just to get back at me because during our years she would go to some pretty petty and extreme lengths to hurt me and make me crazy or jealous . One time she made a fake Instagram account and googled a picture of a good looking dude and pretended to text herself and print screen the chat to me that she was seeing someone else. I thought this time was the same. So I was in denial. I was hurt again. But I didn’t believe it. I started messaging her. Asking her “stop it , I wanna see you , let’s start over I’ve handled all my problems I’m ready to create more memories with you and we can continue where we left off” eventually she told me to come to her house and talk after a few more days of me pestering her because I believed she was just throwing one of her tantrums again for me leaving her too long. She let me time into her house and her mum was nearby she had that kind of expression when she saw me like she was looking at her most hated enemy that I was worthless in her eyes. When I came in my mind was clouded as many thoughts were going through my head at once. But deep down I was going maybe it’s a prank or a joke. This can’t be real. We’ve been through so much. I’ve loved her for 10years we’ve been through so much. Our promises. Words and vows to each other. Countless nights and memories I showed her I was here for her and loved her. She sat me down but left a space between me and her and clearly said to me “ it’s over”, I’m seeing someone else I don’t want to see you ever again. I don’t love you. I’ve got a new bestfriend he’s so much better than you “She didn’t give me a chance to talk and only only said her part and called me “selfish”And when I tried to talk “why? And ask her what about all the promises. She wouldn’t even hear it. Her mum came and also attacked me and said “the past is the past “ she didn’t want to give me an explanation of her betraying and abandoning me. Why did she move on? . I was so overwhelmingly hurt and shocked no words were coming out of my mouth. My mind short circuited. My heart wanted to explode out of pain and grief and sadness. The memories of our 10years went flashing before my eyes. Her words of love. Loyalty and forever being faithful and real love were flashing across my mind. It was an overwhelming experience. I was so shocked even their was a delay in my tears as they didn’t come out until I exited their house and went I shakily walked back into my car. Words of desperation came out of my mouth that time. “ can we still be friends, will I ever see you again” and she shut me down. She and her mum attacked me over my mistakes over the past. And how I got angry and said mean things those times and that didn’t you break up a year ago. But all along. Stellas mum knew I did her daughters assignments. She said she didn’t approve of me officially but she let her daughter see me all those years and we were more than bestfriends . As Stella tells her mum everything. I did get mad at times after being hurt by Stella’s words and I was immature about it . I confess throughout the relationship but I never attacked her first they were always words of anger because she hurt my feelings all along when I was just trying my best for her but she didn’t understand me . And she twisted it around as an attack on me . When she knew it was always her daughter stella instigating the attacks on me. Putting me down humiliating me and insulting me. I was speechless. I took it all. Because I was under so much shock. My first experience of mental shock in my life where nothing made sense to me anymore. The pain was OVERWHELMING. Once I went back to my car I broke like a dam. Tears came rushing down like a waterfall and I screamed and cried outside her house inside my car like I never cried before. Eventually I managed to get back home in one piece. And I my family noticed that something was wrong. Because I had the expression of a walking corpse. I told them leave me alone I needed time. They didn’t ask . And left me alone. Because they knew once I was ready I would come and talk to them. Despite my family problems my parents were atleast understanding in some way. Despite having their own issues which I do not wish to discuss. I sat on my bed listless like a zombie . Couldn’t eat couldn’t sleep. I only had 1 hour sleep all day. In the morning I would walk up and down my room like a crazy person. Thinking and thinking. 10years of memories flashing in my eyes. Every words. Every action. Every smile. Every laughter. Every tear. Every cry was slowly winding inside my mind. All the things we stayed up and talked about. The moments we made love. Her smell. Her face . Her laugh. Trying to process everything where did I go wrong. Is this my fault. Why did she do this. What is happening. It’s nearly a week and the pain only keeps growing. This continued on for about a week . I felt a tight pressure in my heart and it wouldn’t go away . It’s like someone was pushing Down on on my tiny heart and it was hard to Breathe. (I realised now later it was anxiety and if it continued my heart was about to burst from pressure as I close to having a heartattack and I could have died). For 7 days I only had 1-2 hours sleep as I was up all night drowning in sadness. Drowning in nightmares. Only fell asleep due to exhaustion. I drank water only to stay alive. I loss a lot of weight. I drank alcohol one night after abstaining from it for 3 years because stella didn’t like me drinking and i was only a casual drinker as I only drank in social events but she forbidded me from drinking it saying it was for my health and that her dad barely drinks. I thought it could numb the pain of t sorrow. That was totally wrong a bad move on my part. I took the strongest alcohol I had. It didn’t make me drunk just made me incredible emotionally more unstable and I couldn’t hold back my tears anymore. it just amplified the pain i was holding in and I burst out crying so loudly. My family couldn’t wait anymore and they rushed in and Made me spit it out. What was wrong. I told them everything about what happened with me and stella. I knew they were deeply hurt and angry. But they didn’t show it because they knew they had to calm me down first because I was at the point of collapsing. I swear in my entire life I have never felt so much suffering and pain . I never felt such overbearing overwhelming and desolate pain ever. And it still lingers within my memories and on my mind and heart today. It’s a like a shadow that follows me everywhere. I can’t shake it off. They comforted and explained me that I didn’t do anything wrong. It wasn’t my fault. They were upset at me I could see but held it in because all these years as I was dating stella I told my parents how good she was how she was Awsome. My parents from the very start didn’t like stella because my parents are the opposite of me. I’m quiet and an introvert my parents were always social and outgoing and have a lot of people experience. They know through life how to judge people. Throughout the years as my parents they noticed how me and stella fought through the phone and words we exchanged when we wee both angry. How she hurt me what she said. And my mum especially told me how she didn’t like her. She saw me always doing her assignments. She knew I was head over heels for her and that this was my first love. She couldn’t stop me anymore because she said it was too late even. Your in too deep. Always stopping my hobbies and even studies to go to her and help her in whatever she needed, was like her personal butler and taxi. My mum told me before She isn’t the right one for you . But I didn’t listen. My rose tinted lenses were super freaking HUGE(loveblind) I didn’t listen to my parents warnings. They told me through the years a few times and we got into arguments over it. And it only hurt me worse. Because I realised how right they were all along after talking to me what real love was about and how if she really loved you she wouldn’t have shouldn’t have done this. That I shouldn’t have let her get away with it. I should have walked away. But they said to me at the end they were so glad. So glad things ended. You gained experience. You know know what a real woman should be like. The right woman. That it’s okay your a man . You have nothing to lose. Your still young and only 23. Their are so many other fishes in the sea. How can you say she is the one when there are 7 billion people on this earth. What’s the chance of that one being right next to you on the first go. None of my family liked stella even my sister said so but they stopped saying much after how much I defended her over the years and always bit back at them if they said anything bad about her. I was really an idiot.It only made the pain worse in my heart because I realised I was an idiot. I was a dumbass. There’s no greater fool than me on this planet. I wanted to ram my head against the concrete and end my life. I felt so ashamed so stupid. So low. I eventually ended telling some close friends I made online through the gaming world since as an introvert I didn’t really have many friends in real life. Because they didn’t really treat me as a good friend from high school so I didn’t mind losing them. Back then all I thought I needed was stella as she was my bestfriend and also my girlfriend who I treated like my real wife. I didn’t think I needed anyone else. I eventually called her one night because I was still in denial , just so happened she was with her new bestfriend/boyfriend. She said basically humiliated me and said “he’s a better man than you” and passed the phone to him. I realise later I was so stupid. And desperate but that’s all I was feeling at the time because I found it so hard to digest the reality of my situation. My world was crumbling. The funny thing was . The guy kept saying and flexing his business and acting cocky like a prick. Saying “I’m stable and got a business” I’m a better man than you ever were. The dumbass I was I was hurt . When I think back I’m so angry at myself for not saying anything and taking all this bullshit. I cant believe stella who always said to me that she was never into materialistic things and Buddhism. That’s who she projects herself to be. Because she liked to played the victim. Would say this guy is better than me. Yet the words he’s spewing at me remind me of some conceited cockhead. Instead of flexing his broad mindness and big heart all he did was flex his financial wealth. When I think back I feel even more stupid for being so blind. What did I see in stella. Was my eyes this rotten. I’m more angry because I just took all this in and acted so pathetic . But the pain of betrayal and hurt and accepting that she moved on was really happening. Yes I know I was basically asking for a beating. But I was so shocked and hurt she could do this to me and humiliate me. Eventually later All my close online friends which I made through the years I contacted them who are also older than me by a couple of years and some are couples listened to my story and heard me out as I went to seek for advice. They were not too surprised because they could see signs early on when I first told them about stella and how she hated games and tried to make me change. They teased me about it how I was “whipped” but I took it as a joke and always ignored it. But I realise now after my mind slowly cleared if you love someone you don’t change them. Since gaming was a big part of my life and my hobby. Unless for health reasons than okay I would understand why you should change but this wasn’t the reason. They shared their stories and life experiences with me about love and told me it wasn’t my fault, similar to what my parents said and what real love should be like. I knew what they said was right but my heart was finding it hard to let go of this betrayal. Love turned into hate and then vice versa. It was a constant tug of war inside my heart everyday. Because I truly loved stella and I never ever thought of the notion what if things didn’t work out. A life without her. I realised I loved her more than I loved myself. Loved her so much I betrayed myself. By then it was two more weeks until stellas birthday. Her birthday was on the 22 December , nearly Christmas . I had long ago prepared her a specially hand made box I had made for her months ago to surprise her again when we reunited. I ended up dropping it at her house and I saw a another car which wasn’t her families . Parked inside. I could hear laughter and joy and her voice inside as I dropped off my gift. Instinct told me and I knew it was the guy she was seeing and I met all her family once before when we were bestfriends. The pain seared into my heart so much. Because all these years she never let me into her house and see her family. And spend the birthday together with them together. We always had to sneak out to celebrate with our time together . I went back home sad and depressed. For those two weeks I had constant nightmares. I woke up with a few hours sleep and my entire back and head was drenched in sweat. Everytime I woke up I had constant chest pain.it was like a Boulder was on my chest. I eventually realised two days after her birthday wait. I think I could find out who this new guy is. If I log onto her social media account. And all along I had Slight hope that we could still end up together. But this all ended once I logged into her account .Mind you we exchanged our social media accounts on facebook before. She gave me hers and I gave her mine but she eventually changed her password and I stopped looking because I always trusted her all long. We only exchanged because she was always insecure about me all the time. But I didn’t mind. And remmber I did all her assignments and she used only one password for everything. So I went on. And I discovered everything. I found out everything. I realised no wonder why she didn’t tel me. Why didn’t have the decency to explain herself or atleast given the nature of our relationship and the amount of time and promises we had together let me clear everything in order to help me move on. She must have felt ashamed and guilty to tell me. As her bestfriend who willingly chose to stand by her for 10years when others entered and exited her life. I willingly chose to stay because I truly cared. I knew all her friends that’s why I found it so shocking to see who the heck is this guy I don’t even know his name all I saw was his initials she posted one day on her Instagram with letters . K.T #sweetdarlingboy. I read their chat and how they met . I read their messages together. I read what she wrote and she even mentioned me in it. She painted me as a joke. She twisted the truth and made me seem like a heinous criminal, that I was just a chapter, she felt pity for me and was only there for me to change me and saying she felt so proud of it that she left me a better person when when she met me. That she was only their for me for a time. She played the innocent victim that she could do no wrong. She uttered those sweet words of love. The very same ones she used on me. But she went the extra mile said the words I always wanted to hear her say to me. But I never got it. and It was only one month after the break up between me and stella . 31st October 2018. And this K.T slid into her dms and basically they hit it off. This was the second shock of my life and by far the worst one. After reading everything after seeing proof with my own very eyes. The girl I waited a decade for. The girl I gave my heart my soul my life for. The girl I loved to death. I realised I was replaceable. “ she always told me she wanted real love “ she wanted someone to prove to her. When I look back. I realise I proved to her. Look at me I willing stood by you for a decade . There for were more suitable girls I met in my life but I chose stella and stuck by her. But look at our conclusions. She broke the thread of love. Our destiny and fate together. It was suppose to be a beautiful love story of two highschool sweet hearts. Idk what the right words to describe how I felt. But my first shock of pain after when I went over her house couldn’t compare to this one. My mind literally snapped . I felt the snapping sensation within my mind. Then my heart I finally understood the meaning and the saying when your heart slowly turns black. 🖤Black with hate . Black with anger. Dripping in black. My mind blurring into darkness, my world fading into black. All that I felt was waves of pain. Of sorrow or grief. Of suffering. All because I was blinded by love. I wanted to destroy the computer screen that was in front of my eyes. I wanted to somehow deny what I was seeing. But it was piercing into my eyes it was piercing into my very soul. I clenched my first so hard . If I didn’t cut my nails recently I would have ripped into my flesh because I was so filled with pain and hate. After a while of just trembling and trying to contain myself from doi anything stupid. I just burst out in tears again. I thought my tears had dried after crying for 2 weeks . But it came like an unending stream again. Once again my family rushed in and asked me what happened. I told them I finally know why she didn’t tell me. Why she didn’t give me an answer. Now it leads up to the current date. Year 2020. A decade since I met her. I can’t forget the memories. I’m slowly adjusting.my mind process and I’m fully aware and I understand it’s not my fault. But the pain won’t go away. It won’t subside. My mind tells me it’s okay. It’s not my fault . But my heart can’t forget the betrayal. Now I find it hard. I’m afraid of love. I feel like idk if I will be able to find love again. Even if I do. What if the next person is like stella. I was already a very sceptical and pessimistic person to begin with because I didn’t trust people much. When stella entered my life I went from heaven which turned into hell. I was already weary enough but now it Is 100x worse. My walls around my heart are so much thicker. Idk if I can take another betrayal. I’m fully aware of my mistakes now. But the pain lingers and the heart remembers. I realise I got played. And she always told me she didn’t play games. She played with my heart really well. Jokes on me I guess . Had she just privately talked to me one on one and cleared everything given me the opportunity to talk to her. Had the decency to and heart to let me say my sort and end things happily and peacefully I could move on. I would have preferred. I didn’t realise how blind I was and how thicc in the head I was. We could have cleanly broken up with respect considering everything that’s happened between us and all our memories and years together I could have accepted this break up.   
Sorry for the long story. I feel so much better letting it out of my chest. Please tell me what you think.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/es525/life_story_father_issues_am_i_the_bad_guy/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Life story. Father Issues. Am I the bad guy?

Disclaimer: This might turn out to be a very long post. You have been warned.  
  
  
I guess I'll start my story from the beginning. I was born in January of 1989. My mother and father had issues that they couldn't resolve. They file for a divorce. (My mother is black and my father is portuguese)  
  
  
(My mother told me as I got older that my father denied me as his son. He basically called my mother a slut and asked for a DNA test in court. Turns out I was his son.)   
  
  
1989 - 2002  
My mother gets full custody of me with my father paying child support. (~$600/m) Of course, you may see $600 a month and think "Well, that's more than enough to raise a child" I submit to you, nay, it takes a hell of a lot more than money to raise a child. My mother works a 9 to 5 job in DC for most of her life. She still struggles making ends meat to support us both. We live with her parents (my grandparents) for most of my life. As far as I'm concerned, my grandmother and grandfather more than made up for the absence of my father. Moving on.   
  
  
Me and my mother occasionally move to different areas of VA. We live with her best friend for some time. We live in a town house and her friend for some time. We rent an apartment by ourselves for some time. All the while, my mother supports me and puts me through private school. Eventually, my father would send less and less child support on time. I vaguely remember my mother telling me that he was sick and couldn't afford to pay a lot of the child support. She had a golden heart. She didn't pursue the money in court. Instead, she gets a part time job as a bartender at a local restaurant. She works those two jobs for quite a while. She was an insanely hard worker. She struggled so much, just so I could have all the frivolous shit I wanted. Through these years I would occasionally get a birthday card with some cash from him and his wife. I get the feeling his wife loves me more than he does. (I use to visit them when I was a lot younger)  
  
  
Fast forward to 2003.  
  
  
We (me, her, grandparents) move to a new house in Virginia south of where we use to live. She still commutes to D.C. everyday. She no longer works as a bartender because her health is fading.   
  
  
2003-2008  
Progressively, my mother becomes so ill that she can barely move without intense pain. (Combination of numerous health problems : Sever osteoporosis and anemia amongst other issues) I attend a public high school at my current place of residence and eventually graduate from high school. I can't describe to you the feelings I had to see my mother using a walker at my graduation. I think to myself "She is only 40 years old, how does this happen." Surprise, surprise, my father and his wife show up to my graduation. He gives me my congratulations and tells me that if I need anything all I need to do is ask. (A little information about me: I hate asking for help. I would rather work for something myself, than to have it handed over to me).  
  
  
I attend a local community college for a while from 2007 to early 2008. Around October(?), I start having severe pain in my abdomen. Now, I'm a fairly big guy 6'2 ~260 lbs. I hate asking for help and I figure it will just go away eventually. The pain goes on for a while and progressively gets worse. I start throwing up from time to time. My thought process at the time was: "Your mother is in far more pain than you are. Stick it out." So I do. Around December I weigh ~210 lbs. On December 10th, I go in to the doctors office to get some testing done. They give me some nasty chalk stuff to drink for a CT(?) scan. On December 11th (day of scan), I walk upstairs and grab the nasty chalk stuff out of the fridge. I proceed to try to drink it. It is horrible. I tell my grandmother I cant drink it. We'll have to request a different solution. I knock on my mother's door. No answer, I figure she's sleeping. My stomach is in pain, so I go downstairs and go back to bed. I wake up with my grandmother opening my door and telling me my mother has died. All I could do was sit on my bed and cry. I haven't cried that hard in my life.   
  
  
The next day, I go in for the CT scan. To my surprise they have this kool-aid tasting drink that will work the same as the nasty chalk stuff. Go figure. Scan complete. All I have to do is wait for results.   
  
  
My mother's funeral is set for December 17th.   
  
  
December 16th, I get called in to the doctors office. The chief surgeon explains that I have a "stomach mass." He doesn't know what it is. It could be cancer. It could be Crohn's. All he knows is that it is cutting off part of my intestines, which is causing the pain and vomiting. (Food cant pass through the intestines, so it comes right back up) He tells me I need immediate surgery to remove the mass. He says we have to do it tomorrow. I explain that my mother's funeral is tomorrow. He says, "Well, we can do it one hour after the funeral."   
  
  
Okay. (Insert meme face here)  
  
  
My mother has a beautiful funeral. I see people that I haven't seen in a long time. Old friends and family members. It was nice.   
  
  
One hour after the funeral, my mother's best friend (the one who we lived with for a while, shes kind of like my second mother) takes me to get prepped for the surgery. I'm so dehydrated that the nurses miss my veins about 5 times before they can start an IV. I take a shot to the back (sedative) and I go off into happyland.   
  
  
I wake up. The epidural is working wonders. I lift the sheets. HOLY SHIT, look at all those staples. I have a stapled incision roughly 12 inches in length from just above my belly button, down. "That's going to look awesome when its healed" I think to myself. I glance down to my groin region. WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?! Needless to say, I was not expecting a catheter to be there. Naivety on my part.   
  
  
Long story short. I spent 5 days in the hospital and was released. Besides the hiccup fit I had upon just returning home, the recovery went well. The results of the biopsy came back. They still don't know what the fuck that mass was, but they are sure it wasn't cancer or Crohn's. A theory was that my appendix burst and my body "ate itself." I don't really know. They kept asking me if I felt a sudden sharp pain one day. I don't really remember anything like that.   
  
  
Moving on.   
  
  
I'm doing just fine. I attend a local university. Going for a BA in Information Systems. Every now and then I would receive a text or call from my father's wife saying how she misses me and how my father misses me, and all that bs. This December I get a text from her saying that she would love for me to come over their house for Christmas Eve and have dinner. I ignore it. My father had called my cell phone on Christmas Eve. I didnt hear it. He leaves a message saying that he wants me to call him. He leaves his cell number and thats it.   
  
  
This morning I get a text from her saying how she wishes I would have been there. She says she understands " my anger for all the years he wasn't with you" and that I've "made a conscious decision not to respond to them" and this is "...my way of paying him back to show him how it feels." Bingo. She's actually right. I just don't feel like he actually wants to mend our relationship. He knows he was wrong for what he did to me and my mother. It seems his wife cares more about me than he does.  
  
  
Am I wrong for being angry and upset? Am I wrong for wanting him to feel like I did for 20 years? Maybe I'm just bitter. Maybe I'm immature. Am I the bad guy?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c9qxl/hey_guys_i_need_some_help_my_dad_is_having_an/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Hey guys, I need some help. My dad is having an affair.

\*\*Edit 2: Thank you guys for all of your help. I'm sorry I haven't been responding to comments, I just got back to my place yesterday and so have been without a computer for about 24 hours. You all are right. Revenge is not the answer, as angry and hurt as I am. I need to be the bigger person, and get on with my life. So I guess the better questions would be not about revenge, but how can I help my mother without feeding into her neediness? And my second question has to do with her getting a divorce. I've told her, pretty much every time I talk to her, that she needs to pack her bags and leave. She says that she cannot afford a divorce, that right now, she "has it made" (wat) because the only bills she has to pay are credit card bills, which happen to be pretty high, and that she can't afford to pay for a lawyer, utilities and rent if she has to move out, nor can she pay what's left on the mortgage if she ends up getting the house. I've already told her that I don't want to testify against my father in court, and that she has enough evidence that she can bring in (hairs and semen on the blanket, I think she kept the finger nail she found in her bed). Any pointers for her regarding legal help? Again, thanks guys. \*\*   
  
  
  
Throw away account (obviously).  
  
Here's the deal: I used to be in a band with my dad and this woman, we'll call her FatMulletLady, FML for short (that was not intentional haha). I was about 12 or 13 when we started playing shows, and was in it for about 7 years before I got fed up and left. She's been after my dad for years, even to the point where her parents bought her a house down the street from ours. Things got really shitty after I left for college. My dad was coming home late at night and ignoring my mom, going away for the weekends and not telling her where he was, and at the same time FML's car wasn't in her driveway the whole weekend my dad was away. Now shit has just plain hit the fan. I haven't spoken to my dad in three years, because I found some love notes between him and FML, made a bunch of copies, threw them in his face at his office, and said this little gem: "Little girls always want to marry the type of man that reminds them of their daddy, but I sure as hell hope my husband is nothing like you. If you and mom are getting a divorce, you better get a hell of a good lawyer, and preferably one you're not screwing." Maybe not the best choice of words, as he blames my mom now because my little brother and I don't talk to him, but we're not idiots-- he's completely different, looks and attitude-wise, and we've fucking noticed. This past christmas, he wouldn't even sit with us as we opened presents and left immediately after any lame festivities.  
  
He treats my mother like complete shit. She doesn't have a lot of money because she bailed her brother out of jail and he hasn't paid her back a cent in 2 years. My dad starves her, refuses to buy groceries except for his own which he keeps at FML's house, and my mom is working three jobs to support herself, my younger brother, and to take care of her own mother. FML is disgusting, and evil. We live in a really small town, population 6000 when college is in session. No one, and I mean NO ONE likes this woman. She is a horrible lawyer, she's two faced, she's completely miserable, and my sister in law has even told my father that FML is not allowed around her and my older brother's house or their 5 kids. My mom is a masochist and has done some snooping around. She found FML's and my dad's hairs on a blanket in the back of my mom's truck, along with some semen stains. She washed it one week and left the blanket rolled up in the same spot, and the following Monday she found more hairs and more semen stains. Among this, she found the tip of a green fingernail in her and my father's bed, along with a pair of women's black socks, which did not belong to my mom as she only wears stockings. Hairs on my father's pajama's, pine needles everywhere from wherever they meet up, etc. etc. Details I really wish I didn't know, but what can I do.  
  
  
Anyway, I really want to do something horrible to this woman. I have never met someone in my entire life who just makes me go into a hulk-like rage every time I think about them, but this woman takes the cake. I want to know if there's any kind of SAFE, HARMLESS revenge I can take on this woman. I'd really love to ruin her life like she's ruining my family's, but I also don't want to get arrested (my dad is a cop, he found weed in my room once in high school and my mom had to intervene so I wouldn't get arrested, so if I do something jail worthy, I WILL get put away if he has any say in it.)  
  
  
Please help me Reddit. My mom is in a really bad way, and my dad doesn't care about anyone in our family anymore, not even his own kids. I just want to do something that will wake him the fuck up.  
  
  
  
  
  
tl;dr: My dad is fucking a really horrible woman and my mom is on the verge of killing herself, want revenge.  
  
Edit: formatting, spelling, no site.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/381q2y/my_full_experience_at_pensacola_christian_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: My Full Experience At Pensacola Christian College Part 1

Well, this is it. It's been a while, but I was busy and I had to make sure that people I know graduated or finished the school year before I can post about them. Anyway, this will be a more bigger and longer post about my experience at PCC. I made a few posts, but now I will go even deeper and share some things that may cause some trouble, but like I said before, I am done with that school, and I will never go back.  
  
WARNING- The experiences that I will share are 100% arrcuate. There will be no BS, as everything is truth. And believe me, some things I will share will be personal, and some things that could get people expelled. Yeah, I mean it. I told myself that I wasn't going to reveal the information, but what can they really do? Nothing. Besides, the only thing I will keep private is names. For obvious reasons, you all should know why. So, let's begin.  
  
Yeah, the first day I was there, I was actually impressed. The campus is pretty big. Everything from the Crowne Center to the Dorms were pretty big. Anyway, I went in, regestired, got my schedule and went into my dorm. I won't tell you what dorm I was at, but I can tell you that the room I was in was pretty good. And the roommate I saw was a pretty cool guy as well. Yeah, it was weird at first, but then it was normal. He was a senior, so he basically knew everything about the college. So, we went to get some lunch, and let me say, at that place, you will NEVER starve. Where I went at was Four Winds, which is pretty big. They had a variety of foods from fried to vegetables. And it was a buffet, which meant that we could take as much as we wanted. All we had to do was to swpie our school I.Ds at the front, and that's it. Everyone else had to pay for it. Anyway, I went back into my dorm with the family to hang out for a while. I remember that I had a schedule on a green piece of paper, and I had to go to the Crowne Center for two things. One, to fill out paper work for the work assistance program, and two, was orentation about classes and credits. Then we walked around the school, and then my family had to leave. Yeah, it was sad, as it was my first time being without them. And it took some time for me to get used to. But I'll explain that later. Later that night, I meet another roommate that was a close friend of the other one, as he was a senior as well. He was cool, but I have a lot to share about him in a bit. Both of them, in fact. Yeah, it was the three of us at the time, soon to be four. I think it was a day or two when the other person came in. Yeah, being with three other guys in a dorm and sharing one bathroom is not as great as it seems. Anyway, on sunday, we had to get up early, dress up in a suit and tie with dress shoes. We had to shave also. Yep. We are not allowed to keep any type of hair on our face. Either we shave it off, or we had to go back and shave. Sometimes we would get demerits, which I'll explain later. I remember for sunday school, I went into the Sports Center, which by the way, is a really great place at the college. But I went to the stadium. And let me tell you how they do worship. We all get hymns, we stand up, someone goes up and leads the group with their hand, conducting it like a choir. At first I didn't mind. But the more they did it, the more it was getting more ridicolous. Anyway, I think it was St. Clair. Yeah, I think he was a PCC Golden boy, as they would call it at the school. Then, we got a welcome, a message, and then we went to the Crowne Center. And let me say, that place is freaking big. It can hold up to thousands of people. I remember sitting at the top, and while everybody was talking, the church band would go up to the front, and play some classical chruch music. Then the chior would come up, dressed in green and white. That's what happened for a bit. Then, someone came up, who I thought was a Horton, but wasn't. He came up, said hi to everyone, and told everyone to turn to their hymn books to a song, and you know what he did, he did the exact same thing. He raised his hand up like he was conducting a chior, and leading everyone to the song. Yeah, at first I was ok with it, but then it got too repetitive, as I stated at my other post. It feels like they were forced to sing, and not singing unto God. As I looked and observed throughout the semester, it seems as people were just doing it as a hobbie, and not really singing it from the heart. Oh yeah, the broadcasted it around the internet, so they had to look good. It almost felt as if it were scripted. Anyway, after that was done, the president, Dr. Shoemaker, introduced himself to everyone. I can say that he really does care about the students, as I feel he was one of the few who actually did. Oh yeah, most of the the admistration would come up once in a while and smile and say some words, but when I see them up close walking by, they really don't care. Let me share a good example. A guy named Mr. Ashmore, is one of those people who conduct the whole church from time to time during church services. Anyway, Sometimes he works at the information desk, and he happened to be there one time and I needed to ask him something about chapel, since I was working during that time. I didn't know what to do, so I figured I'd ask him, and he would help out. HA! In a rude way, he said that I should've discussed that with my supervisor. Wait. I have NEVER been to this school, and not even a month, and that's how you treat people? Like they are nothing with no respect? Yeah, this guy was a phony. He acted like I was stupid. Yeah, so you smile up there for the camera, but you act so unprofessional in real life. That's fine. Yeah, that's the love you keep talking about when you sing those songs to eveyone. Just pathetic. Yeah, him and a few other staff memebers I've encountered with their rude behavior. I'll discuss that later. Anyway, let me talk about the work assistance and where I worked at. Yes, I will tell you where I worked, but not the location. Where I worked at was the PCC Print Shop. Oh man to I have a lot to share about that. For one, It was a walking distance from my dorm. And, I had to wake up super early in the morning. And between the school and the Shop was the gate. Yeah, they had a big gate across the campus. And yeah, we had to use our I.D cards to scan and go through. We then had to walk another mile just to get there. Then, we had to cross a sidewalk, just to get to the entrance. When we got in, the place really is a Print Shop. it was huge. Anyway, we meet our bosses, they showed us around, just for the first day. But after that, we got straight to work. And let me tell you, they don't play about that. In fact, for the dress code, we had to wear school appropriate clothing with our shirt tucked in, which doesn't make any sense to me. Why couldn't we just get a uniform from the shop? We work for hours and by the time we are done, we are sweating and tired, plus we have to walk all the way back! I mean it was just hard. Oh yeah, we had to shave too, or else we had to clock out, go back to our dorm, shave, and go straight back to work. It didn't happen to me, but I'm sure people weren't going to waste that time just for one little thing. If it happened to me, then I would just leave and never come back for the rest of the shift. Oh, something else funny. There is no internet acess at all. They block everything so that we don't make phone calls or stuff like that. The only people who had acess was the bosses. To me, I think that's a little parinod. Who would go that far just to make a point, oh this school would. But yeah, working there was rough because right after the bell rang, I had to go like crazy. I had to go ALL the way back and change in under an hour, with not enough time to eat. Sometimes I had to skip lunch and go to class hungry and tired. In fact, sometimes I just skipped class, because I was just too tired. I mean, I didn't know about any of this when I signed up, and I even read everything! It's not as it seems there. Oh yeah, the pay is just pointless. It's like pocket change compared to that 1800 or 1900 bill you have to pay. How the heck can someone work so hard and be paid just miminum wage? I mean, the president alone spends so much money for the school, like paying for a huge christmas tree at the commons, changing the commons completly, giving students 10 dollars free on the I.D to buy something at the Palms Grille, or hiring professional bike stunt people for a show at the turkey bowl, or renting a helicopter just to land on the field, I mean I could go on, but you see my point. Why spend money on the college for all these things? I mean, I know he's trying to make the college a better place, but can't he use it for other things? Things the students actually need, especially finically? I know there's schlorships and loans, and even the work contract, but those are really hard to get. There's just so much competition. They say the college is cheap, but in reality and from personal experience, it's just too expensinve. Those are my thoughts on that.  
  
Moving on, let me share about the classes. Yeah, as I said on my other post, it's based on christian principles. And that, I had no problem with. But juggling work and classes, it was just too much for me. And yeah, if I was just tired, I'd just skip the class and sleep at the dorm. Hey, it was better than sleeping in class, which you can get in trouble for. The teachers, the ones I had were good. I had no problems most of them. Some teacher, however, were fresh out of graduating and just started teaching. And let me say, some of them don't know how to handle a class. It's like they try so hard, and yet I noticed that they get pissed off so quickly. Yeah, and some of the classes were people who were fresh out of high school. So yeah, they still acted like children. But yeah, nothing more on that. Now, Let me talk about the "DORM LIFE".  
  
Now, for those who read this are from the school, read my warning, because I've already warned you.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/euqka/dear_reddit_i_need_advice_on_marriage_and/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Dear Reddit, I need advice on marriage and financial counseling for my parents.

As the title says, I'm in need of any advice on marriage and financial counseling. My parents have long needed help and have finally agreed to seek professional help after a blow up fight led to a meaningful discussion today. I'm looking at types of counseling or what the best path would be because I have no idea. Full story is below. I feel it's best to read the whole thing to have a good idea on the events leading up to this need for help and the personalities of my parents. Thank you very much and I appreciate any and all input.   
  
I'm 22 years old and all of my older siblings are also moved out of the house, so it's just my parents at home. They're glorified roommates who sleep in different rooms. They're two different personalities; my father is very stern and fiscally conservative while my mother is very emotional and fiscally spontaneous. My father is a farmer and a wizard with financial management, so we're pretty well off in terms of money, but money is also the root of the problem. My mom grew up poor and thus has always been very spontaneous with her money.   
  
When I was three, my mom had racked up ~$10,000 in credit card debit behind my dad's back. Eventually my dad of course found out, which led to very verbal and intense fighting between my parents (still ingrained into my head to this day). My dad paid off her debts in full. Four years later my mom again racked up more credit card debt to the tune of $15,000. Again, massive amounts of fighting ensued and my dad then paid it off. Now I want to say now that none of the fights have ever gotten physical nor were there any emotionally abusive insults thrown back and forth. Just a lot of screaming and crying. Everything went alright for about another five years until my mom got involved with my eldest sister, Kim. Kim is my half-sister and my father's step-daughter. When my parents married, Kim was 12 years old and my father and her have never been close. As sad as it is, she is visibly loved more by my mother than my father due to their strained relationship.  
  
Kim has been a very emotionally weak person and was going through a rough marriage with an asshole of a husband. She developed anorexia and attempted suicide a couple, including OD'ing in front of my mother and I, so needless the say she had a pretty rough life. Eventually she divorced her husband and sought professional help and is now -stable.- After the divorce and help, Kim felt empowered and wanted to go back to college. This is where my mother comes in.   
  
Kim herself did not have a lot of money built up in her name. She had her LPN and decided to go get her RN. She chose a very expensive private college and my mother co-signed on the loans. Throughout my sister's rebuilding, my mother also "financed" her new apartment, all furniture, etc. A while after finishing college, Kim needs another guy (asshole v2.0), gets married, and moves to California. Kim all the while made a single payment on her loans and other "debt" she had developed via my mother. So my mom being the cosigner gets attacked by collection agencies and begins to make payments on the loans herself by pulling money out on credit cards. All was done, again, behind my father's back.   
  
Fast forward to present day and my mother has racked up ~$250,000 in credit card debt, while my purchases centered around my sister Kim provide probably 90% of it. My mother continues to give money to my sister as she feels Kim is too vulnerable and will resort back to deep depression should she be too stressed. My mom never discusses the debt with Kim for fear of a relapse, Kim continues to spend cluelessly, and my mother continues to fork over money. My father found out about the debt about five years ago and they again constantly argue. Their relationship has deteriorated to the point of nothing. My father of course now has no trust and an unexplainable amount of frustration, while my mother has developed an entitled, victimized attitude due to my father's judgment all of the time and refuses to discuss the debt.  
  
Now I know the obvious answer through the entire store is "divorce!" However, my parents are in rather a catch 22. My father is a farmer and owns a large portion of his land. Through that and his machinery, it yields to a very large amount of illiquid investment. Should my mom file for divorce, my dad must sell everything he owns in order to convert it to cash and give my mother half. He refuses to do this, so he continues to put up with my mom and argue about the debt. My mother on the other hand uses my father to pay off her debt (he gives her approximately $3,000 a month for this purpose) so she does not want to get a divorce, either. She feels that even should she get a divorce, it would not be the amount of money she would need to pay her debt plus she makes a very meager income on her own.   
  
During our discussion today, I called my father out on his attitude throughout the entire thing. My father is very emotionless and I have yet to hear the words "I love you" from him once. He is VERY judgmental and still remains one of the only persons to able to drive me to a balling little bitch. He judges on every decision he does not see as a wise purchase, but is very financially conservative so most purchases he sees as unwise. Anyway, his emotionless also translates into how he treats my mother: he never really kissed her, rarely said "I love you" to her throughout my memory, was never really able to support her on an emotional level, etc etc. My mom's problem is obvious. However, the problem is not just the debt. My mother continues to spend, more on herself than my sister now, but has admitted she has a problem. She does not want to talk to my dad because he can never have a civil conversation about it (though I cannot blame him). Being an emotional person, her needs have never really been meant through my father and I believe this is a large part to why she continues to spend and refuses to talk to my father about the issue now. Spending is her only outlet to make her feel worthy.   
  
So we have two issues: the coldness of my dad and the absolute clusterfuck of a financial situation my mom has spawned to address. My parents can't accomplish shit on their own, which is why I screamed at them today through tears to promise they would seek professional help for me. My dad is very open to the idea, as he is at his last rope. I told both of them that divorce may ultimately be the best idea, but doing it now in my eyes is a terrible idea. I am not looking to rectify their situation and return their marriage to bliss; obviously, I feel that is very unlikely. What I am trying to do is get them both more in the middle and see eye to eye. I want my father to understand the lack of emotion my mother has went through for a very long time, understand how his constantly judgmental tone belittles a person so much, and be able to see why my mother may have spent so much on my sister out of concern she would go back into depression. No mother wants to see their daughter suffer like that or kill themselves and will go to extreme ends to drive away even the slightest thoughts of that happening. Regarding my mother, I want her to get help with her addiction to quit spending and to fully understand why my father is furious. I want her to see how her actions effect not only her and my sister, but everyone in the family. I would ultimately like her to no longer hide from her debt, but to confront it, admit she has a problem, and take care of it. I want her to see that although she is being a very caring mother, there are other ways to help Kim without constantly giving her money. She needs to see that Kim needs to grow up on her own and that she needs to "cut the cord." Overall for both of them, I again want them to just be brought more from the opposing extreme ends in which they currently reside and move more into the middle, with my father becoming more empathetic and my mother more responsible. I feel this is necessary not just for the sake of their problem, but for individual personal development as well (ie, my father DOES need to be more empathetic and my mother more realistic in life in general). I want this to happen so that should they divorce, they will be able to be able to civilly and in peace so that our family can still get along. I fear that should they get a divorce now, my mother will take my father for everything he has and everything will implode emotionally and materialistically (the farm, etc.). Today, they both agreed and said they wanted help to reduce any further damage and possibly (although this is doubtful) to make them care about each other enough to again enjoy their marriage.  
  
So reddit, after this long and convoluted read, this is why I come to you. I want my parents to get joint marriage counseling to address the overall problem emotionally and fiscally. Additionally, my mother NEEDS financial counseling and I think that my father would greatly benefit from singular emotional counseling as well. They are finally willing to work together through professional help and this is their chance, but none of us know where to go or start. Has anybody else been in similar situation? What type of counseling should they seek first or what would your advised path be?   
  
I'm sorry this was so long and sloppily put together, but thank you very much for reading.  
  
TL;DR: it's too convoluted to justifiably sum up.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/psychology/comments/h581k/bizarre_phobias_unexplained_inability_to_finish/), Subreddit: r/psychology, Title: Bizarre phobias, unexplained inability to finish anything, difficulty connecting with humanity. Need some advice.

Hi, /r/psychology  
  
I'm a 23 yo Hispanic/Irish biological female, raised lower class in the South, military/Christian family, older brother, parents never divorced. I identify as pansexual and what the kids are calling "genderqueer" these days. I was homeschooled until the age of 12, and then put into public education. My mother tested consistently over 170 in the 1960s in elementary school on IQ tests, and my father broke the tests. He did things in ways that the administrators never even considered. I was reading Tolstoy and \*understanding\* it, at about nine. I finished LotR in about three days at the age of eight, I can draw, sing, write and have an undying love for psychology and amateur radio.   
  
I have a few things about myself that I'm trying to figure out and I'm hoping that someone here can offer some explanation or at least a direction.   
  
I've always been thought of as "slow". People have openly told me to my face that I don't seem as bright as the rest of my family. I have a stammer, and I have trouble expressing myself when I'm upset or stressed. The stammer gets worse with stress, and I often forget what I'm saying in the middle of a sentence. As a kid, it took me a really long time to learn how to write, but I could read before I could write. I couldn't sit still and I was really unthinkingly blunt and tactless. I still am.   
  
I have an issue of being unable to really connect with people - despite very much wanting to. I love people. I love helping them. I'm an empathetic and caring human being that comes across as a total ass most of the time.   
  
I know things about people that they don't want me to know. I'm an excellent cold reader. This leads to really awkward situations because I'll just blurt out what someone "means" to say, or how they actually feel when they're lying.   
  
I have trouble telling when people are being sarcastic or are "joking". I don't take teasing very well, either. I'm often accused of having a flat affect and of being removed or distant. I used to scowl without knowing it as a kid, so I literally had to learn to mimic other people's facial expressions and vocal mannerisms because I would sound angry or unhappy without meaning to.   
  
I have a lifelong love of studying people. People-watching is one of my favorite things to do. People are very much like machines to me, and I literally have diagrams of human behavior for each person I know, so I can more accurately predict their reactions to my actions.   
  
Those flowcharts? Kinda look like this in my head: http://jia-flynn.daportfolio.com/gallery/530898#4  
  
  
Awhile back I made this post:   
http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/cqlsj/i\_have\_emotional\_synesthesia\_can\_anyone\_explain/  
  
I understandably got downvoted into oblivion. It sounds like I'm trolling. It sounds crazy. It's still true. This comes and goes with varying degrees of severity. It hasn't been much of an issue for about a month. I'm not sure what triggers it, and I've had enough people calling BS and accusing me of being schizophrenic. I have been through a full psychological evaluation, and I was not diagnosed with schizophrenia. I was diagnosed with moderate depression and put on a drug called Savella - which is an SNRI. I stopped taking it because while on it I went between being incredibly violent, destructive and overemotional, to being completely dead and "grey" feeling.   
  
I have a ridiculous fear of going in circles. It is not motion sickness. If I drive somewhere - like to the store, I must go the same way I went. It's worse if someone else is driving. I don't let other people drive for me, ever. I don't like carousels, or watching races of any kind, or roller-blading. It freaked me out as a child, as well, my dad would drive in circles around the parking lot and wouldn't stop, even if I begged him and screamed and told him to park. I'd literally go completely hysterical and unglued. These days, it just makes me tight in the chest and panicky.   
  
I have had violent, horrible nightmares of just about anything awful you can imagine since I was a kid. They are still continuing. I either sleep too little or too much.   
  
Aside from that, I have a literal inability to follow through with anything. I will passionately pursue one thing for a few days, and then get bored with it or forget about it. It is having a negative effect on my life - I'm an artist, and I drop commissions from time to time simply because they're not "in front of me." The out of sight out of mine saying is horribly true for me. I can hyper-focus on things [ working on art, forgetting to eat / sleep / move for 10 hours at a time ] - or I can't focus at all.   
  
This destroys my ability to remember to do homework or follow up with people. Even if I leave myself postit notes and reminders on my phone, I feel like I can't get anything done. I'm easily distracted and spend long periods of time listless or bored when I in fact, have way too much to do.   
  
The reason for all of this is because I'm trying to go back to school to get my degree in Graphic Design. I've never, ever done well in school except for art, and I'm literally dreading having to take the remainder of my academic courses.   
  
Reddit, I'm tired of being thought of as stupid, and I'm tired of working miserable jobs because I don't have a degree. I'm tired of hurting people because I'm tactless and I don't know how to fix what's wrong with me. Whenever I've come across a behavior that I know of, I can go in my head and revise the behavior - just like rewriting a computer. Sometimes it takes longer for the rewritten instructions to catch on, but most of the time, it works like a charm. These are things I have not been able to rewrite and it's driving me nuts.   
  
I have an incredibly detailed, complex thought-life and a complete inability to express it or connect with other people. I'm afraid it's going to destroy my relationship with a really beautiful human being because he claims I'm secretive and withdrawn.   
  
I need some help. Ask me questions if you want to know something. I have nothing but time right now to answer them.   
  
I do not have health insurance or the means to pay for a doctor.  
  
Cheers.  
-Jia.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/dlmna/how_can_i_feel_better_about_my_life/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How can I feel better about my life?

Reddit – I am less then 2 weeks away from turning 30 and I feel like my life is awful. I feel like I'm a disgrace to my family and worthless as a man. Can anyone offer any advice on how to turn things in the right direction? I'll go through a brief background but focus mainly on my marriage.   
  
  
Growing up I was raised by my Grandparents. My Mom lived with us as well but usually didn't do much. She was either on Welfare or working a dead end job at like McDonalds or K-Mart. She wasn't very involved as she spent most of her time laying in bed watching TV. She kicked my Dad out before I was born, so he was not part of my life. We weren't poor but didn't have any money either. I always got what I needed to get by. Things were pretty normal growing up. I did great in elementary school always got good grades, honor roll and everything. Our elementary school went from K-7 and then high school was 8-12. In high school I hung out with different people and went from being the quiet dorky kid who got good grades to one of the fuck-ups who was constantly getting in trouble and kicked out. I had a problem with authority for some reason. You cant blame it on the pot as I started smoking herb when I was 9. I ended up getting kicked out and graduated from Independent studies with help from my Grandfather mostly. I had no void of a father in my life because my Grandfather stepped up. He is probably the sole person responsible for me not being in prison or dead already. I was extremely hard on them and disrespectful up until 16. At that point I got a job at Baskin Robbins and my circle of friends changed and I ended up in a serious relationship with my first love. I got my diploma and then went straight to an IT technical school.   
  
Fast forward a year or so and I've graduated from there and have a job at a bank making $80k and I'm 19 years old and have a wonderful girlfriend who is in college to be a registered nurse and it looks like my life is on track to be good. The girl and I ended up breaking up due to religious differences. It was pretty devastating but I was young, had a good job, lots of money, lots of confidence, etc. So it was rebound chicks and trying to have fun to get over her.   
  
At this point I'm just turning 21 and I meet and fall in love with my wife. She is 17, about to turn 18. Things go great, we're together 2 years and she gets pregnant. Shortly after this her family moves out of state back to where she was born. She says it's nice there we should move there etc. I jokingly promise that if I get laid off from my job we can move there. We have our son and get married.   
  
Our wedding night was the first ever warning that something might be wrong with my wife. I thought it was just a fluke because she was too drunk or something. We were at a casino hanging out, spending our honeymoon, having some drinks, etc. She is still underage at this point but is having no problem getting served at the casino. She drinks too much, understandable. We go up stairs and she is beyond drunk. I mean uncontrollable, disgustingly drunk. Since she is like this I put her in bed and try to get some rest. She becomes combative because I don't want to have sex. She was in no condition to and the mood was pretty much ruined so I just wanted to goto sleep. She ends up getting so out of control I contemplate how much force it would take for me to knock her out with the champagne bottle. Eventually she passes the fuck out finally. She wakes up the next morning hungover not recalling much of the night before. I chalk this one up as a drunken stupor. We go back home and things are normal.  
  
Within 6 months I get laid off. Things are still going great for us, we are happy our son is doing great, everything is falling into place. I get a very nice severance (8 months) from my job at the bank. I give in and we go to visit her family and while we are there we decide to buy a house. We house shop a little and buy a house even though we are both unemployed at the time, although I am still collecting my normal check from severance plus unemployment. So our money situation was awesome, even more so since we were moving to a place where the cost of living was not even half as bad. So we come back home and break the news to my family and our friends and everything that we're moving. We decide that we will hang around for a few more months to give my family some time to spend with our new child.   
  
Now its a few months later and I pack up all of our stuff and relocate us across the country while the wife and the kid flew. We get there and get settled in and she goes to work while I do the stay at home dad thing for a while still getting my pay + unemployment. The severance and unemployment end and I get a job. We're both working and our son is going to daycare and everything is pretty normal life is good. My wife gets pregnant with our 2nd child. I'm missing my family a lot and convince them to try to move out there with us. They put some of their stuff in storage, pack the rest and head across the country to stay with us.   
  
While this is happening my wife starts to get sick. We have no insurance because we're both contractors but shes not doing well so she goes to the hospital anyways. She doesn't have any explanation other then “sick”. She says she has extreme back / stomach pain, and nausea. We figure its morning sickness or something to do with the pregnancy. The doctors agree and send her on her way. This continues for weeks and weeks. So bad that she loses her job. It is constant vomiting, never eating, rubbing her back raw at this pain that no one can find, etc. Shes been under psych evaluations, endoscopy, colonoscopy, blood work, etc etc. No one can find anything wrong with her. She ends up being hospitalized numerous times. All they do is jack her up on morphine for a few days until she calms down and then send her home with a nausea medication. So she would get home and withdrawal from the morphine and be just as sick as ever. So she would end up back in the hospital. I'm talking numerous hospitalizations. Maybe 15-20 during the pregnancy, she has lost 10lbs from the time she got pregnant. This is just killing us bill wise. I talk to a bankruptcy lawyer, we start the process and go to court to finalize it. The judge talks to us for a while and we decide that since shes still pregnant, we're still gonna get more bills when she has the baby and stuff that I should hold off on the bankruptcy until we're all done.   
  
Finally they decide to enduce her labor 6 weeks early, just because shes so sick. Due to her not eating and the baby being premature our daughter was born 4lbs 0oz. She was in ICU and had to be fed my tube and have oxygen for 10 days. Total hospital bills to date $212k. Yes. Two hundred and twelve thousand dollars. That is more then my mortgage was. The hospital social worker was sympathizing with us. We make too much for government assistance and not enough to pay the bills. We were basically just fucked.   
  
My family is there to help us out given the situation. My wife is okay for a couple days then sick again. Then okay for a couple days then sick again. In and out of the hospital. Every time the doctors have no ideas and just keep doing the same thing. Jack her up on pain meds then discharge her. This was driving me insane. It was making me think she was faking it. The doctors were talking about she was just trying to get the drugs and I was believing them. So were my family. So naturally this makes for a hostile living situation for my parents who are staying with us so they decide to go back. So now it is just us. I'm working and she is staying home and watching the kids. She is doing horrible. She will be passed out on the couch when I come home from work, the kids running around in just a diaper the house a wreck, etc. It got to the point of me not being able to leave the kids home alone with her. I had to pay my friends wife to watch the kids. So we're struggling hard due to a single income with the babysitting expense plus her medications, diapers, formula and everything.   
  
I do a bunch of research online and find this thing called bipolar disorder. It seems to fit her pretty well. Next time she goes to the doctors I tell him my opinion. Then all of a sudden shes diagnosed as severe bipolar, mood and anxiety disorder and they have different medications that they think can help her. Since she was already such a hassle for the hospital I believe they were over medicating her to make their life easier. I do not blame them. She was uncontrollable. She would be in my face screaming at the top of her lungs etc. She would even tend to get physical sometimes. She would hang on to my legs like a child and not let me leave when things would get too out of control. I was stuck in a situation where I had no help at all. I was going crazy. I was seriously contemplating sending the kids to visit my family and just putting myself out of my misery. I was able to send the kids to my family for 4 weeks as a vacation and to try for my wife to get things under control without having any responsibilities or anything at all. Since the kids were gone everyday waking up I would think is today the day I'm going to do it, but every day I would talk myself out of it. It wasn't fair to the kids. She gets under control on medication and things seem to be manageable. The kids come back and everything is on track again. We're saving money, selling off everything we can to try to catch up. She gets another job and has it for a few months and we're about 1 pay check from being caught up on all our bills and a chance to be okay for once. Then she has an episode again and then it causes her to leave work a bunch of days and not show up others, so she loses that job again. Me having all this stuff to deal with, and days of having no babysitters or having to leave to take her to the hospital or whatever cost me my job. Now we both have no income, no savings, no nothing. So we end up up to our ears in even more debt. She gets a job with her family so that she has more flexibility and they're more understanding. I get a job and bust my ass and work my way up the ladder again and within 6 months we're about to catch up again then she is back in the hospital again.   
  
Now this time I'm seriously about to leave. I don't know what else I can do. My kids deserve a better life then this, as I think I do as well. I always work hard, I always move up quickly in a company, I'm always the #1 go to guy. I can do everything I possibly can right, and still end up behind. I tell her I'm done, I'm taking the kids and going to go back. If she ever gets better she can come. I leave and think about it more and realize its not the right thing to do so I take the kids to get a happy meal and come back home. When I get there the cops are there and hem me up as soon as I get there for kidnapping my kids. Her Mom called the cops on me. I explain the situation the cops say I can't leave the state and everything I already knew and eventually let me go. At this time my wifes aunt says that if the hospital wont help her enough that tell them she is suicidal and they will keep her longer and help her. So she tells the cops this and this opens a whole different can of worms.   
  
So the police called an ambulance and she was taken to a state mental hospital where a social worker interviewed her and she told her how she smokes so much weed because she cant handle it and blah blah. This is one of the things that her and I fight about. She would be so “sick” she would spend hours upon hours in the bathtub everyday. I mean $300/month water bills. She would roll smoke blunts while in the bathtub. I have a strict no smoking around the kids policy. I always go outside or in the garage. I would never smoke around them and she knew not to as well. I doubted if she was following this so I would leave for work and then come back like 20 minutes later and she would already have the house smoked up even though right before I walked out the door I would tell her not to. This happened one time and turned into such a fight that I couldn't goto work and it resulted in me losing that job. So I'm hanging out at home and a social worker comes knocking on the door. I have to let her in, she has to inspect every room of the house, she has to check the cupboards, she strips the kids down naked and checks them out, then she separates my son from us and has to talk him in private. The social worker talks to him about smoking. She asks if anyone smokes inside and he says mom does. She asks him what does he know about smoking and he says this “you take the brown thing (swisher) and break it and dump all the brown stuff out and then put the green stuff in it and smoke it”. Yeah, my 3 year old told the social worker how to roll a blunt. So they hit me with drug counseling thing and said if I fail this drug test tomorrow I would lose custody of my kids. Of course I would fail because I do smoke, but not around the kids. So I immediately assign temporary custody of my kids to my parents and send them there for 4 weeks. For the kids its a vacation at the Grandparents house, they love that. For me it was the only option of me being able to keep my kids when I haven't done anything wrong. This satisfies the Child Services people and they close the case. At this point I am fuming. She almost made me lose my kids.   
  
How can I stay with her and deal with that? I think I'm just a sucker. The problem is that I do honestly love her. I wanted to make it work so I played hardball with job, got insurance and a huge raise and stuff. I was making a lot of money so we were able to start catching up and get by with one income. She was seeing doctors regularly with the insurance and got on a decent medication routine that helped her out. The kids were happier, my son was in pre-k, my daughter was staying home with her. Things were going well. She was even feeling good enough to work again she says. So I make a resume for her, apply to some jobs for her and get her an interview. She goes and gets the job. Its really simple office type job, not many responsibilities, very low key. She goes in for her first day and bails at lunch because she can't take it.   
  
So we deal like this for a while, more time passes etc. Its time for the kids to go visit my family again so she flies with them to drop them off to my parents. She has a couple days layover so she can spend time with my family and her friends. She ends up being sick again while out of state and my parents have to take her to the hospital where she gets admitted for a while then released. Then she makes her take them back again, and then again. On the final time the hospital staff was very firm with my parents and told them to not bring her back there that they did not want to deal with her. I think it was she hung out with one of her old friends and shes so much different and messed up that her friend didn't enjoy it so she didn't come back. The rest of her friends flaked on her as well. I think this caused her to be anxious and have an attack. This along with the time my parents lived with us has put a strain on their relationship with my wife. As they told me before when I was going through all of that stuff that I should leave, which maybe I should have. The kids loved spending time so much with my family. When I came back to visit my family and friends and to pick the kids up and fly them home I did a lot of thinking. I talked with my friends, my family, etc. My family is getting really old and they are all in very bad health. The kids said they would like to live there. I decided I was going to move back home so the kids and I could spend the last couple years with my family. I wanted my wife to come with me, but if she didn't want to come I would understand but the kids and I were coming anyways. She was upset and everything of course. She decided she would go so we decided that we would start switching her medication to a kind that we could afford to buy with no insurance. So the doctor started the process and also gave her lots of free sample meds to get her through the transition period and said to contact welfare or something as soon as we get here to get more meds. I gave 3 month notice to my job and let my friends know I was leaving.   
  
Her medication switch was pretty rough. It was like starting all over pretty much. We flew the kids here 2 weeks ahead so my son could start school on time in the new state and we would be able to pack and get everything ready to move without worrying about them so much. I couldn't sell the house because of the market so we just let it foreclose. Our credit is already toast from all the issues with the medical bills and all that stuff. We went out with my friend and his wife as a final going away kind of thing. We all got extremely drunk. We get home and go upstairs and for whatever reason she falls asleep in our daughters room. I try to wake her up she doesn't listen so I say okay thats cool and then I goto sleep in our bed. Im startled awake by her climbing on top of me socking the shit out of me. I'm completely under the blankets, both arms are under there and shes on top of the blanket on top of me so I cant even move. The dog is going off and barking and growling at her. I'm yelling at her and then the dog I guess had enough and was trying to protect me and bites her in the earlobe and I'm able to dump her off and I go in the other room and lock the door. She wakes up in the morning not remembering anything. Things at home were pretty hostile at this point and I was planning on going back alone. She some how talked me into letting her go by making me feel bad for taking the kids from her.   
  
We set out on our cross country trek again, this time in the opposite direction. We don't even make it to 6pm on the first night of driving before she is too sick that she can no longer sit in the passenger seat and do nothing so we have to stop for the night. This happens the next couple days as well. So our move back took longer and cost more because she couldn't just sit in the moving truck and relax.   
  
So its October 2009 and we're back in California. We're living in the garage of the duplex my parents live in which is converted into a studio type thing. The kids sleep on a sofa bed. The kids are very happy, our son is doing great in school. I'm happy to be back around my family and old friends, maybe I made the right choice even though I'm in a shitty living situation. Even she seems to be doing great. I find out she stopped taking her meds when we moved and she feels better then ever. She thinks the change of everything helped her out. She gets a part time job shes doing great there. I'm having a tough time finding an IT job in the Bay Area at the end of the year, its a horrible time to be looking. The place she is working at goes out of business. I was able to find her a job with one of my friends parents. She loves the job, and the people there love her. They say shes doing great. I finally get a job in March. It's a decent job. Very laid back, the people are pretty cool but the pay is just not enough. Her work is going so well they give her a promotion and more hours. Things are going great as the hours are steadily increasing. Then all of a sudden she is too sick one day at work and has to leave. Then the next day she is too sick and has to leave again. Goes to the hospital and is admitted. She had to get on disability at work. She was in the hospital for 2 weeks, then they're making her go to outpatient clinic full time, 6 days a week 8 hours a day for therapy. She's not working anymore. Supposedly her job is supposed to take her back when she's done and she will only work part time.   
  
So this is where we are at now. I feel that I have messed everything up by coming back to California. I did this because I was scared of things not working out with the wife and would like some support if they don't. I have family and friends here in California so I would like to be here if it doesn't since I can't take the kids out of state. I thought we would all be happier here. She is still going to this outpatient program, she is supposed to be done today. She is supposed to be released to go back to work on 10/10. Which just so happens to be my 30th birthday.  
  
I feel like I have let everyone down. I'm having a hard time getting along with my Grandfather. He is very very mean to my wife and daughter. I think it may be because he comes from different times (he was born in 1930) so he treats all women badly, my grandmother and my mom included. It is unbearable for me to watch him do this to my daughter. She is constantly saying “Grandpa doesn't love me. Grandpa is being mean to me. Grandpa hates me” etc. He is very old and very sick. He is just a bitter bitter old man. Even his brothers and sisters disowned him. He got sick after I left so he kind of blames me for it. I came here to spend time with him and have some good final memories of him and my children. All that happened is that I regret coming here because all of the memories I have recently are bad ones. It makes for a very difficult living situation, plus the kids don't have their own rooms. It's just bad all together. With her not being able to reliably hold down a job and my job not paying enough. We are pretty much stuck. I don't see any chance at all of us moving out. I've been trying to find places but they are mostly out of my price range or if I can afford it I fail the credit check. I've spent $500+ just doing rental applications just to be denied on every one. I have a piece of crap car I got for $100 that is on its last leg and cant drive more then 10 miles at a time. I don't have any money. I live in a shitty roach infested garage. I feel like I have let everyone down. I left our life there thinking that material things don't matter its about family and friends. Only to get here and my family be making us miserable and my friends that I never see. I feel like even my friends don't like. I feel that I don't fit in anywhere. I have no answer to tell my kids about why they cant have their own room. Why their friends cant come inside, why we have a shitty car, why we can goto the beach or to a birthday party that is far away, etc. I am feeling stuck. I don't see any way out. I try to look at my and use them for my happiness but its still really tough. I feel like I don't even have any friends or family to turn to. I can't even goto my wife with anything because she cant even deal with her own stuff. I feel like I have been taking the bulk of the crap thats happened over the past 5 or 6 years. I was the one that always had to figure out everything. I was the one that had to make sure the kids were fed and had a place to live. I was the one that had to deal with anything that came up. I feel like its all catching up to me now. I feel like everything is closing in on me. I don't know what else to do. I have been looking for other jobs but the market still isn't so great.   
  
Does anyone have any suggestions on how to feel better? What steps should I take to try to get my life back on track. How can I feel like I'm not letting everyone down when thats exactly what I'm doing? I feel like I'm turning into a rock. I have a hard time feeling any emotion other then anger. I am worried that being this angry all the time is potentially dangerous to random strangers that cross me. No I do not beat my wife or kids, but I am a lot more confrontational to random assholes or people I encounter who deserve it. I just want to feel happy again.   
  
\*\*UPDATE\*\* Here is some more evidence of the wonderful luck I have. I just got off the phone with her. Her outpatient therapist has released her to go back to work today. She has completed the therapy after 2.5 months on disability. The hospital says that they are not allowed to fire her because shes on disability that they have to give her the job back. She called her job to tell them the good news and they said they have already hired someone new. The hospital says that she should seek legal advice that it is against the law. I feel divided in this decision.   
  
TLDR; My life story including my wifes bipolar disorder struggle and the negative effects it had on our life &amp; I'm turning 30 and feel like I'm letting my family down. How can I change my life for the better so I can feel happy again?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ofg66/hey_reddit_how_have_you_dealt_with_an_undesirable/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Hey Reddit, how have you dealt with an undesirable living situation, and what was the situation like?

Here's mine, and how I'm dealing:   
\*[DISCLAIMER: I know my situation isn't HORRIBLE boo hoo wah etc. It's tolerable but not ideal. It's livable but not comfortable. Things are easily fixable but stubbornly and lazily perpetuated. Therefore, I describe it as undesirable-- not horrible, not awful, not soul-crushingly, completely intolerable. Just undesirable. But feel free to post about situations that may fit those bills, too.]   
[SECOND DISCLAIMER: Yay, it seems I have written a novel.]\*   
   
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I lived (mostly) independently for just about five years. I've recently come into hard economic times by making some ill-advised decisions, and the full-time job I have making barely more than minimum wage barely pays my existing bills, feeds me, and gets me to and from work-- I don't have enough to pay rent anymore. I've resorted to moving back in with my parents while I work hard, look for a better &amp; higher paying job, and try to save where I can. Basically, I'm doing the best I can without having to ask for financial assistance from my parents or friends.   
   
My parents are divorced, but they live together. My mom and dad live in separate rooms and get along for the most part. My sister, still in high school, also lives at home, and I have a brother that is currently away at college but occasionally visits home. Together, we are only four or five people in a decently sized "five bedroom"/three bath (actually four-bedroom with one living area converted into a bedroom) home. The home isn't well-maintained (leaks in showers, drafty windows, poorly patched roof leak, mottled/faded carpet, etc), but it certainly isn't horrible by any stretch of the imagination. Despite the size and accommodations of the house, it feels tiny and cramped because of the way my family lives.   
   
I understand that my parents are doing me a favor by letting me live at home, and they constantly remind me of that fact ("We could kick you out tomorrow," etc). I feel that it's an empty threat-- I don't think they would actually kick me out unless I was massively disrespectful. I feel it's just a roundabout way of asking me to "pay rent" by doing chores, completing favors, etc. I won't claim to be perfect at chores, but I do all the stuff that I would do for myself when I was living alone, plus I complete random favors for all three family members if I'm asked. I feel that in all household duties that I behave reasonably, like a good roommate might-- cleaning up messes I make, loading/emptying dishwasher, taking out trash, picking up something from the grocery, etc. My mom will mostly clean up after herself as well, but the same cannot be said about my sister and my dad. We have found dishes in my sister's room that look like science experiments gone wrong, and my dad is more likely to ask "why hasn't the trash been taken out yet!?" than to just take it out himself. In short, I feel have two bad roommates and one good one.   
   
The communication skills between family members are downright awful. For example, we have room for four cars in our driveway. Knowing that I was the first to arrive home and would likely be the first to leave tomorrow morning, I parked in a way so that nobody could park behind me. Because my dad has been away on business, I knew that our (mom's, sister's, mine) three cars could fit, and I wouldn't have to worry about waking my mom or my sister up so I could get their keys and un-block myself (which, regrettably, has happened a lot). Unfortunately, my dad arrived home late last night after I had fallen asleep. Nobody told me he was coming home-- not him, not my mom, not my sister. I had no idea. Thus, I woke up this morning to find him parked on the lawn. I know he's not going to be happy about it, and I know that my family likely (and accurately) blames my parking for the situation. Could it have been avoided? Absolutely. I would have parked down in the cul-de-sac or on the side of the road so that I could still leave early without waking someone up or having to play car musical chairs after my bedtime. Was I aware of the situation so that I could have prevented it? Absolutely not.   
Because our communication skills are so poor, when we are at home together, the tension is usually thick. Someone is usually angry at someone else for something they've done (and usually, don't even know they've done). Although we come together and eat meals and watch TV and have conversations, it's not always the most harmonious experience.   
   
One of my mom's dogs is not housebroken and often shits/pisses on the carpet outside my room, which makes the hallway smell most of the time. It's common for me to come home with a pile of shit outside my room. If the door to my room gets opened while I'm away, or if I forget to close it, there's a good chance I'll find shit/piss in my room, or that the dogs will go through my trash and leave my room a mess. Efforts to train the dog are thwarted by a lack of house-wide dedication to training rules like crating the offending dog while everyone's out of the house.   
   
I try to mostly buy my own cheap food, especially microwave lunches that I can easily bring to work, but if I store it in the kitchen it will promptly be eaten by another family member, even if I inform them that it's mine. (Three days ago... Sister: "Can I have these noodles?" Me: "No, sorry, I'm saving them for a work lunch." She eats them anyway, leaving me with no lunch the next day. Thanks sis.)   
I work very early shifts (usually starting between 3-6am) and my sister will play loud music late at night with no regard to the fact that I'm sleeping in the next room. When asked to turn off the music, she responds that "it's my house too and we don't all have to work around your schedule." According to that logic, I can play loud music too at 2am when I get up for work, but I wouldn't think of doing such a thing.   
She locked herself out of the house the other night while I was out and called, asking me to come unlock the door for her. I reluctantly stopped what I was doing and obliged, telling her that it might take forty-five minutes to get home from where I was in rush hour traffic, and when I got home she was gone with no explanation. "I had to be somewhere, so I just had to leave," she said. Basically, what I'm trying to say is that my sister is not the most considerate person in the world.   
I cannot stand to watch the way she treats my parents. My dad recently provided her with two expense-free vacations. Two. Free. Vacations. Airfare. Hotel. Money for cabs, shows, shopping, food. With a friend, even! She receives a very generous allowance from both parents-- several hundreds of dollars a month. My mom supports her in her sports and hobbies both financially and emotionally. My mom will take time off of work to take her to the doctor when she's sick and to accompany her to competitions and whatnot. And last night my sister had the guts to call them both (and me) selfish. SELFISH? It is difficult for me not to become furious in such situations. She can call me selfish all she wants for whatever reasons she wants because I can defend myself and my actions (and yes, I'm no saint, but I feel that I'm reasonably considerate), but once she calls our parents selfish, I get very, very angry. I try to stay removed, but it is horribly difficult. All I can do is reassure my upset parents that they are not "stupid bitches" or "bastard assholes" like she accuses them of being. I would much like to tell them or even force them to take away her car or her cell phone (both paid for by my mom), or cut off her allowance (furnished by both parents), or DO SOMETHING, because I feel that her ungrateful behavior towards them is simply not acceptable. I feel that they try to make her happy and give her the world and she responds by telling them that they are horrible people. I know it's not my place to make such decisions, though. It's very frustrating.  
   
The good news is that although my situation is incredibly frustrating, especially having successfully lived alone for so long, I have found ways to deal. Between work, spending time out with my boyfriend, and spending time out alone or with friends, I'm rarely home. I am always making plans and going out and doing things to avoid my house. I'm fortunate enough to own a car and be able to afford gas and small forms of entertainment like the occasional cup of coffee, a book, or a movie. Walks, jogs, tennis, hikes, and other outdoor activities are always free and enjoyable. After trying for 7 months to solve my problems (talking to my parents, trying to train the dogs, talking to my sister about expectations, etc) and getting nowhere, the next best thing I feel I can do is avoidance. I can't change it, so I stay the heck away from it.   
My boyfriend is also incredibly supportive. Despite my odd situation, he visits me frequently, which makes spending time at home easier to bear, as my sister is less likely to bother me when he's around (though she's gotten brazen lately). Without going into too much detail, he experiences a similarly undesirable yet very different living situation at his parents' home. He and I have made a promise to ourselves that, no matter what, we are both moving out by a certain date, even if it means living in our cars. This promise has driven me harder than ever before to seek out a better job. It also gives me hope that there will certainly be light at the end of the tunnel, even if that light is virtual homelessness (we both are comfortable with being homeless until we can financially get on our feet). If nothing else, being homeless will make me more appreciative of having lived at home. He is only in a slightly better financial situation than me, but he has nonetheless offered financial help from his savings should I need it. I definitely don't plan on using it, but having a safety net there should mine fail is a huge stress lifted from me. My friends and co-workers are also very supportive, and several of them have offered their couches should I be unable to fall asleep at home for whatever stupid reason. (After several nights in a row of being unable to sleep at home thanks to loud music/loud TV/etc, I nearly collapsed at work, which caused great concern among my co-workers, thus prompting the offers!) I keep telling myself that by working and trying to support myself despite the obstacles, I'm doing the right thing. I pour my efforts into work, hoping that one day it will pay off. I read tons of books and I'm learning many skills in my spare time (programming, knitting, cooking, sewing to name a few). I try to keep things positive and look at everything as a means to a better end. It is sad to see my family struggle to communicate and be unhappy because of it, but I know that moving out will remove at least one source of stress for them, and hopefully they will be able to resolve more of their own problems if they don't have to work around me living here. Little things like this keep me going every day even though I occasionally just want to submit to the frustration. Having a goal in sight and a hard deadline for change really helps the most.   
   
\*\*tl;dr:\*\* I have a crappy paying job and decided to move back into a poorly maintained house with my kind but passive-aggressive divorced parents and my inconsiderate teenage sister, all of whom communicate badly, leading to many problems. They take my food, are loud when I'm trying to sleep for my early shifts, and let the dogs shit everywhere. I've dealt by setting a hard deadline to move out, having a supportive boyfriend, supportive friends and supportive coworkers, and spending as much time out of the house as possible.  
   
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So, Reddit, have you ever had a living situation that was undesirable? Something that was frustrating? Uncomfortable? Unfortunate? Perhaps downright unlivable and intolerable? How did you deal with your situation? What methods did you use to overcome your problems and frustrations?   
   
P.S. Thanks for letting me rant; I think I needed it.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/rmwza/would_anyone_like_to_give_me_input_on_my/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Would anyone like to give me input on my satirical essay for English class?

I'm writing this essay for my AP English Language class, which is supposed to be a satire, in the same context as A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from Being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for Making Them Beneficial to the Public by Johnathon Swift (read here -&gt; http://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/s/swift/jonathan/s97m/). I just wanted to know if any fellow Redditors out there would like to give me some pointers on it. Here's my essay...  
  
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Making America Beautiful, One Child at a Time   
by Zane Henthorn  
  
  
 I understand that in any creator’s eyes, a race of creations should all be beautiful in individual ways, but some people in this country are just plain ugly. People are constantly being pushed around or discriminated or left out simply because they may have oddly shaped features, or their eyes are colored weird, whatever the case may be. People are always being judged, their self-esteem ruined, just because they’re more special than others.   
   
I, as much an American citizen as anyone else I’ve ever been around in public, am always getting weird looks because my nose is a little wide, or because I have a bit of a receding hairline. The list, actually, could go on forever. People are always being mocked because of the size of their ears or hands or butt, and this has been going on since the beginning of human life.  
  
What if differences weren’t visible? I have an idea that could revolutionize America, and maybe even the world. People wouldn’t get stared at or laughed at for any unintended reason any more when leaving their house.  
  
I know that some parents constantly have to fan out money for their children so they can stay with the latest fashion. I bet its hell, and I bet you get fed up and lose paychecks fast. And I bet those less fortunate always have to tell their children that it’s okay, and it’s not the child’s fault they only have one bedroom in their apartment and that the kid has to sleep on the couch or on the floor.   
  
If adults are really concerned about their children getting made fun of at school for little things, ruining the children’s state of mind, why don’t they do anything about it? All people do for society, not that it’s so much for it as it is to it, is lie to kids and tell them their freakishly disgusting features, the things that cause the parents to not want to be seen with their kids, are the most beautiful part about them. So then, the children hate their parents when they get made fun of in public. Well, I have a plan to solve that.  
  
This plan which I have concocted can cut out the poverty blame game among children and adults. With no variety among life styles, little boys and girls can’t judge each other’s financial situations at home, can they? And if there was no variety among image, whether how kids see themselves or how others see them, the children wouldn’t get their feelings hurt, nor would any kids be an eyesore.  
  
Far too often, I see kids who are left out of “higher” social groups because they can’t afford the new smartphone or the latest shoe fad. I see everyday at lunch in the high school the group of Caucasian children in their “Tapout” shirts and “DC” hats separated from the group of Hispanic children with the same clothes. Why not just get along? If everyone is willing to conform to my solution, there would be no more racism, discrimination, or teenage suicide because of isolation or bullying ever again. Little heart broken Jimmy may after all get that kiss from Ms. “TOMS”-and-“American Eagle” who he’s been grueling over since 3rd grade.  
  
 If every child is raised, genetically assembled, and taught exactly the same way from birth until high school graduation, isolation will be a thing of the past, and this problem will be solved. Children will be forced to judge themselves before even thinking to judge others.  
   
 First, what we must do is shut down every sperm bank and artificial birth institute in the country. No natural sperm and egg can be united again.   
  
Next, we are to rid every child born from the womb, destroying diversity among generations to come. If my scheme to end diversity in America comes underway, any child given life through a woman’s uterus or unaltered test tubes would be exterminated, so as to not soil our country’s future generations of perfection. No longer would one person be unhappy with the look of another boy or girl.  
   
 When the latest generation of any array of race and assortment are extinct, I would then gather the world’s finest scientists to help spawn the perfect child, one of each gender. We would start by artificially uniting an assigned sperm and egg with altered DNA. Then, we’d wait until an embryo is developed for further alterations.  
  
 The ending result of the perfect, non-judgmental, and ultimately respectable race of children, for either gender, after scientifically fixing his and her genes, would grow, all at the very same rate, to have a pale, grayish skin tone, teeth straighter and whiter than any model’s, all pointed features (nose, the edges around the eyes, chin, etc.), hair as golden as the sunrise, and eyes as blue as the midday summer sky. If there is no judgment, we could all be happy.  
  
 The females’ growth rate would match the males, and no one person would be taller or wider than another if they are of the same age. Each and every man and woman in the following generations would be exactly identical. When one of these clones of utter perfection is brought into this world, the next identification number in the queue would be tattooed on the wrist of the child.  
  
 When a child is generated in the genetic assembly line, male or female, it would be born completely sterile, preventing the birth of any children who are any different than the generations prior. When an adult decides he or she wants a child, they would sign a contract for that child and given a date of which the child would be birthed. Each generation of children would be birthed at the same date, so there would be only one age group per class in grade school.  
  
 At birth, each child would be placed in an institute so they can all be raised the exact same and be taught exactly how to think and act. The children would get a specified amount of hours to spend time with their parents; supervised time, of course, so the parents won’t teach the children anything unnecessary.  
 The children would stay in these institutes for free, so the children cannot make fun of one another for their financial background. They would stay in the institutes, all being taught, fed, bathed, and perceived exactly the same, until they’re taught well enough to graduate into the real world, where they will be free to live their lives however they like, with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If anyone in the outside world wishes to discriminate against one of these grey-skinned perfectionists, may they be beaten into a thousand deaths, for they would all be exactly alike.  
  
 In a world full of citizens all identical in every way, discrimination and racial slurs and stereotypes would be a thing of the distant past. No one would be different, and everyone would be happy. Without diversity, there would be no mix-ups of people and emotions, so the Earth would spin smoothly without conflict.  
  
 With a flawless plan for a flawless lifestyle, the world would surely turn into a dull, listless place with no means of direction for anything, with no passion for life whatsoever. Even today, society tries to push people like pawns in a game of chess to all strive for the same life goals that are popular with the mainstream lifestyle. If diversity didn’t exist, America would eventually turn into the zombie-looking, Nazi-raised freaks I just described.  
  
 Just because someone doesn’t like the same music as you, or doesn’t wear the same expensive clothes, or can’t afford a nice house like you, doesn’t make them any less human. It’s inhuman to discriminate, as we are all just as evil and repulsive, if not more so, as we are gorgeous in our own way. Any human being sick enough to judge another doesn’t deserve the life of luxury they have over any person. So, next time you think to opinionate someone, ask yourself, what the hell makes you any better than Adolf Hitler or Kim Jong-il for wanting to put down someone just because of their differences?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/e6u68/dammit_a_study_in_another_mans_wife/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Dammit: a study in another man's wife.

Just writing this so I don't end up writing something else, like an apologetic "I did your wife" kind-of note.   
  
HELL! Women! The hell's up with them, anyway?  
  
So I'm down in Oakland, CA right now, having driven down from Portland OR yesterday (about 10 hours). I came to visit a friend from school, a girl (and 'the wife' in question) I used to have a small thing with many years ago. We never dated, but did room together for a year. It was a sexually-charged time, with both of us dating a lot, but never dating each other. We never even made out, though we came close a few times. We've had a few late-night, sometimes-intoxicated conversations regarding 'what if?' over the years, but for the most part we've both moved on. She was married in 2007 to a really nice guy, someone I've met multiple times and become loose friends with.   
  
I'm down here now, have been since last night, and the plan was for the three of us to hang out, visit SF, just take in the sights and sounds. I've got a couple of days down here, was planning on leaving Wednesday, and the three of us were going to relax and enjoy (unbeLIEVEable weather down here right now - almost 80F, clear blue &amp; sunny; I freaking love California).   
  
But.   
  
He got sick. Stomach flu or some-such, I don't really know. All I know he wasn't feeling well this morning, so she and I took off, after making sure he was all right and all. I was the guest, after all, and she my long-time friend; someone had to entertain me, dammit, and it really was her I'd come to see anyway. So the day went well. We had fun, I bought her damn near everything (food+drinks), and just enjoyed catching up. She decided it'd be fun to go out tonight, too, and hit up what local nightlife was available on a Monday evening. Sure, I thought, why not. Her husband wasn't able to go to that either, as he was still under the weather, but he saw us off before going back to bed.  
  
The night went pretty well until she got some drinks in her. I was drinking as well, but she's a short girl and two sips of anything will capsize her tolerance boat. I spent about $60 on liquor for the both of us this evening (equivalent to about three shots, god-damn expensive-ass town), and with her downing the lion's share of that, she got pretty, uh, friendly. After a couple of hours of drinking and some dancing, she leaned in and asked me if I could keep a secret. I said sure and she kissed me. I pulled away immediately, and she carried on as if nothing had happened, but even the reminder of the giant diamond on her left hand wasn't enough to stop my mind from wandering.   
  
I got her some water, lots of water, and we left and began the walk back (less than a mile). She wasn't wasted by any means, just tipsy, but she asked me what I'd thought of kissing her and if I wanted to do it again. She said she knew it was wrong, but she'd wanted to do that for five years but had never found the courage. She added something about her husband having to work all day tomorrow, but didn't go further than that. I might've been a little more sober than her, but even so, didn't trust myself to reply, as I'd thought about it on and off over the years as well. She's a gorgeous girl and has a capacity for ESP, so I knew she could read my response even without saying a damn thing.   
  
She and I have plans to spend tomorrow in SF. I don't know that there will be any alcohol involved, but even so, should I go? Her husband does have to work in the morning, and assuming he isn't still sick, he'll be gone all day. I don't feel comfortable spending time with just her right now. I really want to... but I know I shouldn't.   
  
Now that I'm removed from the situation, this whole thing seems like a bad porn movie, or one of those fictitious Penthouse story accounts. Really, when does this shit happen "for reals"? Maybe it's more common than I know, I don't know. Either way, I'm sitting in their living room now. They're both asleep, or getting there, and I'm wide awake, a little at a loss of what to do. I could pack up and get out tonight, but that'd probably seem more weird than if I just left early tomorrow. I don't want to tell him what happened, and I know she won't, but I don't want to look him in the eye tomorrow, either.  
  
Awesome stuff. Really, not very consequential and a pretty insignificant story overall, but just my personal wrestling match for the evening. Any clever insights or sage advice is appreciated, but I'll probably just see tomorrow out as planned, and make sure she avoids the booze.  
  
'night!  
  
  
  
SHORT: friend's wife kissed me, hinted at the prospect of more.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/jeckt/having_problems_not_sure_what_to_do/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Having problems. Not sure what to do.

Let me start off by saying that I'm unsure if this is the right subreddit for this. Tried posting in /advice without any luck. After a week, there wasn't a single reply. So I started looking elsewhere.   
  
I'll try to keep this as short as possible. I have a tendency to ramble. Feel free to ask any questions you have. Throwaway account. I'm wide open.  
  
I'm nineteen years old. Passive and non-confrontational to the point of letting people abuse me and walk all over me. I realize it, but realizing it and changing it are two entirely different things.   
  
Four years ago my parents lost their jobs. They both work in areas with zero job security. Mother takes care of the elderly and my father works in construction. Both are under the table. Couldn't afford the mortgage, but we didn't move out until after I had graduated high school in 2009. I didn't know it at the time, but when my parents lost their jobs they started doing drugs. They've smoked pot my entire life. However after they lost their jobs, they moved on to drugs much worse than pot.   
  
Family rushed me into college in September of '09, right after I graduated high school. Picked a shitty college and the first major that came to mind. Dropped out after a month and a half with $4800 in student loan debt.  
  
My parents bounced from one job to the next, never able to keep the job. They'd get fired or quit for some reason or another. In July 2010 I started working full time at a gas station bringing home just over $1,050/month. By the beginning of October, my parents were taking my pay every week. They were living with my grandparents, I was living with my aunt and uncle. My grandparents were extremely stressed financially. My grandmother is on disability, and they had 6 people living in their house with only one person (my grandfather) bringing any income. I lost my job with no notice just before Christmas. The company decided to sell all of its locations in my area to a competitor. They told me on Monday and the store closed on Wednesday. So I had no money saved up and my jobless parents owed me $2,200.  
  
Come tax time, I claimed my sister as a dependent. Received $4,800 for my tax return. I got $70 of it. Parents took the rest. They had already told the family that I offered it to them and my grandparents were so relieved that they wouldn't have to support my parents any longer that I felt pressured to not say anything. \*Back to being too passive for my own good.\*  
  
My parents used the money to get an apartment. My name is on the lease, and the cable/phone/internet and energy/gas bills are in my name. I didn't feel comfortable doing this in the first place, but I didn't feel right objecting. I'd soon realize how big a mistake this was.   
  
It was at this point that the family and I learned how bad my parents had become. They had both been stealing from family members. Up until we moved into the apartment, nobody knew who the thief was. My aunt's energy/gas bill had been stolen. My grandmother's wallet and several of her rings. Three iPod touches had been stolen from me. Another aunt's purse had been stolen on Christmas Eve, it had over $3,000 in it that was supposed to be given out as gifts the next morning.  
  
Turned out to be my parents who were stealing everything. Mom got a job at a local family owned grocery store a few weeks after moving into the apartment. She stole $1,600 from the safe. Got caught. Felony grand larceny charges. She then started taking care of an elderly woman whose husband had recently died. She got fired from there for stealing the woman's wedding rings. My grandmother got her a job taking care of a woman with Alzheimer's. It was a 24 hour care job and my grandmother, mother, and three aunts were going to split the hours. My mom ended up getting fired for stealing the woman's pills.   
  
Currently my parents bring home ~$3,500/month. After all bills are paid and groceries purchased they should have about $2,000 left. They never have a penny to their name. They have to borrow money every week for gas and cigarettes. They're doing crack or heroin, not sure which. Popping pills daily.   
  
They sold my car, that I paid for with my own money. They tried to get credit cards in my name without telling me, then lied to me when I confronted them about it. They pawned everything I own, valuable or not. They live like scum. The entire apartment is disgusting. Rotten food, old dishes, and trash lying all over. My bedroom is the only clean room in the house. They haven't bought groceries in nearly a month and a half. When I'm hungry I have to go to the nearby grocery store and steal from their buffet-style self-serve area, otherwise I don't eat. Other than using the bathroom or going to get food, I haven't left my bedroom in months. The bills are rarely paid, which has ruined my credit. We've had power cut and cable/phone/net shutoff several times.   
  
On top of all of this, I'm gay and my family is Catholic and quite religious. I lost my friends when I came out in high school. I had only one friend left after I came out. About six months after we graduated she got her first boyfriend and since then (it's been about two years, now) she's refused to speak to me. Won't respond to my text messages, won't answer my calls, un-friended me on Facebook and ignores my Facebook messages. I was her best friend, and she let me know it all the time.   
  
I don't know what to do any more. I can't find a job. I've been trying very hard since December, when I lost my job at the gas station. I can't sleep any more. The past few weeks I just lay there at night and I can't stop thinking about what a joke my life has become. I don't know how to get myself out of this situation, and it's only made worse knowing that I have nobody to turn to.   
  
If you made it to the end, thank you. This is so much longer than I wanted it to be.   
  
Tl;dr - My life fell apart and I don't know how to get out of the mess I'm in.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/632ihk/need_advice_on_whether_to_drop_out_of_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Need advice on whether to drop out of college (first year) or not... \*long\*

I study psychology at a relatively well-known university in central London. All throughout high school, I dreamt of getting a place there and being able to study there. My mother was very supportive, but my father had always wanted me to study medicine (and perhaps go into psychiatry as opposed to psychology). I felt as though I wasn't passionate enough for going through with medicine (or maybe even smart enough?), and so I chose psychology. According to my father, this was to be a sort of 'trial-year' for me; if I liked it, I would continue, but if I didn't, I would perhaps stop and change to medicine. When I finally got the offer and the conditional score, I was overjoyed.  
However, my first year at university isn't exactly going as well as I had hoped. I struggled a LOT with myself in general, my low mood, my uni work etc etc. I started seeing a university therapist in November, and this past winter was incredibly tough. Some weeks I couldn't get out of bed, I would sometimes go for days without seeing my friends and just isolating myself, and I lost quite a lot of weight because of it. I would cry frequently, and even though my friends were incredibly supportive, I wasn't as happy as I knew I could be, and that was frustrating. I loved the friends I made, but I knew I could make better ones, I was always jealous of seeing other people bond together so well and I kept telling myself perhaps in 2nd year, I'll join more societies and get to know more people and find a group of friends I 100% 'click' with.  
  
When I went home over the winter break, my father would continuously ask me what my plans were after I graduate etc etc. Thinking about my future always makes me feel incredibly anxious, so that conversation would always end in a fight or in tears (on my side).  
  
It's not that I didn't have fun. Weekends I would drink with my friends and go out, I've met countless people at my halls - perhaps more of the sort of friends you drink and party with, but I loved them nonetheless. Living in central London was the most amazing opportunity ever, and there always something to do.  
However, even as months went by I couldn't motivate myself to do study or do well academically. I would always half-ass my assignments and turn them in last minute, and my mood wasn't getting much better, either. Maybe I wasn't as motivated because I wasn't sure if it was 100% the path for my future, maybe it was the lack of complete support from my father...I don't know, but things just felt off .  
  
And then something awful happened. I won't get too much into it, but in February I was sexually assaulted by a friend. When something like that happens, it takes a bit of time for your mind &amp; body to process what had happened. I spent the next few weeks afterwards just getting drunk constantly. I wasn't aware of it, but I was in a state of emotional shock for a few weeks before all my feelings hit me like a fucking train. I suddenly couldn't stop crying, I was in a constant state of distress, I felt worthless and violated etc etc. I just felt like a glass of water that was a tiny bit overfilled, like my tears would creep up on me in public when I'm ordering coffee or sitting in the library. I felt like a mess, and even walking through the street, I felt like people would look at me, I felt like my sadness and distress was leaking. The only person I've talked about this to is my therapist (can't really tell my friends as they are also friends with him and all), but he (the therapist) is being extremely sensitive about the whole thing so we've never really talked about my feelings about it thoroughly. My academic work got even worse, I had to get extensions for everything, and I even stopped eating completely for a few weeks just to regain a sense of control. A couple friends knew something traumatic had happened (not what though), and they would come check up on me etc, but I can tell they're not really sure how to deal with it all either.  
  
It's spring break, and I decided to fly home to spend a couple weeks here. It's been a couple months since it happened, and I'm doing relatively better. But not completely okay, though. I feel a bit out of control, like my mind is really sluggish and slow. I don't know if it's because of what happened, because I feel fine, really...but then when I think about it too much I start to feel a bit distressed. I just still feel a bit 'off'. Like a bit far removed from myself. Exams are coming up and I don't know if I'm making myself feel all this now to give myself an 'excuse' not to study. I can't motivate myself to study, and it all seems a bit hopeless.  
  
I've been thinking recently that perhaps I should drop out of uni after my first year. All in all, I love my school and my friends and all, but I just feel like I need to figure myself out a bit...I feel a bit lost, I feel very confused about everything, and I feel as though perhaps I'm not mature enough to fully appreciate it all yet (?). I feel as though my first year was a bit wasted in a sense, and I see all my high school friends having so much fun and I had to deal with shit and it just makes me so...upset &amp; frustrated.  
  
However, as its April, it's too late to apply to any other university - if I were to decide to do medicine, I would have to reapply next year (for 2018 entry). So I would take a year off and then apply when I'm 21. For medicine, that would still be minimum 6 years of studying on top of that. Plus, I'm not sure what I could do in my year off. On top of that, medicine is a lifelong commitment. Of course, my future would look far more secure and promising than a future with a degree in psychology, but I don't know how to know if its the right thing for me. I feel as though perhaps putting ALL my life energy into medicine would finally give me a sense of purpose, but I'm scared I'll regret it. I'm scared I'll drop out and quit this amazing school and throw away a good opportunity. But I can't ignore this gut feeling, I can't ignore the fact that I just was so genuinely unhappy in my first year. I should also point out that this psychology course wasn't exactly something I had been expecting, perhaps? It's interesting but I can't get myself to care enough. Psychology has ALWAYs interested me, and I know deep down that psychology/psychiatry are written in the stars for my future. I can't imagine doing anything else. But I can't motivate myself for this year. I just don't care. I feel apathetic. I don't know why. I don't know what to do.  
  
I don't know how to tell if I'm completely healed from what's happened (I don't think so..?), I don't know how to tell if I'm okay with anything, it's like I don't know myself anymore. I can't stop crying every time I think of this whole thing about being confused, and I feel so utterly hopeless. I don't know who to talk to. I'm scared of talking to my parents about it, as I know they'll probably support me leaving, and I don't know if I'm ready for that..? I don't know what to do. I feel weirdly numb.  
If you read all of this or even ANY of this, just know that I appreciate it from the bottom of my heart. I'm just an angsty and confused teenager I guess, and I know I need some proper guidance. Any help or words would be really, really appreciated.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/fv9a4/my_girlfriend_is_uneducated_and_lacking_direction/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My girlfriend is uneducated and lacking direction, need advice.

I didn't have time to completely write my post the first time, and got trashed pretty hard in the comments. I left some things out the first time and generally made myself sound like a dick. I added and edited some things so I'm resubmitting my post to start fresh.  
  
So I met this girl through a friend, and we really hit it off, let's call her Megan.  
  
Megan is pretty awesome, she is funny, sexy, caring, compassionate, and is overall a great girlfriend. I had food poisoning about two weekends ago and she took care of me the whole time while I was shaking, vomiting, feverish and getting close to going to the hospital.  
  
Had she not been there for me I would have ended up going to the hospital. I was on my couch under a blanket because I had the chills so bad and she sat on the floor next to the couch the whole time and held my hand until I began falling asleep and then made me get up and get in bed where she kept an eye on me all night.  
  
The other day I went to eat with some friends where she works and when she brought the bill there was a very sweet and awesome note written on the back of it.  
  
All in all she's great, I've never had a girlfriend that cares about me like she does and goes out of her way to take care of me, and make me happy. She does all the little things I've always wanted in a girlfriend like little notes, or even caring enough to bring me something to drink when she runs into the gas station. She also always has her own money and I don't have to spend a lot of money on her nor does she expect me to.  
  
On the other hand, here is what I don't like. Megan is not the smartest girl in the world. Any text she sends me, or note she leaves me is so blatantly rife with spelling errors that it blows my mind as to how someone could not know how to spell a certain word. She'll often stop me mid conversation and ask me what a word means.  
  
She's also younger than me by a few years, and is on the tail end of finishing her GED due to getting in trouble in school and general life issues. She doesn't seem to have a lot of direction in life, has no idea what she wants to do, and won't even consider taking general education college courses until she can settle on a career. Her current job has no future for her either.  
  
This really bothers me because I always wanted, and am used to dating women who have their own careers in mind, are independent, and have direction and drive in life. I'm very well off for my age (early twenties) with two vehicles, a house, and a motorcycle. I don't care how much money I have, I refuse to be the guy with the stay at home wife who has no education or career.  
  
I've tried to get her into reading, and learning, but she refuses to do it and absolutely hates reading. I can't make her do something she doesn't want to do or better herself if shes not willing.  
  
I also hate her parents even though they love me. Her mother is a raging alcoholic who is constantly cheating on her husband, and I can't stand to be around her mother period, even when she's not drinking sometimes. It's to the point where I won't go into her house anymore, and constantly turn down lunch or dinner invitations so I don't have to deal with her mom.  
  
On top of that she's not very understanding of my love of video games. She views them as a complete waste of time, and gets very upset when I want to play them to unwind and relax. For example we were at a friends house the other night and she was hanging out with his wife since she hasn't seen her in awhile. Me and my friend decided we wanted to hop on XBox Live and play Black Ops for awhile, and we only played for about 30-45 minutes. This put her in a completely terrible mood for the rest of the night and greatly upset her.  
  
At the end of the day I just feel like its not fair that I work 40-60 hours a week, and am in a relationship with someone who smokes way too much weed, and has no drive or direction in life. She won't even take gen ed college courses until she figures out what she wants to do. She also spends far more time than I do playing video games chasing down bags of weed from various people because its such a huge part of her life. I wish she didn't smoke daily because I feel like it dumbs her down and makes her unmotivated. I'm tree friendly but not on a daily basis.  
  
She's also pretty clingy and if she had her way would spend every waking moment with me. She just doesn't understand that some evenings after a long day of work I want to sit around in my boxers and play video games on my myriad of expensive electronics that I've worked my ass off for.  
  
I like her, but I don't think I could ever love her, but I don't know, maybe with time it could happen. Am I just being a picky asshole who needs to shut the hell up or what?  
  
tl;dr My girlfriend is uneducated and we are at very difference places in our lives.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/tzi8h/my_daughter_just_told_me_she_wanted_to_move_in/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My Daughter just told me she wanted to move in with her mother because she will let her cheer and I won't...I am at a loss

A little background:  
  
Divorced 10 years ago and was screwed over quite well by the courts. Had to pay loads of child support for (2) kids I barely got to see 4 days a month to a woman who didn't want the kids in the first place. FFWD a couple years, several visits from Children Services and quite a few arguments, my ex-wife files "unruly child" papers against my then 9 year old daughter and tell me to come get her, she's done. A few signed papers later, I have full custody of her and she is living with me.  
  
I have worked my ass off making sure that she had everything that I could afford, put her to school in the best school district around...No I didn't spoil her with all the Apple products out there or overindulge in her demands for the most expensive attire, but she was allowed vacations, and visits to friends houses as often as she wanted, as long as the household rules were maintained.   
  
Over the years her visits to her mothers have been filled with tears, humiliation and just plain hatred. A few examples of recent: 4 months ago her mother told her that she was too much if a b\*tch and she didn't want to deal with her on vacation, so she left our daughter home and took my son and his best friend on the trip. 3 months ago, on my daughters 16th birthday her mother took her out to eat with that side of her family; not a single one of them spoke to her. They all sat in the restaurant in silence, ate and left. Not one uttered a Happy Birthday. I had to pick my devastated kid up at the Restaurant because her mother wouldn't take her home after she acted that selfish (by crying)...  
  
Anyway, I have YEARS of examples like this. They just don't get along and have gone months without talking.   
  
So, throughout her life my kid has tried, and failed to become a cheerleader. She has endlessly tried to get on a team, only to be cut since she just wasn't what the school wanted. This has been her life long dream, there is something about cheering that she believe is going to make her a success in life and that there is nothing more important.  
  
Recently she found a Cheer squad local that she tried for, and was accepted to. It's a professional, travelling team, ya know, the ones you see overly caked in make-up and short skirts terrorizing Disney and other theme parks? Yeah. It's $7,000 a year with $3K due upfront.   
  
While I am not broke, I do not have money just sitting around like that and so, although it hurt me to do it, I had to tell her no. It just wasn't possible to spend that kind of money annually to send her to cheer, not to mention the daily time investment in driving her back and forth until she succeeded in getting her license. Needless to say she was all kinds of unhappy and, this last weekend went to visit her mother.  
  
One hour before she was due to come home I get a text: "Dad, I'm going to live with mom from here on out. SHE will let me cheer while you won't. YOU have to sign the papers when we get there tonight."  
  
WTF??!!? Hours of conversations later it is discovered that there are cheerleading sign-ups in the town my ex lives in on the upcoming Monday (yesterday.) You have to be registered at the school there to get on the team. On Monday, my ex goes to the school in her town and tells them that I am in full agreement and that she wants to register daughter for the school. She then picks her up and takes her to the Cheer meeting, where the administration says "as long as you get her registered for the school we will take her."  
  
So...here it is Tuesday. My brain is numb trying to think this all through. Do I allow her to move in with her mother for her last 2 years of school so she can cheer? I know she can't stand the woman and the household aspect will be a mess, but she has friends there, she will cheer and will have a car to leave if needed.  
  
OR, do I fight the custody, since we know it will take 2 years to get though court and the odds of her mother getting custody are slim to none, and have my child resent me for not allowing her to reach this all important to her goal?  
  
TL:DR I can't afford $7000 cheerleading so daughter wants to make knee-jerk reaction to move in with her uncaring mother Just so she can cheer in that school.  
  
Missing a small bit of info, I didn't fully include. 1. she didn't make try-out on her current school, you have to be very talented to get in 2. she found a "pay-to-cheer" competitive program, out of school, that is $7000/mo 3. Her mothers school district will put a cheerleading costume on anyone, therefore she will be part of the team, but may not ever get to participate. It's a little over $500 to cheer there.  
  
UPDATE: I am thinking of a possible trial attempt at this. Instead of giving over full custodial rights I am thinking instead of allowing her to use her mothers (address) to gain access to the school. Allow her to stay there through the summer and attempt the cheer camps to see if she and her mother can handle living together while doing so. My hopes here are that she is able to either a. be successful and get into the cheer team come school start or b. have the chance to realize that this was not the right decision and not have to fight to get her back.  
  
Thank you for those who offered up suggestions or ideas. I am not 100% on what I want to do yet, I am very concerned for her well being, but I will make an attempt to explore options before I make a decision.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/qlx072/miserable_at_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Miserable at College

I'm currently a college freshman at a UConn regional campus (commuting from my parent’s house) studying Finance, on track to living on the main campus (Storrs) next semester.   
  
Currently, I'm having my good days &amp; bad days. I work 25-30 hours per week at my job &amp; go to class 15 hours a week. Add in studying, homework, etc. and it's closer to 60 hours per week, sometimes 70 hours if I'm prepping for an exam. It's pretty grindy, and I'm mostly ok with that. I've worked these kinds of hours before. However going into college this summer, I had aspirations of getting into a top MBA graduate school after undergrad, so a 3.7+ GPA was my goal. &amp; I’ve done somewhat well academically. Granted I have 3 very easy classes with no exams that will be guaranteed A's, but my Stat class &amp; Mircoecon class I've struggled through tremendously. Between these two classes, I've had 4 exams so far and the score has been: 70%, 64%, 60%, &amp; 83%. I feel like I'm very good at doing more grindy assignments, like bs homework and essays, but prepping for exams &amp; the actual test taking is what is killing me. Now granted this winter, work will end and I'll be able to focus on school full time come next semester. But as of now, my whole life feels like misery. I wake up and immediately have a knot in my stomach about the anxiety I have for the day. College just seems so much harder than HS &amp; it's overwhelming. I could end up with a 3.6 at the end of the semester, but I could end up also with more like a 3.2 if the exam scores continue in the direction they're going. &amp; if classes get harder next semester as I predict they may, my MBA aspirations may soon dry up.   
  
Last night I began studying for the 3rd Mircoecon exam and I didn't get too far. This exam covers around 100 textbook pages (4 chapters), and I sat there for 90 minutes at my desk only getting to the 3rd page, really struggling to understand basic concepts. I had the worst mental breakdown I had all semester, cried for about an hour, and gave up for the night, and just laid in bed texting my mom &amp; dad venting on how frustrated I felt. At that rate, it would take me 100 hours to solely read the textbook, not even properly study for the exam.   
  
Everyone at the main campus I know just seems to be partying all the time, and genuinely having a fun time. But for me, I feel like it's a race for me to get all my homework and other assignments completed, so I can free up some time to study for exams. I feel like school is consuming my whole life, and it certainly is something I think about almost constantly even when I'm not working on school work (at my job). I don’t have a gf, and I almost feel guilty trying to hang out with the few friends I have, because I feel like I should be studying. So there are very few things to look forward to at the moment, definitely playing this semester on hard mode.   
  
I'm wondering if I should take next semester off through a leave of absence, which allows my current 14 credits to stay. &amp; I have 7 credits from HS, and taking a couple of summer classes in the future years can still allow me to graduate in 4 years despite taking the semester off. This will technically give me time off from December 17-August 30. Throughout this period would I like to pursue entrepreneurship to see if I can maybe not need college altogether if I can do well with my business. I’ve bought 3 courses, and around 50 books this summer. A mentor I know used the same courses I have when he was 19 and was able to reach $10k per month with his amazon ad agency within 3 months working 10 hour days, 6 days a week. I'm tired of school. I’m not naturally good at it, and my passion for entrepreneurship makes me wonder if the bachelor's degree qualification will even matter for my success in the end. I don't want to play the school game, where I'm at UConn till I'm 23, work for a few years, get a top MBA (if I can even get it) at 29, and then work some mindless high paying job that in all honestly would never fulfill me. College is god awful, I technically feel like I can persevere. But it sure is a challenge for me and I feel incredibly miserable and unfulfilled. I hate taking classes that don't interest me, spending all my parent’s money on my tuition, and even though I study hard and learn, my exams test me more on my memorization &amp; I do poorly no matter how much prep is done. (wrote this fast, so don't judge for grammar) What do you guys think I should do?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/t9xhbj/study_tips_productivity_tips_that_everyone_can/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Study Tips + Productivity Tips that everyone can benefit from

I bullshitted my way through 70% of school. The last 30% are hard STEM classes that I cannot bullshit my way through. A combination of adderall and discipline allowed me to establish good study &amp; productivity habits that I still employ when I'm not taking adderall. These are numbered but are in no particular order.   
  
1) Downtime  
  
If you have an iPhone, use the 'Downtime' feature during mornings. It's under 'Screen Time'. Essentially, every single app &amp; website is locked for you during the times that you set. You can set certain apps and websites that are needed, such as email and school portals etc as 'Always Allowed'. When I wake up, I have a bad habit of staying in bed for a while browsing my phone. Setting my downtime from the morning to afternoon allows me to not get caught up on social media, forcing me to get out of bed and get my shit done.   
  
2) App Restrictions  
  
You don't actually have to follow the restrictions. Under 'Screen Time', see which apps you use the most. Mainly social media apps. Set 1 hour restrictions on these apps daily. You don't actually need to follow these restrictions. Once the app is restricted, you can choose to 'ignore restriction for 15 minutes'. Do this throughout the day as many times as you need. Again, I have a horrible habit of going through social media and not realizing how much time I spend doing it. Throughout the day, basically every time you want to use the app it'll remind you that you've passed the limit, and if you click 'ignore for 15 minutes' then once 15 minutes shoots by, you'll realize it instead of spending an hour on your phone thinking only 5 minutes have passed. I estimate that 90% of you reading this are on Reddit avoiding your other responsibilities. Restrictions will help with this.   
  
3) Timers  
  
When I'm studying, I usually take constant breaks. Studying has the opposite effect on me as social media; 10 minutes of studying feels like an hour of studying. Setting timers allows you to see how much time you're spending while you're studying. My method is to set a timer. 25 minutes of studying, then a 5-10 minute break depending on how burnt out I am. Time your breaks too. Bathroom breaks count as your breaks, you can't take your 10 minute break then go use the bathroom  
  
4) Libraries/Study Rooms  
  
If you don't like studying in public, you should suck it up and do it anyway. When you're home, you're surrounded by comfort and distractions. If you take the time to leave your house and go to the library, you're committing to study. If you stay home, you can stop anytime you want.   
  
5) Rewards  
  
I love steak. I eat about 1lb of steak on a daily basis. Every time I go steak shopping, I'll by packs of cheap prime New York Strips, but I'll also get some expensive wagyu steak. I leave it in my freezer, and I'm not allowed to eat it unless I get an A on a test or hard assignment. Overall, I use wagyu steaks as rewards for things, not only for tests/assignments. It's good to reward yourself.   
  
6) Posture  
  
When I first started developing my study habits, my posture was terrible. I'd lean forward and my head would be facing down for hours. Once I left the library, my body would be stuck leaning forward and the muscles in my frontal upper body were very tight. It was terrible. I practiced sitting up straight, and rather than facing my head down, I'd keep my head straight and face my eyes down. It was hard the first few times, but now I can comfortably stay at the library for 8 hours and not feel like a train wreck afterwards. I'd say posture is one of the most important things on this list.   
  
7) Exercise  
  
It's a fact that we study better after we've exercised. Exercise also helps with mental health. You don't need to go lift heavy weights for 3 hours. A nice walk, a small run, anything physical before you start studying will help.   
  
8) NUTRITION AND HYDRATION  
  
If you don't focus on nutrition and hydration, you need to reevaluate the way you see yourself. You are an animal and a machine. Water is the root of all life. Water is our fuel. I see water the same way a car sees gasoline. I NEED IT. I drink 1.5 gallons per day and I always feel great. My ex literally drank 1 tiny cup of water per day and ate 2 tiny meals per day and she never had energy to do anything. WE ARE BEASTS. WE NEED FUEL. WE NEED WATER. WE NEED FOOD. If you take no effort in getting in your protein, calories, and hydration on a daily basis, then don't complain that you don't have energy. Furthermore, STUDYING TAKES ENERGY. I'm a gym rat. I track my calories and my macros, time my meals throughout the day etc. I see my study sessions as workout sessions. Every hour you study is 1 set of brain curls. If you're not properly feeding yourself, you aren't going to study well, same way with working out. On days where I know I'll be at the library for a while, I will fill a medium sized water bottle full of fat free milk (Fat free has no cholesterol) and take it with me, along with protein bars, protein shakes, and gallon water bottles. The natural sugars in milk are fine for you even if you're cutting. Brain power uses up carbs, so a nice cup of milk or orange juice while studying can help replenish you.   
  
9) Sleep  
  
This one is obvious, and I'm sure everyone has read tips saying get more sleep. Time is precious. When you are dead tired while you're studying, your brain is less engaged, it takes you much more time to process information, and you retain much less information. If it's the day before the exam, alright understandable to stay up late cramming. But on the days leading up to the exam, make sure you're getting your sleep or else you aren't retaining any of that information.   
  
Get some melatonin, it's an OTC drug that is naturally found in our bodies and is responsible for sleep. As a matter of fact, melatonin production increases when it's dark. So if you're staying in a lit up room with screens on full brightness, you aren't going to get sleep. Make sure your room is as dark as possible and turn down phone brightness.   
  
10) Fashion over comfort (situational)  
  
This one might be weird to some. It's situational depending on your personality. Personally, I feel happy and confident when I'm well dressed. Even when I go to the grocery store, I like dressing up. My mood can be swayed by how I'm dressed. If I dress like a celebrity and go to the library, I'm more likely to be happy and stay longer because I enjoy being dressed up. If I dress up in my hobo clothes to be comfortable since I know I'm staying a while, maybe I'll be physically comfort, but my mood will be lazy and tired since my comfort clothes are my lazy and tired clothes. Again, this is situational. If you are happiest in a hoodie and sweats, then by all means go with that.   
  
11) Classical Music  
  
I normally hate classical music, but you aren't going to retain information well if you listen to songs that you know the beats/lyrics to. When songs I know/like are playing, my brain is subconsciously following along with the beat since I know the beat. You want your entire focus to be on studying. On Spotify, some things I search up while studying include "calm piano" "calming classical" "lofi study". Find whatever works for you. The beats can't be catchy. It has to be background music. Classical music is also known to help with focus. Tie this idea back to number 3: Timing. Listen to classical music the 25 minutes that you're studying, then play your favorite songs during your break.  
  
12) HEADPHONE VOLUME  
  
I'm not sure what is shown for other headphones, but on iPhone with AirPods, you can control the dB of your audio. Basically, even if your volume is turned down, there are certain sounds within music that can exceed safe dB levels. When studying, your goal is to have background music but be focused on studying. You don't want to damage your hearing for background music. Most of our headphones are automatically set to the highest decibel level, which Is 100 decibels and is as loud as an ambulance siren in your ear. The lowest decibel option is 75, which is as loud as a vacuum cleaner. If you're like me and you're used to absolutely destroying your ears, it'll take you a bit to get used to these lower levels. But like I said, since you're listening to background classical music, it doesn't really matter. Feel free to turn the dB back up during your breaks when listening to songs you like. Sounds - Headphone Safety is where you can find this feature. If you set the slider all the way to the bottom, you can max out your headphone volume safely.   
  
13) STRETCH  
  
Even with good posture, when typing/taking notes, your body will have a natural tendency to lean forward, resulting in tightening of your chest and frontal shoulder muscles. During your breaks, go to the bathroom and get in a nice stretch. Get some paper, lay it on your flat out hand, and put your hand against a wall with a straight arm and tilt your body/chest away to get a nice stretch in your chest. Stretching is very important and it replenishes you.   
  
14) ROUTINE  
  
Any other fellow gym rats know that gym isn't an "option" in your day. My days are planned around my workouts and any other duties I have. I'm never like "eh I won't do it today" because it's part of my routine. You need to make studying this way as well. It's good to plan out what times you will study. My mornings and early afternoons are for school and work. My mid afternoons are for gym. Once it's around 4-6PM, I'm already done with my workout, almost done with my daily caloric intake, already showered, and my only other obligations are to go study. Then I'll go to the library, bring drinks and snacks, and stay there until 11 - 12.   
  
This is everything I can come up with right now, let me know and I'll add more

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/vxyep/what_is_it_that_pisses_you_off_about_our_society/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: What is it that pisses you off about our society (America/West)? Rants welcome here.

I'll tell you what, Non Profit organizations. My immediate rant follows. I hope sincerely to read yours in the comments.  
  
  
  
So, I’m surfin the fucking web on my lunch break at work (Stumble upon, you addictive bastard) when I come across [this fucking atrocity](http://www.globalrichlist.com/). But, I was beguiled at first by the snazzy background. So, I read on. “That’s cool,” I think. “I wonder where I am on the global scale.” So I punch in my meager yearly income of $25,000 buckaroos a year. “Well, would you look at those big fucking fonts? Looks like I’m in the top 10% of the worl. . .” Then it hits me. This bullshit is asking for some of my money. I should have known from the fucking beginning that someone would be wanting into my pants before the end of lunch. Fucking assholes want me to give up MY hard earned money for some people I don’t know. Well, let me tell you why emotional appeals don’t work on me, you snarky fucking cunts. Listen the fuck up.  
  
First of all, your stupid calculator always intended to make me feel rich. Anyone with internet is considered rich to them. While I was in the [top 10%](http://imgur.com/a/cAgzW#1) of the world according to this site, someone who made only $5000 a year would still be in the top 14%. WHO THE FUCK CARES. Do you know how much fucking money it takes to LIVE in the United States? Especially in the testicle shriveling SoCal? A one bedroom apartment often exceeds $1000 a month in rent. Food and gas expenses exceed $500 a month just going to and from work and eating pasta and beans (this included MANY mandatory bus trips because gas is too expensive). NO MEATS. NO FRESH VEGETABLES. NO FRESH FRUIT. How do I know? BECAUSE THAT’S HOW I LIVED FOR A YEAR! By the way, apples, NON ORGANIC APPLES, are about $1.30 per pound at the run-of-the-mill grocery store, or $0.50 - $0.75 a piece. Organic apples are NOT EVER $0.53 a piece (8/15). ARE YOU FUCKING HIGH OR JUST AN ASSHOLE? Staying in an apartment for a year (not including moving costs because they either kick you out at 12 months or increase your rent by more than 20%) comes to $18000 if all you do is go to work/school and eat dried grains and beans. If you have insurance (apartment, car, life, health, ect), car payments (because in SoCal you NEED a car. It is NOT a luxury), bills (because I’ve had to live off of a credit card before, racking up thousands of dollars in 24% interest debt just to eat and go to work) you’re just right and proper fucked. $18,000 barely cuts it. $25,000 barely cuts it! 10% my fat ass.   
  
Some other problems I have with your little infomercial. . .  
  
[$8 for 25 fruit trees?](http://imgur.com/a/cAgzW#3) WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU GETTING THAT FROM?! Where in the fucking world can you get 25 fruit trees for $8? NOT ANYWHERE IN AMERICA. Let me break this down, because I’m sure some of you reading this are already tracking that shit down to prove me wrong. Outside of buying them in gross numbers, that statistic is impossible in more than the monetary way. The only way to find that many “fruit trees” for that price is to buy a fuck-ton of them, super young, from a huge nursery that deals in volume. That being said, these wouldn’t be fruit bearing plants. Most fruiting trees take between 5 – 10 years to reach a fruiting age. So, how much good does this do the supposed farmer? NONE. The statement implies, however, that the trees in question are already fruit bearing! So, where in the FUCKING world can you find 25 fruit bearing trees for $8? Let me know, because I’d start a fucking tree farm right the fuck now.   
  
$73 for a “new” cellphone? NO. New cellphones, if not on a 2 year contract deal, are between $300 and $700. Remember, we’re talking NEW here. Implied by the statements on this website. And what the FUCK is a mobile health clinic? Does it disseminate HIV treatment drugs? How’s that going? [In America, the average HIV treatments for a patient is $367,134](http://www.avert.org/america.htm) for their remaining life span (usually around 12 years). Somehow, I don’t believe that your $73 “Mobile Health Clinic” is doing anything to help “Aids orphans in Uganda”. CAN THERE BE A MORE MANIPULATIVE SENTENCE?! Read it again, “Aids orphans in Uganda”. AIDS. ORPHANS. UGANDA. . . JESUS FUCKING FUCK. FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKING TWAT!  
  
Lastly, is the $2400 for teaching an entire generation of Angolan children. . . ARE YOU RETARDED?! There is NO WAY that that is possible. What is your idea of education? That’s one year for one class IF YOU’RE FUCKING JESUS.  
  
This little emotional appeal to get my money doesn’t even list what percentage is going to costs and what percentage is going to the tools for the needy. Furthermore, all of these sentences say the word “could”. Not “will buy”. Only “could”. There isn’t even a fucking PROMISE that you’ll help the needy with my money.   
  
And this is the clincher for me, folks. If the people who set up this PIECE OF SHIT WEBSITE really and truly wanted to help, they would dedicate all of their extra time in making money to donate themselves instead of ASKING OTHER TO DO IT FOR THEM! I would bet that the person who runs this website (or part of the foundation blah blah blah) lives comfortably on the money you give them while getting NonProfit funds from the Feds as well and giving about 10% of it to some other charity to take where its filtered again and then sent out for aid. Lets [TAKE A FUCKING LOOK, SHALL WE?](http://www.care.org/about/financialinfo/990\_fy2011.pdf)   
  
According to their tax forms, and I’m just giving a cursory glance here, they have 654 employees and claimed approximately $192 MILLION was paid in employee salary. Some simple math here says that if every person in the charity was paid equally amounts (which I highly doubt) that would be just over $290,000 per year for each of the 654 employees. WOW! WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED YOU'RE USING MY FUCKING MONEY TO BECOME RICH!?   
  
According to their own website, [they constitute 0.001%](http://imgur.com/a/cAgzW#6) of the richest motherfuckers in the god damn world. While I’m only in the top 10%. Tell you what. Why don’t you drop down to $25000 a year like me, live in an apartment in SoCal, and give the rest of your butt fucking salary to your own charity. You useless lamprey fucks.   
  
Just to finish this up, once you reach the 0.001%, [it doesn't matter how much money you make.](http://imgur.com/a/cAgzW#4) 10000000000000(ect) always peaks at 107,000 richest in the world. So, they don't care to take the calculations to the far end. Obviously built to lure the middle class citizen. And in the other direction, I put in $5000 annual income to see where it took me on this magical journey. Well, fancy that, you're still in the [top 14%.](http://imgur.com/a/cAgzW#5).  
  
So, in conclusion, FUCK YOU, YOU WORTHLESS THIEF OF A CON ARTIST! I HOPE ALL YOUR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN ARE BORN RETARDED AND I HOPE THAT YOU SPEND THE REST OF YOUR FUCKING LIFE FORGETTING YOUR CHILDREN'S’ NAMES WHILE YOU SHIT YOUR PANTS ON THE WAY TO THE TOILET YOU SPINELESS, SELFISH, COWARDLY MOTHERFUCKERS!  
  
[Image Gallery of Screenshots](http://imgur.com/a/cAgzW#0)  
  
Let my peoples' rants go!

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/31n295/10_questions_you_should_ask_every_recruiter_you/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: 10 Questions you should ask every recruiter you speak with.

As a bit of background, I used to work in the university system as a teaching assistant, recruiter and administrator. I frequently had face-to-face interaction with prospective students. Invariably, I'd get questions about the required G.P.A., what test scores they were looking for, etc. Fair enough. I do think, though, prospective students need more information, and they're not getting it. Here are 10 questions I think you should be asking:   
  
  
\*1: "When was the curriculum last overhauled/updated?"   
  
  
This should be priority #1. Most people think that universities are on the vanguard of their field. Truth is, except for a few programs, they are usually really out-of-date. Even top-tier schools. Since most of the non-professional schools have no need to keep-up with market trends, or employment statistics, they rely on a curriculum designed decades ago. Some were re-designed in the 1970s and 80s, some in the 1990s and some a recent as this year. Just because they have a course on andriod app development, or social media marketing doesn't mean the program is all that up to date. Find out. If they don't know, get them to find-out.   
  
  
\*2: "Who primarily teaches required courses?"   
  
  
Increasingly, required courses (or "core modules") are being taught by graduate students and adjunct faculty. While this isn't necessarily a bad thing, schools who are overly reliant on them as a source of instruction are often doing so because their full-time, tenured faculty are teaching at a reduced frequency. This can mean that valuable classes in a teacher's area of expertise are being taught by someone else. This can reduce the quality of your over-all education.   
  
  
\*3: "What kind of additional services do you offer your students? I'm thinking of counseling (academic), career planning, engagement/involvement."  
  
  
Many schools post banners for student politics, but are they engaged? Governments (State, Federal, Provincial, etc) often have throngs of summer internships, as do major corporations, NGOs, health care organizations, etc. Most people don't know how to access these resources. Your school should be actively involved in this. Most aren't heavily involved and students can go for 3 or even 4 years before finding-out about these options and how you can benefit!  
  
  
\*4: "What are your meals plans like and what do they cost?"   
  
  
Who cares about meal plans?! Well, many (if not most) university cafeterias are out-sourced to companies like Sodexo and Aramark. They can charge anywhere from $2,500 to $10,000 a semester for a meal plan. Now, what they term "meal" is a combination of food items priced at restaurant levels. The issue is that they usually don't offer comprehensive, well-balanced meals and focus rather on quick-prep items like burgers, fries and pre-made salads. Its often hard to find food that isn't extremely unhealthy, and since the cafeterias usually have reduced operating hours during holidays and weekends, people usually end-up eating garbage. The "Freshman 15" is often a direct consequence of a very rapid, and very poor, dietary change. If your school is offering an expensive meal plan, I recommend ensuring that you have alternative options. What's near the campus that you can use to augment your diet?  
  
  
\*5: "Can I design my own major?"   
  
Many, if not most colleges and universities, have that option. Often called "Self-designed major" or "Special Individualized Program," students (usually outside of STEM) can elect to design a major of their own. It requires you maintain a specific GPA and meet very regularly with academic counselors, but can be an excellent option for those motivated enough. If you have a specific interest or goal, this may be the way for you to go.   
  
  
\*6: "What kind of campus medical services do you offer? Are they 24 hours?"   
  
  
A big problem, not just for women, or for freshman, or people in very intense programs, or at-risk LGBT-Q students is mental health. Often, universities offer very rudimentary services. If you're very anxious, depressed or not feeling well, you need to see someone. What services do they offer? Is it referral-based? Do campus health insurance schemes cover their costs? Schools that offer an M.A. candidate from their clinical psych program often use this to cut costs and frequently don't run the gamut of (what I would call) necessary services. Additionally, most students begin to regularly engage in sex, including oral, vaginal and anal. While it's tempting to push fate, a lot of people need more than just luck. Condoms, the pill, lubricant and some advice. Make sure the sexual health department isn't a bunch of students manning an office trying to tell you about sex (which, they've usually never engaged in.). Either an RN or an MD! Make sure they have decent services.   
  
  
\*7: "How are accommodations decided upon?"  
  
People often ask what the accommodations are like, but not usually how they have a roommate decided for them. One of the single most stressful problems is a bad roommate. Often, people don't mesh, or they haven't lived on their own long enough to know how to be a functional individual. What you should do is find-out if you can move mid-semester and how they decide upon roommates. If it's a random draw, be leery. That's usually code for an accommodations team that isn't very active/engaged.   
  
  
\*8: "Who patrols the campus and how do you report campus-related crime?"   
  
Even with the Clinton-signed amendment in the US and crime reporting in Canada, campus crime reporting varies widely and is not necessarily a great barometer of the campus environment. Often, the campus security is loathe to deal with petty crime, or aggressive students. A recruiter is giving you a song-and-dance about their "community", but read their crime statistics. If they seem incredibly low, be dubious. Many of these universities (often with 15,000 to 20,000 students plus faculty and staff) and have a crime rate that's 1/100th of a city of its size? Always get those statistics. If they seem too good to be true: they are.  
  
  
\*9: "What kind of learning support do you offer?"   
  
  
This is important for more people than we may think. As an example, I had a student who had a common learning disability. Her mother was getting stone-walled wherever she called and so I ended-up getting her. She didn't know what services existed, because no one had told them. Even if you don't have a learning disability, why not know? Many times people have to take classes like calculus or advanced chemistry and it may require getting some help. Yes, there can be student tutors, or there may be more comprehensive help. It's better to know how to access the resources \*before\* you need the help. I would also recommend if there are professional services, that they should be your first stop.   
  
  
\*10: "I want to be a (fill in goals here) and want to study (program). Is this a good idea?"   
  
Ask. Ask. Ask. Many career counselors at the school can guide you. So, you want to be a doctor. Pre-med, right? WRONG. Lawyer. Pre-Law? WRONG. Much of what people think are great tracks to their goals are a mistake. Do you think that universities haven't seen ten thousand other political science graduates with a minor in Latin applying to law school? Don't do something because it may get you where you want to go. Figure-out where you want to go and how you can make it there. A great option for medicine may be Anthropology with a minor in health sciences (for instance). Maybe Russian &amp; Economics for law. There are lots of options. You have to figure-out what interests you and how you can best do it. Don't do something you may dislike because you think it's the best option. Because, it's usually the worst.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/9fetvq/introducing_the_education_of_a_social_worker_made/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Introducing the Education of a Social Worker Made Simple

## Finding the right path to be a social worker  
  
How to become a social worker can be a complex question to answer.  It could be argued that anyone who promotes the wellbeing of others is a social worker.  Historically, social work has been a very generic term.  Thanks to the Council of Social Work Education, National Association of Social Workers and other advocacy groups, there are specific requirements for the education of a social worker.  
  
As this path may seem a difficult to navigate, let us help you make simple sense of it!  
  
###### Disclaimer: This post contains affiliate links. I may receive a commission based upon your purchase, which does not affect the price you pay. It is my intent to provide affiliate links that you might find useful!  
  
\*\*There are technically four levels of education, which can be obtained: technician, bachelor, master, and doctorate.  I will be focusing on the bachelor and master levels.\*\*  
  
\*\*In Michigan, the technician has a narrow scope of practice but can operate within an agency and bill Medicaid.\*\*  
  
\*\*If you have specific questions about the technician,\*\* [\*\*contact me\*\*](https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/contact/)\*\*.\*\*  
  
## Education of a Social Worker- BSW  
  
The education of a social worker varies.  Minimally, you likely will need a bachelor of social work.  So how do you go about completing the necessary requirements and obtaining your degree and license?  
  
There are a few options for you!  
  
It will be important to evaluate your specific circumstances.  With the forging of online programs, many non-traditional students are returning to pursue their bachelor of social work too.  If you are a non-traditional student, please refer to my post ‘[How to get your MSW while working full time’](https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/2018/07/08/2018-7-8-how-to-get-your-msw-while-working-full-time/).  
  
I know!  You have not yet even received your bachelor degree yet.  However, the post will provide you with many details to consider.  
  
The qualifications for a social worker can change between states.  You should always check with your state’s licensing agency.  The scope of practice also changes between states.  You need to know well in advance if you will be able to provide the service you have your heart set on.  
  
### As you might find, the most predominant service provided by a bachelor level social worker is case management.  
  
Case management is a fantastic role to build your foundation.  It touches on nearly every part of advanced practice interventions.  The education of a social worker, at the BSW level, will center on this skill set.  
  
As a side note, the field of substance abuse \*sometimes\* has more loose standards.  You might be able to obtain a board certification in your state to conduct some types of therapy.  
  
So, you’ve reviewed the licensing requirements and you are ready to begin working towards a career in social work.  You will need to find a Council of Social Work Education accredited program.  There is likely not much variation in the concentrations between programs.   
  
The education of a social worker is mostly standardized when the school is accredited.  Each school will likely establish a foundation in the intersection of social, psychological, and biological systems.  
  
### If you have an added interest, venture out on your own or talk to your adviser about opportunities.  
  
This can significantly help you when you’re looking for a job.  Most applicants right out of college have nearly no experience.  Therefore, any way that you can expand upon the education of a social worker, it will help set you apart!  
  
If you can add to your resume and skill set- do it!   
  
While pursuing your bachelor degree, also consider whether you are wanting to go back to school for your MSW or other advanced degree.  The education of a social worker is a long journey!  
  
It is not uncommon for students to take a break.  However, be cautious if you are one of those people that likely won’t return.  
  
You will need to evaluate the benefit of an advanced degree- increased salary, promotion potential, private practice, etc. with burnout, finances, and other personal obligations.  
  
Getting your bachelor of social work will open many doors in mental health, non-profit, and some government positions.  It is also one of the few bachelor level degrees that offer a license to practice.  
  
Do you have more questions about the bachelor of social work track?  [Let us hear from you](https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/contact/)!  
  
## The Advanced Education of a Social Worker  
  
The steps to become licensed as a master level social worker are few but time consuming.  These qualifications for social workers are the same at both the micro and macro levels.  
  
First, you must graduate from a Council of Social Work Education accredited program.  There are many ways to do this.  I highly encourage you check your local area and online.  
  
Certainly, it is in your best interest to take your licensing exam following graduation!  Your schooling is fresh in your mind and your chances of success are much better.   
  
If you have not yet done so, I also suggest you obtain full time employment working as a limited licensed social worker.  
  
As a rule of thumb, each year of full time employment is equivalent to 2,000 hours.  Most states require 4,000 hours at minimum to receive your LCSW.  
  
Therefore, it cannot be stressed enough, check with your state’s licensing agency!  
  
### Your full license is the goal- don’t flounder it with laziness near the finish line.  
  
Each state will have its own requirements on how long you can go without obtaining your full license.  In Michigan, we have 7 years to get our full license.  
  
Clinical supervision is a keystone of social work.  Therefore, when searching for full time employment, there will be a number of considerations.  Ask your potential employer about clinical supervision.  If they offer free supervision, I would consider that to to be an added perk to any benefit’s package.  
  
The education for a social worker can be very expensive, so here is an unrelated tip!  Find out if the employer would qualify for the [National Health Service Corp](https://nhsc.hrsa.gov/loan-repayment/benefits.html).  
  
They can pay up to $75,000 simply for committing to the job for at least three years!  For more details, check out my post on [student loan hacks](https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/best-resource-list/)!  
  
The cost of contracted supervision can be upwards of $100/ hour or more.  Expect to complete one hour of clinical supervision per 40 hours.   
  
If you are contracting your supervision, shop around! Check with your state’s National Association of Social Work chapter before agreeing to an independent contractor.  
  
If you are considering returning to school for your MSW, I highly suggest you read my blog ‘[How to get your MSW while working full time](https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/2018/07/08/2018-7-8-how-to-get-your-msw-while-working-full-time/)‘.  It will provide a road map for success in achieving your degree with a family and job.  
  
Before you make any commitments, evaluate your options and school placements.  Any school that is accredited by the Council of Social Work Education will have similar qualifications for emerging social workers.  
  
### The end goal of obtaining your full licensure can be a long road.  
  
I encourage you to stick with it.  The field needs great people.  A sure sign that you may be one of them is that you’re reading this post.  If you have other questions, check out these [10 traits to see how you fit](https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/2018/08/15/10-traits-mental-health-careers/).  
  
As a social worker who has stumbled through the process, I can tell you that it’s all worth it.  If you have specific questions, please [contact me](https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/contact/)!  Though our field will continually be over-worked and under-paid, it is critical and amazing work.  Take the plunge into social work.  Do not let the education and qualifications to be a social worker discourage you!  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
You can check out the article at: [https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/2018/09/13/introducing-the-education-of-a-social-worker-made-simple/](https://www.thehowtosocialworker.com/2018/09/13/introducing-the-education-of-a-social-worker-made-simple/)

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/bhh6vy/this_is_a_bit_ranty_im_growing_more_disinterested/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: (This is a bit ranty) I'm growing more disinterested in finishing college and just going into work.

(I'm not sure if this belongs in dropping courses megathread, but I'm talking about dropping college entirely, so idk)  
  
Also prefacing: If you can't handle long, angsty monologuing then might want to stop reading. And I probably overthink things. I know, this is a long read, sorry. I just don't want to make the wrong decision, I think it's a pretty big one that could really fuck me up if I make the wrong move. Also note, I'm a little oblivious when it comes to the real world, and I might be too presumptuous about a few things, including that I can even get a job in the first place.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
In highschool I was super interested in wildlife biology (well, still am), but I'm starting to grow more on the idea of just dropping out college to go straight into work. Just about anywhere as long as it's not fast food or retail (I know some people who have jobs that sound really cool to me actually, and they don't have degrees, so I know it's not impossible).   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
So here are some of my selling points (or maybe just me trying to convince myself):  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I feel like college right now, is a PRISON to me. It's the only thing on my mind. I can't do ANYTHING without becoming anxious thinking about it. It's making me depressed and feeling like absolute horseshit.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
The line of work I want to go in for my degree hardly makes jack shit money on average to begin with &amp; there's huge competition in finding jobs. I would probably make more or less the same money with my degree than without one, basing it on average salaries.   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I live pretty quaintly and can figure out how to make things work on a low income, I'm smart enough not to just spend it all on pointless shit. I do my research. I never party, I'm antisocial so no eating out fancy, bars, clubbing, etc. Couldn't care less about that stuff. I help my grandpa with his vegetable farm which has a ton of food, much of which he lets me have for free. I know solutions to cheap, healthy food, etc.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
(This ones a big one for me) I really hate the idea of wasting minimum 6 years (including grad school, which I basically NEED if I want to find a job in my related field) of my relatively young life on something that stresses me and gives me anxiety to no end, even when I'm not there. I'd be much more comfortable just having a simple routine of work, it seems MUCH less chaotic &amp; stressful and more stable than college life (Correct me if you disagree with that statement...). I know some people who live the kind of lifestyle I'm thinking of and they seem to be doing pretty well as far as I can tell, they never seem stressed out about work and stuff, and they don't seem to be scraping the bottom of barrels for food scraps. Anecdotal, I know, but still gives me peace of mind.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I have a brother and we agreed to find a place together (if things work out and we're able to) and split rent, housework, etc. A roommate, you know.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I have relative connections. A lot of my relatives have good jobs, and also know lots of people who have good jobs/work. I could probably get a job through that way if I needed too. They're very friendly people with me, I'm sure they would help me if I really needed it. It's how both of my brothers got jobs at one point.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I create digital art, and have been asked to open commissions from some of my followers. I haven't done it yet, but plan to in the future. I could make some extra money doing that. Also I could also do dog sitting/walking (can't bring myself to do babysitting, I'm bad around children) for some extra cash. I'd probably enjoy it, too.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
That's my reasoning. Some things I'm worried about however:  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Can I support a dog? Even if I myself live cheap and quaintly enough, will I have the spare money to care for a dog's food costs and vet bills?   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Might seem silly but can I afford to play video games &amp; use the internet? I don't expect a lot of spare time, not as much as I have now, but can I afford good internet and stuff? (Of course, it's not my top priority or #1 concern)  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Can I get a decent house? I'm perfectly happy with a small, simple house. The more rural, the better. Not a fan of urban areas, or even the more dense suburbs. I currently live in a moderately small suburb area, and it's pretty nice here. As long as I don't live in a shitty ghetto neighborhood I'd be OK (like, the ones you hear constant gunshots in, trash literally flooding the streets, and all the houses look like they just got through a tornado. Being in this shithole that is Louisiana, I've been through those kinds of streets before and all I have to say is: No thank you).  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Strange question, but realistically, without a degree, how hard is it to GET a stable job and KEEP it? I don't want to get fired simply because they no longer need me there. And will I be able to get promotions? I've never had a "real" job before. School/class has always been my full-time "job," usually. My parents used to tell me not to worry about getting a job and just focus on my classes for now. Kind of wish I didn't follow that advice. I do not know why they told me that. I've done work for pay, but I'm only talking about one-time job scenarios, no longer than a full week.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Maybe I'm just too lazy, and I'm probably just trying to delude myself into thinking of the "I'm not cut out for it" thing. I do consider myself an academically smart person, but I just don't like putting in the effort, perhaps. The thought makes me resent myself, but I can't help it. I'm probably just a shit person.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
What do you guys think? I'm really just trying to reason with myself here and it feels like I'm wrestling in my own head. So damn stressed over this. I just feel it would take off so much weight on my shoulders to drop out and go get a job.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/enctwm/a_reminder_to_say_thank_you/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: A reminder to say thank you

My father is a good man. He is the best man I know, and I am immeasurably lucky to have had him guide me to where I am now in life, which is a freshman at a great university. He also went to college. He worked two jobs to pay for it himself while maintaining a good enough GPA to apply to law school, in which he also worked multiple jobs. I don't work while at school, but I do 40 hours a week in the summers. My father grew up poor. Really poor. Hispanic kid in 60s California and Illinois trying to make ends meet poor. 11 siblings that all ate the same thing every day and didn't complain because they knew how hard their parents worked to put food on the table poor. I grew up asking for ten bucks to drive through Culver's with my friends. I grew up asking for something else if the dinner he made me wasn't what I wanted. My dad worked from 6 am to 8 pm picking cucumbers in 80-degree heat when he started middle school. I got my own laptop when I started sixth grade. My dad works long days, sometimes six days a week, at his office and has prosecuted more cases than most of his coworkers combined over his career. I go to frat parties and get so drunk that I have to go the hospital. I woke up this morning in the ER with an IV winding its way down my arm and my clothes in a bag behind the bed I was in. I loathe myself. My father brought me up strong, showed by example what a man should be, raised up good men in my eyes, and talked about his love for God so strongly that when I was young that I wanted to be a priest. Sometimes, when the world seems very quiet to me, I like to take a moment to remember the stories he'd tell me of the amazing people he has been blessed to work with over the years. He would talk of the judge, an old Irish catholic from Boston with a presence bigger than the room. How he would talk, and everyone would listen, hanging on each syllable, even the men standing before him accused of murder or violent sex trafficking or drug running, they all stood before him enrobed in the thoughtful cadence of his voice as he doled out wisdom from his seat. He talked of things like justice, yes, every judge should, but he also talked of compassion, of thoughtfulness, of honor, of strength of character and mental fortitude. He sat on the bench as a judge, but he stood before the room as a man, a model of what one should strive to be. He loved his wife dearly for over forty years and always took the time to shake your hand, look you clearly in the eye, address you as sir, and ask you how you were, even the young men who came before him accused of heinous acts received the same solemn dignity that I did when I came in to watch my father work on warm summer days when my daycare wasn't open. He died last year. Pancreatic cancer. He fought it till the end, but the end was bitter. I won't soon forget how my father cried for this man. All my father said to me when he got back from the funeral was, "He was a good catholic, but a better man." My father worked many cases that this judge presided over and they were good friends in private, he was almost a second father to my old man. My dad's real father died when I was in third grade. Alzheimer's. I had never met him. My father's side of the family lived in Texas and for some reason we had never visited. That was the first time I saw my father cry. It broke me. He spoke at the funeral, between quiet, reserved moments of thought. That was the first time I had ever truly paid attention when my dad told stories about growing up. He talked about his father's life. Making a living during the depression, fighting in the second world war, raising 11 children on a car factory worker's salary. Teaching his children the value of their faith and each other. Never letting them forget the value of a dollar or a dream. Showing the resourcefulness of an eighth-grade education and the passion of an immigrant with a belief in the ideals of America. I could tell from the way the room was packed that this man was more than just a father. That was what I thought then, but remembering my old man speaking through teary eyes before his family, I now realize the man laying in the casket before him was exactly that: a father. He was the very best thing a boy could have. A father, a giant, a pair of calloused hands tucking you into bed after they worked a 14-hour shift placing the door on new model Chryslers they could never afford. A man who smacks you across your ear when you talk to loud in church and a man who picks you back up after you fall trying to learn to ride the secondhand bike he saved up for 3 months to get you. The sort of man you spend your whole life trying to grow up into, but always feel like you're coming up just short. The sort of man I hope someday my kids might be able to look to, and the sort of man my father is to me. But I let that man down yesterday and the shame and guilt are almost more than I can bear. But they were also a choice I made, and my father raised me up to own the choices I make. Laying on that bed in the middle of the ER I felt like dying. Not from the alcohol or from the embarrassment of the bad choices I made suddenly flooding to the front of my mind as I started to remember the previous night, not even from the thought of the bill that was inevitably coming in the mail. Those were all my choice and things that I could and will own. No, I dreaded more than anything the thought of telling my father, the man whose eyes filled with tears dropping me off at one of the best universities in the world because I now had "the opportunities he never did" and who was so proud to be able to pay for my tuition that he had saved for so that I "wouldn't have to work the same crumby night shifts at the CVS" like he did. How could I do this to my old man, who had given up so much for me. The same man who stayed up late hours to help me with my math homework after work so that I could get into that summer program. The same man who never missed a single one of my stupid tennis matches and coached every basketball team I was ever on. The same man who quietly drove me home after bad losses because he knew the music just made me angrier. The same man who spent what felt like years teaching me how to cast a rod only to see me give up after I got no bites in the first fifteen minutes. He is a colossus and I spent my childhood living in his loving shade. Now as I stare at the yellow patient ID bracelet on my hand, part of me can't help but smile. Not because I'm proud of what I did, there is no redeemable aspect of my actions and this I know. I smile because I know just how much my father loves me, and just how much I love him. I began writing this because I didn't have an outlet to put my emotions, a thousand miles from my home. I thought I understood how I felt and that the phrase "I want to die" pretty much encapsulated it. Now, more than anything, I want to live. To live to be the man my father wants me to be, to be the type of man I want to be. I'm still racked with conflict in my mind: sadness, regret, self-pity, disgust, and anger are all swirling through my thoughts. I'm still terribly afraid of the disappointment I know my father will feel. But I am strengthened by knowing I am my father's son. His love has always been my armor in this world, and it has enabled me to do great things. As I leave the world he prepared for me and start my life outside of his influence I am comforted by the knowledge that he raised me with every ounce of effort, courage, compassion, and conviction that he had, and, that while I will inevitably make mistakes, including many bad ones like last night, I have what I need to pick myself up, dust off my shoes, adjust the saddle and get back on the horse. No matter how many times it throws me. Now, I don't know if I will ever find the time or courage to show my father this, but I hope after you read this you can take some time to reflect on how much someone in your life has given you. Take the time to appreciate the small things they may do for you every day or the things they do for you without knowing it themselves. I hope you read this and feel like maybe you too can stand on the shoulders of giants like my dad, or your dad, or your mom, or your older brother, best friend, neighbor or cousin. We all have giants in our lives who raise us up to more than we thought we could be. Finding yours is important, but maybe more important is standing tall for others and making room on your shoulders for someone else's giant. So, if anyone needs a 5'8" giant, I'll be studying for my calc final and trying my best to stand tall in the library basement. Thanks dad, I love you.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/4h1dxw/college_says_i_owe_a_debt_from_seven_years_ago_i/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: College says I owe a debt from seven years ago, I don't actually owe it, getting no resolution, affecting my future college career and finances, HELP!

OK this is a long story, I will TL;DR at the end, but I am so lost, it's a crazy situation.  
  
I went to community college on and off from 2005 to 2009. I got a few A's, a few C's and a lot of F's. While this is an issue, it's not the biggest issue. In my last semester attending the school (We'll say it's school A), I had gotten a financial aid check from them but I never cashed it. I found another way to pay for the semester and I sent the check back to Sallie Mae. I bombed the semester and had no inkling there was a debt on my account.  
Fast forward to 2012, I joined the Navy in 2010 and I was wanting to start school again while I was in. I applied for a school and while I didn't want to get my School A transcripts, I knew I probably should anyway. Request a transcript, and the school tells me I have a financial hold on my account to the tune of $3000. They say that I never returned the student loan check to them and the balance was still outstanding. As I said, I sent the check back to the Loan Company, but apparently I was supposed to give it back to the school. So while I fucked this part up, there was a paper trail that the check was sent to Sallie Mae. I showed the school this info and they would tell me "OK we will look into it, we are super busy right now." I kept getting this same reply over and over for three years until my debt got sent to state collections. Since 2014, my state tax refund has been getting garnished to pay for this debt I don't owe.  
  
I called my mom who lives in the state still to try and help me out, to go down to the school and talk to them in person. In 2015 she did a ton of work and we sent all this info to a lady in charge of financial aid. She told me she was close to getting to the bottom of this and she doesn't think I cashed the check.  
  
I thought the situation was resolved, but low and behold, I got another tax return garnished by the state.   
Honestly, I can deal with the slow battle for this stupid fucking debt, but now my college career is on the line. I know you are supposed to report all your previous transcripts to any schools you attend, but I went to a community college in 2015 and I don't remember putting that I went to any other schools on my application. I did two semesters, got great grades, then went to another CC (we moved to a new area), didn't tell them I went to School A, am about to finish the semester with a 4.0. I am applying for University now and I need to send my transcripts to the University, so here's where I get fucked. These are the players:  
  
School A (1st community college I "owe money to")   
  
School B (2nd community college)   
  
School C (3rd community college)   
  
School D (University)  
  
Apparently, I put that I attended School A on my school B transcripts (I don't remember doing this, I am thinking they have a way of looking at a students entire school career online or something? School B wants transcripts from school A before they can send my transcripts to School C and D.  
School C needs my transcripts from School B before they will send my transcripts to school D  
School A won't send my official transcripts until the debt has been taken care of.  
  
Now I am fucked, I was just going to lie and say I never attended school A, as a lot of the classes I took I had taken in school A and either failed or got a C (but have no gotten a B or A in after taking them again).  
I am thinking of saying I made a mistake and that I never attended school A, and that I must have meant that is where I got my GED (technically I did, thats where you took the test). This will only work if they didn't find it out on their own.  
  
I called School A and told them "what the fuck, I need this shit resolved like pronto, what's the the hold up?" They said now they have to see if the cash was checked, something that should have been done before but wasn't. They don't know how long this will take.  
  
So here I am, back to square A, but now with ALL of my transcripts on hold due to fucking school A. I don't know how to make them figure this shit out faster, it's been four years and nothing has come of it, now I am losing money and if I don't figure this out before the start of the summer semester, I won't be able to enroll, pushing my finishing date back even further. This is all I can think to do right now:  
  
Plan A) Call School B and tell them that I never took college courses at school A, I simply took my GED there and I must have not made that clear on the application. Hopefully they don't investigate further, but if they do, then I could possibly be tried for school misconduct for lying about not attending a school before  
  
Plan B) Keep working to resolve this issue with School A over the phone and with my mom in person. I don't live in the same state anymore, so I can't go in person myself. Hope it is resolved in a week so I can continue my life.  
  
Plan C) Get a fucking lawyer, start putting legal pressure on them to figure this out. Only problem is a lawyer costs money, is it worth losing money to get it resolved when I wouldn't get more than like 300 bucks back from my garnished tax returns?  
  
Problems I see arising: If I get the issue with School A cleared and send my transcripts, it's going to fuck with my GPA, all those F's are going to drop me like crazy. This is why I didn't want to use them originally. I am a great student now, but this will bury me and possibly ruin my chances to get into a nursing program. I know its academic dishonesty to not send transcripts from all school, but should I keep up the lie and just try to get out of sending it to school B? I didn't put it on my app for school C or D, but if school B gets them, they will probably appear on my official transcript, right?  
I have no idea what to do...  
  
\*\*TL;DR:\*\* Went to a CC from 2004-2009 on and off, didn't do well. Took out a student loan my last semester, never cashed it, sent it back to loan company when I should have sent it to the school. School has me on the books for the $3000 check. Been battling for 4 years to get it resolved, still no resolution.  
Went back to school in different state, thought I didn't mention School A at all. Apparently I did, they want my transcripts from them before they can issue my transcripts to two other school requiring them, stalling my entry into University. I can't move forward until School A debt issue is resolved  
I can try to lie to school B about attending school A, saying I didn't take college courses there, but then I could get caught in the lie and really get screwed for student misconduct. I don't know what to do, please help me :-(.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/13e7hn/i_am_in_terrifying_medical_debt_i_am_overwhelmed/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I am in terrifying medical debt, I am overwhelmed, I feel like self-harming and feel like I have nowhere to turn. Do you have any constructive ideas or suggestions, Reddit?

Sorry if I am not doing this correctly. This is my first post on Reddit.  
  
I went to the ER in 2011. I had no job. I was in for a kidney infection that had gotten so painful that I couldn't walk or stand. I was screaming for hours. It was an emergency situation, though now I'm starting to think I should have gone to Urgent Care... or the clinic. Anything but this, because I have $3,000 in debt sitting over my head that I can't do anything about. Hence why I'm posting here. I really, really need some advice.  
  
The ER bill from totals to $2522. I already paid over $500 in hospital-related fees. The largest part of my medical bill charges $1615.00 for an "ER LEVEL IV W/MOD 25". I've done some research on what my bill means and at first I thought it was inaccurate but now I'm sure it's 100% correct except maybe the mod-25 part. But I really don't know anything, I'm overwhelmed and my head is spinning. I just feel like crying, freaking out, giving up. I'm a cutter, I've been suicidal many times over shit like this, where my life just seems to stop and I can't do anything.  
  
When I went to the ER, I waited in the waiting room for a while before I was put in a bed. I was screaming without pain killers for several hours before they gave me a Cipro, which I'm being billed $97 for (ONE pill). They also gave me some other drugs, all basically at the same time, and I ended up throwing up, so they gave me anti nausea pills. I really think I wouldn't have thrown up if they had given me pain killers sooner. I'm pretty sure it was after that that they gave me Vicodin finally. They did draw blood, collect a urine sample, and perform a pelvic exam.  
  
The truth is, my ER experience was a bad one. They literally let me scream for hours. The nurse stuck her head past the curtain to tell me to shut up because I was "scaring kids" who were in the ER. She acted like I was being melodramatic but it basically took them being ANNOYED by me to give me pain killers. They literally held me there a lot longer than I needed to be there, they basically put off giving me pain medication, and it was like they kept me just to reap money out of me. I remember that when I was finally able to give them a urine sample (because for some reason it took them a couple hours to give me a cup) I was utterly pale, dizzy, and disoriented when I scuttled my way to the restroom and nurses were staring at/talking about me rather than helping me. I understand that the tests took a couple hours so I pardon that but after my tests were done I really don't get why I was still there for several more hours in agony for no reason. They eventually basically just told me to go home the way I was, no one bothered to help me out and they basically let me leave looking like the walking dead. Though out of the experience I did get a prescription for antibiotics and Vicodin. Honestly with the way the did things I would have been better off at urgent care.  
  
Here's the other thing. When I was in there, I was signing these papers and talking to them. A financial advisor came in. I was in extreme pain and alone without witnesses, so I may have gotten screwed over. It was hard for me to pay attention. I really should not have been required to make legal decisions in that state, but I simply had to. I felt like I was dying, even though I'm sure I wasn't. I asked very clearly what my check-in fees would be like. I swear they said it would be something like $400. But now they're asking for what totals to over 3 grand for this visit. I remember asking them over and over what this was gonna cost. They kept "reassuring" me and yet here I am, totally up to my ears in debt. Collections wants $1500. The bill itself totals to $2522.  
  
I don't want to cry "victim" here or sound like I'm on a soapbox, but for medical reasons I did tell them that I am transsexual. A part of me fears that may have a lot to do with why I was basically treated like shit by every nurse and only the doctor was kind to me. However, I do not think that is why my fees are so high. I did some reading and apparently if you are uninsured going to the ER is one of the worst things you can do.  
  
Idk how I'm gonna fix this. You know if I was just a normal person with a normal life I'd still go to school on financial aid and pay off this debt over the next couple of years gradually (presently I make only $400 a month at a part-time job but it's the only place that would hire me after 8 months of looking for a job)... but my transsexuality is really becoming a serious issue. I really need my first surgery. My body is really agonizing at this point and I become more and more suicidal the more I realize I will never be able to save up the $10,000 I need for surgery because more and more shit keeps coming up and getting between me and the help I need. I feel like won't live that long if I have to take years and year to pay this off before I can even start on my chest surgery. I'm serious if this ruins my life I am done...  
  
I keep cutting, too, on my thighs... I just can't seem to stop and yeah obviously I am terrified of trying to seek therapy because every time I try to help myself I just end up in more debt. I'm 22 years old and I feel like such a fucking moron. Most people my age seem to have a grip on this already.  
  
I felt like I was going to be okay but I don't want to have to keep waiting for my surgery. I'm getting so overwhelmed and scared and I feel like I'm going crazy. Everyone else I know is having their surgeries so quickly and getting it covered by insurance and I couldn't even get that when my life was being threatened let alone for this surgery that people consider "elective". I'm really starting to lose hope in life and I just don't know where to turn next. And to make matters worse people close to me (family &amp; friends) are mocking me for being "suicidal" and they're telling me to stop seeking attention and that kind of shit and I just feel like people are pushing me to the edge.  
  
I feel like financial advisors are just going to try to get more fucking money out of me that I don't have so I feel like I can't trust anyone professionally so I just don't know what to do. I feel completely cornered. I tried to get on stuff like medicare before but because I live with my parents they won't let me. But my parents won't put me on their insurance because they're ticked that I can't afford to pay rent (because of this medical debt). I just don't know what to do anymore.  
  
I know it sounds like I'm not willing to hear any solutions but that isn't true. It's just the "obvious answers" are all things that cost money so I'm scared I'll just make my situation even worse by getting more people to bill me.  
  
  
\*\*I wish I knew how to thank everyone in a post that's like a sticky at the top of the page so I'm just editing it into the first post. I appreciate everyone who has given positive/neutral contributions to the thread, some of you have helped a lot and even though there is not a simple solution to my issue you have given me some ideas that will help me hold on a little bit longer. It's not ideal, I'm not happy, but at least I have some way to move forward, instead of stagnating. Stagnation is when it gets dangerous and I cut and think about suicide. When I feel trapped. As long as there is something for me to do/try that could lead to progress, I reach out and do it and hope for the best. Thanks to everyone who has given new ideas and support. Thanks for putting up with my arguing back, that's just kind of how I gather information and test people's ideas... I tend to need explanations and to dig deeper before I feel safe, so I appreciate everyone who is patient with my difficult personality.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/dy88dy/was_i_considered_raped_as_a_male_is_this/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Was I considered raped as a male? Is this considered cheating?

So I’m going to try and share this story the best that I can. I was pretty drunk all night but I remember a bunch of bits and pieces.  
  
So I am a straight black male (I would say I’m pretty attractive overall). I have a girlfriend whom I love and care for very much. But she is currently in military bootcamp so I’m not able to tell her the current situation.  
  
this past Saturday night on NOV 16th, I was invited to go out to a club downtown with a friend of mine from school (she is a girl, I’ll call her Jin for the sake of the story). I told her that I was willing to go out with them cuz I hadn’t been out in a while. Since my girlfriend isn’t here right now and I can’t hang with her, I figured I would just go out and try to enjoy myself and get my mind off of everything.  
  
So It was me, Jin, Jin’s wife (we’ll call her Monica), Jin’s sister (we’ll call her Jessica), Jin’s sister’s friend (we’ll call her Tess), and another dude (we’ll call him Jake). So there was 6 of us total. Jin told me we were all gonna meet at Tess’ step dad’s house so we could all pregame before going out cuz alcohol gets so expensive. I arrived over there not too long after I received the info from her. It was my first time meeting everybody (besides Jin). everybody seemed cool and down to earth so I didn’t think much of anything and was just gonna have a good night.  
  
I drank two Lagunitas IPAs and two shots before we all left the house. I was already feelin pretty good and I was ready to have a good night dancin my ass off. Our DD for the night was Monica because she told us she doesn’t like drinking. About 30 minutes later we got to the club. It was about 10:00 If I remember correctly, and we all had another shot as soon as we got there. About 15 minutes in, Monica said she was tryna leave (party pooping I guess you could say, but she doesn’t usually go out much so it’s understandable). Jin decided that she was just gonna go home with her wife and then come back later that same night. I said okay cool and told her I would see her again later. So now it’s just me, Jessica, Tess and Jake there.  
  
We were all having a good time. Tess was dancin with a bunch of different people, Jake was chillin for most of the night, and I was dancing by myself for most of the night. Jessica kept trying to dance with me all night and was giving me these googly eyes. She also kept trying to kiss me. You could definitely tell she was into me and trying to get something going. It was obvious on my face that i wasn’t trying to do anything with her and she knew that, but she stayed persistent the whole night trying to make it seem like “we were together”. I made it VERY CLEAR to her that I already had a girlfriend that I loved and cared about but it seemed like it just went in one ear and out the other. She kept grabbing me and trying to go dance but I kept resisting. I wasn’t trying to make a scene or be rude because I didn’t want to embarrass anybody. Usually whenever I go out, I’m the type of guy that likes to take care of the group and make sure everybody gets home safe. That’s just how I am. I think I adopted that trait from being in the military and always taking care of my people whenever we go out. So even though I wasn’t interested in her, doesn’t mean I wasn’t gonna take care of her and make sure she got home safe like I was planning to do with everybody else.  
  
About an hour later Jin comes back. I’m assuming her wife dropped her back off or she grabbed an Uber back because she didn’t have the car with her. We all were just having a good time. Keep in mind Jessica is still trying to hook up with me all night. Around 12:30am or so we all grabbed another shot And we went on to dance till about 1:30. Club closes at 2 so we got out of there a bit early so we didn’t have to deal with traffic. At this point we were waiting outside for the Uber driver, everybody seemed pretty drunk, especially me. I should have controlled my liquor intake a bit better that night but this had been my first time drinking in a while, and it was also my first time drinking on a vegan diet. I believe the alcohol got to me quicker than it usually does because of that. Usually I’m able to handle the amount of alcohol I had pretty easily. But that night it was definitely hitting me.  
  
Our Uber driver finally comes and we all hop in the car and head back to Tess’ step dad’s house so we could all crash. I was in the front seat and everybody else got in the back. I was up for like the first 10 minutes then I blacked out and fell asleep the rest of the ride. I think everybody pretty much drunk off their ass except for Jin who wasn’t that drunk to begin with.   
  
Last thing I remember from that point on was that I woke up in a pitch dark room, (still drunk out of my mind) and I couldn’t see jack shit. My shoes were off, my phone was nowhere to be found, and my pants were around my knees and Somebody was sucking me off. I didn’t even know who it was, but I made an educated enough guess to say it was Jessica that was doing it. Especially after I heard her moan. I could tell by the tone of her moan that it was her voice. I was in and out of consciousness while all this was happening, I don’t remember if I said anything or if I was hard or not, or if i nutted or if I touched her or any of that shit. All I remember was that I woke up with Jessica literally sucking me off. It was pitch dark, I didn’t know where tf I was, I was drunk off my ass, and I didn’t know what to do. So I froze up and just let it happen. I wasn’t even sure if it was real or not. I couldn’t believe what was happening.  
  
I remember at some point that same night, I got up to use the restroom, still in the pitch black darkness, I literally had to walk with my hands out like a blind man because my phone was nowhere to be found so I couldn’t use the flashlight. The only way I was able to find out where I was going was when somebody else got up to use the restroom and I could see a faint bathroom light. I followed the light and when they came out, it was Jake, who then just went straight to another room and closed the door. After I used the restroom I was still wayyyyy entirely too drunk, so I found a carpet floor and slept on it.   
  
Next thing I knew, I was woken up by Jin. I was on the floor (it was around 7:30 in the morning so the sunrise bright enough to where I could see everything) and I had a MASSIVE hangover. Jin, Jessica, and Jake were all up, I don’t remember where everybody slept but I know me, Jin, and Jessica left, but Jake stayed and locked the door behind us. I said bye to Jin, but Jessica didn’t even look my way at all during the whole interaction. It was like she was guilty about something. So from that point I knew that I wasn’t trippin and something happened that night.  
  
Later that morning, as I was trying to piece everything together still, I decided to confront Jessica about it through Jin (because I didn’t have her number, thank god) and told Jin to pass the word on. Jessica basically admitted that she was a bit drunk and did what she did last night. I told Jessica that i could go to the cops about it but i wasn’t going to because I didn’t want to ruin her life. I got Jessica to admit it to Jin and then Jin told me that Jessica said, “apologizes deeply but didn’t remember what she did” I mentioned when I confronted her that she didn’t have my consent do any of what she did. And I even told her all night, VERY CLEARLY, that I have a girlfriend and was not interested in any way shape or form in her. Jin mentioned that Jessica said, “she remembered that apparently i kept pushing her head down to keep going.” But there is NO WAY out of my own willingness to do so, that after all I said to her that night, I wake super extremely drunk in pitch darkness, not knowing where tf I am, and having my pants around my ankles getting my dick sucked by a somebody I was CLEARLY not interested in ALL NIGHT. I feel like I was clearly taken advantage of in this situation.  
  
I was extremely upset on my way home that morning because I had nobody to talk to, and I couldn’t believe wtf happened. I want to tell my girlfriend but idk how to tell her, and more importantly I can’t even tell her anything till she graduates bootcamp. She graduates later this week and I’m flying over to see her graduate. But I don’t know whether I should tell her on her big graduation day or if I should just wait until a better time. I don’t even know what her reaction is gonna be. It’s all just extremely bad timing.....It makes me feel like I can’t trust anybody now like that. Especially if I drink, And Especially if I don’t know who I’m going out with.   
  
Sorry the story is so long, I just tried to make the story as clear as possible.   
  
So based on all of this information, was I raped by this girl? Did I cheat? And what should I do in this situation?  
  
I think I’m handling the situation very well, better than most people. It’s just hard to believe that me as a male was taken advantage of like that. I also feel like a lot of my masculinity has been taken from me.  
  
Anything helps! Thank you!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8xcy1m/any_advice_on_my_situation/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Any Advice On My Situation?

Hello everyone,  
  
Not sure this is the right place for this but I'm going to try.  
  
I need some help, and it's a long story but I'll keep it as short as possible.   
  
I just finished my freshman year of college, and now I'm worried that I won't have enough financial aid to ride out until the end of my education. I come from a family that is very mixed in it's financial status, as in my father was making absolute bank until he lost his job in 2009 due to mass layoffs which effectively ruined my parents lives, but he's also in consideration for a job that'll pay around $85,000 a year, so that would put them, and possibly by extension me, in a very good financial situation. But I've learned that when planning things it's always best to prepare for the worst, so let's just forget I mentioned that potential new job lol   
  
Anyways, the college I attended for the 2017 - 2018 school year cost roughly $22,000 a year with room and board, which is a necessity as it's a three hour drive from where I live. So, considering that my degree would require me to attend for five years, that'll roughly be a grand total of $110,000, and I just found out that an undergrad, who is still a dependent, can only take out up to$39,000 in government student loans. About $11,000 of that was used this past year, with grants/free aid covering the rest besides another $5000 that slipped through the cracks, which my parents ended up covering by taking out a loan that they can't afford. So that leaves me with a maximum of $28,000 in government loans and whatever grants and other free aid I get offered to cover $88,000 of college tuition. Now, looking back at how my financial aid for 2017 - 2018 worked out, and considering that my EFC went up a ton just because my sister moved out, my Higher Education award, which everyone gets, has dropped from $5000 to a little over $2000, things aren't looking very good there. Oh, and there's also the issue of your student loan eligibility decreasing every year that you're in school(I haven't fact checked that myself, buy I remember a financial advisor telling me that).   
  
Also, I've also been an average to slightly below average student when it comes to subjects that aren't within my interest, no matter how hard I work. All the way from 1st grade to my freshman year of college, if it wasn't related to music, art, writing or history, I would suck at it. This left me with a rather mediocre high school GPA, and things only improved slightly during my first year of college. So because of this, my odds of getting scholarships are slim to none, not to say that's kept me from applying, though. Oh, and because I'm a white male from an all white family, it seems like the entire college system assumes that I don't need any help and that I'm already at a much higher advantage than everyone else. Lol.   
  
So in terms of financial aid, things look pretty damn grim. There's also the option of using as much financial aid as I possibly can, and then applying for private loans, but there's no guarantee I would even get approved for them, and that would leave me at an absoluye, best situation, bare minimum of $50,000 in total debt, if I'm the luckiest person in the world. In reality it'd probably end up being closer to $110,000, maybe around $80,000. And I'm not sure that I want to take on all of that for a career that could write possibly pay sub-$30,000 a year starting out in a seemingly dying field.   
  
Which segways me into informing you that my current degree path is for a Music Education degree, which I would use to become a high school band director. As far as I'm aware, the only true passion I've ever had was for high school marching band, and to a lesser extent concert band. I never really had any other activities or groups where I felt like I belonged. I tried a couple different sports and a few different clubs, but none of them resonated with me. But I loved marching band and I excelled there, having earned the highest ranks in student leadership within the program. Marching band gave me the same competitiveness factor that you could get from sports, taught me valuable lessons, and gave me an overall sense of purpose. That's why I want to become a high school band director; so I can keep doing what I love while also helping new young people find a passion for it.  
  
Now that all sounds fine and dandy, but when you realize that a high school band director will probably make scraps starting out, sometimes even less than other new educators, and the fact that school systems have been cutting music programs from public school curriculum for a while now, and are still doing so, it starts to seem like a much less viable and worthy option to out $80,000 worth if debt towards, even if it is my passion. There's also the fact that my main drive for this is for the love of the music meets competition aspect, and I'm not sure if someone who is only in it for the competitiveness should be teaching students.   
  
Although this is my only passion that I've discovered, I'm aware that it's not my only option. Hell, I never even considered that a life-long career. My plan was to ride that out until I was 50 or so and then start my own instrument sales and music lesson business. So keeping that in mind, I've also been toying around with the idea of going to a more local college that I can drive to everyday and pursuing a business management degree with a minor in music. Other interests and skills that I'm not sure what to do with are good-great writing skills, pretty okay visual art skills(mainly drawing), and being totally okay with doing hard work with my hands, getting dirty, and just doing "tough guy" work in general. I've also always enjoyed creating things and using my imagination.   
  
So what do I do? Do I follow my only real passion and try to attain that, even though I know I could be cut short and ruined financially before even attaining my goals? Or should I look for something else that I can pursue that matches my other skills and interests? I just feel so lost and confused right now.  
  
Thanks for any help!   
  
Edit: Should probably mention that less than 10 colleges in my state offer Music Ed, and they're all at least two hours away, and none of my family leaves near any of them.  
  
Edit edit: Just found out the maximum a dependent undergrad can be offered is $31,000. Yay, even worse.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/vlnpl8/feeling_incompetent_and_worthless/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: feeling incompetent and worthless

Hello. So this is a very raw, very insecure wall of text. I need advice on my very desperate situation.   
  
So i was a very good student all throughout high school. Good with maths, physics, biology.   
  
In the 2nd semester of 11th grade, quarantine hit. I stopped studying all together thinking I'm finally free from studying.   
  
I start painting again and keep doing it instead of studying.  
  
I become pretty good at it, take commissions and such. Start seeing potential in taking commissions in dollars because USD is expensive in my country, and if i worked as an artist consistently I'd make better money than engineers and some doctors in my country (they're awfully underpaid, when you convert it to dollars. An average artists pay in dollars is much higher. So if i am paid by people who use USD I'm paid higher.)  
  
I of course choose painting over studying again. I always knew I had no interest in any academic major, and hated studying despite being one of the top students. Just knew that I'd choose engineering if i had to choose one. So, easily i choose painting over that hell hole of stress and sleepless nights. Because I have a rough estimate of how it's gonna be based on my high school experience. Procrastination, laziness, stress, getting good grades but still feeling aimless.   
  
Here comes the university entrance exams, I'm delirious because I didn't study at all for the most important exam ever in someone's academic life.   
  
Get a pretty low score, it was expected though. It was all calculated. I would go into a major that pays well despite being easy to get into and easy to study, teaches valuable things etc. (Economy and finance) doesn't take too much of my time so I can spend more time drawing. And I would guarantee a 4 year university diploma by the time I'm 22, and maybe be successful in arts both level wise and financial wise.   
  
If i were to actually study for it though, and gotten a grade that i usually get in school, i would've chosen engineering, STEM. and I know I would've gotten it.   
  
But it just wasn't possible because of life circumstances (family being neck deep in depth, trying to make money from art so we could survive, telling me "there's already an engineer in the family, becoming a doctor doesn't suit you, becoming a veterinarian doesn't shit you, what are you gonna do, stick a hand up a cows ass?"), and deciding to do art.   
  
Ever since i have gotten into the major I've been feeling highly insecure. I've been feeling sad to notice my scientific skills evaporate. I am aware that economics and finances is just not an impressive major. And I don't think it suits me at all. I know that I can get into a much better major, but people don't know. They assume im dumb and I hate it. I can see their energy change when i tell them i study economy and finance. I've even had a taxi driver tell me "ew, what are you gonna do with that major? It's pointless." I hate it when people ask me what major I'm in or how much i scored on the entrance exam. I dread it. And it makes me angry because I don't deserve to feel this. I'm a good student, I'm smart, I'm hardworking. So why do I feel these things? Fuck.   
  
I'm starting to go practically insane. I'm considering retaking the exam to get into an engineering major that i know I won't enjoy, just to let people know that I'm not stupid. I feel people don't see my excellence in high school and how I was easily passing their architecture major daughter that they've been bragging about for 2 hours and comparing me to her. I don't like it.  
  
People automatically assume my IQ is low. It's getting really irritating. I've not met my expectations in any area. Despite being a professional in art, despite having the highest gpa in my faculty across all business majors. I cannot feel satisfied and it makes me really sad.   
  
I hate being in the same major as people who couldn't care less to study. People who get all up in my DMS to ask for notes and how to solve a problem.   
  
It makes me feel like i wasted my academic potential.   
  
In terms of money, I'm good on that department, for sure. I make decent money from art. I've learned to crypto trade and make accurate observations (please don't make jokes about crypto-bro business major student, i cannot take it at the moment. Maybe later.)   
  
But i just cannot overcome this suffocating sense of INCOMPETENCY.   
  
So i look for solutions and one of them that is harder to solve is retaking the uni entrance exam.   
  
Okay, let's say I took it. I studied for a year (will reduce the time i spend drawing, learning to crypto trade etc.) Let's say I won the major in a good school.   
  
The score you get on these exams only last for a year, if it passes that then you'd have to retake the exam again.   
  
So let's say I got into the school, to show people that hey. I'm capable of this. This very thing that you accuse me of not being capable of.   
  
Then what?   
  
I would probably freeze the school. So i could continue drawing and doing my business in peace without this thing prying at the back of my mind every single day.   
  
Then what?   
  
Drop out of school? Go back to school and hate your life? Drop out and feel insecure that you don't have a degree? Get into the engineering major and maybe regret quitting econ and finances?  
  
I have a feeling I'll feel insecure no matter what I do.   
  
How the fuck do I get rid of this?  
  
(Sorry for poor English and grammar, not native and haven't slept tonight due to thinking about these things. I'm extremely sad at the moment. Not sure what i expect from this either, words of affirming? Strangers saying "hey, don't sweat it." I don't know. I just want someone out there to know about my struggling. I have no one to really talk to about these things, without them judging me.   
  
Thanks.)

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/red0eu/american_colleges_are_a_scam_even_for_stem/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: American Colleges are a Scam, even for STEM Degrees. Do not forget that college is a business. I will work as hard as I can so I can pay for or even CREATE a top-tier learning system for my future kids instead of sending them to college in America.

\*\*TL;DR: American colleges prioritize anything else over teaching and do not run a tight ship.\*\*   
  
\*\*WARNING:\*\* All the examples I give are from the university I went to, but I went to a highly acclaimed American school and I know many people who got a lot less from other "better" schools who paid a lot more than I did. It also goes without saying that all of these examples are much worse at most American "party" schools where they prioritize teaching and career prep even less, and I know a lot of people who went to these types of schools.  
  
\*\*I know what you're thinking: "This is some kid who didn't do well and didn't find a job so he is blaming his problems on something else." Actually, this is further from the truth.\*\*   
  
\*\*I graduated with an engineering degree with a high GPA and I easily got a good job in my field after graduation. I am satisfied with my life at this point.\*\* I definitely learned a lot in college, but I can't help think that I could have learned a lot of this on my own without spending 10s of thousands of dollars or at least what I got out of college was not worth the price. Even with an academic scholarship for 50% off tuition, I still paid a ton of money. I was really funny to see that athletes got priority in an institution that was supposed to be about learning. I actually almost became a starter on one of our best varsity teams since I was recruited, but I figured it would be a waste of time since I don't want to spend 4 years playing sports instead of learning. Athletes had the same scholarship I did, but with a 0.5 point lower GPA requirement and with preferential treatment in course scheduling. I get that athletes need to get priority to schedule things around practices and games, but this just proves that American colleges prioritize sports over actual learning.  
  
I used to be a college advocate because people in my industry frequently told me that they prefer college graduates over self-taught people because in college you learn the meaning behind all the principles that you are taught and you could therefore be creative and extrapolate them to engineering new things. Despite this argument, I kept noticing that all I need from college are these key explanations, and professional instruction, which is what I got, but I still think the price I got them for is a rip-off. Some of the best professors I ever had agreed with me. In class they would say "Tuition is ridiculously expensive and the price that you guys pay per hour to be here is unjustified so it's in your best interest to pay attention."  
  
I think that this is caused by colleges falling prey to chasing profits. \*\*There is nothing wrong with chasing profits since it is a great incentive structure to make your product better, unless it causes your product to get worse...\*\*  
  
American colleges nowadays prioritize selling "The College Experience" over learning and being tough. They love to raise tuition so that they can pour millions into sports facilities, professors' research that sometimes isn't very useful, and random events that totally overpower the actual objective of being there: actually learning. I loved the "College Experience." Partying and having fun with friends and going to events and being able to discipline myself as an adolescent to get my life together was great...but I can do all of that without paying tens of thousands of dollars. Unfortunately this has created a perverse incentive structure where student "happiness" is prioritized over learning. Colleges will get more student satisfaction and good reviews if they make their classes easy, super informal, and have the professors bow down to the students. American adolescents love this type of stuff since they are immature and have been sold this type of lifestyle. And I don't blame them. Why would you go to a school with hard classes and strict professors, when you can get the same degree from a school with a similar ranking/reputation with easy classes and pushover professors?  
  
I went to a pretty good engineering school, but I would not send my future children there. At least, I would not give the school any of my money. There was so much blatant cheating, professors that changed grading schemes and gave extreme curves because we were so lazy, and students would show up to class late and in pajamas just to play on their phone the whole time while their parents were paying dozens of their hard earned dollars per hour for their kids to be there.   
  
So many of my classes were easy A's because the professors were basically afraid of upsetting the students. And I remember so many classmates prioritizing taking a ton of easy freshman-level classes as electives over actually practical ones just so that they could get their degree with no effort. I despised this. I thought "You were blessed enough to be born in the U.S. into a middle-upper class family and have your parents pay for your degree and you have the audacity to sign up to learn nothing in these easy classes just so you can get the participation award." Each year we had a credit limit of 20 per semester and any credit amount over 12 credits was just charged as a one-time "Full Time" tuition, so someone taking 12 credits would pay the same as someone taking 20 credits. I made it a point to take 18-20 credits EVERY SEMESTER of my college years, except my last semester when I took 16 credits of Graduate-Level courses and focused on my job search. I was paying them money and I was going to get my money's work  
  
Not all bad classes had bad professors. Many of my professors were geniuses who had a lot of good stuff to say, but they were not held accountable for their class not being worth the money. I thought it was disgusting that these smart men and women had the worst organization skills that I have ever seen. We used the "Canvas" software that most schools use and these professors had no clue how to use it. They would also forget to upload essential material that they said they would, spent the entire semester grading assignments that were due in the first week of class, changed the rules of the course as they went, and were disorganized in general. I had a professor who never used slides or prepared material. This was a highly technical, mathematical, and logical class. He just had a list of topics to cover per lecture and he would actively write out the lesson as he went. His verbal explanations were better than any supplemental material and he taught us deep explanations as to why these mathematical structures operated as they did. The problem was that he wrote everything in a Google Doc in Arial font, including diagrams written on the fly in Google Drawings with a laptop trackpad . Thus, looking back on the notes was effectively useless. He also made new rules on the fly like "pop quiz every week to encourage you guys to study" that only happened twice before he forgot about it. He also barely wrote essential planning info down like test dates or test info. Now, you may think: "OP, you are complaining about college being too easy, but get mad when the prof doesn't spoon feed you the info." I'm not mad that he didn't spoon feed the info and wrote everything during class, like how college used to be (which is cool). I am mad about his lack or organization and me spending much of my time dedicated to that class trying to guess what would happen next. I learned a lot of essential info from the two classes that I took with that professor, but they could have been perfect if his organizational skills weren't abysmal. He did have two very smart TAs but they were effectively useless. Why you may ask? Because we barely got homework. We got 4 very large homework assignments throughout the whole semester even though he promised 12+. This sounds like a simple class structure difference, but most college students don't learn well like that. The best classes had mandatory small and frequent assignments that led up to the large projects so that we would get constant practice and have a reason to got to the TAs for more info and help. But, when you make the homework assignment very infrequent (or make homework optional, as other classes did), you create an incentive structure where students will prioritize homework from other classes over your own. \*\*Disclaimer: There is nothing wrong with students being held accountable for motivating themselves to study often and put in work, but if you are charging obscene amounts of money you cannot ignore the basic psychological fact that adolescents are more likely to learn if you give them mandatory constant practice that is, each time, a little harder than their current abilities.\*\*  
  
I did have a few great classes with great professors. ALL of my favorite classes involved the professor coming in on the first day and saying something along the lines of: \*\*"If you are not here to learn, get out so you don't disrupt my lecture. I know a lot more about the world than you do so do not even try the BS that most college students do when they refuse to do work or beg for better grades. I don't care what grade you get and if you fail, you fail, but I just care that you learn a lot."\*\* I would pay good money to have my future children to take these classes. The professors cared and were not afraid to subordinate students' happiness to actually learning. They taught practical skills and were very aware that college was a rip off.   
  
\*\*How to make College Classes Worth the Money:\*\*  
  
1. \*\*Make sure the info is relevant and taught well.\*\*  
2. \*\*Have constant practice with progressive overload via assignments and quizzes as well as frequent professor attention.\*\*  
3. \*\*Hold the professor accountable for not doing his/her job or being too disorganized\*\*.  
4. \*\*MAKE ASSIGNMENTS AND ATTENDANCE MANDATORY.\*\* (It makes me sick to my stomach when a class has optional attendance and homework because only and idiot would believe that a bunch of 18-22 year-olds would prioritize that work over anything else).  
5. \*\*Cut the inflated salaries of college administrators and PRIORITIZE learning from industry and research professionals over having fun for 4-5 years.\*\* (We would get emails every day about what cool fun events are happening on campus, but barely any on essential info to get jobs and known paths to success via hard work. I don't care about the new $10 million rec center full of random things that the school just built. I am here to learn and set myself up for a great career.)  
6. \*\*Don't let students run the show.\*\* Teenagers and young adults are notoriously bad at discipline and everyone on Earth knows that college-aged young adults make impulsive and self-gratifying decisions while thinking about the short term. With this, you will greatly increase the chances of success of students.  
7. \*\*If you are a student, think about whether you need to go to college right now.\*\* Maybe it isn't the best idea to get a degree in philosophy right out of high school just to have fun and blame everyone except yourself when you aren't a millionaire in 4 years. Set yourself up financially by getting a more practical degree or entering the job force and ensure stability. \*\*Once you are stable and happy with your life, go back and get that philosophy degree\*\* so you can put in your effort since you're more mature and don't worry about becoming poor. \*\*If you are passionate about the "less practical" or non-STEM subjects, they are totally worth studying in a professional context...just not right out of high school by someone who knows nothing about the world and has no stability in his/her life.\*\*  
  
My favorite class in college was a class outside of my major but it had an excellent professor, practical info, and great structure. The professor did not have the most advanced degrees like other professors did, but he DAMN well knew how to run a class. We had lectures during the week where he would present like a professional public speaker and teach us only the most relevant information. Then we would have assignments each week based on that week's lecture that were slightly more advanced than our current abilities so we were challenged, but in a way that made us want to struggle and put in effort. The content of each assignment was always very relevant and I maintain those skills to this day. He came in on Day 1 and laid out the grading scheme and said that if anyone disagreed or thinks they can manipulate him instead of putting in the work, they can walk out right then and there. He kept his promise. I failed several assignments because they were hard, but I DIDN'T care. I learned a ton of info from the class and he made it clear that the assignments were challenging and that since we had a week to do them and TAs as a resource, all grades were final. I almost forgot to mention the TAs. The only people he allowed to be TAs were former students who previously earned a 95+% in his course and he treated them very well, so they were incentivized to do a great job. \*\*This man earned my money and my respect.\*\*  
  
It was really sad to see that the students that got high-paying jobs at FAANG (now MAANG) companies or high-level engineering positions had GPAs in the low 2.0 range. They had initiative, drive, skills, and the ability to delay self-gratification. \*\*They were only there to get the degree since most high-level jobs required one.\*\* \*\*This racket made them spend tens of thousands of dollars for no reason.\*\* I also knew a lot of them and they were extremely smart. Not academic smart or "book smart," but their problem solving skills and logical abilities were insane. They easily could have gotten 4.0s, but why waste their time, when they could learn a lot more on their own? These people easily had 140+ IQs and they all tried to get high-level jobs that didn't require a degree out of high school and they worked their asses off outside of school.  
  
Most of the high-level skills that got me a good job were self-taught. :(  
  
I really hope that there is some sort of shift from high-level jobs requiring degrees. Once that happens, colleges will be forced to make students get their money's worth in learning and the people that truly deserve those jobs will be motivated to get their money's worth or not to go to college at all. The modern American college system is a racket and they are not even hiding it.  
  
\*\*I, however, am hopeful. I go on job recruiting websites and see the GPA requirements getting lower and lower or even with a degree being optional. GOOD JOB. Hire people based purely on their skills and abilities, and not whether or not they spent a bunch of money to get a fancy title next to their name.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/fv74p/i_think_my_girlfriend_isnt_very_smart_need_advice/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I think my girlfriend isn't very smart, need advice.

So I met this girl through a friend, and we really hit it off, let's call her Megan.  
  
Megan is pretty awesome, she is funny, sexy, caring, compassionate, and is overall a great girlfriend. I had food poisoning about two weekends ago and she took care of me the whole time while I was shaking, vomiting, feverish and getting close to going to the hospital.   
  
Had she not been there for me I would have ended up going to the hospital. I was on my couch under a blanket because I had the chills so bad and she sat on the floor next to the couch the whole time and held my hand until I began falling asleep and then made me get up and get in bed where she kept an eye on me all night.  
  
The other day I went to eat with some friends where she works and when she brought the bill there was a very sweet and awesome note written on the back of it.  
  
All in all she's great, I've never had a girlfriend that cares about me like she does and goes out of her way to take care of me, and make me happy. She does all the little things I've always wanted in a girlfriend like little notes, or even caring enough to bring me something to drink when she runs into the gas station. She also always has her own money and I don't have to spend a lot of money on her nor does she expect me to.  
  
I do appreciate how caring and compassionate she is. The last girl I date was smart, driven, and a PHD candidate. She was also one of the most selfish people I've ever met and had a complete lack of empathy that I attributed to her being young and needing to grow up. She was also a raving cheater and has not been able to stay faithful since the first time she had her heart broken. I had a motorcycle accident one time and texted her to tell her that it happened but not to worry that I was fine. She never showed any concern, and didn't even respond to the text about motorcycle accident. I never forgave her for that and it makes me appreciate Megan.  
  
On the other hand, here is what I don't like. Megan is not the smartest girl in the world. Any text she sends me, or note she leaves me is so blatantly rife with spelling errors that it blows my mind as to how someone could not know how to spell a certain word. She'll often stop me mid conversation and ask me what a word means.  
  
She's also younger than me by a few years, and is on the tail end of finishing her GED due to getting in trouble in school and general life issues. She doesn't seem to have a lot of direction in life, has no idea what she wants to do, and won't even consider taking general education college courses until she can settle on a career. Her current job has no future for her either.   
  
This really bothers me because I always wanted, and am used to dating women who have their own careers in mind, are independent, and have direction and drive in life. I'm very well off for my age (early twenties) with two vehicles, a house, and a motorcycle. I don't care how much money I have, I refuse to be the guy with the stay at home wife who has no education or career.  
  
I've tried to get her into reading, and learning, but she refuses to do it and absolutely hates reading. I can't make her do something she doesn't want to do or better herself if shes not willing.  
  
I also hate her parents even though they love me. Her mother is a raging alcoholic who is constantly cheating on her husband, and I can't stand to be around her mother period, even when she's not drinking sometimes. It's to the point where I won't go into her house anymore, and constantly turn down lunch or dinner invitations so I don't have to deal with her mom.  
  
On top of that she's not very understanding of my love of video games. She views them as a complete waste of time, and gets very upset when I want to play them to unwind and relax. For example we were at a friends house the other night and she was hanging out with his wife since she hasn't seen her in awhile. Me and my friend decided we wanted to hop on XBox Live and play Black Ops for awhile, and we only played for about 30-45 minutes. This put her in a completely terrible mood for the rest of the night and greatly upset her.  
  
At the end of the day I just feel like its not fair that I work 40-60 hours a week, and am in a relationship with someone who smokes way too much weed, and has no drive or direction in life. She won't even take gen ed college courses until she figures out what she wants to do. She also spends far more time than I do playing video games chasing down bags of weed from various people because its such a huge part of her life. I wish she didn't smoke daily because I feel like it dumbs her down and makes her unmotivated. I'm tree friendly but not on a daily basis.  
  
She's also pretty clingy and if she had her way would spend every waking moment with me. She just doesn't understand that some evenings after a long day of work I want to sit around in my boxers and play video games on my myriad of expensive electronics that I've worked my ass off for.  
  
I like her, but I don't think I could ever love her, but I don't know, maybe with time it could happen. Am I just being a picky asshole who needs to shut the hell up or what?  
  
tl;dr My girlfriend is uneducated and we are at very difference places in our lives.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/2pat1b/how_to_not_fail_your_classesagain/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How To Not Fail Your Classes...Again

This is long and mostly unoriginal so unless you are desperate don't bother reading it.   
  
I'm seeing a lot of kids here who are worried about/have already failed some of their classes. No doubt there are many more who are reading those posts and are in the exact same situation. I'm currently a senior studying Computer Science. I don't have a 4.0 GPA. In fact, I too have failed/had to drop about 4-5 classes myself. But I've gotten things turned around and would like to help you do the same, so let's talk.  
  
First of all, like many of the freshmen posting in here, high school was really easy for me. In fact, aside from a few classes, I would say college really hasn't been that hard either. I honestly didn't learn anything in high school. I know everyone here says that but it's especially true for me. I cheated on every single assignment in high school....like literally every one lol. Don't ask me how, but I always got the solutions manual and just copied answers (with some purposefully wrong ones thrown in so I wouldn't get caught). Then, using whatever insight I had gotten from that, I would go into the exams and make straight A's. I'm telling you this because I know how confusing it is when you then do terribly your first, second, and maybe even more semesters during college. Anyway onto the guide...  
  
  
---Have you already failed? ---  
  
  
Talk to the professor and ask for extra credit or if you can make anything up. Yes, on every syllabus it says not to do this or that it is pointless. Do it anyway (you have nothing to lose but your apparently misplaced pride). Most professors copy half the rules on their syllabus from another syllabus because they are lazy or the school tells them to. When I was taking calc 1, I saw that all my online homework was really hard...so I didn't do any of it. At this time, I didn't know everyone else was getting 100s on every assignment because they were using wolfram alpha. At the end of the semester, I had a D and needed a C- to pass and move onto Calc 2. My professor, let me makeup ALL my homework assignments (giving me 100s on all of them) when I completed a little "mini test" he made up and let me take home. It was about 10 questions long. This won't always work but every once in a while it will really save you. If you still have time to turn it around on the final, some of the upcoming study tips may help you.  
  
---How to make sure this doesn't happen again---  
  
  
1) Time and effort &gt; genius  
You've probably just realized this now. Consistent work not only leads to better grades, but also leads to easier grades. Tests (even finals) will be very low stress for you if you already know you know everything...obviously.   
  
2) All-nighters are for college noobs  
Another thing that is pretty obvious. What I am saying here though is this...if you know that you are going to cram for this test...that's fine and all but do it before you have to pull an all-nighter. If you don't know already, if you take an exam without sleep, it has been shown (by numerous studies) that you are basically taking the exam drunk. If you have to do any kind of reasoning/math/problem solving for that exam, it can (in many cases) be better to just watch some quick youtube vids of the concepts, focus as hard as you can, and go to sleep thinking about the topics instead of pulling an all-nighter. Sleep is a critical part of learning since it cements the concepts you learned that day. If the exam relies on you knowing and recalling a series of facts you wouldn't know any other way but by pure studying, an all-nighter might be necessary but this is honestly quite rare. I have not pulled an all-nighter in 2 years now.   
  
3) Do not take drugs to improve performance  
Many people swear by study drugs but these people are fools in my opinion and everyone else deep down kind of knows it. This is sort of the same thing I did in highschool. Find an easy "hack" to get through an already easy curriculum then get destroyed on the next level. College is nothing important in and of itself and it is really only as hard as you make it for yourself. Rather, it is what comes after that you are preparing for and that will be the true challenge. If you still have to take drugs to do well in the work world, things will unravel quickly. Even if you made the grades, you will know that you are competing against people that made the same grades as you the legitimate way. You will know they are either geniuses, hard workers or both. That insecurity will eventually bleed out and undermine you.  
  
That said, many people say it helps them focus on getting the work done. Of course, this can easily backfire. One of my friends took a drug that was supposed to help him focus on studying. He ended up spending hours concentrating on making a perfectly sculpted papermache penis. Another one of my friends pulled an all-nighter and took caffeine pills right before the exam. He told me that he started shaking during the exam and then threw up on the paper he was writing on. You don't want your body to experience 500mg of caffeine for the first time in its existence when you are taking a huge final. Rarely will drugs save you at the last minute from an entire semester of slacking. Trust me, you don't need them to keep up with everyone else who is using them.   
  
4) Go to class, even when the professor is bad  
Most kids (especially freshmen), learn that one of the most joyful traps in college is that you can finally skip your classes if you feel like it. After all, you will just learn what he taught in class that day from the book, and he is a bad professor anyway with a terrible accent so it's probably better this way anyway right? EVEN IF you actually went back later that day and rigorously learned everything he taught (but lets keep it real...) it still wouldn't be worth it. Lectures are more than just a time to learn. They also provide you insight and information on the person who is going to be judging your performance. You will know how much he expects of you (or how little). You will always know what you should study before the exam (which kind of helps) and when the exam is (lol). Some professors enjoy only announcing important dates, assignments, and exam "hints" in class. They drink the tears of those who thought they would be a decent human being and post the same stuff on the course website. Trust me on this. Some asian guy a long time ago once said to keep your enemies closer to you than your friends. If I had actually learned history in HS I would know his name.  
  
5) Don't "study" for problem solving exams  
Really, it is too boring and slow to be effective. Reading your book, taking notes over the material and "understanding it" will work for a lot of classes but it is not the best way. On the classes it doesn't work , you will wish you had ebola so you could call in sick on the final.   
  
Whether you spread this out over the entire semester like a good student, or cram at the last second, you should focus on solving problems instead of reading explanations. Even if you don't know anything, go to the problem set first and begin solving it. As soon as you get stuck, go back to your resources, find what you need to know to continue, and move forward. This will naturally show you what you don't know, what you do know, and how it should be used. As students, we know that the temptation to watch netflix at the worst possible time will never leave us. However, since your mind will be more actively engaged doing this, instead of just highlighting entire chapters from your textbook, you will find it more bearable. The only willpower you will need is to get started.  
  
Again, nothing helps you learn faster than raw application. It is tremendous practice for the exam because you are getting immediate feedback on the mistakes you are making. Thus, when you see a similar problem on the exam, you will remember the mistakes you made when you practiced the problem, and will avoid them here when it matters. That is exactly why that problem is there. The professor saw kids making mistakes on that type of problem all semester and put it there to see if they have adapted yet. With any luck, your peers will blindly stumble into these traps (while complaining they "studied" for the exam) and force the curve :)  
  
6)Study a little for fact-based exams  
This usually happens in your soft electives. Introduction to American History, Introduction to Art History, Introduction to Basket Weaving, Endroduction to being Interested etc. If you have to write essays make sure you actually try on them. That will give you roughly the same results as practicing with problems, since you are applying your knowledge. Otherwise, you really need to think about how the facts relate to each other and why they are important. These classes are usually easy and can help you pad your GPA. That makes it extremely important that you go to class anyway since there you will learn exactly which group of facts you need to know and in what context. This severely cuts down on study time as you won't be studying things that won't be on the exam (you know this is a big problem if you have ever skipped a lot of classes).  
  
7) Don't rely on the curve  
You can pray for rain or pay someone who claims they can bring it, but there is no guarantee it WILL rain. In very hard classes, a lot of kids will justify their poor grades by saying "It's a hard class he will have to curve". That may or may not be true. The reality is that even in very hard classes, there are plenty of people who are (a) geniuses (b) hard workers (c) know a guy with last years final (d) cannot afford to lose since they will be deported if they fail (e) lucky and so on. Trust me when I say that in the day of your disaster, these kids will somehow line up all the stars, come through as a group and pull off the academic equivalent of the Miracle at the Meadowlands all to your dismay.   
  
8) Never study in groups  
Unless you find that l33t hidden study group with the 4.0 geniuses where you can l33ch like mad, this is worthless. The only function these serve is that people "agree" to study at a particular time for a certain duration where normally they wouldn't. Even then, you will be dealing with mostly incompetent people who either don't make themselves useful, or feed you the wrong information. Remember, in a group you can only move as fast as the slowest person.   
  
Unless you put together a solid team of SEALs (Super Elite Academic Lords), you will find that group study is the ultimate white kid's pipedream. How many asian gods do you know who rely on group study? Are you really going to rely on Johnny the Stoner to understand the intricacies of computing that took Alan Turing his entire life to discover? Trust me, weed isn't THAT enlightening. Even if Johnny is a theoretical comp sci God who has a diagram of a pushdown automotan as a bumper sticker on his car and swears he "only programs in Lisp" because he "likes the challenge", it still won't help you for him to basically give you his own personal solutions manual. You can't apply that now, or on an exam. If you are applying your knowledge as your professor assigns the homework assignments, and before the exam you will be completely fine without a group. This advice goes for tutors and TA's as well. Having someone help you may be necessary from time to time. But at the end of the day, it is college, and sometimes you need to just put on your bullshit boots and wade in.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/n4t6g/weathered_nikon_f3_professional_camera_found_in/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Weathered Nikon F3 professional camera found in back paddock on farm. It appears to have film in it but is completely frozen up due to exposure. It's clearly been there for a long time (see photos). How to proceed?

A friend of mine owns a 200 acre farm in the Yarra Valley area here in Australia. It's on the side of a mountain and is quite steep and rough in places. A few years back he was doing some clearing work on a back paddock and came across \*\*[this Nikon F3 professional film camera](http://imgur.com/a/A5Iml)\*\* partly buried in some vegetation. The camera is equipped with a motor drive but had no lens. He has now passed it on to me to see if I can find anything out about it as he hasn't had any success through the channels he's tried over the years.  
  
This model is, from what I have seen, considered by some to be one of the finest manual-focus cameras ever made so probably cost a fair chunk of money when it was purchased. It was used extensively by pro photographers but was also popular with those non-professionals who were able to afford them. Putting it another way, it's the sort of thing that probably caused some fairly ripe language to be issued forth when it was found missing :-0. While it's now useless, if I could trace the owner or their family they may like it (and the film if it's recoverable) back anyhow.  
  
Since it was found with the plastic lens mounting cover on and no lens I would hazard a guess - given the area is very rough with lots of wombat burrows - that it bounced off the back of a vehicle and was not missed until it was too late to work out where it went. The area has some pretty nice views from the higher points, and this paddock was right at the top of the farm, so I wouldn't be surprised if the camera's owner was up there taking landscape photos.  
  
We have no idea how long it's been there, but I would suspect it's quite some time. It is corroded enough that every external movable part is frozen. I am able to lift the mirror and underneath that the shutter itself looks in decent condition. I suspect there is film in the camera as the indicator dial shows just under 20 shots taken.   
  
It has a surname (with no initials) on it (I've not included this in the photos or in this post due to it being personal information). There are enough folks with that surname that I haven't been able to identify anyone who is a good enough candidate to justify cold-calling and asking "did you lose an expensive camera?" :-/.  
  
I guess one approach is to try and get the film out to see what condition it's in (and possibly develop it to see if that gives clues to the rough date it was lost or who the owner is) but I don't know how best to proceed since, as I mentioned, everything seems locked solid and I don't want to risk exposing the film to light. The motor drive is of course useless and, even if the manual rewind would work, I don't know if it's possible to operate that mechanism with the motor drive still mounted (needless to say the mounting knob for this is frozen too).  
  
For those out there who have experience with the F3, just how rugged is this beast? It has been through a decent number of freeze/thaw cycles since that area gets snow in the winter. I've read that the interior seals were apparently very good, with film able to survive severe damage to the camera and still be able to be developed. If it's as good as they say, it's possible the film hasn't been contaminated (whether or not it's still able to be developed after this time is another question of course).  
  
I guess another option, if the rewind mechanism can't be freed up, is to force the back open in a darkroom or changing bag.  
  
Any advice how best to proceed to get this open? What's a good means of freeing up the mechanism?  
  
I would suspect that if I do manage to get the film out, it ought to be handled by someone with skill in developing film by hand (I'm in Melbourne so it should not be hard to find someone). I'm not keen on the idea of taking it to one of those instant photo places.  
  
Also, I'll mention I'm aware of the thread about 20 years ago (reddit time) from a guy who found a roll of film behind a toilet but never updated. This is my normal account and I \*will\* update with the outcome.  
  
NB It just has occurred to me that if I could get the battery cover for the motor drive open, the batteries might have an expiry date on them which would give an idea of how long ago it was lost. This might be the first thing to try.  
  
EDIT: tl;dr sorry for the wall of text: friend found an expensive pro-quality film camera in a back paddock of his farm. We suspect it was lying there for at least a decade, and probably longer. The moving parts (including latch) are all frozen up solid but there is film in it and I'm wondering if it's recoverable. Not overly important but an interesting little mystery (especially as to how it got there).  
  
EDIT2: I decided to try forcing the battery compartment open to see if I could date it via the batteries. I was a little surprised to find that [it was empty](http://imgur.com/a/A5Iml#5).  
  
EDIT3: Application of penetrating oil has started loosening things up a bit. I'm taking up [budbuds offer](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/n4t6g/weathered\_nikon\_f3\_professional\_camera\_found\_in/c36fvwa) to open it at his photography school as they have the facilities to handle this.  
  
UPDATE: No film. Info is in [update thread](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/nrynk/). Thanks for all the advice, sorry the outcome wasn't any more interesting :=(

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/8w1ia/i_cant_afford_a_therapist_and_need_people_who_can/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I can't afford a therapist and need people who can be objective. Reddit, I turn to you.

Whenever I ask for advice about anything personal on the internet, the "don't take anything seriously on the internet" schutzstaffel feels the need to remind me of this. However, this is problematic for several reasons:  
  
\* Anyone close to me--my family, my friends, whoever--cannot be objective. Have you ever trusted your mother when she says you're attractive?   
  
\* People often say things that are vague and useless, especially when giving advice. I like my friends, but I don't trust any of them to give good advice. "Get over it" isn't very helpful when you don't know how.  
  
\* If I could afford it I'd see a therapist or counselor, but I don't have the money for either. I went to a psychiatrist once and it cost several hundred dollars for a thirty minute session.  
  
\* This is about my girlfriend, and we've talked about it several times in the past. Nothing seems to work.  
  
I always find that asking for advice in this setting gives the "HAHA you posted something on the IIINNNTTERRRNEET" crowd justification/rationalization for exercising their sociopathic behavior on me. Yet, for the reasons above I don't know of any alternative.  
  
\*\*Here is my problem:\*\*  
  
I go to a small college and am in a relationship with a girl who I will probably marry in the future. She's... not common, and the thought of losing her scares me. She's ridiculously intelligent (will probably go to an ivy league graduate/professional school), hilarious, averaged a 9.5 over several pictures on hotornot, is tech-savvy (she did a speech on fark) and generally charismatic. She's great, essentially.  
  
What I can't get over and what scares me is how I feel about what she's done before we were dating, because I feel like if I don't get over this it could be severely damaging to our relationship. For the sake of both clarity and this story, I'll call her Bonnie.  
  
Some time two months before we got together Bonnie was very drunk with a prospective student and some tennis player. Tennis Guy, I understand, was an object of competition for a lot of girls on her dorm hall. Since Bonnie wanted to be able to say she made out with the guy, she made out with the prospective student as well.  
  
Eventually the prospective student suggested they leave and go to a shack. Bonnie, as someone who didn't want the prospective to do something stupid, went out of responsibility.  
  
Once they got to the shack everyone took off their shirts and started making out. The prospective student started blowing Tennis Guy, and Bonnie, in her words, felt competitive over this and blew the guy to orgasm. After the prospective student realized she was cheating on her boyfriend, she had a mini-crisis and then... resumed fooling around with Tennis Guy. Competitive blowing ensued again and Bonnie again blew the guy to orgasm.  
  
There are several factors that make this get to me:  
  
\*\*First\*\*  
  
Before I was dating Bonnie, I was trying to get her to be my fuckbuddy. We messed around, but we didn't actually have sex until we had feelings for each other. In whatever fucked up way possible, I feel like this isn't as much of a victory as Tennis Guy's, even though she's told me that she never was going to have sex with the tennis guy and that my victory was more substantial.  
  
\*\*Second\*\*  
  
I don't need to tell many of you this, but in Guy World having two girls do anything for you is infinitely harder to achieve than having sex with a single girl. I really couldn't give less of a shit who Bonnie has fucked in the past--it's the authority and status that having two girls compete to blow you connotes. It's like, "well, I may have been able to seduce you but \*this\* guy could \*quadruple\* seduce you."  
  
It's entirely the status issue. I don't care about \*actually\* getting blown because most girls suck at it anyway. After a while, Bonnie has even told me that she's so confident in us that she's okay with me fucking other girls as long as I told her and she was okay with it. The thing is, I don't want to. She's ridiculously attractive and I doubt other girls would be as good of a fuck as she is anyway. I've considered staging a threesome just to make me feel better, but the problem is that \*I don't feel like it's legitimate unless I didn't have any previous emotional involvement with the girls.\* It's almost like I'm saying to myself, "I can't possibly rule as hard unless I, through no other means other than being ridiculously attractive, get blown by two girls. Letting my girlfriend's feelings get me a threesome is gamesharking it and doesn't count."  
  
\*\*Third\*\*  
  
I tremendously look down upon Tennis Guy. He's a fucking idiot, and if I met him I'd probably make fun of his stupidity to his face. That someone I am now dating could have lowered herself to compete for such an idiot slightly degrades her in my eyes. I don't know how to deal with someone so stupid being elevated to such a high status.  
  
\*\*Fourth\*\*  
  
Things that should make me feel better don't. The prospective student girl was fucking ugly. Moreover, his penis is a lot smaller than mine. And though there's an ideal range for dick size (about 5-7 or 4-8 if you're generous), his is obviously less satisfying than mine.  
  
\*\*Fifth\*\*  
  
When I think about how Tennis Guy achieved this, I feel like there's some secret edge he may have that I don't. Either by being more attractive, or more charismatic, or whatever. Part of me refuses to believe that. In all probability, he just got lucky because the girl was batshit and Bonnie is competitive as shit.  
  
\*\*Sixth\*\*  
  
I feel selfish as fuck. This happened before I was even dating her, but the prospective student was actually \*with another guy\*. I can't even imagine how he feels.  
  
However, there's another even more dickish part of me that says "well, that makes it even worse. He got this girl \*to cheat on her boyfriend to compete to blow him\* \*\*plus\*\* Bonnie. That makes him even more persuasive and possibly charismatic than if the slutty prospective student was single."  
  
\*\*Seventh\*\*  
  
The hatred I've felt for this guy is immense, and I don't even know him. As I said before, a fair amount of girls were competing over him. This pisses me off, because they're not competing over \*me.\* I know that a fair amount of girls check me out, but that's irrelevant to me: that \*he\* was able to achieve that (or got lucky, whichever) and not some loser makes it all the more infuriating. I've considered ruining his life just to make myself feel better, though I don't because that's entirely uncivil and civil behavior is conducive to a functional, peaceful 21st-century society. No one should behave like that, and this type of thought is narcissistic as fuck.  
  
Even worse, when Bonnie felt awful about it (and she shouldn't have), I felt like she \*deserved\* it; when she told me about it I felt like I forgave her even though \*there was nothing to forgive. She didn't do anything wrong.\*  
  
\*\*Eighth\*\*  
  
Perhaps worst of all, I know I shouldn't feel this way. She wasn't. Dating. Me. At. The. Time. This is what I keep telling myself. \*\*It's illogical for me to feel this way.\*\* Yet, I can't shake the six aforementioned feelings. When I read what I wrote above, I feel like Patrick Bateman. #7 is particularly unsettling; if anyone else felt that way I'd be quick to point out how they're being an illogical fuck but it feels perfectly okay to feel that way on my end.  
  
When I've talked to Bonnie about this, she says that she felt bad about it and "knew it wouldn't be that easy". I've said that there really isn't a reason for her to feel bad about it because \*\*it was long before we were even dating\*\*, and that \*\*I'm\*\* being the irrational one.  
  
I know I shouldn't feel this way at all, but I can't help it. I've spent days trying to get over this and it still bothers me.  
  
Again, I can't afford a therapist and I really don't trust anyone to be objective about this, because people usually aren't and give awful advice. There's also way too much about me in here that I don't want any of my friends knowing; it would reflect badly on me and my image. I turn to here because I don't know where else to turn.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/h0zhu/reddit_cps_took_my_kids_and_wont_give_them_back/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, CPS took my kids and won't give them back until I have health insurance- details within, help? (x-posted to Mommit)

Hi, Reddit. Throwaway here because OMG stigma and horror. I am a single mom with two grade school kids. I live in a relatively wealthy district (Babylon Village, NY) and both my kids have some difficulties remaining organized and completing homework due to ADHD.  
  
Back in February, my daughter and I watched the new Romeo + Juliet on Netflix together. Later that week, she was bullied by a group of kids at recess and she said something to the effect of she wanted to kill herself, we believe to get the kids to leave her alone. (She's 8.) This set off a horrific chain of events that has no seeming end.  
  
At the time, the school suspended her indefinitely. They called me, but I was in a meeting and missed the call. Recess is close to dismissal, so I only found out both my kids had been kept at school and not sent on the bus when they didn't get home. School reaction was swift and confused. Initially, they suspended her, then they suspended her from the bus, then they said she couldn't come back until she had a psychiatric evaluation. THEN they said their Special Ed coordinator was on vacation, and they couldn't schedule a psychiatric evaluation, so just send her back. I met with the principal, the counselor and the school psychologist who recommended counseling and said as soon as the SEC got back from vacation, they'd schedule the psych eval.  
  
I told them my daughter's father was in the process of getting us health insurance and I couldn't pay for a counselor out of pocket. They gave me a list of local counselors I couldn't afford. I asked if the kids (somehow my son got dragged into this) could be counseled through the school until we had insurance. They said no. (After the kids were taken, they offered it because CPS asked and I balked- why let the kids get taken for no insurance/no counseling when they could easily offer it all along?)  
  
Once a week, the school would email me and ask if we had a counselor yet. Once a week, I said we still hadn't gotten insurance and couldn't afford a counselor. (Literally- I have $48 in the bank right now, counselors won't work on IOUs.) This went on throughout March- about three weeks. Finally, the school decided that since we hadn't yet gotten counseling, my kids were being abused. They took them into separate rooms to investigate and under questioning, my daughter mentioned eventually she had tantrums at home. During one kicking/punching tantrum, I picked up a pillow to block her punches. (She sounds out of control, but she just has ODD- when she gets mad, she gets infuriated.)   
  
During another, she was ricocheting off the walls in our hallway and I held her arms down because she was banging the walls. The school, on a lengthy list of complaints about things like missed homework and insufficient school supplies, told CPS I smothered her with a pillow on a daily basis to prevent her from breathing as a form of punishment. This is so far from the truth I have to believe it was an intentional misconstruance, but I do not know why.  
  
WHAT THE FUCK. So this was March 22. On March 31, CPS came to my door to examine my house but I wasn't in. When I got home, my neighbor told me CPS left a card with her and a message to tell me they're looking for me. I called back the next day, but in the interim read about it on the internet. All advice was to not let CPS in without a warrant- anything they saw was "grounds" to take the kids and I should wait until they have a warrant, so I did. I arranged a meeting with a CPS investigator in a local Starbucks to answer his questions.  
  
We met the next day and there were no questions- any explanation I had (for why we didn't get counseling, for instance) was an "excuse." He read off the list of complaints and interrogated me for five hours. I told him I would ask a lawyer about letting them in because once you let them in, they can come in any time for any reason. He said this was another "red flag" and said, "if you have nothing to hide, you should just let me in." I still wanted to ask a lawyer. He told me CPS knew I worked a lot (I work at home) and that I spend "all night typing on the computer." That my kids had gone to a "free thinking school," and he rolled his eyes. (They went to a free school for a while, similar to the Brooklyn Free School.) He said over and over that I "did nothing" after my daughter was recommended counseling, when in actuality, I took her for the psych eval and was waiting for the school to release the results to us.  
  
Monday he called me and said they were going to summon me to court that day for a "temporary ban on corporal punishment." They called my husband (we are separated but close friends and raising the kids together amicably) and said there was no need for him to come- the action was against me and he was over an hour away at the time of the call, an hour before the hearing.  
  
My dad finally found the summons, which was stuck under our deck. It had the information, info we would have needed to go to the correct place at the correct time. My parents and an aunt accompanied me at 2pm at family court, and at 4:30, the law guardian appointed for my kids asked where they were. The CPS worker told me to arrange a sitter, so I had. My parents were advised at this time (4:32pm) to go retrieve the kids. At 4:35, after my parents left, they called the hearing.  
  
The CPS lawyer said that my children were being smothered with pillows on a daily basis, and were in imminent risk of death. They said since no one was there to take custody (my parents were asked to leave) they would like to move to immediately put my kids in foster care. (This is a process that takes 6-9 months to amend if everything goes correctly.) My aunt stood up and said she was there and could serve as their legal guardian. CPS grudgingly allowed my aunt to take custody of the children. When my sister dropped the kids off at school the next day, the school's secretary said in front of my children, "why are they here? I thought they were going to live with their father in Brooklyn." Why would a secretary a) know this, and b) say it in front of two terrified kids?  
  
Since that date, we have had 7 hearings. At each, CPS comes up with a new demand for me to "meet" before they will "look at" the case again. Just yesterday, after the sixth request, they admitted they hadn't even reviewed my father as a guardian for the kids. Court briefly adjourned and they made a 2 minute phone call to "clear" him. It seems like they have no incentive to move the case forward and reunite our family. The newest demand is that I have a psychiatric evaluation at my expense because there "could" be a reason I need one, even though there is no indication or history that this is necessary. My crystal ball tells me that regardless of how the psychiatric evaluation goes, the request will be I get counseling anyway, and we "see" how it goes.  
  
At each hearing we have had, the judge and lawyer have said reunification is only a possibility if I get health insurance for me and my kids, something I have been trying to do for a long time. We are technically eligible for our state's Child Health Plus, but have been denied medicaid. I cannot understand how this can be. How can a court demand I have health insurance? Obviously I would love to have it but it has so far been out of reach for our family. I am currently homeless because my dad is staying at my house with my kids- I couch surf and try to find places to stay but I can't afford two places at once. I realize my resultant homelessness is no concern of the court's, but my kids are terrified I have to leave and my son spent two nights in the ER (they only medical care we can get) on morphine because he is having stomach aches and panic attacks we think are from the whole affair. He was screaming in pain for 7 hours straight. :( And I had to leave him in the hospital, because CPS says no overnights, no matter what.  
  
Reddit, I know this is a long and convoluted story and I probably sound like a bad mom. I love my kids, and they are well taken care of. I don't make a lot of money (I am a full-time web writer) but I do what I do to stay home with them. We have a nice life that we worked so hard to rebuild after I split up with their dad. I can't help but feel our vulnerability is what attracted CPS to us- they know we cannot fight them, and everything I have seen of the court is just rubber-stamping CPS demands on families that really do not need their services. (CPS has said time and again they cannot help us obtain counseling.)   
  
I may not be the most conventional mom- sometimes we go out for midnight milkshakes or watch zombie movies and I answer questions honestly when they ask- but I am a dedicated and full-time mom. I don't date. I don't go out much if at all. All I do is "mom."  
  
My kids are all I have. I don't know what to do. If I had a normal job, like my old one, I would have been fired already with 7 full-day unscheduled absences. My family is one of the many teetering on the brink of financial ruin and it is only constant hard work that keeps it together. Is there any media/advocacy group you know of that deals with lack of health insurance? A single parenting action group? I can't imagine any family could get through this intact unless they have serious bank and an excellent lawyer- my $48 in the bank won't get that. :(  
  
\*\*TL;DR: The school complained about my parenting and CPS took my kids. The complaint was deliberately and falsely worded to remove the kids and I cannot get them back. I am at my wits end with this process and only a month in, and my kids are having nightmares and vomiting all night when I leave. Please advise?\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/smanp/help_completely_broke_and_feeling_overwhelmed/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Help! Completely broke and feeling overwhelmed. Advice?

\*\*tldr; college senior completely broke after shitty circumstances, needs money advice\*\*  
  
Never thought I'd be one to make a post like this, but I'm getting desperate. Hope I don't make this too long...  
  
I'm a senior in college, about to graduate in a few weeks. This is the third year I've lived off campus in my own apartment. Before living at school, I lived with my mother, sister, and grandmother. During that time, my grandmother fraudulently used my social security number to open a credit card and failed to pay it back.   
  
Let's backtrack. My grandmother was not a very good person to us when she was alive. She was very manipulative, verbally abusive to my sister and I, and had almost every decision that any of us made was based around whether or not it would make her upset. It was a tough living situation, but we couldn't afford to live elsewhere - my grandmother owned the house we shared. Likewise, my mother insisted upon giving her "second chances" because this woman was her mother. I understood why she'd often turn a blind eye during less important fights we'd have or whatever, but it was obviously incredibly frustrating when something actually serious would happen and my mother wouldn't do anything about it. I, embarrassed and often really confused about what to do, never told anyone about my living situation outside of close friends, who also never really knew what to do about it. But can you blame me? I was a kid, I didn't want to call out my family on things that I weren't even sure were serious or not.   
  
That changed after leaving high school. A short time after going to college, I started getting letters from a credit card company that I didn't have an account with asking me to pay a substantial amount of money that I definitely didn't have: over $2,500. I looked into the statements that were sent alongside the bill and found out that the card was opened in 2004 - I would've been only 14 years old, way too young to legally open a card. I assumed the bills were well crafted scams, and didn't pay attention to them (possibly stupidly, but like I said, I was just a college freshman at the time). A short time later, I received a summons - the credit card company was suing me for a card I had never used or even knew about. I went to court, explained the situation as I knew it best, and showed them my driver's license and passport to prove my current age. My case was declared "dismissed without prejudice." This means that the court says that I don't have to pay the credit card company right now, but they can still ask me to pay the amount if they so choose. If they were to sue me again and the court ruled in my favor, it would most likely be declared "dismissed with prejudice," meaning the company would no longer be able to ask me to pay. However, because it's without prejudice, the glaring mark on my credit reports that claim I had a card "charged off" will still remain until the card company decides that I don't have to pay it.  
  
Because of that mark, I am unable to open my own credit card for myself, so over the last year I have only had bank accounts in my name, which up to this point has been perfectly fine. My mother added me onto her credit card account for a short while for emergencies, which I used responsibly. I had this card from 2009 up until the end of 2011, never missing a payment and only using it when I absolutely needed to. It was sort of a backup plan, as I do not have a proper savings account or emergency fund (I can thank grandma for that too. Apparently, the savings account that she had "graciously" opened for me ("But you can't access it, or you'll just spend the money, so i'll watch over it for you.") on one of my birthdays had been withdrawn from enough from her to deem it basically useless.). At the end of last semester, my mother had to take that card back because she fell into debt and had to close the account.  
  
To compensate for not having that card, I picked up more hours at my job. I make $11 an hour there and work basically whenever I'm not in one of my classes or at my required unpaid internship (my major requires an internship for at least one semester before allowing students to graduate and most internships around where I live are unpaid). I also cut back on extra expenses - I stopped drinking completely, started buying groceries on a need base and tried to budget my money as best as I could, choosing to spend every weekend and work night working or doing homework instead of going to bars or other fun outings with friends. I was doing okay. Not great, but okay. I had a little extra at the end of the first couple of months, and started trying to build a bit of a savings account for myself.  
  
I worked my ass off and it didn't help. Life has a way of creating obstacles at the worst moments and decided that this was the semester to send me a lot of them. Last month, my purse was stolen. My purse contained my wallet, my car keys, a camera, my passport (normally this was kept in my safe with other important documents and items but I had gone to Montreal the weekend before and had forgotten to take it out), and a few personal items. Almost everything was replaceable, but at a cost. Whoever had my purse now had my license and my car keys. I needed to get my door locks changed or risk my car getting stolen. I brought my car to the shop and got my locks changed - for a whopping $800. That's more than what I pay for groceries, rent, and utilities every month. At this point, I barely had that in my accounts, but I had to pay it somehow... Without my car, I can't drive to work, and if I can't drive to work then i don't have a job and if i don't have a job... the cycle goes on and on.   
  
My first thought was to ask my mother for help, but she was struggling with finances as well. I went to my father next, but he is in the same boat. So, I cut into my homework time and picked up any extra hours that I could. Because of this, I am currently struggling to not only finish my school work on time to even graduate without a failing grade, but I still can't cover everything with the money i've earned. My accounts have all been overdrawn and my utilities companies have sent me warning notices about late payments. The worst part about it is that once I graduate, I can no longer work at the job I currently hold because it's an on-campus position, held only by current students. I've been applying for multiple jobs in the area and secured one for after I graduate - finally some good news!   
  
Well, not so much. See, graduation is still a good three weeks or so away. Because my funds have disappeared and am now in debt, I'm terrified that I'm going to be kicked out of my apartment. I can't put in any more hours at work, I have no other means to pay for anything, my accounts are very overdrawn, and I have no idea what to do or how to get myself out of this situation.  
  
Currently, my total debt for rent, utilities, and car payments is a little over $1,500. That's not even including food or toiletries or dog food or anything else that at this point has kind of become less of a priority over actually having a place to live. Going back to living at home is not an option - I already renewed my apartment lease, having secured a job for myself post graduation. Likewise, up until this semester, I've been mostly fine living on my own for the past few years. However, I am now completely broke and I have no idea what to do.  
  
My question for you, if you've actually read this far down, is what do I do now? I have until the end of the month to come up with over $1k. I've never been in this situation before and don't know where to turn. I know that once I start working post graduation I can get back into the system I was on and be able to pay for everything normally again, but I don't know what I can do about the next few weeks. I know many people suffer worse debt than I do and many other college students suffer with money situations, but I've always tried to be really responsible about money so as to not fall victim to debt. Yet, here I am anyway.  
  
EDIT. Totally forgot to give a little more detail about my current living situation. I live in an apartment with two roommates and my boyfriend. I also take care of my dog from back home that I've had since high school. My boyfriend lately has been paying for almost all of my dog and my food for the past month as I've used that money to try to cover bills. I don't feel comfortable asking my roommates or other friends for that kind of money because I know most of them have their own financial woes. I also don't want to ask my boyfriend for more than what he's already helped me out with.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/4jbzh0/seeing_friends_graduate_today_and_feeling/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Seeing friends graduate today and feeling horrible for not being one of them.

Hi I'm a 22 year old, confused college student. I don't know what I'll get out of making this text post but this has been beating me up for a while now and I guess I just feel like ranting about it.  
  
  
My facebook and Instagram are flooding with the people I went to high school with graduating this week/today and I feel absolutely devastated that I'm not anywhere near that goal. I was a pretty good student in high school, graduated top 10 and I was part of the national honor society, I had big plans.   
I started going to the university of texas at el paso the same year I graduated and I was going for microbiology. I took classes with a friend who was doing the same thing so we took all our classes together. It didn't go very well and I became very depressed to a point where I had counseling. I wasn't sure this was what I wanted to do but it's what I felt I had to do since my parents always pushed me towards the medical field/medical school. A lot of people, including the school guidance counselor, encouraged me to study illustration or graphic design because of my ability to draw, but I never considered it an option because I felt it wouldn't get me a stable job.   
  
  
I got out of UTEP and I decided to go for ultrasound technician at a private school, my friend sticked to UTEP despite how bad it was going for her as well (shes one of the ones graduating today). I found out that to get into the ultrasound technician program I had to become a medical assistant first. So I did, I got a job after I was done as an MA in the mean time while I got into the ultrasound program. Never happened because I began to have family issues and I ended up becoming the one my family depends on money-wise. I can't exactly stop working to go to school full time. I decided that that school was a waste of time and money since they make it so hard to get into any of the imaging programs, so I found out about the ultrasound technician program at the community college in my area. I started taking classes to get into it and now all I need is to take physics and some sort of ranking test to be able to rank for the program, they only take 7 students into this program a year, depending on their GPA and test score. I've gotten As in all my ranking courses so I'm not at a bad place, but I feel like I'm never gonna get there.   
  
  
The up-side on all of this is that I began to work at a doctor's office where the doctors and providers (PA's, nurse practitioners) need medical transcriptionists to do documentation and billing for them. I started as a medical assistant but was promoted to scribe. I'm now working with a wonderful doctor who is a nephrologist, specializes in geriatrics, is a licensed surgeon back in Argentina, and became a doctor at 24, he's 38 now. I spend 9 hours a day with him and we've gotten close. He's working at that place (horrible place, may I add) only because of certain circumstances that landed him that job. I don't exactly understand but it has something to do with some sort of waiver. He's explained it before but we don't talk about it much. He was living back in New York before he ended up in El Paso. Long story short, he hates this clinic and the bosses are jerks. He's only trying to finish his contract so that he can get out and work at another practice strictly as a nephrologist. He already signed a contract with a new dialysis company branching into El Paso and he was offered the position of medical director. He promised me to take me with him and employ me, pay me more money, etc. and he mentions that he's glad to have met me because I'm the best scribe/assistant he's ever had. He knows I'm still going for ultrasound technician and has even offered to give me a flexible work schedule while I finish school, and even after I finish, he said he'd employ me as an ultrasound technician as well since nephrologists usually order kidney ultrasounds.   
  
He's been a huge influence for me and I think he's the only good thing to have come out of my "college failure". It's nice to know that I'll have a secure job as long as he's around. But I still feel unfulfilled. I've talked to a lot of people about it and a lot of them are in the same situation I am. Everyone tells me that it's fine to fall behind, that it's normal and it happens to the best of us. That it doesn't matter how old I am or how long it takes to get my degree as long as I get it, and still I can't help but beat myself up whenever I see someone graduating or talking about finishing school and going for even higher education. What I'm doing now is just not what I had planned for myself and I feel like a complete and utter failure.   
  
I'll be keeping out of fb and instagram for today. Hope you guys have a good weekend. :)  
  
TL;DR: I didn't finish college, fell behind, and now seeing friends graduate makes me feel sad and unfulfilled.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/uxt8f/describe_the_moment_where_you_realized_a_friend/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Describe the moment where you realized a friend had a problem (drugs, alcohol, psychologically)

I had reconnected with a friend I grew up with not too long ago. He was always kind of an experimenter, tried different things but never more than once or twice (that I knew of), smoked a shit load of weed though. He kind of fell off the map when his mom got really sick (cancer) and ended up dying, this was around when we were both 16 or 17.  
  
I saw him briefly in college, he didn't go to school, frankly none of my friends did, but I did have a house on campus and they'd all come by to take advantage of the parties. Even then I'd "catch" him doing coke here or there with random people we didn't know (I saw catch because I'd drunkly walk into a room, in my own house mind you (I mean, MY ROOM) during a party with atleast 100 people (New Years, Halloween, the house was huge, old as shit, duplex, we had both levels and a basement carved out of limestone (hooray for radon!), I built a bar down there in this creepy section where steps went up to the bottom part of a full door (someone built that cut the door off halfway up, but )in the crack you could still see the rest of the door, I used to have HORRIBLE nightmares about that shit, like, other thread necessitating nightmares, I'm happy that's how I describe things now.. God, I have to go outside) anyway, when I'd walk into the room he'd be holding a straw or rolled up dollar (this happened a couple times with coke or oxy) and he'd be like "FUCK, I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW" and it was really, really awkward because A) I really didn't give a fuck and B) he was doing shit with random people, girls including, and it just looked like I was his conservative boyfriend or something, like "HENRY, YOU LYING, GOOD FOR NOTHING! \*pulls out rolling pin\*, SO THIS IS YOUR "LATE MEETING"?!?!?!). But, I was a giant alcoholic (literally, and a terrible, mean, break shit and get jumped drunk) so I was like, who am I to judge? Or more like "Whoer erm E to Jurge you ugl..hic..ugly bithhhh!! \*smashes antique clock\*).   
  
Anyway, after college I got a regular job and his mom had been dead for awhile (like 5 years). I did know that at that point he had been stealing her pain meds, and had a problem with those temporarily (which was why he disappeared, different crowd), but from what I heard he was clean now (his dad freaked out because basically everything his dead wife owned was pawned, jewelry (including wedding band, engagement ring), clothes, old perfume bottles etc.) and we started hanging out like the good old days. He was still smoking weed, but seemed normal to me. But, I had recently lost my job and was completely out of control booze wise. So he usually had to keep me from getting killed (sometimes literally), and would drive me to pick up girls I somehow sleazed off of facebook while blacked out (I had to stop him from doing that after awhile). Anyway, we started having more people over at my house and most of the time I'd black out really early (from drinking all day) and wake up and see random evidence of shit (burnt tin foil, bags, dead people in my bath tub) but figured, as long as people aren't yelling at me about last night... I'm happy.   
  
Anyway, final paragraph time. Time to reiterate my hypothesis! So, he actually started drinking more, and for not being a drinker, I was surprised how much he could drink, I actually couldn't believe how long he could drink (i'd black out, fall asleep, wake up, he'd still be up with girls, drinking, I'd drink again, fall asleep, wake up, same thing). He finally admitted he had been doing coke for awhile, but it was too expensive... so... STOP METH TIME.   
  
I lied about the last paragraph part. So, I was like, okay, well dude, that shit is no joke, take it easy. He said he did it like once or twice a month tops, and that was it. Being in a drunken haze I didn't think much of it until one night he was just freaking out. Asking me for $100, trying to pawn shit, just all out panic mode. I had the money but didn't feel comfortable giving it to him since he never had much money and I had no job. So, in front of me, he just pops this giant white head on his forehead... ugh... puts the pus on tin foil, AND SMOKES IT. I was like (after throwing up bacardi and red bull all over my own face), what the what what? And he was like "YOU WOULDN'T FUCKING HELP ME DUDE AND METH COMES OUT THROUGH YOUR PORES, SO, IT'S A RESI HIT.. OKAY?"   
  
I was like, um... I'm worried about you and he gave me the old, you're a fucking drunk retort to which I said, yes, but I'm not aiming my dick at my face in the morning to cure my hangovers (AND IF I WANTED TO I COULD BECAUSE IT'S REALLY BIG AND THE STREAMS ARE HEALTHY IN PRESSURE AND WIDTH)... So... yeah...   
  
So that's my story. We're not friends no more. He stole a bunch of my stuff one night after I got sober (17 months, bing bang boom), he was over after discovering that you could DL demo's on xbox live and I was tired so I went upstairs to sleep and woke up to a missing 360, ps3, ipod etc (I found out months later he had been in my room stealing shit for awhile, mostly old jewelry from my ex). He tried to make up an excuse, but after 20 minutes of contradicting himself and using the "how dare you!" defense he cried, I yelled and he never came around again.   
  
Your turns.  
  
TL;DR- Thank god this was before bath salts, and it my story was too long, ignore it, post yours, or leave. That's how this works. Complaining about the length of a story is like getting off of a roller coaster and punching the girl at the picture stand in the face for how long the line was.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/f96ake/i_dont_know_what_im_doing_with_my_life/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I don't know what I'm doing with my life

My parents are really smart. Both went to Ivy League schools. I somehow didn't inherit their intelligence but I went to a competitive high school and was able to pull off a decent ACT score and get into BU (after my parents proofread everything on my common app). But now here I am, a sophomore STEM major, and I don't really think I can handle it. My GPA is just hovering right around a 3.0 and I don't want to give up on my classes. But I keep getting Ds in classes everyone says are the easier ones and I just feel like I really can't do it. Some people have to be weeded out. The issue is that if I tried to switch now there's no way I'd be able to graduate in two years like I planned and I can't afford to go here longer than I have to. I'm not a hard worker but my major is decently interesting and there's no other major I'd rather do here anyway. I've also lived in the Boston area for my entire life and most of my friends and family live here or pretty nearby, but none of my family is from here and I deeply feel like an outsider. I'm dying to move somewhere else, but I have no idea how I'd afford it or where I'd go because I have no idea what career I want or could get after college (I'm not premed). I barely know anyone who lives in other cities so I'm terrified of being lonely and I have no experience with moving, but I just feel like I'm deeply not a New Englander. Honestly I don't really have much faith in getting a job after college. BU seems to be decently hard to get a good GPA, but still. I feel like it's hard to compete with people who have a better GPA. Also, my younger sister has dyslexia and my family might move so we can afford for her to go to private school. I know I'm so immature and selfish to be sad about this and this is what she needs, but secretly I've been fearing it so much since I've lived in the same town for almost my whole life and a lot of my best friends are still from my high school and it'd be hard to see them much again (I go home for breaks). I'm also in my first relationship and my boyfriend is way more into it than me which really freaks me out, but I can't bring myself to end it even if honestly some of the reason I'm still dating him is just to finally have a boyfriend and not be my stupid self people have looked down on my whole life (I do like him in the ways I should to some extent, which complicates things further). I'm worried long term I'll never be able to commit to someone and legitimately want to spend all my time with them more than anyone else since I like hanging out with a group of friends the most, but at the same time I want to get married and not be alone my whole life. I'm doing way too much stuff- balancing schoolwork with three clubs (no leadership), exercise, a volunteer position, an on campus job I can choose my hours for, trying to apply for summer internships I likely won't get, my relationship, seeing a bunch of friends that aren't all friends with each other, and still seeing my family semi-regularly/helping with my ten year old sister since I'm not very far from home. And I have terrible time management skills so I waste half the day away when it's incredibly important. I know I need to quit something, but there's nothing I can really quit. Here it is, almost 2 AM, I'm trying to make up the hours I said I did for my job last week, I flaked on my boyfriend today, and I have an 8AM chem lab tomorrow I haven't done the prelab for or last week's postlab. I just failed my orgo exam I crammed for and I'll have to lie to all my smart friends in the class as usual so they don't know how stupid I really am. I don't even know what I'll tell my parents. The worst part is that I know these are all such first world problems and I was given so much opportunity that I don't deserve when a lot of people don't get to go to college (I sound like such a shitty person in this but I really do care about other people and I see myself as worse than the average person), and I'm going to throw this expensive tuition away my parents are killing themselves to pay for away and never get a job and live with them until they die and then who even knows. I might seem like I have low self esteem, but I think I have reason to. I was born without any real talents in an area of success and I don't belong here at all. I don't know what to do. I'm sorry for going on and on and this is probably normal for a 19 year old to be unsure of their future, but I just feel like I'll be a total failure (you can probably tell by now interviews aren't going to save me). If anyone has any idea of how I could possibly turn any aspect of my life around, that would be much appreciated.   
  
TL;DR: Future cautionary tale of the kid who couldn't make it in the world realizes it ten years early.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/93k5hv/you_know_youre_a_social_worker_when/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: You Know You're A Social Worker When...

You know you're a social worker when...  
  
 1. You think $40,000 a year is "really making it".  
  
 2. You don't really know what it's like to work with men.  
  
 3. You know all the latest lingo for drugs, where to get them, and how much they cost.  
  
 4. You've started a sentence with 'So what I hear you saying is...'  
  
 5. You've had 2 or more jobs at one time just to pay the bills.  
  
 6. You tell people what you do and they say "that's so noble".  
  
 7. You have had to explain to people that not all social workers take away kids.  
  
 8. You use the words 'validate,' 'appropriate' and 'intervention' daily.  
  
 9. You spend more than half your day documenting and doing paperwork.  
  
 10. You think nothing of discussing child abuse over dinner.  
  
 11. People have said to you "I don't know how you do what you do".  
  
 12. You've never been on a business trip or had an expense account.  
  
 13. You know a lot of other social workers who have left the profession for another.  
  
 14. You've very familiar with the concept of entitlement.  
  
 15. Staying at a job for 2 years is 'a long time'.  
  
 16. Your phone number is unlisted for good reason.  
  
 17. Your professional newsletters always have articles about raising salaries...but you still haven't seen it.  
  
 18. You're very familiar with the term 'budget cut'.  
  
 19. You can't imagine working at a bank or crunching numbers all day.  
  
 20. You've had clients who liked you just a little too much.  
  
 21. Having lunch is a luxury many days.  
  
 22. You've been cursed at or threatened...and it doesn't bother you.  
  
 23. Your job orientation has included self defense.  
  
 24. You have the best stories at any cocktail party.  
  
 25. Your parents don't know half of the stuff that you've dealt with at your job.  
  
 26. You know all the excuses clients use for a failed drug test by heart  
  
 27. People think its a compliment if they mistake you for a psychologist  
  
 28. It's a common occurrence to walk through metal detectors.  
  
 29. You're thankful that you have a license without having to go to school for umpteen years like a psychologist.  
  
 30. You work odd hours and wonder why others can't also be as flexible, or why we have to be the only ones who work strange hours.  
  
 31. Despite the poor reputation of a social worker your job has you interacting with those in higher authority positions (lawyers, doctors, judges, state representatives, superintendents, directors, etc)...and they come looking for you in a panic when they need you...  
  
 32. You can make just about anything a client does into a strength.  
  
 33. You laugh at things "normal" people would be shocked by.  
  
 34. You constantly struggle with the work/life balance.  
  
 35. You find it hard to get babysitters as you don't trust anyone with your children.  
  
 36. You're exhausted but you keep smiling!!  
  
 37. Hearing the worst news stories does not shock you in the least bit.  
  
 38. You think nothing of saying the words vagina, penis, or anus in a daily conversation  
  
 39. You assess your date (in your head) while out on a date just to see if they meet criteria for any DSM IV diagnosis.  
  
 40. Your mother tells people you are a psychiatrist or psychologist. For the umpteenth time, I'm a social worker.  
  
 41. Your significant other has learned that when someone greets you in public not to ask "who was that?"  
  
 42. You know the suicide crisis phone number, the food shelf and the community shelter phone numbers right off the top of your head  
  
 43. Your friends/family/acquaintances/co-workers will approach you with a "hypothetical problem" to help them with and you can't charge them for your advice.  
  
 44. When people ask for your help, they expect you to have all the answers and solution to problems that do not even exist, immediately. We're social workers...not magicians.  
  
 45. You know where to find "free" anything (clothes, food, equipment, transportation) but you are not eligible for any of them yourself.  
  
 46. You are considered an "expert" with financial assistance for your low-income individuals but you can't keep your own checkbook balanced.  
  
 47. You have a file or a list posted in your office on "Stress Reducing Techniques."  
  
 48. After a long week of solving other people's problems, you recognize that you haven't dealt with your own at home  
  
 49. You don't know what "sick days" are and you call your vacation time "long mental health breaks" or "burn out prevention days".  
  
 50. The clinical staff find the patient/family situation appalling and in urgent need of intervention and in your "social work" opinion, you don't really think it's all that bad. You're pretty sure you've seen worse.  
  
 51. You love/loathe the idea of role-plays and know that they aren't something perverted necessarily.  
  
 52. You've found yourself in a group situation with other social workers discussing a super deep topic, and someone says that they're happy that they were able to have the conversation with other people who "get it" and everyone immediately agrees.  
  
 53. You really do have the best gossip around, but have to make sure to remove any possible identifying information first.  
  
 54. You really know how to enjoy a good bottle of wine.  
  
Saw this on a Facebook site for hospice social workers and had to share. Too perfect and too accurate.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/io7a9/psychopath_weirdo_i_dont_know_who_i_am_this_is_my/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Psychopath? Weirdo? I don't know who I am! This is my Confessional...

Dear Reddit,  
  
I don't know who I am. No, I don't have amnesia. I just had a deep, deep revelation. Let me give you some background info:  
  
I am in my mid-20, I live in the Capital city of a Latinamerican country. I went to the good, preppy expensive schools, that teach you that good, old American Capitalism (No. I'm not a Commie.), I flunked out and transferred to a lesser, but still expensive school. I graduated and am in my 3rd year of college, majoring in Public Relations. I have many good, caring and trustworthy friends, who look up to me as a young man, with serious ambitious political aspirations. I have brothers, sisters, mother, father. All loving. All caring.   
  
Ideal life, one might say...   
  
I am very high right now. On marijuana. And I just got back from having sex with a pregnant prostitute, 8 months into her term. Without a condom. While high. Just for the hell of it. On the way back I had an epiphany.   
  
Let me put it this way: I do things. Bad things. Weird things. I portray myself as somebody to my friends, family and society in general and I am a very different and dark person deep down inside.   
  
I'm am calling this my Confessional. I am going to tell you all everything that I have done, that nobody else knows, because I won't dare tell ANYBODY that knows me. But, I need to know who I am. Or what I am.  
  
I am going to list some things that I have done. Along the way, with the questions and the comments, I will give more information about myself and also list more things that I have done.  
  
- From the age of 18, I have engaged in numerous sexual acts with various prostitutes. Without protection.  
  
- I have stolen various amounts of money from friends, family, co-workers, employers and complete strangers. Since I was 14  
  
- I have experimented with men. Sexually. (Duh.)  
  
- I have a witty and charming sense of humor, actual public charisma. I know how to speak in public. Eloquently.   
  
- I had my first girlfriend at the age of 18. Whore. I regret it. I had my first sexual experience at the age of 14, when I paid our 5-month old pregnant maid $5 so that I could have sex with her.   
  
- I am highly intelligent.   
  
- I lie for no apparent reason. I have lied to everyone I know.   
  
- I have fantasied about killing people. Ex-girlfriends. While having sex. DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL.  
  
- I have FREQUENTLY put myself in high risk behavior.   
  
- I don't consider my self a neat freak. But, I am sort of a slob.   
  
- My friends believe me. They believe IN me.   
  
- I was physically beaten and abused by my father. I have been threatened to death with a gun by my mother.   
  
- I have fantasied my life as a billionaire. With power. Leader of millions.   
  
- I have a giant ego. I am selfish. I am vain.   
  
- I have a foot fetish. I have a pregnancy fetish. I have masturbated with imagining dead women, pregnant ex-girlfriends and my sister's pregnant photographs. Not at the same time.   
  
- I buy things I don't need.  
  
- I talk to everybody.  
  
- I have been getting high very frequently as of two months ago. I used cocaine, too.   
  
- I see my self as a future leader in my country. A Messiah. A reformer. Someone that the people will love. Someone that the people will respect. Someone that the people will fear.   
  
- I consider myself a Moderate Conservative. Tough on crime. Liberal in social issues.   
  
- My father is a civil engineer and a Evangelical pastor. I went to church unwillingly until I was 14. I don't know him. I don't know about his family, past, childhood. He doesn't smoke or drink. He doesn't like music or dance. He's very charming and eloquent. I inherited that from him. He repeatedly beated me. I didn't speak to him for 2 years. He thinks I'm a slacker. An idiot.   
  
- My family has a dark background everyone seems to know. Except me.   
  
- I sometimes don't know why I do things.   
  
- I imagine random things. I imagine hitting people out of the blue.   
  
- I watch a lot of movies.   
  
- I memorize movie lines, random facts, ex-girlfriends license plates, and random things I see.   
  
- I obsess over little things. And big things too.   
  
- I watch of lot of TV. I watch a lot of porn and CNN. And movies.   
  
- I have manboobs.   
  
- I like to read. A lot. I regularly read the newspaper.   
  
- I feel that I have been missing out on a lot.   
  
- I have no idea where I'm going or what I'm going to be doing in the future.   
  
OK. I think this is enough. I'll answer anything you guys ask.   
  
Good night and good luck.   
  
TL;DR: I have an identity crisis. I have done weird, back and fucked up things. I don't know why.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/krfop/my_life_is_slowly_falling_apart_and_i_have_no_one/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My life is slowly falling apart and I have no one to turn to in my darkest hours. I'm desperate for any advice or words of wisdom.

I've been a lurker on Reddit for that past four years, but haven't made a submission up to this point; I've never felt there was something worthwhile I could add or contribute to any thread I've taken an interest in. Despite my non-participation in any discussion, this has always been a place I've turned to when the opportunity provides itself; redditors have made me laugh, given me pause to question my beliefs, and have graciously provided information in all things (from topics as serious as politics to things as inane as why a videogame performs poorly on a specific hardware configuration). I suppose this is why I'm turning to you redditors for help, advice...anything.  
  
I'm a 24 year old male. My teenage years weren't a happy time but the same can be said for most people; my hardships weren't particularly exceptional in any real regard. There was a fair amount of inter-family turbulence: my older half brother was a revolving-door juvenile delinquent who later got his fifteen year old girlfriend pregnant (my parents took them in), my mom was a shopaholic, and my dad was a semi-compulsive gambler who also liked to drink. The family business was eventually driven into bankruptcy by market forces and a lien was put on our house; whatever funds my parents had put into a college fund for my little brother and I were emptied to remove it. It was sold before the bank could foreclose it. My dad moved to Arizona and then California to find work in his field; from 17 until 19, I saw him twice. My mom worked three jobs (two 8 hour shifts a day, the third on weekends), but the combined income from both parents was unable to pay for every bill; my little brother and I worked as janitors at our school after hours so we could afford food and propane instead of just one. When I graduated from high school, I moved up to Canada to live with and marry my girlfriend of three years. After spending every penny I had managed to save on gaining permanent residency (as well as getting every work permit shot down) I worked while she went to school, hoping to rebuild my finances and support the pair of us while she attended college full time.   
  
We are now separated but living together due to financial constraints; she recently was forced to resign from her job due to cuts to the city's public transportation, and I make $11.88 an hour as a warehouse supervisor. Since I pay for everything but the grocery bill, I've been unable to afford the anti-depressants I had once been prescribed; I can afford either her medication or just mine, so I've gone without. Suffice to say, it's awkward hearing the texts of potential suitors or having to the spend the night on the couch when one is invited over. I'm dangerously close to losing my job; after being scheduled to do the demands of four people several weeks in a row (receiving/processing 26 pallets of merchandise per trailer four times each week, furniture/carpet/mirror carry outs, customer inquiries, fixture repairs, cart recovery, loss prevention, etc.), I had a massive meltdown and was written up for "workplace violence" after swearing loudly following six concurrent pages over the intercom.   
  
I have no friends or a support system to fall back upon. There's nothing I derive pleasure from, whether it's sex, conversation, exercise, or the occasional hobby. I feel dead or numb inside the vast majority of the time; the passing moments I feel anything, it's anger, frustration, or sorrow. Post secondary education is but the fevered dream of a madman since I've been out of the education system too long for full time studies and am too old to start the long, arduous journey of becoming a doctor or engineer. My hair is thinning out considerably in patches, either from stress or genetics (I can't honesty tell from which). I've often entertained thoughts of suicide but the thoughts of a few key people and the knowledge that I can't end my life in such a way that my insurance policy will pay out for an accidental death have been the only major deterrents; perhaps I'm too much of a pussy to feel death's sweet embrace no matter how much I wish to feel it.  
  
I haven't created this post with the intention to bitch or whine about my situation; it simply is what it is. I know some of it is out of my control and I'm experiencing the unpleasant repercussions of the things that are. I know most of you have gone through so much worse without a single utterance of a complaint about your trials and tribulations. Right now...I'm starting to slowly crack and am at a loss as to what to do. Most of you will probably pass this by and sum it up with the other "my life sucks, please help me" posts that populate AskReddit from time to time; I don't blame you, nor do I anticipate a response of any kind. I just...I just hope someone out there reading this has some advice of some kind or knows of some way to cope, because I don't know what to do.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8zhbz6/an_important_lesson_for_all_incoming_freshmen_on/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: An important lesson for all incoming freshmen on bathrooms

To all of you coming to college in the fall with the intention of living here, I’m sure you’re all excited. You get freedom, and a chance at adulthood.   
  
This summer, I’ve had the chance to have a trial college run in my new college based upon this state run program, courtesy of New Jersey. So far, I’ve learned how to make my bed, how to make a paper, and how to poop.  
  
When you’re at home, you tend to poop freely. At school you tend to stop, because it’s disgusting and people tend to be dirty pigs. From experience, I never went in a public bathroom at school. I just used the English Department’s bathroom, because I was really close with them and the VP didn’t care if a student asked. But most of the time, I would only go in the morning, when I first woke up, and then once I got home at 5. But that was still bad. You might live at college from August to Thanksgiving. Or you might stay during the week and go home on the weekends on laundry. Regardless, that’s five days. You should get used to it.   
  
My first week at college was hard, and pun intended. But I found ways around it.  
  
There’s some things you should do:  
  
1. Poop alone. Sometimes you won’t feel as self conscious if you have an audience. You should try to go during times when not a lot of people have breaks, like at night when everybody is partying or during class times. Say everybody on your phone has an 8 AM class, go then. Put on music or a tv show if you have to, so you forget you’re not in a communal bathroom. Don’t worry. They get cleaned on the reg, and everybody understands to clean up after them self. Only, the ones in the classrooms might not, especially if you take summer courses where 100 kids out of a 2,000 school are taking classes. My school rented out space to a day camp with the YMCA, like the pool and a science lab, so the bathrooms in one building did look like toddlers had been through it. Don’t worry though, as they aren’t usually like that. There will be that occasional person who doesn’t flush, but it’s really far between.  
  
2. Drink a lot of soda/Gatorade/energy drinks. I’m not joking. That’s how I got me to poop. Took me days to do. At the designated mealtimes, I would drink regular Pepsi (were a Pepsi school sorry) and then at night during study hall, run to poop. Just be warned, if you drink too much, it turns your poop moss green and stinky. Try a cup or two, not the entire bottle day after day. Also, soda at college is expensive. A bottle in the vending machine, for me, was two dollars, while it was free in the mess hall (and you get unlimited drinks) and one dollar at the Rite Aid by my house. Also, for girls, be warned that those girly things are expensive. It was two dollars for a regular tampon. Bring your own. Campus might seem like a bubble, especially in rural or suburban areas, but they have ways around it.  
  
3. Poop when you have to. From experience, I can tell you that if you let it accumulate and just wait until class ends, you’ll end up taking fifteen minutes, sitting on the toilet, sweating and in pain. The reason? I always thought I would miss something so I would stay in class and wait until I got back to my dorm. While I still tend to do it, I try my hardest to stop.  
  
4. Poop after you eat. While it might seem like you’re a bulimic, it works. At home, I would always poop after I had a big meal, as it emptied me out and made more room. College isn’t like high school: if you have to use the bathroom, just leave. Most professors don’t care if you’re out for 15 minutes, as it might be a hike (for me it was) or you might be constipated or whatnot. Just don’t miss the entire lesson. If you just had lunch and now have to take English 101, wait for the teacher to give directions and then go. Just, don’t miss the whole lesson, or don’t poop if it’s a difficult class, like a remedial math or a chemistry course for an English major. You could end up missing something important. I always try to go after I finish my work, like after a test.  
  
5. Try to eat poop foods. In addition to soda, there’s other things you can try: oatmeal, beans, broccoli, nuts, berries, tacos, apples, popcorn. It might depend on your cafeteria though. My school is small, so we only have one, and it’s usually only a few foods. However, we are allowed to order out. Know that college towns tend to have a lot of foods, like Chipotle, Taco Bell, etc. many of which are rich in poop foods.   
  
6. Force yourself to poop. If all else fails, sit on the toilet and poop. I would only advise against it if you are in class, or if there’s a line in the bathroom. You’ll either miss work or you’ll make others miss it.   
  
Best of luck!

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/g4er4/reddit_i_think_ive_reached_a_breaking_point_with/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I think I’ve reached a breaking point with my family. What do I do?

Throwaway account… and the tl;dr will be something ridiculous so if you don’t want to read this, don’t bother reading the tl;dr either (unless you want a laugh). I’ll try to put this in a logical order but I apologize if I end up rambling a bit.  
  
I’m a couple years out of school and am making ends meet. I don’t have a lot of money and I have a lot of debt, but I still lead a good life. Work is challenging, but only occasionally stressful, and I have a very good group of friends that are always there for me no matter what. However, I think I’m reaching a breaking point with my family.   
  
A little background – my parents have struggled with money for years. My dad works in an industry where it has been incredibly difficult for him to keep a job. I'm almost positive it’s nothing to do with his job performance based on various things over the years. I just think his industry (health care) has been incredibly tough. They were able to help me pay some for college but I still had to take out quite a bit in student loans. During that time (I also worked a lot through college), I gave my parents a lot of money (thousands) – from my savings (dried up years ago), what I earned working in college, and from my student loans. I had worked a lot in high school before things went south for the family. I saved up and bought a car junior year and still had a good amount of savings when I graduated. I feel it important to point out that it doesn’t bother me I gave them money. My family needed help and I did it without thinking twice. I’m not saying it wasn’t hard for me but I never really had to think about doing it. All of our accounts were linked though our bank for years. It’s been that way my whole life (meaning since this was an available service) and that was how my parents gave us our allowance. It later turned into how I would give my parents money and my account was often drained to pay overdraft fees of others (after this starting happening I opened a new account at a separate bank and closed this one shortly after I started my new job).   
  
After college I took a job in a new city and am now far away from my family. Over the past few years I’ve been giving my brother money (also to the tune of thousands) not including co-signing student loans. I know some may comment that this wasn’t a smart financial decision but like I said before this is my family. I’ve made financial mistakes in the past and am still paying for those – but I’ve also learned a lot from them and am much smarter with my money and spending habits. He hasn’t had the same support system I had (although I paid/am paying for a lot of my school still) and my parents are no longer able to help him.   
  
But now I feel I need to make a tough decision – I need to cut them off – financially. It’s gotten to the point that every time I get a call from a family member (more below) I immediately stress out and that stress and anger linger for hours and sometimes for days after the call (partially because I wish it wasn’t this was but since it is this way I wish I could do more). This has been getting worse over the years too. \*\*THIS\*\* is the most stressful thing in my life by far. Nothing is even close. I’m incurring even more debt to help him, some of which includes his expensive medical bills. I told him yesterday that I couldn’t afford to help him (this time) but he still called me late last night desperately asking for money. Frankly, I can’t do this anymore. I feel bad saying no but I don’t think I have any other option at this point. At some point I need to be able to live my life and work my way out of this financial hole.  
  
This is a side topic although relevant: for about the first two years out of college every time I received a call from my parents I expected the worst – that my sister had died. She’s a recovering drug addict. She is doing extremely well now but for years she was in bad shape. And until about a year ago I was scared to death every time my parents called. A lot of times it was just to say hello but many times it was to tell me she was missing or had overdosed. My parents incurred an enormous amount of debt for this. I know this is slightly off the financial topic but I also wanted to add more background and help you understand why I dread phone calls from my family.  
  
To the next part – my parents are losing their house. They need to find a new place but no one seems to be talking about it. My grandparents have offered to let them move in (to a new city far away) and I think this is the only viable option while they try to get back on their feet. They also have several dogs that will not be able to go with them if they move to my grandparent’s house and will likely have to go even if they are able to find a place local. It will be difficult to find them a home because most of them are rescue dogs and still don’t do well with people outside the family. But no one is talking about what they need to do. Every time the subject comes up (this is all secondhand) my mom breaks down or someone delays the conversation and there is never a discussion.   
  
I think I need to take the following actions or some variation but I could really use feedback. Is it too harsh? Am I going about this the wrong way? I don’t want to call anybody out and I don’t want to point fingers but I don’t think they realize the toll that this has taken on me and I think they need to understand this, where I’m coming from, and that they need to figure out what needs to be done.  
  
\*\*First\*\*, I need to fly home and facilitate a discussion. This needs to happen soon. Not only for my sake but for my family’s sake. I can’t keep living like this. I’ll make sure to point out that I have no regrets. I have no hard feelings. It is going to be a tough conversation but it needs to happen and I need them all to commit to being a part of this and not walking away. We need to figure this out as a family.  
   
\*\*Second\*\*, I need to make clear is that I can no longer financially support them. I’ve incurred thousands in debt from this. It is a huge financial strain and it is also taking a heavy physical and emotional toll as well. I don’t want to stress out every time I receive a call from a family member and I need to make it clear I cannot and will not do this anymore. No ifs, ands, or buts. I want to be able to talk to them like we used to do. I want to be there to support them. But I want this to be as a brother and a son – not as a financial lifeline.  
  
\*\*Third\*\*, My brother needs to move back in with my parents. There has always been conflict between them while they lived together but if he has to call me for money all the time then he shouldn’t be living anywhere but home – especially while he’s in school. Rent is not cheap and I think it was a bad decision for him to move in with his girlfriend (he pays for EVERYTHING – but that’s another discussion and I’ve already had a discussion with him about this).  
   
\*\*Fourth\*\*, We need to decide as a family (mostly them but I feel I need to be the bad guy and start the discussion) what the next steps are after they are forced to vacate the house. This includes discussion of the dogs, whether they will move to a different city to live with the grandparent’s and who will go with them. I realize this is a key decision as it determines if my brother is able to move back in with them. If they leave and he stays to finish school he will still have to find a place to live. I just don’t think it should be with his girlfriend.  
  
\*\*Finally\*\*, My mom needs to find a job as well - a real job. While I was in high school she started teaching ballet to children and she loves doing it but it provides almost no money. That was fine for a while but it's to the point where my dad cannot be the sole provider for this family. He is having a hard time finding work and they need to work though this together.   
  
So that’s what I’ve been thinking about all morning and what I think needs to be done. I could use some feedback. I feel bad that I have to do this but I think I need to do it for my own sake. I could really use some feedback and/or advice on the situation. Have any of you had to deal with these types of issues before? What did you do about it? How did it go? Would you have done something differently?  
  
\*\*tl;dr\*\* A pterodactyl escaped from Alcatraz with the predator, an alien, and Glenn Beck on his back. World be warned... Glenn beck has the bazooka. Anybody care to draw this?  
  
I felt I needed to inject some humor into this :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/r4syj/dear_reddit_i_come_to_you_today_to_tell_you_about/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Dear Reddit, I come to you today to tell you about myself and ask for some advice in return. If nothing else I'd appreciate it if you read my tale.

Hi, I'm a 22yr old male, please don't immediately leave because I don't have boobs! I know I know, my story would be more appealing if I was a woman, but cut a brother some slack. This is also my first time posting on reddit, so I APOLOGIZE IF I FUCKED UP EVERYTHING EVER.  
  
I will try to keep this short and hopefully I won't just sound like some airhead wallowing in self-pity. I'm going to start with a little background so as to help understand my current predicament.   
  
When I was 13 my mother lost her job and couldn't afford our house anymore so we moved into the large two sided guest room of my grandparents house. Jump to 3years later, my mother went missing for 2days and stumbled into the house so drugged up she could barely stand. I didn't understand it then as I do now that the stress of dealing with my grandparents for those 3yrs caused her to have a breakdown and turn to hard drugs. They threw my mother out the following week, about 3months into my freshman year of high school, I didn't speak to my mother again for almost 6yrs. The Next 5yrs I fell into a serious video game addiction with world of warcraft, trying to hide myself away from reality, seriously my play time on that game would make a no lifer vomit.   
Anything to get away from listening to my grandparents constantly argue, listening to them berate my mother to me, my grandfather constantly demanding the most idiotic things from me. I learned quickly not to ever try to refuse anything he tells me, \*\*too best describe my grandfather would be; A violent and destructive toddler throwing a temper tantrum whenever he doesn't get his way.\*\* My grandmother constantly told me to do what he says because of what he did to his two sons. The first son was schizophrenic, he put his head through a wall and violently beat him, then threw him out on the street when he was 16 and he was homeless for 30yrs before being takin to a medical facility where he killed himself a few months after my grandfather visited him. The second son left at 17 and has never come back. I've seen every little thing from leaving a drink on the counter, my grandmother taking our dog to potty, or him being corrected in any way result in him having a violent temper tantrum which will usually go until he breaks a door or some dishes and my grandmother threatens to bludgeon him to death with a skillet which i also feel is the only reason he has never actually struck me.. don't get me wrong, he has tried. He's also an alcoholic which doesn't help. Anyway moving on, focused alil on my grandfather as I would call him the \*\*antagonist\*\* of my life so far.   
  
\*\*Now, the results of all this crap combined over many years:\*\* I estranged and lost all my friends, I gained +70 to obesity, I constantly skipped high school and flunked all my classes for the full 4yrs graduating only because of a program initiated in my final year where If you passed the GED you gained a HS diploma, within 2yrs of my mother moving out my hair completely thinned, now I look balding, my barber keeps asking me if I'm under stress.., I'm completely estranged to the rest of my family, I can't sleep most nights without something to knock me out, otherwise I will spend all night obsessing over death, whether it be just dying or killing people, which makes me feel like I'm going insane, either that or my heart will race and I'll feel very twitchy all night, I've had days where suddenly it seems like everything will just hit me at once and I'll feel too weak to stand and cry uncontrollably for an hour or two, I live in absolute terror of my grandfather, I've been in fights, I don't live in a good neighborhood, No man has ever scared me and I have too much pride to back down, but that 50yr old man throwing a temper tantrum scares the living shit out of me, and finally, while I've thought about killing myself, I believe suicide is weakness so I avoid doing it.   
  
so yea, I think that about covers it as far as my issues go, I make no excuses for anything and accept that most or all of that is my own fault.  
If you're still reading I apologize for my overuse of commas, I failed literature class, just sayin.  
  
So when I was about 19 going on 20 I finally broke free of my video game problems, it was hard, the first week i couldn't get out of bed.   
  
They would not teach me how to drive until I was 19. I've never actually held a job, I have no work history, for all those years my income was from selling virtual goods(because when I couldn't do shit on my WoW account, I did shit on other people's accounts for $$$)and my grandmother would split her pay with me to help her on bigger manual labor jobs. When I got my license my grandmother helped me purchase a car for $700, I don't drive it very often because she drives it all day everyday and also because some days I feel like if I get behind the wheel I might ram my car into a pole to kill myself.   
  
I've spent the last 2yrs trying to find work in my area which is very difficult being a 20something yr old with no job history, some made up referrals(I have no one) and a total lack of a vehicle. I'm not a smart man, but I'm honest and I'll do the work I'm paid for to the best of my ability. All my interviewers do is ask me questions that make me believe they think I'm some moronic thief.  
  
\*\*Getting to the point\*\*  
I cannot take another day of this, I have reached my limit(8yrs is my limit apparently). I'm too old now to spend every day of my life afraid to wake up later than my grandfather, even on days I do not sleep, because he will come into my room and throw a temper tantrum because I am asleep, yes shit like that has resulted in me staying awake for multiple days at a time.   
  
I have never told anyone about my home life, not even my best and only friend knows, this is the first time I have ever talked about it.  
  
This morning, March 20th, I am packing up everything that has value to me, loading up my trunk and leaving in the pouring down rain.   
Anything I leave behind my grandfather will destroy.  
  
It feels like I woke up from a coma 2yrs ago and remembered why I fell asleep.   
  
I think I'm running away from my problems, I think I'm a coward, I hate myself almost as much as I hate him, but I don't know how to deal with a violent toddler in a 50yr old body, so I don't know what other choice I have.  
  
I have nowhere to go, I have ideas but that's about it, I don't have any understanding of the real world, I've been locked up for a long time. so all I'm asking is for any piece of mind you can give me, any advice, any tips, maybe a place to go, the sky's the limit.  
  
I'm just a man looking for something better than what I have and if you could so kindly give me some direction, I would greatly appreciate it.  
  
Its possible this is the first and last time you will hear from me, my car does not have internet, just saying.  
  
  
\*\*TL:DR my mind is full of fuck, I'm making myself homeless to get away from the fuck, advice about how to survive would be cool.\*\*  
  
also any psychologists out there feel like diagnosing me based off this, that's cool, i couldn't afford sit on your weird chair/couch/thing anyway.  
  
\*edit: made things more bold\*