Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/7o3jbh/riding_and_college_tips_for_prospective/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Riding and College: Tips for prospective collegiate riders

I had posted this to r/horses and r/equestrian, but not all those horse crazy subscribers can benefit from this post as not all of them are in/going to college. So I figured I'd post it here as well in case there are people interested in this.  
  
\*\*Introduction\*\*  
  
College is a big decision for people. To narrow down a school based on career prospects and location is a daunting task, and it isn't made any easier if you consider other factors as well. I can't really offer you any insight on how to decide which school has the best food, but I can help you look at equestrian opportunities of various schools. These ultimately boil down to 3 separate types: school run equestrian programs, student run programs, and private barns. They all have their pros and cons which I've listed below.  
  
  
  
  
  
\*\*School Run Equestrian Programs\*\*  
  
These programs are run by the college or university at facilities that are often owned by the college/university. Competitive riding teams are often coached by college faculty. Many of these schools have much smaller student communities that may only number in the hundreds to a few thousands  
  
\*Pros\*  
  
\* Equestrian centers are a part of campus, thus there is usually easy transportation or access by the students to them.  
  
\* Many schools will use their equestrian centers as classrooms and provide majors related to the equine industry.  
  
\* Many schools and programs have easy access to the equine industry through personal networks of the faculty. Can make finding an equine job very easy.  
  
\* Some schools have a very good reputation for their equine programs and can make getting an internship or job much easier.  
  
\* Horse show competitions can be held on campus, definitely beats getting up at 4AM for a 3 hour drive to another school (You'll probably still have to get up at 4AM to care for the horses though).  
  
\*Cons\*  
  
\* Can be quite competitive. If you aren't riding that frequently, you might not make it onto the competition teams. Some of the riders who are applying for these schools ride daily and compete regularly within organizations like USEF and AQHA. If you do make it to the team, then showing is usually mandatory.  
  
\* Many schools running their own equine programs will not have nearly as much variety in choice of majors for other fields. Also, the programs they do have may not be as highly ranked.  
  
\* Can be rather expensive. An equestrian center with a couple dozen horses usually isn't cheap.  
  
\*\*Student Run Organizations\*\*  
  
  
These kind of programs are run by the students, for the students with support from the college/university. They will often hire a nearby horse trainer/barn owner to be the coach for the team. Different colleges offer differing amounts of support to the team and some schools cover all travel expenses for collegiate competitions.  
  
\*Pros\*  
  
\* Excellent leadership opportunities if you're interested. Lead the team as captain, or manage the finances. Be in charge of membership or team events. Any of these positions give valuable experience for any career.  
  
\* Can be very economical, depending on school support. It will almost always be cheaper than riding at a school run program.  
  
\* Can be found almost anywhere in the country. Schools you might not associate with horses very likely do have a team.  
  
\* Will usually be much more laid back and open to anyone. Usually more beginner friendly than other programs, competitions are usually optional, and will usually have a larger variety of rider backgrounds.  
  
\* Larger schools will often have very good programs and a wide variety of majors to choose from (Engineering might not have a lot to do with horses but at least you'll have the money for a horse! Time is another issue entirely)  
  
\*Cons\*  
  
\* Programs are often unknown. You may have to look for the program. (Ohio State has an equestrian team?!?! Yes. Yes they do.)  
  
\* The teams will usually not attract the best riding talent from high school, though it would be unwise to dismiss them for it.  
  
\* Many of these teams need to fundraise or participate in community service.  
  
  
\*\*Private Barns\*\*  
  
If the school doesn't have a student equestrian team or an equestrian program of their own, odds are there is a local private barn with riding lessons available to you. These are going to be local trainers or horse owners that are horse crazy and proud of it!  
  
\*Pros\*  
  
\* You can find one just about anywhere in the continental USA, Canada, and even Alaska! I can't speak for Hawaii but they probably exist there too.  
  
\* Usually very flexible with lessons. Only constraint is YOUR schedule.  
  
\* Small barn families make for great stories and adventures. The dorm won't be your home, the barn is!  
  
\* Working student positions are more likely to exist  
  
\* There is rarely only just one barn nearby, enabling you to compare lesson prices if you wish.  
  
\*Cons\*  
  
\* Very limited, if any, competition opportunities.  
  
\* Getting rides to and from the barn without a car can prove challenging  
  
\* Local barn owners may not have enough experience to teach beyond a certain level  
  
  
Though these are 3 basic categories, every program is different and there will be advantages and disadvantages that might not be listed above. I encourage you to look at each program individually. Next, I'm going to discuss competition organizations.  
  
  
  
  
  
\*\*Collegiate Competitions\*\*  
  
At the collegiate level, there are multiple organizations that oversee the competitive riding teams across the country. Some are specific to schools, while others cater to a specific discipline. Some of the main programs in the United States are the NCEA (National Collegiate Equestrian Association), the IHSA (Intercollegiate Horse Show Association), IDA (Intercollegiate Dressage Association), and the American National Riding Commission (ANRC).  
  
  
\*NCEA\*  
  
A part of the NCAA, this organization oversees women's equestrian teams across 23 United States schools. This is the only one of the 4 that is exclusively for women. The NCEA offers competitions in Equitation on the Flat, Equitation over Fences, Horsemanship, and Reining (in other words, both hunt seat and western riding). For more information, check out their website at http://www.collegiateequestrian.com/  
  
  
\*IHSA\*  
  
Founded by Bob Cacchione (I have a mug signed by him) in 1967, this organization has grown to serve almost 400 schools across the continental United States and Canada. The organization has approximately 8400 riders participating in horse shows all across the country. The IHSA offers competitions in Equitation on the Flat, Equitation over Fences, Horsemanship, and Reining. The main difference between the IHSA and NCEA, besides member schools, is the IHSA does not have any gender restrictions. Also, while they both offer the same assortmant of riding diciplines, the scoring system between them are different. The IHSA offers competition classes suitable for all levels of riding. For more information, check out their website at http://www.ihsainc.com/ For a listing of current teams, check out https://members.ihsainc.com/publicteaminfo/currentteams.aspx  
  
  
\*IDA\*  
  
Founded as an informal competition between northeastern United States schools in 1995, the IDA now has more than 50+ member schools across the country. The organization provides competitions for Dressage, possibly the most "artsy" form of riding (I don’t mean this in a dismissive way, I have the greatest respect to those who make dressage look easy). They offer competition classes suitable for all levels of riding. For more information, check out their website at http://www.teamdressage.com/home  
  
  
\*ANRC\*  
  
Founded in 2006 and an affiliate of the United States Equestrian Federation (USEF) and the United States Hunter Jumper Association (USHJA), the ANRC has served 80 schools through the ANRC Intercollegiate Equitation Championship. Riders may compete in one of two levels: a National level at 3’ and a Novice level at 2’6”. Teams and riders are judged in their performance through 4 phases of competition. For more information, check out their website at http://anrc.org/  
  
  
  
  
  
\*\*Conclusion and Author's Note\*\*  
  
There is a lot of information out there for prospective collegiate riders, and trust me when I say that you don't have to give up your riding just to go to school. So many opportunities exist for almost every interest, and I can practically guarantee that you will find a school and a riding program that is right for you. Some schools even have multiple teams, which can give you the opportunity to compete in multiple collegiate organizations.   
  
My own experience with collegiate riding has been through a student run organization (Semi Varsity Club Sport) and I have primarily competed within the IHSA. My knowledge of the other competitions are limited to what I could gather from their own websites and Google so I encourage you to do your own research into those organizations or contact them and ask directly. If you have questions specific to the IHSA or student run equestrian teams, my own experience can probably answer your question or at least point you in the right direction.   
  
Lastly, many teams (student run and school run) have websites with information about their team. Some of these teams offer programs like a "Test Ride" where high school students can get a tour of campus and of equestrian facilities, a lesson or introduction with the team coach, and a day as a "member" of the team. Take advantage of these and see what a day in the life of a collegiate equestrian is like. For the IHSA specifically, their member list that I provided has links to many of these websites. Take a look at what is out there, you'll find something.  
  
  
\*Always Riding,\*  
  
Bronegan  
  
If you have any questions, ask! I, and your fellow redditors, will be more than happy to help!

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/hvc2a/someone_crashes_into_my_car_and_blames_me_reddit/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Someone crashes into my car and blames me? Reddit please offer some sane advise on my crazy situation!

Dear reddit,  
  
I apologize for the length but its a very detailed matter. I need some sane-person advice on a legal issue. This is what happened:  
  
I live with 3 other roommates and one of them doesn’t have a car (we will call her Jane) but one of my other roommates lets her use her car to go to work (the one with the car we will call Mary). We all rent the property and all have our names on the lease.  
  
I have a car and I usually park it in the drive way because it is the newest car out of the two and I take care of it. Mary doesn’t care about her car and it has numerous scratches and dings in it, not to mention she lets anyone borrow it for how-ever long they want. One day, I parked it on the street in front of my house because Mary’s car was already in the drive way. I parked my car exactly where Mary usually parks her car and has never had any problems. Our driveway is about 8 feet away from the next drive way, leaving about 8 feet of street between the two to park on. This is the area where I was parked, about 2 to the right of our driveway, next to the neighbor’s driveway. I don’t know how long my car is, but it almost filled the whole space exactly.  
  
Jane got into Mary’s car to go to work and backed out of our driveway at lightning speed. Then she whipped around and smashed Mary’s front headlight into the back bumper of my car. I was asleep while all of this was happening and I woke up to pictures of my car all fucked up and text messages telling me not to park like an asshole.  
  
Jane leaves the scene of the crime and goes off to work. She texts me at work and tells me that she is thinking of having my car towed and that I should be thanking her for not getting our insurance involved.  
  
I wake up and text Jane and ask her what the fuck. She continues to think its my fault and acts like a complete bitch. I then explain to her that SHE hit MY car so her insurance was going to have to cover it. I was parked on my own property.  
  
She apologizes and we talk to Mary. Mary pleads with me over and over not to call the police and make a claim on her insurance because if Mary gets into any more trouble with her car then her dad is taking it away. The insurance and car is in Mary’s dad’s name and she has had a lot of wrecks already. We all make an agreement that I will not call the insurance company or make a police report if Jane agrees to pay for all the damages involved in cash since it is her fault. \*let me note here that Mary’s car is really messed up because of this, her whole headlight falls out and my bumper is cracked and scraped all up with Mary’s paint. My car was flawless up until this point and I’ve been really careful with it for 2 years.  
  
We agree to go get the damage assessed tomorrow to see how much Jane is going to have to pay.  
  
I was planning on leaving the next day to go to my hometown and visit my family, so I went ahead and went because I could still drive my car but the back is all messed up.  
  
In my home town I get the family mechanic to look at my car and the best estimate that I could get is that I would have to completely replace the bumper and have that repainted to match the car. I have a new car so parts are expensive. The estimate comes out to 866$ worth of damage to my car.  
  
I call Mary and explain the damage. Mary agrees to the price and tells Jane. Jane and Mary get into a fight about the price and don’t talk for 3 days. I wait it out.  
  
I call back and Mary says that she is no longer involved in the matter and doesn’t want to talk about it. (It’s Marys car so I think that’s fucked up and really ignorant)  
  
A week later, Jane informs me that she talked to a lawyer friend who said the entire deal is my fault because I was parked 2 feet from my driveway instead of 3 like the law states. She says that she will give me 250$ because that’s all my shitty car will cost to get fixed (it’s a new Honda Accord Coupe) and that it’s all my fault and she is prepared to go to court on the matter. She states that her lawyer advised her to no longer discuss the matter unless I take the 250$ offer and settle with that. Mary also talked to her friend who is a New Orleans cop who says it’s also my fault. They gang up and decide to fight me out on the matter to avoid paying for my car.  
  
Now, I know I didn’t file a police report and that was really dumb on my part, but I believed that my friends would keep their words. Jane now has Mary all confused and thinks its somehow my fault so they are both being complete assholes to me and think they are going to get money out of me somehow. I don’t think I have any fault in this matter as it is physically impossible to park 3 feet away from my driveway and I wasn’t even in the car when the accident happened. I refuse to believe that 200$ should cover 866$ worth of damage because I was a foot off. I have complete full-coverage insurance and Mary has liability that she says covers Jane driving her car. I was wondering if I could get some advice or atleast some support in this matter because somehow 3 people that I live with believe that this situation is my fault. I was asleep when someone crashed into my car and I wake up to find that it’s all my fault? I don’t think so. Keep in mind that these are 19 year old girls that are REALLY air-headed and failed out of high school. They also have no morals or sense of responsibility because they JUST moved out of their parents’ house and don’t know how to live on their own.  
  
I’m calling my insurance company tomorrow to explain to them the situation and see what I can do. I don’t have a police report but I have text messages with pictures from Jane admitting what she has done.  
  
I know this is not a legal advise site, but these are the things I was wondering from a legal standpoint: 1- What should I do? Is the 3 foot rule even a law? I cant find it in the Louisiana laws, and I live in New Orleans where there is rarely 3 feet between any of the cars or driveways.  
  
2- Should I call the police and file a Hit-and-Run? Would this count as one since both of our cars are still here? She is the one that hit my car and didn’t file a police report like the law sates.  
  
3- What would happen If I did file a hit-and-run? Could she take me to court?  
  
4- I don’t want to go to court (even though I would win) because the court system in New Orleans is really fucked up and would take forever. Not to mention I would waste more money hiring a lawyer and court costs.  
  
I already talked to the family lawyer and he says that there is no way that it is my fault. I was parked on my own property and she crashed into me. That’s the point of car insurance, right? The worst thing im guilty of is a 30$ parking ticket. She should have to pay the damages done to both cars considering she doesn’t own either of them. If I could just get some advice from anyone that knows the law, or some advice from sane people telling me what It sounds like from an outsiders view, it would really help ease my nerves. I understand anything anyone tells me isnt official legal advise and I am already speaking with my lawyer. I need my car fixed!  
  
By the way, Jane is my ex-girlfriend and completely hates me, so this whole thing was done on PURPOSE out of resentment and isn’t going too well. Yeah, tell me about it…  
  
Thank you so much, this is all I can do to straighten out my thoughts and ease my nerves.  
  
\*\*TL;DR- Psycho ex-girlfriend crashes her friends car into my car and is trying to blame me and take me to court because I was parked “illegally” on my own property. No police report or insurance claim has been made. How do I force her to pay for the damages without going to court?\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/fnciz/need_advice_on_dealing_with_my_severely_depressed/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Need advice on dealing with my severely depressed (possibly bipolar) mother

Hi Reddit. This is the first time I've reached out for your advice. I'm having a hard time so please keep snarky comments to yourselves. I really need some advice. I’m sorry if this is very long and I appreciate your reading it.  
  
BACKSTORY: I have a younger sister (18) who is diagnosed as bipolar and spend most of her life on many types of medication. I have always suspected that my mother was also bipolar as she has a lot of the same symptoms that my sister has. My mother and my sister have a very bad relationship - it frequently turns into physical fighting, and they have a huge fight about 365 days a year. My sister and I have always had a great relationship. I think my sister is beautiful and brilliant, and my mother thinks my sister is a total fuck up failure and makes this clear at every possible point. I am trying very, very hard to instill some confidence in my sister. But anytime I try to help my sister or support her decisions, my mother thinks we’re “ganging up on her” and that my sister has “manipulated me into blindly believing” that my mother is a horrible person. (This is starting to become a self-fulfilling prophesy.) Lately I’ve been helping me sister through a hard time. My father left his job so the three of them have been without insurance, so my sister doesn’t have the option of being on her medication anymore or talking to a therapist. She’s in another state trying to get a job. My mother thinks health insurance is not important – she’s asked me to get rid of mine because it’s so expensive and I said no. This has caused a lot of tension between all of us. My mother keeps telling my sister to go back on meds because she’s acting crazy, and I keep attempting to explain to my mother that she needs to get new health insurance. Unfortunately I can’t put my sister on my plan. I told my sister to get a gig at a starbucks or other company that she can get her own health insurance through.  
  
I have a really strained relationship with my mom. She desperately needs me to be “the good kid.” I’m her proof to other people that she’s not a horrible mom. She thinks that my sister’s illness is her fault, and that it could be cured if only my sister would co-operate. (My dad and I have mixed feelings on this. I think she’s deluded, my dad thinks that she’s stronger for her optimism and faith. Maybe he's right.) I’m somehow her proof that she’s not a total fuck up of a mom. But she trained me to be a doll. If I disagreed with her, I would be punished very harshly. Even if it was, “no mom that wasn’t yesterday, it was the day before.” THAT would turn into “don’t argue with me! I’m the parent – not you! You need to give in and obey me!” In public, it was always, “this daughter and I are best friends! We have a perfect relationship!” which I never thought was true, but I was happy to go along with if it made her happy.   
  
My mother has frequently threatened to kill herself, and was morbidly depressed for most of my childhood. There was one great summer when she was on antidepressants, but she refuses to take them now. I remember that as being the happiest time I had when I was a kid. I've spent almost every conversation I've had with her, ever, trying to make her happy. If we go shopping and she picks out a shirt for me that I don't like, she says "You only don't want this because I picked it out! You hate me!" and storms off and sometimes cries. I have to spend the rest of the day telling her I don't hate her. We moved when I was in 8th grade, and I've spent countless hours trying to explain to her that I don't hate her for moving us. She things I'm furious with her about this. I'm really not - I liked the place we moved to. When I was about 9, she told me all about this other man that she was in love with that was not my dad. I once said “yeah” instead of “yes ma’am” (it was 9am on a frigging Sunday morning) and it turned into her pushing me into a wall for my “blatant disrespect” and her calling the police on me when I slapped her back. That same year I disagreed with her about something really basic, like something on the news and she screamed “you argue with everything! That’s why all your boyfriends leave you!” That one was just weird. She talked non-stop about being afraid my friends hear all about our personal life, and begged me not to go telling everyone what was going on, so I didn’t. There are a lot of other examples – I’m not really sure what the best ones are to illustrate the situation. I’m trying to be objective and not slant the truth. I’ve always had a lot of respect for my sister actually for being a lot more outspoken and not acting like a doormat like I did.  
  
I’ve recently come to realize just how weird all that was. It all just seemed normal to me as a kid, cause that’s all I knew. But, I’ve been with a boyfriend now for about a year and a half. He’s met the family a few times. Sometimes I’ll be telling him a story, and I’ll get about half way through and he’s looking at me really concerned. I’ve started to realize that this stuff sounds pretty bad when you tell other people. It took him a while to finally say this, but he used the word “abuse” about a month ago and that really made my head spin. I know my mother wants nothing but good things for me, and I don’t believe SHE is abusive. I’d never considered it before. She showers me with money and gifts and has been supportive of my going to a really expensive school and starting my own company. I think her illness has been abusive though. I’m starting to get mad that she made us deal with this. It sounds like she needs help with what she is going through, and she was looking for that help in me when I was way too young to deal with it.  
  
SO – here’s what is going on now, and I just don’t know what to do anymore. My father recently started a new job in another state and we are all four living in different states. It’s hard on everyone.   
  
My sister and my mom had a fight earlier this week – my mother threatened to cut her money off and insisted she go back on medication. I called my mom to mediate and hear her side of the story, and to attempt to explain again that my sister can’t go back on meds if we don’t have health insurance.  
  
But when my mother picked up the phone she was hyperventilating on the other end of the phone. She wasn’t talking to me, she was just repeating, “I can’t wake up tomorrow. I can’t wake up tomorrow. I don’t want to wake up tomorrow.” I asked her what was going on and she started talking about feeling overwhelming guilt for giving my sister meds, for her mother’s death and her father’s death (both died badly – one of parkinsons and my grandmother was a quadriplegic for many years before she passed.) I immediately realized that this was not a normal “bad day” for mom. My father was in another state and I’m 1000 miles away, so I told my best friend from highschool to go over there immediately, which she did. (Maybe I should have called 911 – it didn’t occur to me until later.) She stayed with my mom until she was asleep and called me right after. My best friend also has bipolar disorder so she’s very close to my sister, and understands the situation like no one else could. We talked and I told her that I think my mom needs help, and she agreed. My boyfriend also agreed. We were all seriously concerned that she is close to hurting herself.   
  
So, I wrote my mom a really heartfelt letter. I copied my dad and sister. I told her that I thinks she needs help, and that I’ve thought this for a while. I made it clear that I can no longer be the one to deal with this, and that if she is really that bad off then she needs to be proactive about her health and seek help from a professional. I told her to try therapy, to be open to medication, and to “quit her job and move to Barcelona if she has to” but that I can’t deal with it anymore. I told her that if she really is suicidal that she MUST seek help immediately, and if she’s not actually suicidal to not do this to me. I said that if we can’t afford health insurance, that we need to restructure our habits so that we can afford it, because it’s not optional. I finally told her that I’m angry with her for making me deal with this. (I’ll post the email if you want – it’s long though.)  
  
She LOST IT with me. To the health insurance question, she said (in all caps) “WHO IS GOING TO PAY FOR IT?!?” (my Dad just got a great job – there’s plenty of money for health insurance.) and to the rest she writes that I’m “blindly believing” my sister’s “lies,” and that I need to “APOLOGIZE” for these “insults.” She says the only thing her brain chemistry needs is more sleep – she’s not getting enough sleep.  
  
\*\*TL;DR: SKIP TO HERE:\*\*  
Reddit – what do I do? I believe my mother has been depressed for decades, possibly bi-polar and undiagnosed, and I think she is in danger of hurting herself. I told her how concerned I was and she’s furious. How would you handle a relative in this situation? I realize that I can’t MAKE her do anything and I can’t bring her happiness, but what would you do to get her help?  
  
Thank you for the free therapy and advice. I’m sorry if this is really long. And if you don’t have anything nice to say, don’t: this is really hard for me to do.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/paei7/paying_now_for_horrible_decisions_in_pastneed/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Paying NOW for horrible decisions in PAST....Need Advice

I'm really paying for all the dumb life mistakes I've made in the past. Unfortunately, the real world snuck up on me way faster than I could of ever imagined.  
  
To paint a picture, I'm 27 years old, recently married and live in NYC, the most expensive city in the damn world. And I am just skating by barely able to keep myself afloat. Unfortunately, it looks like my luck my be running out.  
  
I went to college, graduated as a super senior with my bachelors degree in Criminal Justice. There's my first mistake. Criminal Justice??? What the hell was I thinking. I understand that no kid in their right mind is supposed to know what they want to do when there 18, but for some reason, at the time, I decided that I wanted to work for the FBI, CIA, DEA, etc and started pursuing my degree. Along the way nobody told me that I had a far better chance if I were to just get an accounting degree, unfortunately I discovered the impossibility of my career goals around my Junior year. Not wanting to add another 2 years (possibly more) onto my college career, I toughed it out and graduated. Accruing about $35,000 in debt along the way.  
  
Instead of jumping right into a criminal justice career, or even applying. (At the time my options only looked like a police officer, which I could never see myself doing, as I despise them.) I decided that I would try acting. Yep, acting.... I moved to NYC and lived with a fellow dreamer in Brooklyn with barely $600 to my name. I had no job, 1 friend (still to be debated), and no idea what the hell I got myself into. I immediately started applying to restaurants and finally was hired as a waiter. I spent the next 3 years waiting/bartending and barely making enough to pay my bills and rent. Oh, and not once did I land an acting gig, or even an agent to send me to them.   
  
I finally met the girl of my dreams, whom I definitely do not deserve I might add, and pushed me like crazy to get out of the restaurant world and start focusing on some sort of career. I spent roughly half a year fixing my resume and applying to any job I could possibly think of. I've always been interested in media, advertising, or marketing, but no one even gave me the time of day due to my complete bullshit degree and experience. Someone finally made the suggestion of doing sales, since I have the personality for it. I spent months going on sales interviews, which 97% of the time ended up being door-to-door commission only scams, or would go through three different interviews for the same company just to be told that they were going with someone else. I thought I was going to jump off the brooklyn bridge at this point. Just before we were about to be put on the streets and my parents could no longer assist me, I was finally offered a job in sales with a new beverage company. It was the exact opposite of anything I may have been interested in, and something I never thought myself doing, but I desperately needed some sort of salary, so I took the job.   
  
I hate this job with a passion. Basically this is a startup company which pays shit (37,500 a year) and somehow I'm sill barely able to stay afloat. Keep in mind my share of the rent is $900 plus bills. Regardless of the shitty pay I can't see myself working for this company or any job like this for another day.   
  
To make matters worse, the apartment that we live in as no longer available to us in a month. We live in a condo building in Queens. Originally our apartment was for sale only, but the landlord was having a tough time finding buyers so he let us rent it out, without asking to much questions, such as my credit history. Unfortunately, the apt is now sold and we need to be out in a month. Which, leads me to my next problem.  
  
I CANT FIND ANYONE WHO WILL APPROVE ME FOR AN APARTMENT.  
  
I dont make a lot of money as it is. My wife is from Russia (green card pending) and can only work off the books. Of course, this caused me to default on two credit cards, and my school loans. As of today my credit score is a 449, which basically means I can never be lent or approved for anything ever.   
  
I'm in a tough spot, and although I've still been desperately applying for a new job, with a better salary, no one will give me the time of day. It's not that I'm a lazy dumb ass, I just never made the right decisions to prepare myself for the real world. I meet old friends from high school who are busy working for great companies, or perhaps their own company, have nice homes, cars, and are very stable.  
  
It's starting to dawn on me that if something good doesn't come may way soon, I may be out of a place to live. Ill never have a car, a home, or be able to start a family. Could you even imagine me applying for a mortgage? They would laugh at me. I'm just stuck in a really bad scary place right now, and it's affecting myself and my wife. I want to improve my credit score, but it goes without saying that I can't afford too. I'm completely lost.

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/gexlp1/how_my_dorm_became_a_dr_g_superhighway_this_story/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How my dorm became a dr\_g superhighway. (This story does not encourage the use of any substances)[This is intended to show freshman what NOT to do in college]

The year was 2012, and we were all supposed to die in December. It was my freshman year of college. I was settling in quite well. I made friends with a bunch of people in our residence hall, we hit it off immediately. We started going out on the weekends, starting with thirsty Thursday, which turns out is actually a thing. I had more than one room mate. We lived in a four person suite with two bedrooms. I had a full ride to my University, so I had a lot of extra money to spend on my living arrangements and meal plan. Oh yeah, I was also a huge pothead.  
  
I made friends with the dealer on my floor and started buying him extra meals in exchange for weed. That's when one of my room mates came to me with a proposition. He asked me if I knew what bitcoins were. I did not. He explained the virtual currency and how it worked. Then he really laid it all out. He told me that he had quite a lot of bitcoins and that he wants to get into selling weed. It all sounded great, but I wasn't sure what he needed me for. He then told me that he doesn't really talk to anyone and that he always sees me with people and going to parties every weekend. Okay, this makes sense. He told me how the operation would work, and it sounded swell. For the record, I was eighteen and very stupid. Anyway, he would purchase the products from the Silk Road, a dark website where you can buy literally fucking anything. Our friend Noah would then get the goods delivered to his apartment, which had a mailroom with hundreds of mailboxes. This was good because it would be just a little bit less suspicious, also his apartment was not on our campus. Then we'd package everything there and move it to our dorm, which had it's own security. We lived in North Philadelphia, so the security and police were always looking out for the students. After we safely had the products, I would find the buyers.  
  
Our first shipment went well. We ordered a half pound of weed, a gram of hash, ten hits of LSD, a small bag of opium (for us), and 1000mg of Alprazolam extract for my room mate's personal anxiety treatment. We got into this business to become weed salesmen. That weed took forever to sell. Everyone who sold weed already had good connections from their hometowns. The LSD though, that sold in five fucking minutes to one buyer who was interested in buying much more than ten hits. He asked us if we could sell him a couple hundred tabs. He said he'd pay $350 for each sheet of 100. We looked at the price per sheet on the Silk Road. It would cost us only $80 each. Yes sir, we can absolutely sell you a couple sheets. We told him we'd call him when it arrived. Later that night we brewed some opium tea and celebrated entering the LSD business. We bought the sheets for him, and we also bought two extras in case anyone else wanted some.  
  
The next shipment came with no problems. Our friend came over and bought the sheets we had promised him. We made nearly $800 on that deal. We thought that was a lot, so we celebrated. Later that same day, while smoking a blunt in our courtyard, I made friends with some art students. They invited me to their dorm on the third floor. I agreed, went with them, and we listened to music and painted the walls of the dorm room which was super against the rules. They started talking about how they had taken magic mushrooms two weeks before and how it was life changing. I told them I had two-hundred hits of acid in my room. I've never seen people get so excited in my entire life. They bought all of it. They paid $400 for each sheet. Seemingly out of nowhere we made $600. Again, we thought this was a lot.  
  
My room mate was really happy with my networking abilities. Dude, I was just getting high with some hipster art students. I didn't really possess the "networking skills" that everyone thought I had. We went online and purchased another five sheets. We started getting a bit more confident in our ability to sell this magic money making paper. That week I was in one of my classes and had to do a group project with a kid named Eddy. We went to his apartment to work on the project after class. Eddy had an apartment off campus because he was an upperclassman. On the way he asked if I smoked weed. Of course. He said he had something to show me. When we got there he showed me a small weed plant he was growing. It was an adorable little plant in a flower pot by the window. I asked if he needed any weed and he said that he did not. We smoked a bit and then her offered me a Xanax. I had never taken Xanax, so I googled the pill he offered me. Alprazolam. Huh, that's funny. I told him I had 1000mg of alprazolam in my room. This excited him.  
  
I asked my room mate if he was willing to sell some of his private stash. Eddy only wanted to buy around 100 milligrams. He agreed and I brought Eddy to my dorm. We gave it to him for the cool price of $150, a slick markdown from what he was paying. After all we hadn't even planned on selling that stuff. He asked how we got it so cheap and if we could get anything else. We told him that we sell LSD. He said he loves hallucinogens and would love to purchase a sheet, so he did. Four sheets left. If we sell them, we can get a new and faster computer.  
  
The weekend came and I was hanging out with two of my friends from our residence hall. Joe, who was really chill and loved smoking weed as much as I did. And Bianca, who was so cool that it frightened me. She was really intimidating. I had a huge crush on her, but she was "talking" to a kid that lived in Johnson and Hardwick hall. Bianca was the type of person you see in movies about cool kids doing cool things. A character who has a lot of depth, but it takes nearly the whole movie to slowly peel back the layers, and by that time you're in love. I told her if we sold the rest of our acid I'd buy her a new tattoo. She was covered in them. That night Joe was going to take us to his friend Jamie's house. We were going to try cocaine for the first time. I was terrified. Not only was I terrified about trying cocaine, but I was scared of doing it with Bianca. I just didn't know how I would act, and I didn't want to do something stupid.  
  
We arrived at Jamie's house. Jamie was also intimidating. His house was what your typical trap house looked like at the time, with a bunch of really expensive music equipment. Everybody wanted to be a rapper or a D.J. that year. He introduced all his friends and offered us lines of coke. Here we go. Joe went first, he'd already done some before. Bianca went next without hesitation. Now it was my turn. I remember my hand shaking with the rolled up bill between my fingers. I chose the smallest line and sniffed. It did not taste anything like I expected. Five minutes went by. Oh, this is what cocaine is like. It was so underwhelming. It was also some thoroughly stepped on shit. I know that now because since then I've done some foreign blow that literally almost made my heart stop. Anyway, Jamie and I got to talking, mostly about his "music career". Jamie told me if I ever wanted to buy cocaine in bulk to hit him up. I laughed and told him if he ever wanted to buy LSD in bulk to hit me up. I was half joking. He looked at me with the straightest face and asked if I was serious. Honestly, this Jamie guy really scared the shit out of me. He was a good ten inches taller than me and the whole scene was really starting to freak me out. I told him I was serious though. He told me to come with him.  
  
He brought me into his room and closed the door. In the room it was quiet. The walls were sound proofed. I looked around and the room was full of money, cocaine, and guns. Okay, he's probably not going to kill me. I hope. He then asked about my LSD connection. I told him I could get sheets for $350. He said he wanted books. Books? This guy wants books? I didn't know this at the time, but a book is a thousand hits of LSD. I told him I had to talk to some people and I would let him know the price, but that I could definitely make it happen. We went back into the party and he gave me line after line of cocaine. Joe offered him money for the lines, but Jamie told him not to pay. He said your friend here bought you guys as much coke as you want for the night. Honestly, that made me feel really cool. After the party I talked to my room mate and told him what happened. We looked up the price of a book on the Silk Road. $300. Not only could we have saved a lot of money if we had just bought a book from the start, but we were going to make a lot more money selling by the book. The days of getting excited over $800 were about to come to an abrupt end.  
  
I talked to Jamie and asked how much he would be willing to pay for each book. He said he would pay no more than $3000 for each book. We decided we would sell him the books for $2,800 each. He agreed and asked how many we had. I said we can start with five books. He agreed. This was perfect. Not only were we about to make more money than we had ever expected, but acid was incredibly easy to ship. They were basically sheets of paper. Our supplier used to send it to us in between the pages of large children's coloring books. The books, or prints, as our supplier called them, blended with the kid's books very well. Our prints consisted of a large picture of Bart Simpson, The Grateful Dead bears, and a double rainbow portrait. If you didn't know what acid was, you wouldn't know these were dr\\*gs. We made nearly $14,000 from that first deal.  
  
Over the course of a few months we would sell close to thirty-thousand hits of LSD. We had $75,000 in cash sitting in an empty bedroom at Noah's apartment. I stopped going to class. My room mate had filled his entire room with computer parts and instruments. Noah, well we didn't really see him much, but he was always present when we needed a shipment. We broke our cardinal rule of not getting high on our own supply. We took a lot of acid that semester. It was an extremely enlightening period for us. Things in my world began to take on entirely new meaning. I had a newfound appreciation for things I had never noticed. The connections with my friends became very strong and we talked about a lot of stuff that was just too deep for my other peers to even scratch the surface of. It was nice.  
  
By my birthday in February we had over $200,000 in cash. We didn't die in December, not that I thought we would, but some people were legitimately surprised. They were mostly art students. Things started getting a little crazy. My room mate and I were taking a lot of Xanax by this time and a lot of nights celebrating were never logged as memories. We always told ourselves we would only sell LSD. We had sparked a huge psychedelic scene in and around Philadelphia. There were literally parties where everyone was tripping acid. Many groups of people began taking acid and doing really creative stuff that I admired so much. So much good music and art was around during that period. I felt like I was living in San Fransisco in the middle 60's. It felt like we were part of this incredible scene that nobody outside of the city knew about. Of course every wave has to break and roll back.  
  
It was getting close to the summer. I hadn't been to class in months. We hadn't seen Noah since the previous shipment about a month prior. It was a regular weekday, but I wasn't going to class, so I took two hits of acid. I spent most of that evening and night writing and yapping into my tape recorder. I was on the subject of togetherness and how there are so many things that are so incredible that we never notice even though they're right in front of us. Acid talk. I was looking at a glass of water, thinking about its importance, and how so many of us take it for granted. That's when my room mate came home. This was \*my\* room mate though. Remember, we had a two bedroom, four person suite. \*My\* room mate, who was never involved in our operation. He was obliterated, and not from alcohol. This was something else. He limped into the room and collapsed on the bed. I immediately got the rest of my room mates together. That's when Christian told me what transpired earlier while I was locked in the bedroom tripping acid. He told me that my room mate had broken up with his girlfriend, took an entire bottle of lorazepam, and tried to cut his leg open with my biology scalpel. What the fuck.  
  
I examined his leg and he did not \*try\* to cut it open, he succeeded. He had a gigantic cut all the way down his lower leg that was fixed up by his father who is a surgeon. His father then brought him back to the dorm. The condition he was in was terrifying. He was breathing, but not well. His heart rate was also very low and we had to monitor him for the remainder of the night, taking shifts to make sure he didn't stop breathing. I couldn't believe his father had brought him back in the condition he was in. The next morning I was exhausted. My room mate and I, the one with the bitcoins, left and went to Noah's apartment to relax for an hour. While we were gone Bianca was to watch over him with her room mate. When we got to Noah's we had a new problem. Noah hadn't gotten out of bed for what looked like weeks. He had ran out of his antidepressants and was in bad shape. At this point I checked out. I walked into the living room and opened a bottle of champagne. I poured a glass, popped a Xanax, and sat on the sofa. I was still a little foggy from my acid trip and I hadn't slept all night. That's when my phone rang. It was Bianca.  
  
I answered the phone and her first words were: "Your room is full of police.". Well, it's been a good run. On my desk were a couple thousand hits of LSD and a handgun. In the other bedroom were numerous unopened box's of expensive computer parts, scales and paraphernalia galore, and a large pile of white powdered alprazolam. That room also smelled heavily of weed because there was a half pound out in the open. We had gotten very sloppy. I asked her if my room mate was okay. She said that's why the police are there. She said his mom was trying to reach him and he wasn't answering her, so she called the police for a wellness check. Bianca then started talking to someone and hung up the phone.  
  
We pondered whether or not to flee the country and become outlaws. We did after all have all the cash here at Noah's. Close to a million dollars. Maybe more. Because we were getting sloppy, we had also started selling hash, Xanax, LSD, 25i-NBOMe, 2c-b, 2c-i, 2c-E, Mescaline, cocaine, MDMA, MDA, LSA, clonazepam, ativan, and other various designer chemicals. We were going down for a long time. I started thinking about my life. It literally was flashing before my eyes. I thought about my high school crush, and how I should have been more upfront with her about how much I liked her. I loved her. I thought about the time we slept in the same bed and I couldn't fall asleep because I couldn't believe she was really laying next to me. I remembered how I never wanted to wake up next to anyone else. I thought about my trivial crush on Bianca and how shallow it really was. I thought about my parents and how they'd raised me better. How they did so much for me so that I could go away to college and have a better life than they had. I thought about sitting on the beach last summer without a care in the world. The "problems" in my life that seemed hilarious now. Will I go to prom? Is my car cool enough? My k/d ratio in Call of Duty. How could so much happen in less than a year? That's when Bianca called me again.  
  
I was terrified to pick up that phone. We looked outside to see if police were surrounding the apartment complex. They were not. I answered the phone. She said the police were gone. She had put my gun and LSD in my desk drawer. The police never entered the other bedroom. It was just a wellness check. An ambulance came and took my room mate. He was going to be okay. I hugged my partner in crime and we cried. I wish I could tell you we cleaned up our lives after that. My room mate with the bitcoins developed a really dangerous substance abuse habits after that. He spent most of his money over the next few years. I went back to class after that summer, but stopped going again because I wanted to party instead and start a career as a writer. I failed out of college. Throughout the years I went on numerous adventures all around the world. I have hundreds of stories, I just have to write them. Oh and I have to learn how to write properly. I don't use a lot of substances today, and I don't encourage people to use dr\\*gs of any kind. I have unfortunately lost many friends during the opiate epidemic. Weed is cool though, I like weed. I wouldn't tell people to smoke it, but I'll never shame someone for enjoying some cannabis. Actually, I don't really shame people for anything, it's just not my place to judge anyone. Feel free to judge me though, about how my dorm room became a dr\\*g superhighway.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
\*\\*\\*more stories are available on my blog.\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/pe2ka/how_do_i_save_my_drug_abusing_brother_from/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How do I save my drug abusing brother from himself and from destroying what is left of my family? (X-post from r/relationships)

Firstly, my brother is a smart and attractive guy. He would be totally capable to do anything he set his mind to if he wanted. That being said, he doesn't want to do a thing. He's a college senior now, and his grades have steadily tanked the past 4 years. He stopped applying himself, quit all athletics, and now has a bottom quartile GPA. (Ranked around 700 in a class of 800) He is in mostly AP classes and scores well on tests. He just won't do the leg work. His SAT score is a 2150. He only applied to 2 colleges, both very large public schools in Texas, and I don't think he is going to get into either.  
  
While I am an ent myself, and do recreationally use drugs, he abuses them. He is high constantly and steals money from everyone in my family to support his pot habit. I know he has used other drugs but this is the only one he uses daily. It makes me so sad to know that he can't balance his priorities. On more than one occasion he has stolen prescription medication from me, which totals to more than $300. When I catch him stealing money from me and my family members, he apologizes, but makes no effort to pay us back. He doesn't even seem to regret it. He has said before that "he isn't upset about the stealing, but that I always catch him."  
  
He is capable of being sweet, when he wants something. For example, food, money, or a ride somewhere. He gets nasty when he doesn't get what he wants. Just not wanting to do something for him isn't a valid excuse. If I am not using my car or computer, and he wants to borrow it, in his mind I am not allowed to say no. He is entitled to my things if it isn't 'putting me out'. When I flatly refused to give him the car keys, he went out and stabbed two of my car tires, which I had to pay to replace. His logic was "if he couldn't go somewhere, I shouldn't be able to either." Later he admitted that the action was disproportional to how angry he should have been, but that he was still in the right for doing so.  
  
He justifies stealing from me because I have an income. I have a job and therefore have money. I am also a student. I have to pay for all of this. I am already stretched very thin, which he doesn't seem to understand or even consider. He just sees that I have something that he doesn't, and seems to think he is entitled to it just because it's there and not being used. He refuses to get a job to help afford his lifestyle. He "never wants to work a day in his life." He aspires to go to film school.  
  
How do I live with this!? If I comply with his ridiculous behavior and demands, I have a house full of his druggie friends who steal from my family. One of his best friends, who we let live with us for a year, stole my ipod and my 8 year old brother's Nintendo DS and sold them. They come over every day and smoke in his room or our backyard. If I don't comply, his behavior is worse. He will still steal my things and abuse everything I own. When I stand up to him, he will take his frustration out on my younger siblings, usually in a violent manner. He has never really hit my sister or I, but will hit my brothers. It's a constant lose-lose battle.  
  
My mom and dad are pretty much out of the picture. My mom, when not at work, is out at bars or with friends. She is almost always drinking and prefers to not interact with us. While she does bankroll the house and food funds, she does no parenting whatsoever. The nights she comes home, she will go into her room to drink and watch TV. If any of the children interrupt this time, she will verbally lash out at us. Besides that, she has no real control over any situation in the house. We do our thing and she does hers. My dad is separated and in Afghanistan, so he is out of the picture as well. My older brother tries sometimes, but has a job and can't really be concerned with what's going on at home. I'm 20 and am raising 4 kids and an alcoholic mother basically on my own. One of which is a manipulative drug abuser. I want to protect my siblings. I just don't know how to get him to see that his actions negatively affect us all and that he is detrimental to everything I have worked so hard to keep intact.  
  
Will this ever cease? How do I stop a violent and manipulative person who will not leave our home? My mother will never allow us to kick him out, no matter what he does. Am I forced to live with his choices and terrible behavior forever? Even if I leave, I am leaving 3 younger siblings who won't be able to escape him or my alcoholic mother for another 4-8 years.  
  
Tl;dr: Drug abusing brother steals from our family, doesn't see a problem with this. How can I get him to stop, or at least acknowledge that his actions hurt me and my family?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/arz6g/my_sons_best_friend_is_dying_and_his_parochial/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My son's best friend is dying, and his parochial school wants to kick him out because of the treatment he tried. What would Reddit do?

OK, this is a lengthy story, so bear with me.  
  
My son is in 7th grade, and used to attend a Catholic middle school. I'm a non-believer, but the public school system in my district is horrible - we have since moved and are in a much better school district and our kids are no longer enrolled in that private school.  
  
My son's best friend has Duchenne's Muscular Dystrophy. For the uneducated it is an awful disease that slowly degrades the muscles in your body. He has been wheelchair bound for the past several years, and now he is starting to have trouble raising a glass to take drinks on his own. It's an awful condition, and there's an extremely high likelihood that he won't survive to graduate high school.  
  
His family is far from wealthy. His mom's first husband died (not sure what the problem was), her second husband also died (his father) when the son was only 3 years old, and his older brother died in the Iraqi war post 9/11. So, to recap, his mom has lost 2 husbands and one son already, and will probably lose her youngest son long before she herself dies (she has a middle son who is perfectly normal).  
  
Sometime last year his mom flew him to the Dominican Republic to have a set of experimental surgeries or treatments that was supposed to help restore some of his muscular capacity so he could feed himself, play video games without pain, etc. The catch is that the treatment in a roundabout way involved some sort of stem cell research. The school he attends is in an uproar.  
  
The priest at the church/school sent her a letter expressing his dismay. I haven't seen or read the letter, but from what I understand it was very unkind.  
  
The school has now suddenly decided that she makes too much money to qualify for financial aid, and is requiring her to pay $675/mo for her son to continue to go there. That $675 includes current tuition as well as back tuition because they decided she should retroactively pay for the last school year as well. They threatened to kick her son out of school if she cannot pay. Her son has been enrolled there his entire life, so the friends in his class remember him from when he could still walk and play on the playground.  
  
My wife and I have helped the mom out as much as we've been able to over the years. We helped them out with Christmas presents the last few years, and if I could afford it I would gladly pay for the schooling just to force the church's hand. They (the church) know that she cannot afford to pay the bills, and are just waiting for the opportunity to make a bigger deal out of it.  
  
Unfortunately our kids don't live very close anymore (we moved probably 30 miles away to get into a good school district, but the kids spend the night together atleast 3 times per month). Otherwise I would recommend that she leave the school and transfer into our school where her son would atleast have a friend he can lean on. She cannot afford to move closer to us.  
  
It sounds bad, but I'm less concerned with helping my son's friend (they're much better off without the church involved), and more interested in sticking it to the church somehow. While my kids attended they forced my (then) 6th grader to write a letter to newly elected president Obama to repeal any stem-cell research legislation. This was a mandatory homework assignment, and my son refused to turn it in. They (the church) also fired the kindergarten teacher because she got her master's degree (she wasn't asking for more money, but they fired her anyway so they wouldn't feel obligated to pay her more).  
  
So, in closing, what would Reddit do in this situation?   
  
\*\*Edit:\*\* I have not talked to the mother at all about doing anything. I have considered going to the local news, but I suspect she would not be on board with any further attention (likely because it probably won't help her son at all).  
  
\*\*Edit 2:\*\* (removed)  
  
\*\*Edit 3:\*\* I got more details on the story, and its a little different from what I stated earlier (no better or worse I think, but for the sake of being thorough and honest I need to make some corrections). I got the mom's side of the story and there are a few details that I need to elaborate. First off, I found out she never was on financial aid from the church, she has been repeatedly denied aid (she applies every year). The $675 the school wants is to cover the tuition plus the balance she already owes from this school year (she could only pay $2000 at the beginning of the year, and was hoping she could get financial aid because of the new medical expenses she incurred). Where the plot thickens is that (this is her opinion, but I have met the people in question and I have no reason to doubt her) the treasurer of the school, with whom she has all of her financial dealings, is a lawyer who also handled the estate of her son when he died. This lawyer/treasurer knows her financial status (she received no life insurance when her son died because he was married and with a child), and knows she cannot truly afford private schooling. The lawyer/treasurer is also physically abusive towards his wife &amp; kids (again, her words, but she's friends with his wife, and they apparently share that information), and it is her opinion that he knows that \*she\* knows, and is trying to "strongarm" her out. It is this lawyer/treasurer that has denied her requests for financial aid.  
  
In a nutshell, the school is forcing her to pay full tuition plus backpayments or else they will kick her son out. Under normal circumstances I can't find any fault in this, but it seems to me that as a church you could single this out as extraordinary circumstances.  
  
I also found out a little more info about the letter she received from the priest. She has held many fundraisers to raise money for her son's medical treatments, and the priest does not want any advocation of anything having to do with stem cell research. He did threaten excommunication if she screws up (I did not read the letter, and I'm not sure what his terms were).  
  
I also removed the link to the article I posted, because I've decided that I am not comfortable sharing any names or locations with anyone. If you've already read the article I obviously cannot get you to "unread" it, but I'm not looking for the Reddit mob to take independent action.  
  
\*\*Edit 4:\*\* Many have commented that he should just quit school. This was my initial reaction when I first heard of his condition several years ago. While remote, there is an outside chance that he could live well into his 40's or 50's. Also, for better or worse, this school, the kids in it, and the activities surrounding it are his life. I can totally understand why he (and his mom) would be resistive to removing him from school. I know she doesn't hold him to the same educational standards as his older brother(s), but she tries to treat him like any other kid (and I'm sure that's the way he wants it).

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/af8ti6/tentative_advice_from_someones_whos_been_there/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Tentative Advice from Someone's Who's Been There

Salutations,  
  
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I've been lurking here for a while since my college days and I see lots of posts here detailing both the good and bad about their college lives and the inquiries on how to make bad situations better.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
1. Your productivity velocity/Average Task completion for subject=Necessary time sacrifice.  
  
Here's a very simple and easy way for most people to know how much time they need to devote to a single assignment. Measure your time to completion. Time how long it takes you to get it done. Try to comprehend how hard it was for you during the process and see if you can speed up your overall time through tricks and flow enhancing techniques. These can be striking out all the easiest questions so you save all the time to the hardest--not only for multiple choice but for those I.D. short answer questions that you can definitely get points on when you define the term for each and every one of them instead of stalling on trying to come up for an example for a single one. Knowing your working throughput makes you able to accurately set up timeboxes and deadlines to help you measure your overall time and set up cushions.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Also to help you know when to stop studying.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Yes, you heard me right, stop studying.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I came from a high-level semi-international level Chinese school that did nothing but death-march kids through college-level material in 7-8 courses for years so the ones that made it out of high school got good by committing to two choices. We got good at suffering more than anyone else, riding at exams with eldritch curses vomited forth from our lips driven by fears ancestral disappointment and utter destruction or, and this is less common, we got really good at the metathinking and mechanics of doing the work. The cost of learning advanced trig is 4 days of hard brutal cramming. The cost of memorizing all the types of questions for the predictable exam is 4 hours.  
  
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Unless you plan to be a master, I suggest you don't obliterate your own minds limited willpower. And considering that most people don't come from ridiculous studying death marches since they could write, you don't have the drilled and practiced ability to suffer eternally while not losing any productivity. This is not a slight against you nor a benefit to us. It's just how you were molded by your environment and practice. There are benefits and losses to both. I explain the damage that death marching does soon enough.  
  
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If there is one idea that did miracles for me in college for my studies, its the concept of minimal time and effort spent to get an A-.  
  
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Spend much more than what is required on average, that bleeds over to other subjects, your hobbies, your clubs, and your career development time.  
  
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That's not a good thing. That's time waste. Time waste will gut you and bleed you good and fast when the assignments come avalanching down at the end of the semester.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Don't get buried or you spend the rest of your time spraying crap back to your professors to crawl your way out.  
  
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This leads to my next point.  
  
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2. You don't have free time, you have expendable time.  
  
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Timebox your hours by the week, and absolutely by the day. If you enjoy having a spot of fun go for it. It's important to lubricate your brain and oil your fortitude with rejuvenating activities. Know that you have to include some time for yourself.   
  
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Trust me, you'll need it.  
  
   
Often, I advise people to plan around their necessary time sacrifice for academia because that's a constant but day to day, that's up to you. If you don't have class on Monday and you want to go hog-wild running around buck-naked with an airhorn clenched between your cheeks, go for it. Just know that time will be coming out of your weekly allotted time. And potentially a restraining order.  
  
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Students often joke about the social life, studying, sleeping triangle. You can choose two. Or if you're an engineer, just one. This is true for the average student perhaps, but you are not aiming to be the average student. I hope. Try to keep an average of your sleeping time. If you feel most rested from 11-6, go for that and do that consistently. If you party wild and hard, I recommend building a routine of power naps that will keep you charged across your days. Keep your tanks fueled or prepare to stall and break.   
  
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Factor this into your timebox as well.  
  
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Hobbies, clubs, careers, and relationships are major concerns that must be addressed as well.   
  
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My concept for this part: pick your priorities in the timebox but don't forsake all the others entirely.   
  
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Specialize, but remain cross-functional. This will save you when it comes time to build a life as an adult.  
  
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3. Prepare for the future and accept the chaos.  
  
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"Your future is bright."  
  
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This platitude is blasted at you more times than your roommate towards your shower curtains when they think you're not watching--side note, when living together set clear boundaries but always be prepared to bleach everything and have an out.   
  
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It sounds nice.  
  
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Feels good.  
  
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Is entirely bullshit.  
  
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You have no idea how your life is going to go. At all.   
  
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To counter this quote with a quote from Unforgiven, "Deserve's got nothing to do with it."  
  
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You don't get what you deserve. You don't get what you work for sometimes. Keep your mind on the infinite game rather than the limited one. Know what is true to you and what you want to be working for. And if you don't, accept the discomfort knowing that you are in the majority and aren't behind the curve.   
  
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In fact, there is no curve.  
  
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So many of my classmates from high school, boys and girls who were monsters of art and science, flunked out of college. The material was easy to them. They could death march forever. But there were not prepared for the freedom. And they lacked the self-discipline.  
  
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Frankly, too many of us came to college to early, I would argue. Just because you can study forever doesn't mean you will. The allegory of the cave makes sense here with the cave being constant studying and the light outside being self-management and independence. In high school, what is pitched is that you have no choice. People will ride you like a rented mule in a field of snakes. Your parents, your teachers, your student leaders. They own you, on some level.   
  
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Then you get to college and no one truly cares.  
  
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Then you learn that life isn't about managing stress or pressure if you're used to that. It's about managing the apathy.  
  
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This destroys kids who, by all other metrics, should be ready.  
  
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On top of this, just because you're good at death marching and doing academics doesn't mean you're ready for life. A few classmates that graduated along with me went into rehab.  
  
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Drugs. Alcohol. Depression. Loneliness. This is common. You think you can suffer forever. Until you can't.  
  
   
They were high achievers but they broke down and gave up right after the finish line because in their minds, it was all for nothing.  
  
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They went to school because mom and dad told them to. Or just because it was expected of them. Or they did majors they didn't care about.  
  
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You need to find your own way. Find your own reason. Spend time trying to understand that. The world has very little meaning to it. Existence, if you aren't religious or spiritual, doesn't mean anything beyond 42. That's an absolute standpoint. You're looking at the relative.  
  
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Be pragmatic with your mind and soul. Let's not bullshit ourselves here, if you hate pre-med or accounting but think that the job is going to make you happy, you got another thing coming. The money might make you happy but let me tell you, after a certain threshold when it gets to be enough, you stop working for the money and instead for the task.   
  
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Coincidentally, this is also how wage-slaving works. It's low engagement low pay work sold to you as experience or with the potential to make you rich. If you have to do these jobs, do them briefly but just leave. Loyalty is a desiccated corpse these days for a good majority of the companies that I have trained within. You are not obliged to suffer. Apologies for the tangent but it is necessary.  
  
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Back to college, keep in mind the fun of these years is about the journey. Education is about more than books. Understand yourself. Know your limitations. Know your flaws. Know your strengths. Try to know them as objectively as possible.   
  
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Some hard truths might come at you, like the foundations of self-loathing for example. I learned during college that though I hated myself at times for the wrong reasons, I deserved that hate by all accounts because I didn't address the core issue. It's like beating yourself without improving so you can have more room to beat yourself later. Of course you're going to hate yourself its a self-perpetuating cycle.   
  
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Engage your flaws on your terms. Engage the darkest moments on your terms. Don't think about yourself when you're in a depressed mood. Don't make choices when you're down. Be on the offense. Especially with yourself. Build on yourself. Break down yourself. Rebuild yourself.   
  
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But do it while you have control.  
  
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No one ever won a fight by taking a punch.  
  
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If you need help, find it with professionals but also with friends and family if you can. The wholeness of support can drill into our very pattern driven minds that we can get better if by osmosis alone.  
  
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4. Don't be afraid to walk away.  
  
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I finished college with a GPA of 3.8. I was a writer for several clubs, the vice-president for one, a president for another, a division-three athlete, while working part-time. I finished two majors in four years.  
  
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You might have bad grades. You might be thinking of dropping out. You might have already dropped out.  
  
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I am not worth more than you. I mean this objectively and subjectively. My success does not correlate to your failure. The truth is, with the vastness of experiences and our lives, I don't know what you went through to get here. You probably don't know me. Hell, I could have been lying this entire time and just been a sapient walrus learning human behavior online in hopes of preparing for the eventual uprising led by our lord and sovereign Jamie Hyneman. However, comparing your darkest moments and your missteps to my victories and glories is a lot like saying I won while you tripped briefly on a set of stairs. A set of stairs that extends forever.  
  
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Know this, you are not done unless you say you are. This isn't some motivational speech bullshit. It's not me trying pump you up. It just the truth. The wheel turns on. The show goes on. The highlight reel ends.  
  
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I just told you all about how well I was doing in school. What I didn't tell you was following the end of college, I felt like doing nothing because I had no goals for myself for the future because I didn't care much for me and so I just sat in a dead-end job for half a year because.  
  
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I thought I was made for bigger things but that's not what always happens. Sometimes things just go sideways. But they keep going.  
  
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The point is, if you truly, definitely don't want to stay in college, that's okay too.  
  
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You have to live for yourself eventually. Make your own choices. Being an adult is about taking responsibility for your own life. Nothing more. The choice is up to you.  
  
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If the disappointment of others makes you deny your own will, know that the price of that is going to be paid by you. They will not suffer being you in misery. They will, however, complain regarding why you are miserable, as I have observed with multiple peers and their friends who are parochial if I am to describe them gently.  
  
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Anyway, I'd like to end this tentative smattering of advice with a shameless plug for a book series, The Stormlight Archive. Yes, it's fantasy. Yes, it feels like an anime sometimes. But even if you don't like those things, I implore you to read a single chapter in the third book, Oathbringer, titled, the Girl Who Looked Up. It helped a few people I know out of some dark places. Maybe it might do some good to you.  
  
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Anyway, happy semesters and good luck.  
  
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Remember, focus on the journey before the destination.  
  
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Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/vut7q/i_got_dqd_from_my_school_and_have_tried/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I got DQ'd from my school and have tried everything..should I just give up or is there something I can do?

I'll try to keep this as short and to the point as possible but this has been my life for the past year or so, so there is a bit of info to cover, and if I miss anything just ask!  
  
For context this was at San Jose State University in California.  
  
I desperately need help finding a solution to my problem, and please if you can help it don't just say give up and go to a community college (I realize that is an option but I really don't want that)  
  
Anyway, at the beginning of my semester (Fall 2010) I ran into a shit ton of problems that lead to me not getting my classes right off the bat. I had to run around an impacted school as a Freshman with basically no knowledge of the school or college in general, with no resources I knew about at the time and tried for nearly two weeks to have teachers give me add codes to enroll in their class.   
  
I managed to get 3 classes and was extremely stressed out this whole time because I ran into an outrageous number of No's and it was very disheartening. I was also living in the dorms at this time and had the housing department on my ass about paying my fee's (which I couldn't pay unless my financial aid was distributed, which is only possible IF you are enrolled...see the problem?) I was BARELY able to even end up adding all those classes late, which means getting the heads of the departments to sign your late adds along with the teachers and an adviser for each class.  
  
I only had 9 units so I ended up having to take out a loan and that mixed with all of the other shit I just dealt with stressed me out a bit, on top of which I was now 2 weeks behind my classes and didn't know anybody at school :/.   
  
Sorry for this backstory but it wasn't like I just was an asshole and fucked up for no reason..yes it's still my fault, but it could have gone better.  
  
Anyway I ran into more issues..(groups hated me because I came into them late and they didn't want me getting credit) So I failed a huge project..on top of which I got mugged -.-..didn't make any new friends :/..just everything was shit. I ended up succumbing to my depression which had already been bad prior to the school year starting and just fell off the deep end and stopped eating or leaving my room or doing anything normal..I just slept and did nothing really..it is embarrassing for me to admit but it's the truth unfortunately.  
  
Obviously this led to me failing all of my classes, I was put on academic probation and had to do things for that..which makes sense obviously. So as I am considering my options...I go to the Housing office and talk to the person in charge of everything...and I tell her that I want to break my housing contract and take a leave of absence because I do not believe that I am mentally or emotionally ready to do another semester of school after the last one had gone. She tells me she will not break my contract because too many people are breaking them already and they will not allow it. I didn't know much about shit at the time so I probably could have petitioned it or SOMETHING but I was already in the worst mindset possible and thought that was all I could do :/.  
  
So basically I was stuck with my housing contract which is expensive as hell...and the only way to pay for it was to enroll in classes to get financial aid to pay for it..which I wasn't ready for at all. In addition to this, failing my classes led to me having issues signing up for classes with holds put on my account and whatnot because I had to do some advising sessions and shit first. So I get to start this second semester in a terrible condition AND have to run around and add classes all over again..I end up actually getting 12 units and my financial aid.   
  
I try really hard to do well this semester but I still had no friends and my suitemate had actually moved out (we didn't share a room) because he said it was like the place was empty (which I completely understand but it still made me feel shittier) I just really wasn't ready at all for this, I end up passing 3 classes that all of the teachers were aware of my last semester and kept in touch via e-mail and I had some office sessions and whatnot that helped me immensely and were basically the only reason I got through. However the fourth teacher completely ignored me and refused to help me, did not have office hours, did not even have a phone number to reach her at and never responded to my e-mails. This led to me having a huge amount of anxiety towards that class and just a feeling that I wasn't good enough..so I would literally go to class half the time..and just turn the fuck around because I couldn't deal with it.   
  
ALSO: I did see a doctor and I was diagnosed with anxiety and major depression and I DID tell the housing lady this and she said she didn't care/it didn't change anything.  
  
Anyway..I got Disqualified because I did not get a 2.0 the semester I was on probation and now I'm out of school. I met with a ton of people at the school and they constantly led me to believe that I would be able to reverse it because of the extenuating circumstances that It was a health reason and because the school acted improperly in not letting me break my housing contract when they should have. This has been going on for a year and I have been getting more and more depressed because it always sounds like I'm going to get back in...and then I get rejected again...and honestly I don't think i can handle it anymore, I don't know what to do so I'm here for ideas I guess..or to vent at least?   
  
I know I could go to a community college but regardless it shouldn't be okay that a school fucked me over like that, I don't want to just give up and make it seem like it's perfectly fine that they can just mess with you at no cost to them.  
  
TLDR; I would really appreciate if you read it if you think you could help..but basically I got super depressed, failed classes, wanted to take a leave of absence and wasn't allowed and now I'm disqualified and it sucks.  
  
Is there anything I can do legally? or...anything really?   
  
Thanks in advance guys..sorry if I wrote a shit ton, but I appreciate whoever reads it :).

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ph9qx1/how_do_engineering_students_with_no_parental/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How do engineering students with no parental contribution afford living expenses? (921 words/5,047 characters)

I'm about at the end of my rope here.   
  
I'm currently enrolled at Columbus State Community College. I hope to transfer to Ohio State University if/once I earn an Associate degree in pursuit of a Chemical Engineering Bachelor's degree/career. But I am not enrolled in any classes yet because I don't see how I can afford it. And again, I'm at a community college. Tuition is not the issue here. It's living expenses. I need to come up with about $1500 a month, pure cash. I wish it could be less, but I have a mother/family to support. But here's the thing, I thought that was a lot, but according to The College Board, that's "moderate spending" in the 2016-2017 academic year.  
  
https://www.usnews.com/education/best-colleges/paying-for-college/articles/2016-07-05/estimate-living-expenses-to-determine-college-affordability  
  
A job could cover that, and I have one. Hence how I'm able to support my family right now. But the time a job takes prevents me from going to school. Even if I could somehow schedule my shifts so that I had time to go to class, my academic advisor explains that 1 credit hour of class comes out to 3 hours per week outside of class, studying and doing homework and the like.   
  
https://www.aic.edu/academics/credit-hours-calculator/  
  
At LEAST. This is an especially hard rule for engineering students, which I am/hope to be. So going from class to work with only an hour between wouldn't leave me enough time to get my coursework done.  
  
But there are full time engineering students. Lots of them. And they don't all come from rich families. So how are they affording their living expenses if they aren't working full time? My academic advisor didn't know. So she referred me to a financial aid advisor. She told me the financial aid advisor could advise me on the proper pursuit of full-time studenthood.   
  
We must not understand what a "financial aid advisor" does. Because this financial aid advisor was fucking useless as far as that. What she did know was how to say "Have you accepted your reward package yet?" I explained to her that the reward package alone isn't enough to cover school + living expenses, and I needed to know, based on her wisdom and what she's seen of other students and how this tends to work out, what the wise steps to take are if I'm looking to cover what The College Board alleges are moderately typical expenses. If these expenses are so typical, I'm assuming she as an advisor has seen many students in this situation, who need to cough up this kind of money, and did somehow cough up that kind of money. But no, she knew dick outside of what everyone already knows about the financial aid process. I know what a federal loan is, I know what its limits are. Obviously gambling on scholarships is of no use to me if I need money right now. Not in March of 2022. So she says "Well, you could take out private loans..." And I'm like "Is that wise?" And she's like "No, no loan is wise." So can this just not be done??? She, whose job I assumed was advising about a tenable path to paying for college, is giving me advice and then immediately following it up with "That's bad advice by the way. I don't know what to tell you."  
  
The closest thing to valuable advice I could find was on Reddit. r/CSCC is a ghost town. r/OSU has mostly suggested things that only apply if I'm an actual student at Ohio State. Some have suggested part time work, but are there really jobs out there that are so part time that I can go to school full time AND do all my homework AND all of my labs/group projects AND study AND go to work? The College Board says people are doing it. But I can't find a job like that. People say "Get a part time job as a waiter. The hours are short &amp; flexible, and the tips are plenty." But you can't just get a job as a waiter. I've tried. It takes training before they make you a waiter and I need wait staff money now. I can't support my family without it. And that's if they even give you a chance. In Columbus especially they talk a big game about how desperate they are for wait staff &amp; other restaurant staff. But the only place that didn't turn me away because they're "not looking to train someone new" offered me a door job that averages only $40 in tips a night. If I worked every night I would be barely scraping half of what I need. I appreciate them being honest with me though.  
  
I need to talk to someone who's done this. So I can follow their example. Crunch the numbers as might, it just don't add up. Everyone warns me, Chemical Engineering, or any engineering at all, is a dreadful undertaking. My academic advisor expressly warned me against pursuing an engineering degree while working full time. So where are engineering students getting money for food and rent if they're busy with schoolwork all the time??? What part time jobs are covering their living expenses? Can I have one of those jobs???  
  
Hope is waning. I have a CLEP test coming up, but I'm losing motivation. Grip on integral calculus and logarithmic functions loosening. But if I can just find people who've pulled this off...

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/xu1gb/regarding_parenting_where_is_the_line_drawn/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Regarding Parenting, Where Is The Line Drawn Between "Controlling", And "Abusive"?

In light of popular recent posts and some of my recent experiences, I'd like to walk you through the scenario that is my life, in hopes of helping many other people in my situation.   
  
This is a story 21-years in the making, but I'll try to keep it simple and avoid a wall of text as mush as possible.   
  
Some personal info that will help you understand the scenario better:  
  
\* 21 year-old male  
\* Entering my 4th of 5 years in undergrad   
\* Oldest of 5 kids  
\* Highly educated parents/high income   
\* My home is only about 20 minutes from my university  
  
Let's turn the clock back a few years... I'm off to my first year of college, extremely excited to move out of my house and experience some independence, just like any college-bound kid my age. It was understood that despite my family being of high income, I would be responsible for covering part of my college cost (so that I would "take ownership" in my education, which I respect of them). We agreed that my parents would cover my academic related expenses (tuition+books), and I would cover my room/board expenses. Sounds like a good deal to me. Now me, being a 17-year-old, had no way of paying for my room/board out of pocket, so my parents and financial aide officers helped me take out the necessary loans, and it was understood that I would pay for all of my room/board expenses via subsidized loan, which would leave me with about $50,000 debt upon graduation (which I was fine with, because that amount is certainly manageable).   
  
Fast forward to my sophomore year. I'm living in the dorms again after being home for the summer. November rolls around, and I acquire what is called an "MIP", which stands for Minor In Possession Of Alcohol (a misdemeanor), and follow-through with all of the necessary court proceedings, then move on with my life, nbd. While I understand the severity of it, I am also aware that these things are handed out like candy on college campuses, I moved on. Shortly after, I was paid a surprise visit by my parents who informed me that they would no longer be paying for any of my college expenses as a result of my misdemeanor charge, which they had blown way out of proportion. So, now I'm responsible for paying 100% of my way through college. I put my tough guy face on, and was determined to do it, as people before me have come from much worse situations and managed to get through. I was determined not to be an entitled brat or a pussy.   
  
End of sophomore year, I move home for the summer. June rolls around, time to take out my loans for the upcoming academic year. Now instead of a $10,000 loan to cover room/board, I need to pay for ALL expenses, so I try to take out the necessary $25,000 loan. Time for my parents to cosign the loan. I approach them with the correct information, and was informed that they would not be cosigning a loan any larger that what was required for tuition+books, meaning that I had to move home and commute to school.   
  
Junior year begins, I'm living at home and commuting. I'm thinking "Home isn't that bad. I have a nice bed, good food, etc...". Then, things started to get weird. Now as I mentioned above, I'm 1 of 5 kids, meaning there are 7 people living in my house. As you can imagine, this makes my homework environment extremely unproductive. As a result, I begin staying in the university library every night until about 2:00 AM to study (thus avoiding the lack of productivity that is home). My parents don't believe me, they think that I'm out partying and such while I'm studying. I begin to receive an excessive amount of call/text (every night) asking for confirmation of where I was. Sometimes they even wanted a current picture of me in the library as proof. Sometimes when I come home, I see that my mail has been opened. Sometimes when I come home I see that my room has been searched. Keep in mind that I'm 21.   
  
So, basically I'm a university senior who lives at home due to shrewd dealings on the part of my parents. My belongings are sorted through. They need to know where I am, who I'm with, etc... whenever I leave. They utilize the "my house, my rules" phrase whenever I try to argue the above. I'm forced to sit through church ever sunday and pray at dinner (I'm a man of science). Control is being used and abused. My parents and I are constantly bickering about stupid/unimportant shit. When they have nothing to bicker with me about, they'll bring up something I did YEARS ago and initiate an argument about that. Or, we'll resolve/conclude an argument, yet they'll bring it up again a few days later. It seems to me that they feed off of arguing with me and each other. My dad is a great dad, but he's basically just my mothers puppet. If my mom were out of the equation, my father and I would have an awesome relationship. I think my dad secretly knows that what I'm going through is wrong, but he can't stand up to my mother. My mother is like some sort of evil, controlling mastermind.   
  
You're probably wondering why I don't just "get up and leave"... Well, despite no longer paying for my academic expenses, the parents still pay for my dad to day expenses such as gas and clothes.   
  
Why don't I have a job?   
  
\* I have a very prestigious internship, but unfortunalty it's unpaid. Still, you'd be a fool to turn this internship down. I need this for my future.   
\* Even with a summer job, I wouldn't be able to afford to move out  
  
Do my parents act like this with my younger siblings? No  
  
So reddit, are my parents just controlling and strict, or am I being abused? I know there are tons of people in similar situations who are wondering the same thing.   
  
What can we do? Do we just have to wait it out until we graduate and can financially support ourselves? Trust me, as soon as I'm self-sufficient, my parents will be getting a big "fuck you" followed by me ceasing all connections with them for a very long time.   
  
EDIT: Yes, I did make this account to ask this question. How was this username not taken?!  
EDIT: Dropping out of school is NOT an option

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/eyp5k/i_just_got_my_first_semester_college_grades_and_i/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I just got my first semester college   
  
grades, and I failed a class - how can I   
  
convince my mom I'm still worth the   
  
money it costs?

So here's the scoop - and I apologize if it seems long and rambling, there are a lot of things I'd like to try and fit into this, and it's difficult to arrange them all. I just finished my first semester at a liberal arts college in the pacific northwest. I got my grades a few days ago, and it turns out I failed my calculus class (I'm a politics and government major). I know I got at least a C in the class itself, but my professor had a clause in her syllabus that stated "if you do not perform up to standards on the final exam, I reserve the right to fail you." Well...the final ended up focusing mainly on all the things I didn't study for/had a hard time with, and I did really bad on it, thus failing the class. In my other classes I got two A minuses and a B plus, so my GPA ended up being a 2.7 for the semester.   
  
  
  
 Now, going to a private liberal arts college is expensive. I get a LOT of financial aid (merit and need based), but given that tuition is 50 grand, we end up still having to pay roughly 18 grand of it - which, given that my dad is unemployed, my mom works a blue collar job, and we're also paying for my older sister to finish school (at a REALLY expensive university, way more than mine) is kind of a lot. I've done all the research and I meet all of the requirements to keep all of my financial aid, merit and need based - that is, that I need to have a 2.5 and complete at least 3/4 of my classes. This guarantees that I can still attend in good standing and for the same cost as before. Our university also has a take-over policy, which allows me to take the class again at any point in my college career and have the new grade replace the old one. Taking all this into account, my failing this class can be remedied without any extra cost to my mother - paying for four years with this on my record will cost exactly the same if it hadn't happened, and the grade can be done away with. I can fix it all without any harm.   
  
  
  
 Here lies the problem, however. My mom already seems to consider sending me to a liberal arts college to be a waste - she constantly questions my choices of classes, stating that they sound too easy and unguided, and I should be taking 200 and 300 level classes to fulfill my core requirements AND be taking 200 and 300 level classes for my major (in my first year of college). I've explained to her countless times that the reason I'm taking classes in various areas is due to core requirements as set forth by my university, that 200 level classes are difficult to get into due to freshmen quotas (3 per 200 level), that 300 level classes don't go towards core requirements, and that university policy states that if I take any upper level class in a specific field of study, then I cannot take any preceding classes for credit. The reason my classes (for instance, "postpunk music", my freshman 2nd semester seminar) are so "easy" sounding is because I go to a liberal arts school. To name a few other options: "buddhism and beats", "the economics of coffee", "life, death, and meaning", "evil", and "Japanese aesthetics". Now, I think all of this makes a lot of sense. But my mom still comments how she thinks it'd be better to just send me to the local state university and save herself the money. I disagree with this for a number of reasons - first, the local university is terrible. 100 and 200 level classes are taught by TAs who can't speak english, most professors don't care, the classes are laughable in difficulty, it takes five years to graduate if you're lucky (meaning you take summer school every year), and they don't even have my intended major of choice (political theory, that is). It's cheaper, sure, but the quality of education is so vastly different I think it's worth it in the long run.  
  
  
  
 I try not to have a sense of entitlement, and I'm thankful for how hard my parents work, but I feel it would be unfair to pay over 20 grand for four years to send my older sister to a private university and then decide that I'm not worth it despite the fact that I've shown I can do the work, AND she graduates next semester, freeing up a lot of money. I'm also trying hard to bring down the costs - applying to be an RA to save on housing costs, and applying for numerous outside scholarships. Anyways, the big question here is how do I convince her that 1. I should still continue to attend my university of choice despite my bad grade in calculus, and 2. that my university of choice is worth the money we pay.  
  
  
  
  
  
tl;dr - I failed calculus due to a bad grade on the final and I can make it up with no extra cost and replace the bad grade, and I still have maintained all my scholarships - but first I need to convince my mom that it's still worth it to send me to this school.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/5syozo/i_dont_even_know_if_i_can_pursue_being_a_doctor/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I don't even know if I can pursue being a Doctor anymore.

Let me start off by saying, I love college, I really do, but I've been feeling down in the dumps and I don't know where else to post this, let's start at the beginning. I went to a state university in NYC with a Biology Major and hoped to be a M.D. I had a part time job as a busboy/expeditor and found success early on, I was able to shift into college mindset pretty quickly, the only real problem was when I got hit by a car walking out of campus (broken humerus, dislocation, and tears in my ligaments), Thankfully, my broken arm didn't deter my studies and I received a 3.5 GPA. I was ecstatic, I applied myself and got a GPA I wanted and my general shit confidence was able to go up a bit. My second semester was identical to the first(replace job with physical therapy for aforementioned wound), It was my first "challenge", I took Bio I, Calc I, and Chem II as my main courses(I believe I had 2 others, but they were ultimately insignificant), I got a 3.5 GPA again, and even started working in a research lab as a freshman where I worked under an amazing graduate student who taught me many neuroscience techniques, I loved it so much that the Summer between Freshman Year and Sophomore year I went 8 hours a day(typical work schedule) during weekdays to work. By the time I reached Sophomore Year, I had my first taste of Upper level classes, I ended up taking only 3 sciences(It was really the only thing I could take, it was Physics I,Orgo I, and Gen Bio II), and had my research formally added as a class for elective credits. I managed, yet again, a 3.5 GPA(A in Bio, C+ in orgo, and B+ in physics I), my orgo grade disappointed me but I believed I could apply myself even more-so, I had many connections and friends in my old university, and carefully planned out my next 5 semesters into(hopefully) Medical School. Then it all came crashing down. My parents got interested in a house in North Jersey, it was nice, bigger than our old one, but it is obviously a big commitment and came with a lot of problems, and mortgage was higher. Without going into detail, we worked with a family friend so my dad would change jobs, and help him with owning restaurants, and we found out about the move in November of my first sophomore semester (the orgo semester), It was too late to transfer to another college, so I told myself I would take a semester off, it would be easy I thought, I can study orgo, study for the MCAT earlier, and be productive, nothing happened. Being away from all my friends, not doing any work at all drove me insane. This house of mine became a prison(didn't help I couldn't find a job from Jan-Mar), I eventually got a job at Dunkin' Donuts(it was miserable there too, it also negatively affected my back, more on that below), I eventually applied to a university nearby my house and got in with a transfer scholarship, I was very happy, I finally felt like my life was back on track after so long, I was thirsty for knowledge and ready to tackle the obstacles ahead of me, I went ahead and registered for Orgo II, Cell Biology, Japanese I(needed a language a this college, and I always liked the language), and a History class. I started off strong in my classes, and even though i stumbled from being rusty, and unfamiliar with concepts, and I had my overall worst semester(this is fall of last year), I got a B in Cell Biology, a C in Orgo II, an A- in history, and an A in Japanese, It made me sad, for two reasons, 1) It's not good enough for Medical School, and 2) A professor I wanted to work(also my advisor) said that it'd be in my best interests not to start research again until my GPA is a 3.5 or higher(which makes sense), so it hit me hard, especially my self-esteem, which was already pretty low from my depression after moving. I told myself I was ready for next semester, I re-evaluated my study habits over winter, took only 1 Science class, and filled the rest with my gen-ed requirements. My current semester is now Japanese II, Genetics, Mathematical Models, Understanding Japanese Popular Culture, and another history class, it was supposed to be a "rise of the ashes of sorts", but I didn't pay attention to my familial situation. My father ended up getting a restaurant of his own in October of last year, I was oblivious to what was happening since I assumed he was fine, he watched how to do the job for about half a year after all, but the restaurant was not taken care of by the old owner, my father has been trying hard to bring it back, but his hopes are too high at the moment. He isn't happy, and he takes it out on others, condescending comments are always thrown my way(from my mother too), he asks me to work on less than 24 hour notice after college(ruining my plans for studying, etc.) and making me fall behind on my coursework, and since I now have chronic back pain(which work makes worse) I can't work out and I've been gaining weight, lowering my self-esteem(and receiving more condescending comments from parents), so basically, I am now working way too much(this week alone is going to be over 40), have crippling physical health issues(I don't even have time to schedule an appointment for my back), and bad mental health(from my shattered confidence, self-loathing, and not being able to succeed in college), and from all these effecting my schoolwork( the only thing I was ever good at), I now have nothing, I just want to vent, I just want advice, I want to know how to cope with having your dreams shattered in front of your eyes over circumstances you can't control, ultimately, I just want to be myself again.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/l4xvv/reddit_i_would_really_appreciate_some_advice/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I would really appreciate some advice.

So, I really love my brother, but at the same time I really hate him. I hate everything about him. He's selfish, he's immature and he's very very self centered. My family has been a pretty average European middle class family. We live in a good neighborhood, and my brother and I have been going to a very middle classy high school, with a lot of variety of people, majority good. My parents have been such good parents it's extraordinary.  
  
As my parents both grew up in a strict developing (then) country they've been relatively strict on both me and my brother, but still we have been granted enough freedom to be able to go out every weekend and afford certain small luxuries. We've both been educated well but a few years ago my brother had entered his rebellious age. It stared off with coming home later than curfew, but when he was about 15 he started drinking and sneaking out almost every night. I found out he became a smoker when he was around the age of 11 or 12.   
  
Anyway, at about fifteen and sixteen, the normal rebellious ages for many teens, he also started getting into very intense arguments with my parents. My parents trying to lead him towards a good path but he kept resisting. He started to fail in school, which was strange because he was very very intelligent. At about sixteen, he ran away from home about twice or three times after big arguments with parents. I remember I was home one time when he returned to pick up some of his clothing and my mother tried to get him to stop and talk to her about what was going on, why he was feeling so angry. She wouldn't let him go outside but my brother took his soccer boots and began hitting her on the head so my mother let go.   
  
After a few days he came back home and we talked it out and everything was fine, but he still began on doing these things. He would drink until he couldn't hold in any more, he smoked like a chimney and started doing drugs pretty regularly. Not very hard drugs but weed and E were the main. One day I came home from school and my mother asks me if I know where the missing money is. Apparently we had a stash of foreign money hidden and a good 400 euros went missing. Me and my brother had no idea what the hell happened to it. A few months later my mother finds that there was more money missing on a card which has rent money put on it every month from one of our apartments but we never use it as it was for holidays. She realizes that the only other person apart from her and my dad who knew the pin code was my brother. They sit him down and he confesses to taking the money after my parents told him they would not be angry. It turns out my brother had stolen more than $2000 dollars from them. My 16 year old brother stole money from my parents to be able to buy food drugs alcohol and cigarettes. He promises to pay them back but three years later he still hasn't returned a single cent to them. Ever since he has become more and more bitter towards my parents.   
   
He failed and didn't graduate high school and so he has to do a foundation course to get into university. Every day he comes home stoned and never ever does anything to contribute to our family. When my parents leave for a short well deserved vacation my brother throws parties, snorts powder, smokes weed and has many friends over. I feel sick and disgusted and unsafe in my own home and I hate it. The truth was, I have been influenced by my brother to be more rebellious than I would have been if I was a single child, but never in a million years have I not returned home for few days straight because I was on drinking and drug binges or ever stolen anything. The worst I have ever done was probably coming home at four in the morning drunk instead of 12. He is now almost twenty, and I am almost 18. My brother had a job working at a supermarket but he got fired because he was caught pocketing money. He also got arrested. He is been getting worse. He hates my parents and I have to live caught in between them because I try to cover up for my brother while at the same time I try to understand him and make him realize that what he is doing is wrong. I see how incredibly hurt my parents are whenever he does these things. He is extremely lazy, and not once has he cared or put us in front of him. It was always me me me. He is still living at home because he could never sustain him self if he were to move out. My parents have tried but they them self think that if he were to leave he would soon ind him self on the streets. My brother is rarely home, but when he is we end up fighting because he never does anything around the house. He is basically a nuisance. He comes home, begs my parents for money, eats and leaves again. He started receiving money from the government to help him with his studies at school. He gets 160 dollars a month to spend on what ever he needs that is school related but he still has the decency to scream "cheap bitch" in my mum's face when she only gives him a few dollars to catch the bus to university. I have tried so many things and we've all tried talking to him, but he simply doesn't care. I never knew it was possible to hate and love someone so much.  
  
TD;LR My brother is selfish and arrogant,he hurts my parents, steals from them, gets drunk or high almost everyday and he has no future. He can't maintain him self but he won't listen to us when we try to help him.   
  
I don't know what to do.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/xlqox9/advice_for_game_dev_majors/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: advice for game dev majors?

i’m a freshman in UT Austin, enrolled in a program called AET (stands for Arts and Entertainment Technologies), and it’s marketed as very flexible major depending on the career path you want to go on. the classes range from music and sound design to animation to computer science to game development. this all sounded great, because my dream is to be able to make my own indie game, and while i can take classes to help me with that i can also learn programming and how to make soundtracks so i’m not just experienced in animation, and be able to do a lot of things on my own.  
  
i knew that it was a new major and that it began in 2017, so i was prepared for some level of disorganization as i’m sure the professors and admin still needed to figure out the classes. only being 5 weeks in, i can already tell that “disorganized” is a huge understatement when describing AET.  
  
i went to the UT Austin subreddit to ask about the experiences of others in the major, because i was feeling really underwhelmed by my 4th week and so far the only thing they were teaching us was “mindfulness” and “interactivity”, which sounds interesting but then you start to question what this has to do with game design/animation/etc and ask the professors (i have 3 professors in my introduction to AET and 2 in my design class, and then there’s at least 3 TAs in each), and they respond with “it’ll make sense later”, it puts a lot of doubt on the ability of these professors to actually teach you something helpful. at one point they had us bring in household items and then told us to make something out of them, at the end they told us the point of the exercise was to recreate what it was like for us in preschool/elementary school where our minds were more creative.  
  
i'm not trying to say that what they're teaching is bad, i think doing exercises like that is calming, but it's not something i want to be doing in a class i'm paying $1,000+ for, and instead could be learning something that would be useful for our careers.  
  
essentially, the admin and professors have really no idea what they're doing. according to many other posts in the UT Austin subreddit basically exposing the AET experience, every single year it's been like this, no matter what year you're in. and now it seems that admin is pushing all of the classes towards game development and "interactivity" (i had to ask some upper classmen in the major what that meant, and apparently now the admin want to add focus to VR and potentially theme parks). this leaves everyone who started the major for the multiple different paths that were advertised that weren't game development being forced into something that won't help them in the future. on the outside, it sounds like that wouldn't affect me and others who are going down that path, but like i said before, even the game dev classes don't have any focus or goal.  
  
i don't want to blame anyone, i'm trying to understand that this is a new major, and that the admin is still figuring out which direction they want it to go in. but it's leaving all of us confused since they can't give us solid reasoning and lesson plans, and end up throwing away a bunch of classes and adding new ones that no one asked for.   
  
the lack of passion from the professors is really getting to me. seeing them have no idea what they're supposed to be teaching isn't giving me motivation to continue, and it's even started to influence my performance in my other classes because i haven't been able to take any of them seriously. the whole reason i'm at this college is for a major that apparently doesn't have any structure, and if i'm not learning anything from it, it makes me question what's the point of trying to learn from my other classes if i'm not even there for them in the first place?  
  
i kept holding onto hope and looked into game development as a major in general, and apparently it's a scam. a lot of indie game developers (from what i've seen) have warned students of majoring in game dev because of the way it teaches students. to sum up the big reasons: you waste your money to learn half of the whole process in 4 years instead of spending 2 years to learn how to make an entire video game, it doesn't prepare you for the industry at all and ends up leaving fresh graduates overwhelmed when they get into Nintendo or Riot because they learned how to be decent at too many things instead of being really good at a specific skill.  
  
at this point, i was already spiraling, and after learning how the thing i was majoring in barely helps in the career path i want to go in would lead to me being in debt and with no idea what to do, made me withdraw for almost a week (still recovering from it currently), a pattern similar to many times in school.  
  
near the end of high school, i got diagnosed with ADHD and autism because i noticed that i had been doing a lot worse in my classes. my diagnosis helped me realize that teaching myself everything wasn't normal due to the fact that i couldn't pay attention, and in the rare chance that i could i wouldn't understand anything the teacher was saying. people say that learning how to be independent in your studies in a good skill, but for me it's enforced a mindset that school just isn't for me.  
  
a lot of people drop out because it can be very overwhelming to be learning so many things at the same time, it's hard to balance getting the hang of adulthood with a social life, and managing a job, and going to school and having to learn advanced concepts you've never heard of. hearing peoples' stories of this make me feel like i'm having the exact opposite problem where it's actually underwhelming, and i feel like i could be doing something more impactful on my life.  
  
i'm personally doing pretty okay with the problems i've just listed out. i've never had much of a social life, and i'm okay with that because for me, being around too many people is something that is extremely overwhelming for me, and i've had a lot of public meltdowns that i have since learned to avoid by simply being comfortable in my own space and drawing or playing video games. most of my friends i've made from just working at starbucks, and my best friend of all time i met online when i was first starting my art account. i've been working since i was 16, and have experience in customer service because of my time working at barnes &amp; noble and now (as mentioned previously) starbucks, where i'm getting much better pay and a lot of benefits including free therapy. and like i said before, i've been able to earn a decent amount of money from social media by selling my art. i have almost 50k on tiktok, where my niche is that i make tarot decks inspired by my favorite games. my first deck was an Animal Crossing themed one, and i'm currently making a deck for my all time favorite game: Hollow Knight.  
  
My only problem is school. i'm not learning anything from it, and i know it's not me having trouble with the content, it's because of all the problems i just told you about.  
  
I've been able to learn more about how to make a game in Unity from just this past week of watching YouTube tutorials, compared to the 5 weeks i've spent in my actual game development class, where all we've learned about Unity is how to move a circle around and interact with squares.  
  
i know having a degree is important for 90% of careers, but you don't need a degree for game development or animation to get hired by the big companies. the thing that makes you actually stand out is your portfolio. obviously, the best option is a degree and a good portfolio, as it is rare to be hired solely based on the latter, but i'm sure you would have a better chance of being hired based on a well-developed portfolio where it shows that you have a focus, compared to a degree where all you have to show is a general idea of a bunch of different things, but no real skills in something specific.  
  
the best analogy i've heard is that you would rather have just a hammer that's sturdy and well made, than have a hammer from a hardware kit with many other tools that's not as good. sure, that kit has a bunch of things you could use in the future, but you're probably not going to use them, and if you do need a specific piece of hardware, then you'd just go out and buy a well made and sturdy version of that.  
  
but you can basically forget that whole paragraph because i'm not even planning on going into the big industries. when you make an indie game, you don't need to show yourself that you have a degree and know how to draw, because you know that you know how to draw. marketing is more difficult outside of the big companies, but if you already have your own platform that people know, you can still get some amount of attention, all on your own. i know my platform's not very big, but games take a very long time to make and i'm sure that my account can grow by the time a game that i could make is finished.  
  
i think the only reason i haven't dropped out yet is because everyone i've talked to about this, even after explaining my situation, basically says something along the lines of "dropping out is bad". and maybe they're right, but right now my gut is telling me that nothing good is going to come out of me staying here.  
  
i should clarify: i don't mean drop out immediately once i'm sure i've gotten a green light. i'm going to stay till the ends of the semester because i already paid, and i feel bad wasting $6k, and also i still have just the smallest amount of hope that something could happen that will change my mind. emphasis on small, because i really don't think it's going to happen.  
  
if you got this far, i appreciate you taking the time out of your day to read this, and i would love to hear your advice because i'm actually freaking out.  
  
  
  
  
way TL;DR: i'm in a really shitty game dev program that i'm thinking of dropping out of because if i graduate from it, will have learned in 4 years maybe half of what i could learn in 2 of teaching myself. i have been able to make money on my own by growing my art platform on social media and working at starbucks. i'm already in the process of making my own game, i've have everything planned out and have been learning the basics of unity from tutorials online. dropping out and being on my own means i'll have more time to work at the cafe and sell my art online to earn an income while i work on my game, all without the crushing fear of debt.  
  
  
P.S. before you suggest i just switch majors instead of fully dropping out, i've checked and i haven't found any majors that would suit me, but also like i was thinking of before, school probably just isn't for me.  
  
P.S.S. if i do end up dropping out next semester, and later in life come to realize that actually i would like to go back to school, i think that would be better than having the crisis that i'm having right now for the next 4 years and then later in life realizing that i wasted a bunch of money and actually need to figure out what to do with my life or go back to school or something.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/k3igaa/please_dont_go_to_university_if_you_cant_afford_it/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: PLEASE DON'T GO TO UNIVERSITY (If you can't afford it)

\*\*FIRST OFF:\*\* This is not a post telling people to not go to universities, please read the post. This post isn't geared at someone who's got the full ride to their dream college, so if thats you, this post likely isn't very relevant.   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
\*\*I know now a day there is a stigma that going straight to university after college is the right thing to do if you want to be successful and get a good job, and I want to say that its simply not true at all.\*\*   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
4 years ago I was in a position like many of you are right now finishing high school and not having a lot of guidance or idea of what I really wanted or what I really needed other than the fact my mother told me "You can go to college and live at home, or you can not go to college and get kicked out, it's up to you."   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
That said I was no more than a 2.7GPA in high school and a 2.99GPA finishing off college so I am by no means a top of my class student in any realm, in fact I think that puts me basically at the bottom, basically a C average student at best, even though I felt I really tried (attending multiple hours of after school tutoring sessions, etc.. nothing really clicked), I scored an 18 on my ACT (well below the a good score) and was told to basically stay away from anything STEM related. So I can say with confidence that there are people in a lot better situations (and those in less than or equal to as well) in terms of finances, scholarships, and college advice, and I want to hopefully even help just ONE person with this post.   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
This post isn't geared at someone who's got the full ride to their dream college, its geared towards someone who doesn't know what they want to do with their life, or even someone who just cannot outright afford university whether it be because their family isn't contributing or they don't get any financial aid, or they don't have any scholarships in general. \*\*These are all very real scenarios that the majority of people run into all the time, and it can be crippling to your future if not handled correctly.\*\*   
  
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I want to provide some resources and advise for anyone who is considering taking college loans out SHOULD at least consider and review.   
  
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\*\*- People who still have have 1+ years of high school\*\*  
  
\*\*PLEASE\*\* consider dual enrollment classes, a lot of high schools are offering them now a day, I was able to graduate high school with 47 college credits by simply doing college courses over high school courses (and believe it or not I found them much easier to do, I attended a free "college prep" "private" high school) and found my classes extremely challenging, so instead I started taking most of my classes at community college through my high school for literally 10$/credit. I realize not all high schools have this option, but if you do, PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE take advantage of it. This is an easy and cheap way to get general electives out of the way for college, and finishing high school at the same time, and it quite literally made high school easier for me.   
  
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\*\*- People who don't know what they want to major in\*\*  
  
This happens ALL THE TIME, people have no idea what they want to do, so they just attend a university as undeclared or as some random major that they end up switching 5 times in two years, if this is you, GO TO COMMUNITY COLLEGE, because all you're going to be doing is general electives and classes at your full university for 5x the price. You can do all of this, at community college, probably live at home, work a part time job, and really think about what you want to do before making any major decisions. It truly makes sense.   
  
(\*\*THE ABOVE ADVICE WORKS THE SAME WAY FOR PEOPLE WHO KNOW WHAT THEY WANT TO MAJOR IN, YOU'RE JUST GOING TO BE DOING GENERAL ELECTIVES FOR THE MOST PART OF YOUR FIRST TWO YEARS OF UNIVERSITY, JUST DO THEM AT COMMUNITY COLLEGE)\*\*  
  
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\*\*- DON'T FEEL PRESSURED INTO GOING TO UNIVERSITY\*\*  
  
I have seen this so many times people feel absolutely left out that all their friends are leaving for some university, and they don't want to be the odd man out who doesn't end up going. DON'T let your emotions get the best of you, this isn't about your friends, or your high school reputation (that no one cares about) this is about you and your financial future, don't get confused why you're going to college.   
  
Don't get yourself in debt for the sake of feelings, don't worry about anyone else but yourself. Odds are you're not going to know anyone that you went to high school with 3 months after you start college.   
  
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\*\*- Don't go to community college or university: TRADE SCHOOL\*\*  
  
For some people they feel as though they have no other option, this is simply untrue, trade schools exist for a reason, they're cheap and teach you a skill that can be used in the real world. I was on the fence on going to college simply because I absolutely did NOT like school, and my grades really showed that, but I did have a passion for the subject that I wanted to learn so I decided i'd like it better than the other options for trade school. But trade schools are by no means a bad thing at all. They exist for a reason. If you're going to go to college and get a learn a bunch of stuff that you don't like, you might as well just go learn a trade that you don't like for a fraction of the price and end up without crippling debt and a job!   
  
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\*\*- RESEARCH YOUR JOB PROSPECTS\*\*  
  
While college and higher education is there to continue your studies on a defined topic of your choice, if you're going into it with no money you MUST look at your job prospects, though I hate to say that you shouldn't go to college with the sole purpose of getting a fancy job, you should at least consider the opportunities you have after college in your field once you finish college.   
  
Unfortunately we're at a place where we have to treat college as an investment rather than a place to go learn regardless of the outcome, if you have all the money in the world and want to go study some weird obscure topic that has zero job possibility, thats totally fine. But this post is geared towards those who must treat college as an investment and NOT a luxury.   
  
High education will always be there, you can always go back, but you can't ever undo your college debt once you've signed for it.   
  
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\*\*- DO. THE. MATH. LOOK AT ALL YOUR OPTIONS FOR YOUR UNIVERSITIES AND YOUR OPTIONS\*\*  
  
CONSIDER all your options in every university you can, look at all the data. Everyone wants to go to the school with the best program so they can get the best education, but the reality of the situation is, its not at all feasible. Unless you're getting financial aid and scholarships, its best just to choose the cheapest option, seriously. What you put into your education is what you'll get out of it.  
  
We're at a time where we have everything available to us with a single google search. If you want to get the education of an MIT computer science student, you can do that, most of their lectures are posted on YouTube for FREE. THATS A FREE MIT EDUCATION, apply that with your normal classes at your University and you'll be a rockstar. Most companies want COMPETENT employees not fancy degrees. If you can prove your competencies and expertise on a subject in a job interview while someone with a harvard law degree cannot, they'll choose you any day of the week.   
  
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\*\*- REMEMBER WHY YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE\*\*  
  
SO MANY COLLEGES offer all these fancy dorms, gyms, campus coffee bars, etc. It looks awesome, living the american dream! But YOU WILL PAY FOR IT. That stuff doesn't come cheap and schools pass that cost right down to you. Don't fall victim to it, go to school for your education, not the fancy features that they give you.   
  
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 As someone who finished school with $20,000 in student loans, there are people who come out with 10x that who will never pay it off, people who will live pay check to pay check for the rest of their lives, don't do that to yourself.   
  
Be smart, be objective, do your own research. Don't feel pressured, don't be persuaded, do whats best for YOU.   
  
I know its hard when you're young and you don't think it'll be that big of a deal, and you'll be able to handle it. Even if that is the case, don't put yourself through that stress, its seriously unhealthy.   
  
No ones going to spoon feed you this information if they haven't already. You have to be ready to make your own decisions that'll affect you for the rest of your life. Do the research that it requires.  
  
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I hope this helped someone.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/9awdir/a_collection_of_college_epiphanies/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: A Collection Of College Epiphanies

Hi everyone. I wanted to go through some of some of my hard-earned lessons in college that I wish I had known going in. These were mostly gained by having a bad experience, reflecting on it, and then trying not to have that bad experience twice. I think it’s important to reflect on the important experiences we have, good or bad, and decide what to do with what they taught us. Then later on you can use that knowledge to help others too!  
  
# Teachers can make you dumber  
  
It’s not that you can just get bad teachers, you can get teachers that actually leave you knowing less than before. One example I had was a particular professor who explained things… wrong. If not wrong, just badly. He would either leave out details resulting in a leap of logic, or give you incorrect information.  
  
He once spent 2 class periods lecturing over something he didn’t understand, and ultimately got wrong. The only way I know is because one of my friends emailed him to ask if he knew, and he admitted that he had messed it up. Another time he explained something I already knew and somehow confused me.  
  
The key is to try and find every teacher on [ratemyprofessor](http://www.ratemyprofessors.com/) before you sign up. Worst case, if you can’t avoid the teacher, you’ll just have to teach yourself the material alongside the class to avoid falling behind people who \*didn’t\* have that teacher.  
  
# Not every class is worth attending  
  
I hate to say this one since classes are expensive, but it’s true. For one of my required credits, only one of the times worked for my schedule, so I had no choice but to keep it.  
  
This was the class format: every day was study guide review day. She emailed the study guide for test 1 on day 1, and then went over it (and it alone) until the actual test. Upon completing test 1, she emailed the test 2 study guide…  
  
It was better just to stay home and ready the study guide. They weren’t even that big, so you could just not do anything until a few days before.  
  
# There are a lot of bad textbooks  
  
For my major, there were a fair number of classes that required textbooks, but did not end up using them for their problem sets - just the material they covered. Because of this, you could just not buy them and find a better resource.  
  
Solution? Never buy books before classes start unless you have a reason to. If you find yourself in the situation I described above, you can look around and find reviews for the book. If people say stuff like “explanations are hard to follow”, “diagrams are all blurry and hard to read”, “\\*X\\* book is better”, then you know what to do.  
  
# College bookstores are expensive  
  
I can’t tell you how many times the college campus was selling books at ripoff prices. Consider  
  
\* Buying from somewhere else  
\* Renting ebook version  
  
At the very least, mark down all the college prices and search other vendors that have the same book before you buy. This way you know if they’re trying to rip you off or not.  
  
# There are a lot of messed up weighted grading schemes  
  
Always check and double check your syllabus to see how much things are worth. I once had a class where me and my group of friends spent enormous amounts of time on the often lengthy and very confusing homeworks. We would try to get everything to be as correct as possible only to lose points here and there anyway.  
  
How much were they ALL worth in total? 20%. The other 80% were tests that came directly from content in his slides/lecture notes. The point was, we could have spent most of our time practicing the material in his notes, almost no time on the lengthy homeworks, and had a much easier time.  
  
# Group projects are scary  
  
This is especially true when you’re new in college and don’t have many friends and the professor lets you pick your group.  
  
My first semester of college, our final project had to be done in groups. Not knowing many people, I asked two others who sat near me if they wanted to partner up.  
  
This didn’t go well. One of them didn’t actually know any of the material and the other turned out to be a potential danger to himself and others which I found out later. I looked him up on Facebook to find that he only had 1 friend and constantly posted very suspicious things. Luckily nothing happened during the project, but I really hope he sought help.  
  
# Group projects are awesome  
  
The opposite is also true if you manage to find some people who have the same outlook on school as you. My last few semesters of college were spent working with people who liked to put about the same amount of effort in as I did, so all of our group work went smoothly. We got along great too, so it was constant fun. I’ll remember those as being my best moments in college no doubt.  
  
\*\*Lots of people are looking for new friends until the bitter end\*\*  
  
It was always hard talking to other people, even to ask if they wanted to form a study group. This actually got worse towards my last few semesters when I mistakenly figured that everyone already had an established group of friends for their classes.  
  
To my surprise, there were always people in my same boat. Oftentimes going up and asking if they wanted to work together to pass the class would be met with \*“YES!!!!! I mean cool, sure.”\* types of answers.  
  
So talk to your neighbor. Like, tomorrow seriously. Especially if you don’t see them talking to other people before/after class.  
  
# Too many people rush everywhere and miss a lot  
  
I used to be really bad at this. I’d show up right on time, if not a little late. Once class was out I was gone within 5 seconds and off to my next one, even if it was close by. When my last class ended I would take the quickest route to my car to leave.  
  
It’s surprising how lonely this can make you. Aside from joining clubs or other organizations, simply sticking around as long as you can sometimes makes it easier to meet people. After classes are done, consider going to the dining halls to read or do homework, but try not to look closed off. You’ll run into a lot more people and campus activities this way.  
  
# Internships are great  
  
You don’t need to worry about having one right away, but look into them even if your program doesn’t mention them. They are a good way to gain real-world experience before you leave and they make it easier to find a job after you graduate.  
  
One of my friends was having some trouble with his job search after graduation. Then he remembered that he had interned at one of the local companies a few years back. He called up someone he still had contact info for, they set up an interview, and he got hired really fast afterwards.  
  
# Community colleges can help even if you’re enrolled in a larger University  
  
The University classes were always expensive, the campus intimidating and the parking situation horrendous.  
  
But they also had a set of pre-approved credits that could be done at the local CC and moved over. These classes were comparatively inexpensive, the application process was laid-back (some offer Guest status if you just plan on taking a couple credits), and it is often easy to get the parking figured out.  
  
I wish I had taken more credits at a CC and transferred them.  
  
# Your campus might be mental-health-aware  
  
For whatever reason, I had no idea that my campus offered free counseling services for students who were having a hard time. For the first 2 years I had no idea, but then one of my friends told me he had gone to a couple sessions when he was in really bad shape mentally. They charged him nothing and he felt better.  
  
Look into it if you haven’t.  
  
# Talk to your professors  
  
I really regret this. For my first couple of years, I liked to solve all my own problems with a combination of books and online resources, or even people I knew that had a better understanding than me. While this was all great, there was one thing I rarely ever did: talk to the professor. Even the ones I liked!  
  
Well, fast forward a few years. I met some new people, and they had been much more adamant about getting to know their professors. One thing lead to another and they found themselves working with that teacher on one of their personal research ventures. Another friend even ended up being part of their professor’s startup company! They formed friendships that transcended the classroom.  
  
There is so much more to be gained than just going to their lectures.  
  
# Pay attention to any “food shops” on campus  
  
So there was one particular food shop on my school’s campus that, on the outside at least, looked like a condensed version of a Market Walmart. They had pre-packaged food, drinks and microwaves.  
  
But it had more than just food and drink. In the back they sold a host of common medications (advil, tylenol, anti-allergy), as well as other health-related products for both men and women.  
  
Check and see if your campus has the same thing. Chances are you might not have to make a pitstop at Walgreens after all.  
  
# Sleep is better than coffee  
  
I used to average 2-4 hours per night and then drink coffee all day to stay awake. Sure, I got a lot of extra hours to work, but at what cost?! I felt awful every single day, and I would sleep 15 hours a day during weekends to catch up so I had very little time to do much outside of school.  
  
The trick is to do more with less. Less hours awake, but more productive ones. The rest are spent sleeping.  
  
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Good luck everyone

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qfnie/how_do_i_deal_with_my_room_mate_for_the_rest_of/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How do I deal with my room mate for the rest of the semester?

I'm in the second semester of my freshmen year. I live in a traditional style hall, meaning I live in a dorm room with one other girl. This girl is slowly driving me crazy. I'm going to warn you right now that this is going to get long, I'm terrible at being concise. I will try to bold important points or sum things up accordingly. \*TL;DR at the end because I know how difficult it can be to read so much.\*  
  
\*\*EDIT: You guys gave me the response I was expecting. I was hoping someone would go above and beyond and actually help. Go back to circle jerking and have a nice day if you aren't willing to help. Yes its long. Sorry...\*\*  
  
\*\*We were random room mates. I thought she was really nice at first, everyone liked her and she was super agreeable.\*\*   
  
After a few weeks I got to see how quirky and weird she is. I'm weird, too. No big deal, right? Wrong. Totally wrong. \*\*This isn't the good kind of weird, its the I'm going to make you really uncomfortable and overstep every boundary you made with me and act crazy as fuck weird. On multiple occasions I talked with her about things that made me uncomfortable and she continuously overstepped those boundaries. After living with her I learned how fake she was, how judgmental and horrible she was. The problem? My boyfriend and I are the only people who know it. Everyone loves her, including our RA.\*\*   
  
Lets start with last semester. We were pretty good friends, or so I thought. \*\*She continuously disrespected me and my boundaries.\*\*   
  
We have a couple of girlfriends who would spend all their time in our room. They didn't really have that many other friends they liked hanging out with, so we were the choice pick. I enjoyed their company, for the most part, but they constantly dissed our other friends and acted like we should only spend time with them. They stayed late when I had 8AM classes, they were very disruptive when I was working on homework. I constantly had to ask them to leave. Whenever I asked them to leave, they treated me like I was a royal bitch. After a while they literally started ignoring me when I asked them to leave. This was really stressful for me. I'm a very non-confrontational person and I try to be super nice and understanding... but \*\*I was physically getting sick from sleep deprivation\*\*. I was getting severe headaches, I had to skip class because I would wake up at 7AM only to black out in the shower. It was really bad.   
  
\*\*So I confided in my room mate. She agreed that it was an issue and I asked that she made more of an effort to help enforce things with them. They never ignored her or treated her like a bitch when she asked them to leave... but she never asked them to leave. She continuously kept entertaining them and kept them over until anywhere from 1-3AM.\*\*  
  
One night near the end of the semester I ended up leaving the room crying because I just couldn't handle it anymore. You know what happened? One of my friends basically called me a bitch \*as I was leaving the room crying\*. After I calmed down I sent a text to my room mate apologizing and explaining the situation. She moved them to their room but stayed with them until 3AM, even though she pulled me aside earlier that night before I left and said that she wanted them to leave, too.  
  
At this point I had recently got a boyfriend and was spending time with his friends every once in a while. They didn't start drama or treat me like shit because I had homework to do or I wanted to sleep. It just made sense to spend time with people who were actually nice to me. \*\*That's when my friends started getting passive aggressive. We would discuss a movie and I'd mention that I had not seen it, only for them to watch it without me because apparently it was too much effort for them to send me a text or come get me.\*\*   
  
The semester ended. I talked to some of my teachers about the personal issues I was dealing with and they were kind enough to overlook a few things and give me the grades I had worked for despite my absences.   
  
\*\*I decided that this semester I was going to take things into my hands. I strictly enforced a rule where everyone had to leave the room at 11PM, including my boyfriend. I decided that if I couldn't get work done while I was in the room, I was going to leave so I could get work done elsewhere. I also decided to be fair to my room mate and friends so I told them ahead of time that I wasn't going to hang out much during the week but I would very much enjoy that we had movie nights or what have you every weekend.\*\*  
  
\*\*This is how the semester unfolded.\*\*  
  
\*\*Week 1: I follow through with everything I said I would do in the above paragraph.\*\*   
  
\*\*Week 2: I continue to follow through and I handle making the plans to hang out with my friends on both weekends and throughout the week.\*\*   
  
\*\*Week 3: I get swamped with homework and stay up until 2 AM most nights to stay on top of it. I plan a big get together for my boyfriend's birthday, invite his friends and my friends for a day out on the town as well as lunch at a local restaurant. We come back, I feed them cake and soda that I paid for with my own money and we watch the Superbowl together.\*\*   
  
\*\*Week 4: I get strep throat and I get 2-4 hours of sleep every night. I throw up my medicine. I miss a week of class. I had 3 exams that week, at this point I'm failing my classes. My boyfriend takes care of me because I don't like being a burden to other people and he's the only one I allow myself to be a burden on.\*\*  
  
\*\*Week 5: My friends are treating me like crap and being passive aggressive for no apparent reason. My room mate is being petty and talking behind my back. I confront her about it.\*\*   
  
Week 5 is where I'll pick up.   
  
First things first. Last semester my room mate didn't have class until like 3 PM most days and had no class on Friday, I had class at 9 AM and 10 AM every morning. When I woke up before her, which was every morning, I was like a freaking ninja. This semester she has class at 11:30 AM and 9 AM every morning. I have class at 10 AM and 12:40 PM. \*\*This allows me to sleep in an hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays. ~~Being the respectful room mate she is~~, she wakes up an hour before me, passive aggressively slams her dresser shut, slams the door, crushes her water bottle and makes snide comments about me sleeping in and being lazy.\*\*  
  
\*\*I had heard from a friend that my room mate had called me lazy for not taking out the trash.\*\* This is what happened: Its in our room mate agreement that she takes out that trash. I ask her all the time if she wants me to take it out and she says no. I told her I'd take it out this one time because I had puked up my medicine in it, but it was such a side comment that I thought she didn't even hear me because she never acknowledged what I had said. I planned on taking it out but I was feeling like shit and had to study for an exam I was not prepared for and inevitably ended up failing, so it took me a while to get around to it.   
  
\*\*I was pissed. I was crying. I was so tired of how she and my friends were treating me.\*\* When I talked to her about it, she brushed it off and acted like it wasn't a big deal, like she was just joking about what she had said. I told her "No, you have been treating me like crap. If you have a problem you need to talk to me, you can't just go behind my back and hurt my friendships with people." Then she said, "Well its a bigger issue than that." \*\*So I insisted that she tell me instead of talk behind my back and act so aggressively towards me. Doing so was not going to create a positive development in our friendship, it would only push me away. So she said that her and our girlfriends felt like I wasn't making an effort to hang out with them this semester. I stopped her and reminded her that talking to them (and I know how they talk, it isn't "Oh gosh, I'm concerned about imaginary\_account!" like she made it sound like, its more like "jesus, she's such a bitch. She never hangs out with us anymore. She's so lazy." etc etc) wasn't going to change anything.\*\* She needed to talk to me like we agreed in our room mate agreement.  
  
\*\*She continued to say that I was her best friend and how she realized the trash-issue was really petty and being passive aggressive wasn't okay, but she was just upset because she felt like she never had her best friend around because I was always hanging out with my boyfriend and his friends, or when I am around my boyfriend is around and she can't talk about certain things around him. This was an understandable situation and instead of arguing over how much effort I had put into hanging out with them this semester, I gave her a hug and told her I would work on it. I also mentioned that I felt it was unfair that she judged me based on 4 weeks, two weeks of which I was swamped with homework and had strep throat. In the future she needs to talk to me and she needs to make an effort to be forward about issues instead of passive aggressive.\*\*   
  
Now, I understand where she is coming from. I'm an introvert by nature and I'm not used to people caring about me and wanting to hang out with me all the time. (My mom was really strict in middle school/high school and people just stopped asking to hang out because they knew they answer was no...) I don't manage a lot of friendships at the same time very well because of this. My boyfriend and I do spend quite a bit of time together, but I normally make an effort to tell him he should spend time with his friends so I can spend time with mine. At the same time, I always invite my room mate and occasionally our girlfriends to come hang out with us and his friends. They always turn us down, or when they do they ridicule his friends or complain about them afterwards. (They're not perfect but they're nice guys.) When the girls are watching a movie or TV series I don't really like, I still make an effort to watch it with them. \*\*However, they do no reciprocate and its really annoying how they say I don't make an effort when I obviously have and they have not.\*\*   
  
\*\*So after we had this discussion, everything seemed to be better.\*\* We talked for a good hour and a half, just about everything. We had a girls day out the next day (which, I guess they weren't planning on inviting me to until then!) and everything was better for a few days.   
  
\*\*The next weekend, I asked my room mate if she and the girls would like to have a movie night and I would order some pizza. She stared at me for a second and responded, "Oh yeah, sure sure..." like she didn't want to.\*\* Thursday comes around and I ask if she'd like to go shopping with me beforehand. She responds saying that she already made plans with one of our mutual friends to go to a sports game and she didn't know how long she'd be gone. I was a little upset. \*\*Was she blowing off our plans to watch the movie? Did she even relay the message to our girlfriends like I had asked her to? The answers respectively: yes and no.\*\*   
  
She invited one of our girlfriends to the sports thing and they didn't get back until fairly late in the evening. I spent most of the evening chatting with the other girlfriend and I mentioned the movie, which apparently my room mate had never mentioned like I had requested. When they got back, the other girlfriend said to my room mate, "Oh didn't you want to watch a movie?" like it had been her idea. \*\*My room mate then made a very aggressive comment towards me saying that they couldn't because I had homework.\*\* I was just thinking, excuse you? I told them that it was my idea in the first place. I made the commitment, I wasn't going to blow them off to do homework.  
  
The next night she had a date. (\*\*Side note: My room mate is a horrible person who leads guys on and refuses to make a commitment. She knows she doesn't want to make a commitment, but she keeps flirting with my guy friends and hurting them. She has hurt many of my guy friends this way, to the point where I finally just have to tell my guy friends its a bad idea.\*\*) I spent that night hanging out with the girlfriends. She didn't get back until 5AM. \*\*I spent that entire Sunday doing homework until 2AM, because I had put it all off to make time for my girlfriends. I missed a homework assignment and wasn't able to finish a 5 page essay I had due the next day because I sacrificed so much time for them. I don't blame them at all, it was my decision. But if my room mate says I'm not making an effort...\*\*  
  
\*\*At this point, I feel like I've patched things up with the girls, sort of. My room mate keeps making plans with them, then not inviting me. I have a sneaking suspicion that the girls think I was actually invited and that I am just ditching them. Outside of my room mate, I make sure to try and hold conversations with them and hang out with them when I can. They have improved their behavior since last semester and have become much more respectful.\*\*  
  
\*\*But my room mate... she's treating me passive aggressively again. She's talking behind my back again. She's making snide comments. She keeps making plans with the girls and then doesn't invite me.\*\*  
  
I have a friend who recently went through a break up with his girlfriend of two years, and he's taken a liking to my room mate. What does my room mate do? She starts flirting with him when she thinks he's weird and creepy. \*\*She starts talking to him and she tells him I'm lazy and I don't do my homework! He brought it up to tease me but that's really crossing the line. There has been a trend of her talking to my friends independently and making rude comments about me, to the point where I feel like she's trying to separate me from some of my friends.\*\*  
  
\*\*Today I broke down and cried in front of her. I just can't handle the stress. She's stressing me out and trying to ruin my friendships, my 13 year old dog back home might be put down soon, I'm failing my classes. I only told her about my dog and the classes. You know what she said? "Oh, you just need to step it up... you need to study more and do your homework." Which was her way of telling me she thinks I'm lazy, not doing enough work. Are you kidding me?\*\*   
  
\*\*I'm taking 17 credit hours, taking Astrophysics classes (mind you its been 3 years since I've taken a math class so I'm struggling to remember everything), and I'm in the Honors program. If I fail my classes, I lose my scholarships. My family can't afford to put me through college. My mom isn't even paying for any of this, all of it is scholarships and loans that she is making me pay off after college. If I lose my scholarships, I go back home to a verbally/emotionally abusive mother. \*That is my worst nightmare\*. My room mate thinks she has the authority to judge me and say that I'm not working hard enough when I have so much at stake. Who does she think she is?\*\*  
  
I just feel like my room is so hostile with her in it. \*\*I can't do anything without being judged. I don't trust her anymore, and I know she's constantly talking behind my back. She takes out her anger on me. She's a horrible person and I don't want to deal with this anymore. I need to focus on my school work! I don't want to talk to our girlfriends about it because I feel like that's talking behind her back and at least I have some respect for her and refuse to do that. I can't talk to my RA because she's become good friends with her and the RA thinks she's the nicest person in the world and I'm almost certain she's already talked crap about me to the RA. I can't just stop spending time in my room because then she will justify treating me like crap with the fact that I'm "not making an effort". I've already tried making an effort, to the point where it was affecting my grades, but obviously it wasn't enough for her because she's back to treating me like crap. I don't want to talk with her about it because she's just going to "deny, deny, deny" and I'm really bad at articulating myself in confrontations.\*\*  
  
\*I apologize for this being so long, I hesitated to post it due to its length... I just don't know what to do. I've exhausted my resources. I've talked to my mom and boyfriend about it, but only them because I feel like talking to anyone else would be disrespectful to my room mate. They both said they think she is jealous and I either have to talk to her (where she will "deny, deny, deny") or deal with it... has anyone dealt with a similar situation? Is there anything I can do that will ease the situation? Thanks in advance.\*  
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\* \*My room mate calls me her best friend and justified treating me like crap and talking behind my back with the fact that I wasn't "making an effort" to hang out with her and the girls, even though I most definitely was. I told her I'd try harder, which I did and she is continuing to talk behind my back and treat me like crap even though I've done nothing but be respectful. She is a bad person who hurts my guy friends by flirting with them and leading them on, being two faced, being disrespectful and tries to hurt my friendships with other people. She has the RA wrapped around her finger and I don't know how to handle the situation anymore. I just want to pass my classes and finish the semester so I can get a new room mate next semester.\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/634qnr/transfer_college_success_tips/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Transfer + College Success Tips

I honestly don't regret the CC route. I have found my niche and am positive about the direction I am headed. I was not active in HS (did NHS, arts club, dance club, APs/IB english, but none of that leadership overachieving nonsense haha, had avg stats blah blah blah)  
  
  
You can apply anytime for cc but it's better to apply early asap and do orientation if you want to early reg to take all the classes you need esp if you want to do it in a specific time frame. My cc has a program with hs seniors where if you complete the early program, you get priority reg for 1 year. If you complete the Summer Advantage Program, you get 2 yrs priority reg. I work at outreach so we specialize in catering to hs.  
Depending on your major, students at cc take around 2-3 yrs to finish ge's and major prep (if stem then focus on major prep). CC is also good if undecided cuz it allows you to test the waters. You can take classes that you want to try and not worry too much about money.  
  
  
Bae Factors:  
  
-Assist.org  
  
-Counselors (multiple to get diff perspectives, make ed plan that maps out classes you’re going to take)  
  
  
-Transfer success center (they are ahmaazing): workshops, one on one appts with uni reps, uni tours, transfer fairs, help with apps and questions about the transfer process. Keep in touch with them from day 1. They have the info on transfer agreements (TAG, TAP, H2H, Special agreements with local campuses)  
  
  
-Go to the damn office hours and even talk to the professors outside of the class/office.  
  
--Get to know them and let them get to know you on a deeper level. I have met the most amazing professors during my time here. My econ prof has a PhD but he has a passion for teaching and my English prof is hands down amazing :)   
  
--You’re going to need references esp for scholarships, jobs, schools (private, grad, etc.), advice, etc.  
  
  
-SCHOLAR-FREAKING-SHIPS and FINANCIAL AID  
  
--&gt; if you have applied for fafsa, YAYYY!!! You are on your way to freee moneeehhh :D Apply every year preferably right when it opens. Honestly though, Finan Aid Office, Student Placement Office (Jobs on campus), and Scholarship Offices are keeeeyyy. Look into CC's that offer scholarships to Freshmen in the Fall. Like. HOP TO IT. We have a Buy-the-Book Scholarship cuz them textbooks be dammmm expensive.... Board of Gov's Fee Waiver is legit. BOG is across all California Comm Colleges though. It waives the unit fees, so you don't need to pay per unit.  
  
  
-Career Services  
  
--&gt; may host finan aid and job workshops, etc. They help if you are unsure about what career path you want to do and can even help with resumes and finding jobs on/off campus.  
  
-Workshops, Programs, etc.  
  
-- Stay aware of the different types of workshops that are offered. This could be bulletins, emails, classroom announcements.  
  
  
Campus Involvement  
  
I was really big on this for 1.5 years. (was zero involved first sem but got a 4.0 lol that sem) ASG (student gov), ICC (interclub council). Clubs (make your own club if you want), Honor Societies (I am prez of Phi Theta Kappa), etc. Like legit tho. I was basically everywhere. I was commisioner for ASG-went to the meetings=got to know students and faculty. I was also ICC rep spring 2016. This gets you on the email lists so you stay the first to know what events/opportunities are happening. (went to SSCCC conference this way) Conferences are also a great way to know other students and faculty from other CC's. You can find your diff fams at school. I basically know most of the faculty, staff, and students. It's good to be recognized esp for rec letters (SCHOLARSHIPS, private unis, jobs)  
  
--Networking is key. Legit all about the connections.  
  
-Outside Involvement  
  
-- Pursue what you are genuinely passionate about or relates to your major lol. I prefer the first option. Explore, learn, create. Don't just build up your resume but also build up yourself.  
  
  
-Internships are hella bae  
  
--I regret not pursuing an internship (summer or during school year) This provides invaluable xp particularily in the field you want to study. You can also use this to figure out if you like it or not  
  
--also networking opportunities  
  
  
-Honors Program  
UCI Honors to Honors Progam -- if your CC participates in this, then you get automatically into UCI CHP with 3.7 gpa and completion of H2H program. Honors Program also opens up research conferences like HTCC (Cali) where you present research at UCI (I was moderator 1st time and now presented research just yesterday lel) RESEARCH IS HIGHLY STRESSED ESP IF YOU PLAN TO TRANSFER TO A RESEARCH FOCUSED UNI/COLLEGE. You don’t have to pursue research tho so do what works for you!  
  
  
-Job (if you plan on working pt/ft) –  
I worked at Outreach Office p/t. I got hired as a student ambassador (found out about position through the emails) and then qualified to be a Student Ambassador (fanceh, huh?) I honestly LOVE my job. I get to educate students on the college process through application workshops, finan aid wrkshps, college fairs, etc. I wouldn't mind working OT. We do tours for elem, middle, hs, and others. --money and xp -what a great combo lol  
  
  
-Student Life and Leadership  
Again, they host events, workshops, etc. We have Student Leadership Institute that is in conjunction with CSUF (also accepted) where you basically get certified as a leader after completing a bunch of workshops. I did this and was on the committee the following sem.  
  
  
-Programs and Services-  
  
-Extended Opp Programs and Services  
  
-Disabled Students P&amp;S  
  
-CAMP  
  
-Veterans  
  
-more (it's late lol)  
  
-If your CC has a first-yr support center, that is GREAT  
  
-My CC offers free basic skills classes (excel, adobe, word) and even certificate programs (marketing skills, graphic design, etc) open to public.  
  
  
If you pursue the CC route, really get to know the college and what they offer. I know this might seem like a lot, but there are so many services that are offered only to benefit YOU, the student!!  
  
  
Tips:  
  
-Getting involved on campus only benefits you through exploring your likes and dislikes while figuring out who you are. Once you get involved, build up your rep and word spreads quickly and you might land yourself on some recs/offers. Even PR might like you a lot.  
  
-Business cards are hella handy.  
  
-For every hour you're in class, plan on spending at least 2-3 hrs outside of class for study/review/hw/etc if not more.  
  
-Positivity is key, at least, in my philosophy. No, seriously. Postive energy is infectious. I was an introvert when i first started, but I have found that I can be myself with limited judgement (people don't want to be mean to me lol)  
  
-Not everyone you meet is going to be your best friend. There are those select people who will stay with you your entire life. Keep them.  
  
-BE THE MOST PROACTIVE EVER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I cannot stress this enough. I was not proactive at all my first sem and missed sooo many opportunities...like scholarships... 10000000% effort and proactiveness lol  
  
-It's not possible to be everywhere and do everything without crashing. Balance is key. and tea. Tea is soothing.  
  
-You are not me and I am not you. We are all unique and have our strengths.  
  
-Getting a BA is not everyone's goal. CC's offer certificates  
  
-Do the RESEARCH. Scholarships, internships, programs, everything.  
  
-Whether you are at a uni/cc/college, your experience is what you make of it. You could go to Stanford and do nothing. It is really what you do that counts.  
  
  
Welp, I hope this helps a bit. If you have any questions, pm me. I wish you the best in your endeavors ! (gosh, that is overused so many dammm times but it's inclusive enough)  
  
  
=major hugs for you and everyone!!! &gt;w&lt;= (I respectfully apologize if you are not a huggy person...here's a =high-five= instead :D)  
  
  
Have a beautiful day/afternoon/evening!  
  
~CC

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8ufkvi/change_the_major_change_the_program_what_should_i/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Change the major??? Change the program??? What should I do?

I've been befuddled for ages if I should change my major or program and would appreciate any advice and helpful thoughts. It had always been my dream to pursue a career in the art/design field. However, in high school, I also developed an interest for health and nutrition. I ended up doing volunteering work in a hospital to get a sense of what it was like to work in a hospital setting. I've wanted to go into art/design for decades but also didn't know how I would use that medium to help people or contribute back to community/society. I thought that being a doctor would make me feel more useful? Anyway, I was sitting in the hospital one morning and had this moment when I suddenly realized that the hospital building was just as important as the doctors and staff members who were helping patients, which lead me to the field of interior design. It was almost like a bridge that combined art&amp;design and health&amp;science?  
  
I also did some volunteering work in a museum setting and fell in love with the museum environment. I mainly wanted to do exhibition and healthcare design. There's something about exhibition design that makes my heart sing. There are times when we're enter a space and we're just so astounded and captured by the surrounding that we forget our worries or problems. I really want to recreate those moments and design spaces that bring comfort to people and promote collaboration. I think our memories are one of most important things when we grow old in life. It would be amazing to create spaces that people can remember and treasure for a life time.  
  
With that said, I'm currently in my sophomore year of college and I feel a bit inadequate as a design student and artist. I'm learning everything that's being taught and my grade for the major-related classes aren't sinking like the Titanic. On paper, it makes sense to take interior design to go into exhibition design. However, internally, I feel useless and I don't think I've improved my design skills. Every assignment assigned require effort and time. I would not call the work easy but it's more of that I'm not being challenged in a way that would make me think critically or grow. When I took art classes in high school, I was introduced to conceptual thinking and there was so much more room to be creative. I also just really enjoyed the process of art making. When I'm doing interior design work, there are times when I'm inside a computer lab just working on floorplans/sections/layout for long hours. I've stared at a screen for 15+ hours straight before. If an architecture student is reading this, I probably sound like I'm complaining right now. But when you're staring at the screen for that long, you just can't help but to start questioning your life. Interior design becomes more of this muddy state between fine arts and really technical work. It's certainly important to master the tools required for any field to be successful but I find that I'm not enjoying this particular type of technical work. In fact, I start to feel like robot just pressing keys on the keyboard with a lack of creativity. It's very bland work.   
  
I also want to clarify that there is a difference between fine arts and design. There is more individualism in fine arts where as the requirements and standards have to be met in design. I enjoy painting/drawing as hobby but I don't see it as a sustainable source of income for me. I'm aware I want to pursue design and not fine arts. I'm in this place that I'm suppose to be but I don't know why I'm not completely fulfilled on the inside. I wish I was happier. I think for months, I've been trying to reject my feelings of not fully enjoying the work. The job growth for interior design is lower than some other fields but I chose it in the first place thinking it was the perfect job that would make me happy, which didn't turn out to be the case. The program I'm in is a 4 year bachelor of science in interior design and not a Bachelor of Art which has a different curriculum. The school is popular for cs/engineering major but the interior major is accredited by CIDA. Since I'm not completely fulfilled with my education, I've been debating if I should transfer to a different program or if I selected the wrong major. It's such a difficult choice because the atmosphere in the actual interior design workplace could vary from classroom setting. I may dislike some part of it now but enjoy it in the future(?) I've also completed half of my degree. My school goes by a quarter system which makes transferring out credits difficult/ maybe impossible. Moreover, a majority of my credits are art/major related which won't apply to other majors so I would have to be one or two years behind. It's totally normal to be changing majors and be unsure of what one wants to do in life. While I agree with that statement, I also believe indecisiveness comes with consequences in terms of cost and time. Should I stick with my major to avoid paying tons of debt? Is it worth it to pay tons of debt to change program for same major? Or do I sound so unhappy that I should just change major overall? Happiness is not guaranteed in any scenario. I can't say for sure that after the changes, I will be happier, which adds to the dilemma. I was hesitant to share my mid life crisis on here so thank you for reading if you've read through the whole thing. Just thought it might be helpful to hear from other design majors or people who've changed career paths/majors.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/t07lxj/need_help_with_a_friend_in_my_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Need help with a friend in my college

Hang on people. It’s about to get rough.   
  
So, I have this friend. Let’s call him “Tim”. I met him in school and we have been friends for a few years, we are both in the same music program in university. Tim doesn’t have a lot of other friends besides me. Maybe one or two, but I think friendship is something he struggles with. I’ll admit, his behaviour can be weird and childish sometimes (this could be due to a condition - I am not sure) and I can understand why other people in my cohort refuse to hangout with him and describe his presence as “annoying and uncomfortable”. I also realize this about Tim, but he’s got a good sense of humour, and I love playing music with him, so I’ve continued to stay in touch and hang out, trying to keep it casual.  
  
Throughout the course of our friendship, Tim has become quite “clingy” and demanding of me. He always is asking who I am with, or what I am doing. He asks me for rides and favours all the time. He will call me, and message me several times a day, and if I don’t answer he just keeps going. When I answer, it’s not like he needs anything because he just tries to make casual conversation/joke around/ask me to hangout. He is always asking me to spend time with him, go to events, etc., but I am busy, I have several other friendships to maintain, a girlfriend I just started seeing, school, work, job interviews, house obligations, self care... you get the point, I am a busy guy. If I decline his offer to hangout, he asks why I can't hangout, or picks at my excuse instead of just accepting it and moving on.  
  
I think he is also jealous of me. I am not even sure where to begin handling that. I go on dates with girls sometimes, and he always tells me that he can never get girls to like him, and that hes hopeless, you know, all that incel shit. He also seems jealous of my other friendships, and my shitty old car (even though he has plenty of money to buy a car himself). Sometimes it seems like he is trying to convince me that my life sucks, I mean, its not great but I am getting by all right.  
  
ENTER THE LAST STRAW:  
  
On Monday morning he asked me to come over and record some music in the evening, and I agreed. I had the night free, and I love to play and record music with Tim. I messaged him that afternoon asking what time I should come by, and he replied with "I'm tired". I asked again if he wanted to record and play music tonight, and he said "I thought you would already be on your way? Don't you know that you have your own choices in life?". I called him on his B.S and told him that there was no need to be grumpy or rude, because I'm just trying to find out what the plan for the evening is. He was triggered by me calling him grumpy, and proceeded to call me disrespectful, and use every name in the book. Then, he calmed down and asked me to come over again, and I said that I don't want to hangout if he's in a bad mood. He started telling me that he is older than me (we are both mid 20s, I think he's 2 years older) and that I need to respect him. I continued calling him on his B.S, because I am an adult and who is going to put up with this shit. I told him not to talk to me like that, and to stop messaging and calling, and that I am not coming over. He proceeded to give me vague physical threats, tell me that he would have me kicked out of the university, and evicted from my apartment. He kept telling me "you're done", "you are so fucked", that sort of thing.  
  
At this point I'm worried. Tim is going ballistic on me. He doesn't have any real dirt on me to get me expelled or evicted, but I don't want to deal with squashing whatever bullshit that he told the dean, classmates, or whatever. So after about 1 hour of what felt like dealing with an 5 year old, I managed to talk him down from his anger. He gave me an apology, blamed in on some condition that he has, which seemed sincere but I'm really not sure. I accepted the apology, because I am TOO DAMN NICE. Maybe I shouldn't have. I don't know.  
  
Today he messaged me asking if I can do some errands for him, because he's stressed. Like... dude ... are you serious???? I said no and he said he would pay me, I still said no and he started going off about how he has a headache and how it'll take him 3 hours by bus to do his errands. Like thats my problem or something. I'm not sure if he thinks I'm supposed to be scared of him because of his tantrum on Monday, and just agree to do favours for him, or what. He also asked me to go to punk show with him tomorrow. I told him I'm broke and can't go, because I don't want to go, and its a free show, so now I don't have an excuse. I want to tell him that he has been a lot to handle and I'm fine staying friends, but I need some space especially after all the shit he's been doing. But, its like walking on egg shells because I don't want him to snap on me and threaten me with slander again.  
  
Mother of God, that was a long post. Sorry, friends.  
  
TL;DR:  
  
I have a strange jealous friend named Tim who doesn't understand boundaries, has threatened me with slander, and is causing me a lot of stress in my personal life. Need advice on how to deal with this and set healthy boundaries.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/kbcmbv/thinking_of_switching_from_architecture_to_web/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Thinking of Switching from Architecture to Web Design

I am a 2nd-year architecture student at a CA community college, going into my 3rd year of undergrad. A month or so recently I developed serious doubts about my major, thinking of my future and what I want it to be like: job, daily life, place of living, finances, and social life. As of now, I am pretty much on track for a grad transfer for B.A. in Arch. at UCB: I have a solid network, a good transfer plan/plan of action, some insight into the industry, via interviews from people who work in it (intern, junior, senior,) and completion of most of my base arch. classes (1 year to go.) However, the more I keep thinking of architecture, the more I am anxious and pessimistic about it, especially grad school.   
  
The prime and most important reason is that I no longer have the same excitement about it anymore now that I've gone through the more technical architecture classes, residential design for example. Other reasons include:  
  
1) Worrying about my ability to climb the corporate ladder after uni. education or rather the time it takes to do so per effort.  
  
2) Not at all ok with the dismal financial prospects of the profession.  
  
3) A commonly reported lack of the creative aspect on the job in day-to-day life compared to other elements like legal and business inquiries. I want my job to be a good deal of collaboration, design, and business work, a nice mesh/combo of elements, none of which dominate the other two unless I wish it to. (Last bit accounts for any future endeavors I might pursue in the future: not everything can be planned.)  
  
4) Having to switch careers at 25-26 when in actuality I want this question to be figured out by my current age so by 25-30 I settle myself into a niche within the industry. I am very grateful for my current circumstances, a family that supports my prolonged time in college and does not ask me to pay for rent. I want to take advantage of this time and opportunities, not ask for them (opportunities) again by 25-26.  
  
5) The common reported lack of life balance within the profession, specifically after years of experinece. I definitely do not expect to have any life balance in my 20s, because my 20s is just "work." But, I do want to be able to make my job a big part of my life, but not ALL of my life: I do want to account for possible children at age 30-35, and specifically being able to afford myself and them by that time.   
  
6) The common high debts reported on this major. I want to minimize costs and maximize my time so I can create other financial or business assets that I can leverage for any design endeavors I might want to pursue.  
  
7) The specificity of this field. Sure, architecture is pretty general for other construction spheres and does touch upon other areas like industrial design, but I'm not sure its as general as I would like it to be.   
  
Now, I know ux/ui and generally, product design, is a hot field right now, getting saturated with a lot of people who are just starting out, a good deal of them career-switchers. And I admit, having the life that a lot of people in these professions report sounds pretty good to me. However, I am not blind: every profession is difficult, it is its own thing, and deserves one to put effort into it. Those who are the best and employ themselves are the most satisfied and financially secure individuals because they do not give up their own power to someone else. And it is important to actually like the profession for it to hold up long-term because the pursuit of interest is what ultimately drives personal satisfaction and exterior success.   
  
I want to actually be good at what I do, not just jump in on a hot profession for the lifestyle or money it provides. And so pursuing at least an industry of interest and an industry that fits my other life goals while in college is important to me. I know a B.A. doesn't gurantee a job, much less a related one or a good one, but I think switching my focus officially to product design and working on it by myself on the side is the best combination for my current age and situation. My family basically wants me to get a B.A. in anything, as long as it is something and affordable. Time for them does not matter, surprisingly. I think the area of interest for me now is ui design, the superficial side of product development. I like working with graphics, motion, 3D, learning new technologies, and I am definitely very excited about thinking how a user would be interacting with what I make and why: that is the core reason I pursue architecture now, just a different medium. I think ux and product design is also of major interest to me, but ui is really the field I want to zone in on.I am definitely not up for going full on computer science as a major: I want to approach ui and related fields more from design and maybe a minor in business to navigate the market.  
  
So, here are some of my plans of action:  
  
1) Continue architecture and graduate with a BA in it, then do a boot camp to see if product design/ux/ui is for me.  
  
2) Abandon architecture all together and pursue product design/ux/ui, depending on what feels like the best fit.  
  
3) Continue architecture and take a class on product design/ux/ui, depending on what feels like the best fit, and do free courses on web design-related content over winter break, so I know what I am getting into. Not full-time, but enough to get some understanding of it. (This is the current plan for spring 2020 since I can't take many classes on product design: they are either filled up or I was stupid enough to not be applicable for them since I am not a student for those colleges. Plans 1 and 2 would apply to next summer and fall 2020.)  
  
What advice do you guys suggest?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/psychology/comments/9060l/it_sounds_like_i_could_have_bpd_whats_it_sound/), Subreddit: r/psychology, Title: It sounds like I could have BPD. What's it sound like to you?

I'm not diagnosing myself or anything. and I just so happened to fall upon a post about it and had a little insight. I know my thoughts might be a little scattered but, bare with me.   
  
I moved to Florida to go to school which I greatly regret, I posted something earlier about my college situation but here it is again, I'm already in debt from this school, wanting to attend college for a degree that is equally if not more expensive and doesn't relate, so this is just another stress burden on me. This has all happened since I've been in Florida for a little more than a year.  
  
I've changed friend groups 2-3 times since ive moved to Florida from Illinois but along with 2 original friends 1 from back home and my roommate being still with me as well, that doesn't seem to bad but I'll meet new people and become friends or aquantinces but over time slowly dislike certain things that makes it not as enjoyable being around them. I'm still friends with some of them but it just makes me unwilling to want to go out and do things with them. It also sucks trying to hang out with girls when I have a lot on my mind and it always just ends up being awkward and weird.  
  
I've been talking to this girl for about a week, second girl I've tried talking to since I've been here and we've hung out once, it was somewhat an awkward experience. It was with some of my friends and it was the first time she met me and my friends in one sitting haha. and a bunch of randoms came over who were friends of friends and they ended up getting drunk and smoking a lot of weed. I wasn't very comfortable with it even though she knows I smoke and doesn't mind (or so she says) We went by ourselves to go to get pet stuff and it wasn't as awkward one on one.  
  
Not to mention after assessing it, it seems like we are both in it to be happy considering she has her own problems at her apt and doesn't have any friends here and we are aware of each others situations...I feel as this could be another burden I've put upon myself, but I really want to help her out considering she is moving in a couple months.   
  
 I've went from wanting to be involved in the music business to psychology, almost instantly, (I picked up on it a little before I decided it's what I'm most interested in though) which to me is a big change to undertake. I believe I could continue on with studying psychology considering I find it more interesting than anything else I've ever done, and I enjoy learning about human behavior and such.  
  
 It seems as if I do spend a lot on stuff I don't need, not that everyone else does as well, but i've been cutting down on it, I bought a drum set I don't play and a guitar that I can't even play. and eat out a lot and other various items. But I just tend to impulsively buy things to make me happy for a while but they don't last very long.  
  
I'm usually irritated at something, something my friends do, random stuff that comes up, half the time I'm irritated with myself cause I feel as if I'm not doing anything productive but when I do do productive things I feel great but really shitty when I don't. I get anxiety about my situation and where I'm heading. I smoke marijuana do calm me down sometimes, but not excessively stoner like. I used to though and its just these small things I'm trying to change slowly.  
  
I go from being happy to content to being worried and down about something all the time, it sucks.  
  
 I tend to act different with my friends back home than I do with my friends back here, and I don't like meeting new people cause I think they aren't going to like who I normally am, and I don't like changing how I act to try to impress new people and it leaves me unmotivated to try and build relationships.  
  
I don't get uncontrollably angry or anything and when I do get angry I do just keep it to myself because I don't want it to seem like an asshole because I'm really calm and try to be as nice as possible because its better than being a dick to everyone for sure.  
  
I don't have suicidal thoughts or thoughts of inflicting pain, except for getting tattoos, in which i only have 2 but plan on more.   
  
Basically my life is at a standstill and nothing is really going good its all either content or shitty. FML  
  
Maybe i'm just letting other people influence me too much.  
  
This sounds like either BPD or some type of depression...or hopefully just a phase i'll have to deal with.  
I hope some of this made sense I seem to have trouble collecting my thoughts as well...  
any suggestions?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/r78au/career_advice_for_a_disillusioned_research_analyst/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Career advice for a disillusioned research analyst

Since reddit has experts on everything everywhere, I figured there was no better place to turn for some career advice. (As best I can tell, this is the subreddit for this kind of question.) I want to keep this as brief as possible because I know hearing about other people's jobs is about the least exciting thing ever, but I also need to give my full background so you know where I'm coming from, so bear with me.  
  
  
I worked for four years as a data manager/research analyst/project manager for a market research firm, hated every minute of it, looked to my bosses as the person I would become and saw a pack of miserable, overworked souls with no time for family, friends or hobbies. My only purpose was to make a bunch of a rich old men even richer and make as much money as I could in the process, contributing nothing to society or my own personal growth, just the classic American capitalist with no conscience.  
  
Took a job doing the same in public health. We have a database of most people in the state and I calculate the rates at which they access our services and use those as a starting point for research projects, I've presented findings at conferences and am working on my first manuscript for publication. It's a stable job that provides for a modest middle-class lifestyle, and it's more fulfilling than determining how to better sell products to people, but I still feel no passion for what I do. It's pretty low-level stuff, very bureaucratically constrained, and incredibly slow. Most of what I do is repetitive, the same reports every year, too many budgetary and legal limitations to do anything ambitious.  
  
  
Some examples of where I shine:  
  
The most I've ever enjoyed my job was during H1N1. I was in charge of managing our entire state's inventory of vaccines/antivirals/supplies/etc., deciding who gets what, doing a lot of PR with county health departments and doctors and members of the public and the press. I wasn't supposed to be in charge of that, but I took it upon myself because we were all improvising and I felt I had the best skillset for it. There was no real process in place for this and I saw that we would quickly get overwhelmed trying to manage it internally with Excel spreadsheets, so I fasttracked a request to get a programmer and develop together an online application for the state, counties, and doctors to use to apportion, order and track supplies. It went from concept to rollout in less than a month and was a huge success. It was entirely my brainchild (though I lacked the programming skills to actually write it, I am able to mostly speak their language to convey what I want and understand what they're telling me) and once everything was over, the state purchased a more robust software package that was modeled around what I designed, and it is now the system we use for all disaster/outbreak response.  
  
At my old job I was the main guy for doing web surveys. I'm pretty knowledgeable about HTML and can steal/tweak javascript via google. The software we used was designed for telephone interviewers to use, and you can create basic web layouts with it by clicking a few buttons. It used to be that for anything beyond their stock templates you had to go to the IT department which made jobs more expensive to sell (they made a lot more money than we did!), but after tinkering with the outputted code, I figured out all the important variables and commands and eventually created a detailed customization guide that basically made the developers obsolete for web surveys (they, uh, didn't take too kindly to that, but it was not their primary job anyway).   
  
When I came into my new job, my main duty was these annual rate reports. We'd export data from the database, import it into a software package, that software spit out a PDF of rates, you typed the rates one by one into a spreadsheet, then entered those rates one by one into a Word template. It was time-consuming and tedious and I knew there had to be a better way. I figured out instead how to export the reports to Excel, then I recorded/edited (again, with google's help on VBA) a macro that copied the rates from that file and into the spreadsheet, then I linked that spreadsheet to the Word template which automatically pulled in the rates. It cut out probably 90% of the work (and kind of made the job obsolete - eventually I moved into another research position in the program and now I basically do both jobs).  
  
  
If I had to summarize the common aspects of all those situations, they would be:  
-Identifying and eliminating inefficiency  
-Ingenuity, finding a novel solution to a problem (that most people didn't consider a problem in the first place)  
-Initiative, taking on responsibility that isn't necessarily mine to begin with  
-Computer skills, though I'm not exactly a full-fledged "computer guy", using what I know and my ability to find answers to what I don't know to accomplish something that is technically above my skill level  
-Cross-discipline work, going beyond a singular speciality, fusing different areas of knowledge   
  
  
What's really holding me back is my education. I was the classic smart screwup, went to state college, stumbled through three different majors (CompSci for a year, math major until I quit with the minor, and finally a BA in psychological research with a 3.5-something). I feel like a jack-of-all-trades but a master of none - I'm good at math but am by no means a stats wiz, I'm good enough with computers that I'm usually the best non-IT computer guy anywhere I work but couldn't hack it as an actual IT guy, and I just don't enjoy academic pursuits enough to get into the whole research cycle. Most of the jobs I'd naturally progress to from here require a master's degree, but when you're 8 years into a career, going back to school seems daunting and expensive.  
  
  
I know some of you out there must have really interesting jobs along these lines. What do you do, what education would help enable me to do that (or, ideally, what could I do with the education and experience I have)? Help me, reddit, you're my only hope.  
  
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tl;dr: my job's boring, help me find a new one

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/pnue9/have_a_seat_redditors_we_need_to_talk_about_your/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Have a seat, Redditors. We need to talk about your anxiety.

tl;dr: \*\*Chances are you have some sort of anxiety, and it is possible to feel better.\*\*  
  
This is a long read, I know, but I honestly believe it might help you make positive changes in your life. I know it's something many of us can relate to all too well- anxiety. I hope you can find the time to read all of it, I assure you it will be worth it.  
  
Reddit is an awesome website, and I've made many friends through that mutual connection of being a redditor. As everyone knows, it's a good time waster, too. So I like to think it attracts a certain type of person- or at least, it appeals to people with a few common characteristics. Hence, we have the stereotypical redditor- someone computer savvy who loves cats and shies away from social situations. Forever Alone guy, Socially Awkward Penguin, and Redditor's Wife all poke fun at this stereotype, and we upvote them because we identify with them.  
  
There are many out there reading this that are just fine in a social situation, or are in fact popular and well-liked, but I know that just by virtue of being on the internet we're more than likely adverse to spending time with others. This is generalizing- a lot- but for the sake of the argument, let's go with this. Then we've got the common problem of ADHD- people will joke, saying they "got distracted by their ADD, lol" and it'll be disregarded as a joke. Not in our modern day culture of overdiagnosing could we possibly actually have that overdiagnosed disorder! Especially if it often requires treatments that are expensive or have off-putting side effects. No, absolutely not.  
  
This is the clincher- and I've hoped I've managed to keep your attention for the moment, because I'm not just talking to those of you with ADD- but also with OCD, bipolar disorder, depression, generalized anxiety disorder, and so-on and so-forth. "But happinesschords", you might say, "I don't have any of those!" Sorry, my friend, but you're working against worse odds than you might think- there is a 12-month prevalance of 26.2% in the adult US population, and 22.3% of these cases can be severe [[source](http://www.nimh.nih.gov/statistics/1ANYDIS\_ADULT.shtml)], and while it's nearly impossible to get a unbiased survey of redditors on mental disorders, think for a moment. Do you get anxious every time you spend time with someone you aren't too familar with, or find yourself daydreaming of being back in your room, playing video games, in the middle of a conversation with someone else? Are you not only introverted, but anxious about it? Please, read on. If not, here's a closeup shot of my [friend's kitten and her awesome blue eyes](http://i.imgur.com/7OD8S.jpg). Enjoy.  
  
Anxiety is something everyone deals with. The richest person in the world, with no worries or responsibilities, still gets stress and anxiety. The way that we all deal with it is different, depending of course on the person. It's logical, then, to conclude that some people deal with it better than others, and some of us can't do a very good job of it. We've all felt that pit of anxiety on a long work or school day, where it feels like everything just lined up to make your day frustrating. We play video games, read books, watch movies, hang out with friends, what have you, to deal with it. Sometimes, though, this doesn't cut it!  
  
When stress builds up and you can't manage it, problems start to show. You may not be able to focus on work because you're too stressed about it, therefore getting more stressed. You may get moody, lashing out at friends, or responding in the extreme to minor positive or negative events. To quote the Joker (because fuck yeah Batman), "All it takes is one bad day to drive the sanest day to lunacy."  
  
Now, for the really serious bit, and I want you guys to listen. The way that I see this come out- constantly!- is in social anxiety. It's almost an accepted fact that many redditors have problems socializing, but have you ever thought about why this is the case? For many of us, socializing is our weak point, and we spend so much time in our heads that we don't question our awkward interactions and just mentally move on from it. Checking the time on your phone, isolating someone you're familiar with and just talking to him, or even bringing up reddit or some other website on your phone are all coping mechanisms- we've all done it! These are our small ways of gaining control, and it keeps us from being completely driven by that anxiety.  
  
So, why do we put up with this on a fairly regular basis? Why do we accept this as social awkwardness and just tolerate it? Sure, there are some of you out there who genuinely prefer the comfort of yourself over the comfort of others, but I think it would be fair to say most everyone doesn't want to be alone. So we find other awkward people, and great times can be had, sure. But what of everyone else? That social awkwardness infringes on a great many things that we do every day! Sure, you can be comfortable with yourself, but wouldn't it be better to be comfortable with yourself and comfortable in scary social situations?  
  
So what am I getting at? \*\*You can change this.\*\* Neuroscience is a rapidly expanding fields as of late, and one of the biggest discoveries in modern science is that the brain is malleable. Chances are, you've seen the links to new research on r/science/ that have found this. \*\*You can change your brain- for the better- and have it stay that way!\*\* [Studies have found that the brain can still change long into adulthood- and is particularly vulnerable to change for a long time before](http://www.nature.com/nrn/journal/v3/n1/full/nrn700.html). Furthermore, you don't have to go into see a psychiatric to make these positive changes! The things that people will commonly list as ways to improve your life- diet, excercise, and sleep, are so commonly cited because they all have direct impacts on your cognitive function. And if you stick to this long enough to acclimate your brain to this new way of life, it'll become natural for your brain to function that well.  
  
\*\*This isn't easy!\*\* Not by a long shot. Real, permanent improvements in well-being come about from long term healthy living, but you can do small things to incentivize yourself to these positive changes. Some of these things include:  
  
\* Melotonin. [This study](http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/16295212) showed that when taken before bedtime, it helps regulate your sleep cycle to better match your body's internal clock. If you are a college student that finds yourself up long into the night, this is a natural way to help yourself get some sleep. Plus, a good night of sleep generally leads to a pretty good day.  
  
\* B Vitamins- Many of the B Vitamins have been proven to have important roles in mental function, such as [B12](http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/18411381), and even the simple action of taking something like this is putting yourself in a good frame of mind.  
  
\* Food- If you are overweight, this may be a more obvious way to seek self improvement. If, however, you are \*underweight\*, you are more vulnerable to changes in mood due to blood sugar. Eating better or making sure you are getting the nutrients you need is just as important as exercise. Which brings me to my next point...  
  
\* Explore. If you're in a city, this may be easy for you. Go walking, find an interesting place to journey to, and make a nice adventure out of the trip over and back. I've set out many a weekday night and happened across stuff that I never would have otherwise, and I've met some really cool people this way. If you're in the suburbs or someplace this is hard, plan a daytrip. The simple act of planning is a good pick me up, and inviting some random friends along is a great way to get to know people.  
  
\* Drink water. This one is so often said, but it's really important- so many parts of your body make use of it in daily functions, when it goes without what it needs, you feel it. Water is good for your body (in moderation, of course) and you should try to drink water at least a few times everyday- you'd be surprised what you get away with when you don't think about drinking it!  
  
\* \*\*Get help if you need it.\*\* Not everyone needs a psychiatrist, but if you are going through a particularly tough time and need some help, don't be afraid to see someone. There are more cost effective options out there than you would think, and if you don't want to go on medication, you don't have to. Remember, the psychiatrist is there to work \*with\* you to make you better, and you don't have to do anything he says if it's not okay with you. And please know that it doesn't make you crazy to seek help- and labeling yourself as such will only make you think more negatively. There are some things out there that you just can't push down on your own, and if you ever think you might not be able to handle it all- remember- please!- \*seek help\*!  
  
Anxiety is a positive feedback loop of negative thinking. You ruminate and postulate and get stuck thinking about the most innane bullshit sometimes. Breaking the cycle is just as simple as wanting to break out of it and taking the actions necessary to do so. You may never be able to completely get rid of it- stress and anxiety are a natural part of life- but no one should have to deal with a much higher baseline of stress than is normal. When you spend most of your time in your head, if you can be even the slightest bit happier, you can absolutely change the mindset for the rest of your life.  
  
Thank you for reading.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/avrws/reddit_since_youre_so_smart_maybe_you_can_give_me/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, since you're so smart, maybe you can give me advice with my brother.

Mr. Reddit, since I've joined, I've seen you dish out some valuable life advice to quite a few people in need. I now find myself troubled by my brother and I'm not quite sure of what I can do, if anything.  
  
I am 23, my brother is 26. We weren't very close growing up, and now that I'm out of the house, I almost never talk to him. My brother has never been particularly good looking or athletic, he's not very smart, not talented, nor very hard-working/determined/inspired. He hasn't had a great childhood; he was teased and made fun of quite a bit when he was young. He always did poorly in school; he had some terrible grade-school teachers, and only graduated high-school out of pity from his counselor. My parents paid for him to attend a technical school because he said he wanted to become a car mechanic. He was kicked out after 1 year because he wasn't attending classes. He told me at the time that electrical systems were too hard for him. We didn't find out he was in trouble until he got kicked out. He would leave every morning, pretending to go to class, and apparently he was just hanging out with his friends. After that, he worked as a painter for a while and that was too physically straining for him, so he quit. My mom got him a job working with her at a cab company answering phones. He did that for a few years, but the company was having financial troubles and wasn't paying on time, he also felt he wasn't paid enough and was also constantly arguing with my mom. He quit that job, and hasn't had one since (2 years).  
  
Part of the reason he hasn't gotten another job is because he's been in perpetual legal trouble for some years now. He's been regularly smoking weed for years now, but he hasn't been very smart about it. He was also dealing a little in high-school, and I'm pretty sure he still holds weed for others. Not sure if he's ever done harder drugs. He's had a few DWI's and been caught with possession a few times, he's also totaled a few cars when high or drunk. The judges pity him usually and just slap him with fines, drug classes, probation, and community service. But as soon as he'd pay his dues, he'd get busted again. Lately, my mom tells me, he hasn't been doing any of it at all; he has community service and classes he has to attend. She's afraid they'll throw him in jail. To me it feels like the judges feel sorry for him and don't want to put him in jail; we live in Cook County and jail wouldn't be good for a scrawny white guy.  
  
He's essentially been living off my parents for years now, they've covered most of his legal fees while they could, bought him new cars, tried to find him a job. They've essentially given up, or can't afford to help him anymore. My dad hasn't talked to him in years, and the only reason he's still living with them is because my Mom is letting him. She's afraid he'll be homeless if she throws him out. He used to have good friend that helped him out and were reliable, most of them however have moved on with their lives. His only friends now are mostly younger than he is, druggies, drunks, and dealers. Most I feel keep him around for shits and giggles; just to take advantage of him (like holding drugs for them, driving them around in his car while dealing, etc.) and I don't think he understands it. Again, he's not bright at all...  
  
He has a very difficult person to talk to/deal with. His lack of any intelligence is really his biggest downfall. It is impossible to reason with him or convince him of anything. His only opinions are his friends' opinions. He tends to simply repeat things other people say. His relationship with the rest of the family has been quite tense because of it. He never listens to advice or reasoning, conversations with him often turn into very heated arguments. Most of the time he acts as if we're all ganged up on him, against him, wish bad things unto him. He thinks we don't love him. Because conversations turn into arguments, I can see how he'd feel that way, but any sort of logical reasoning with him to explain that we're just trying to help doesn't seem to click. Telling him calmly that we do actually care about him and want him to succeed in life usually has no effect, might make him cry.  
  
Worst yet, he tends to be very mean spirited and in arguments tends to say very mean things. He also takes advantage of my Mom and the fact that she doesn't want him leaving home. He uses that to extort money out of her. My dad would have had him out of the house quite a while ago, but again my Mom won't let it happen. She's been growing more apathetic toward him over the years, not enough to throw him out of the house though.  
  
In the past when I did try to talk to him about his life and understand why he does things he does, it would yield no results. It wasn't until a few years ago, after paying his bail and picking him up from the police station that I was able to get a glimpse of what's inside. When prodding him to answers as to why he was doing all the things he was doing he told me that he's deeply unhappy and he doesn't think he can have anything he wants in life. He told me he's not good looking, not smart, never had a girlfriend and probably never will, no job, no money, nothing. He told me he smokes weed because he has nothing else to do and it relieves him of his unhappiness.   
  
My argument to him then was, that you have to play the cards that you're dealt. That if you want something in life that you have to work or it, work really hard. That if you're unhappy with who you are you have to work at changing it. He spent too much of his life simply quitting without trying, and I told him that. I told him that when you're faced with things that are hard and you don't understand, or you make mistakes, that you have to learn from it and try harder. I told him, then given where he was in his life, he'd have to start at the bottom and he'd have to work really hard, but he could be successful and happy. I told him that if he wanted his relationship with the rest of the family to improve that he'd have to change his way of life and try harder. I told him that the whole family would be behind him if he tried.   
  
Well it's been 2 years since then, nothing has improved, and now there's an increased risk of him going to jail. I'm at a loss as to what to do about him. I don't want to quit on him, and I know my whole family doesn't want to quit on him either. Can Mr. Reddit give me some advice on what I could do to help my brother?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/q9v8x/im_19_and_im_depressed_i_really_need_help_what/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I'm 19, and I'm depressed, I really need help... What should I do? (please try to read, you may relate)

From 16 years of age and below, I drifted through school trying to avoid everyone at all costs, I was bullied, I never understood the work I was given, always had an incredibly strict mother, had to deal with regular new "Father figures" with my single mum, had massive pressures put on me.  
  
Didn't have any self esteem, I still refer to school as a period I didn't virtually exist.  
  
  
By the age of 16-18 I started going through college, where I at first managed to become very sociable on a ground that I now had new foundation to start my life...   
Until I started to understand the social struggles and consequences of getting involved with people.  
  
I noticed I was still rather left out, that I didn't have a voice people would listen to, that I'd often see a whole group of people do for someone else.  
  
So I drifted from groups of friends to others, finding similar results, I was never rude, I could sometimes consider myself a little too kind, kind to a fault. (Sorry to sound big headed!)  
  
I learned in often small doses it was fun to hang with people, I became well known, got close to people (though, only through me generally helping them at some point)  
  
Throughout my college years, I kind of learned I had to put a vast majority of my effort into other people to maintain any recognition, if I stopped, I vanished, if I carried on, I'd reap in small reward, but often felt used, or exhausted as people over time forgot about me and moved on with their lives.  
  
  
Girls are a major issue, I've had a common issue of believing that despite my words and effort being great, it only holds better value coming from the mouth of another man, which in turn, left me "friendzoned" by many girls, some of which I'm pretty sure were aware I liked them.  
I completely stopped attending college, I didn't talk to anyone, I just vanished.   
  
  
  
\*\*So, from 18-19, I managed to do something with myself, I got myself a job as a computer engineer, and also as a sales representative, working both on a 7 day a week schedule.\*\*  
  
I got myself my own house, my own stuff, I finally left home from my always seemingly disappointed mother, and even during that, socialised with masses of people at work (held benefits talking to strangers on the street), and for a first, a sense of pride.  
  
I was finally being me, happy, energetic, random, spontaneous, outgoing.  
I met someone important (we'll call her... Emma for the sake of saving identity) at a party I got dragged to by strangers (I helped drunk strangers to a house party, they insisted I come with), had a superb time, got along brilliantly with Emma, who was strangely enough 23, a massive age difference...   
To me at least. (I'm only 19)  
  
We kept in contact, we started seeing each other more, finally kissed, so on so forth, went out, quite "couply".  
I couldn't be happier, my first "relationship". Met her brilliant friends, got to meet new crowds, got to live a different life clubbing, going out. Expensive yes, but worth it? FUCK YES.  
  
Saved her friends life (and mine) from a house fire! (Must have sealed the deal with me and her?)  
  
Then it started to go wrong...  
  
  
One job didn't pay me on new years. (Computer engineer)  
I had my other job on the third of January (sales), I needed money to get a train to work.  
So the days go by waiting, unable to get contact...  
  
Call up my Computer engineer job asking why they didn't pay me, found out I got made redundant, and my pay was being held (still to this day)  
I lost that job.  
  
20 minutes later, I call my other job to explain I couldn't attend as I couldn't afford to travel.  
They fire me over the phone, in half an hour, I lost both my jobs.  
A week later seeing as the rent was due, I lost my house.  
  
My bike later gets stolen whilst with Emma, I move back in with my mother, I'm now broke without money.  
  
The insecurities kick in, I start to doubt if Emma likes me, I start to feel the little heavy waves of emotion dragging down my back as I begin to notice I'm getting depressed, again like my past.  
I was not in a good place, after a few weeks, things start going rocky with me and Emma, mostly my fault however. Though, she was rather shy and reserved the whole relationship, only now I couldn't control my thoughts.  
  
  
During this rocky phase, I talk to an old friend, let's call her Jennifer, a girl I'd crushed on for 2 years, even moved cities to see her, however I in the past didn't consider going out with her, due to her consistent ability to screw me over, or ignore my efforts, even at one point going out with someone minutes, MINUTES!! after telling me she liked me (a triumph of a moment till I saw them making out -Yes, my life is full of these stories), so yeah sorry, she said she had liked me the entire time, was dreadfully sorry for how she treated me, in tears actually, and felt I'd friendzoned her going out with Emma...  
  
You know, after all that's going wrong, I start to consider doing the worst thing I would have ever done in my life: I thought about leaving Emma and all those doubts, and be with Jennifer, someone I liked for so long...  
  
Long story short, in the midst of a massive state of being upset, I sent a text to Emma saying she didn't have to talk to me if she didn't (after considerable times she failed to respond any more... :/)  
  
So, she called it off (she was sincere)... Something I was kinda expecting, though, didn't want.  
My first ever genuine heartbreak now too..  
  
I talk to Jennifer, and she friendzones me, again destroying me.  
Her stated reason is to sort her mind out, which is understandable to a degree, but to rub it in, she's now trying to go out with someone else... And in the midst, I hear from another friend of hers that she tried again recently, so I kind of don't wish to talk to her much, despite the friendship we've had now.  
Now, by this point, I'd also had my new phone destroyed, my slr camera stolen, had my new job start date cancelled, overhear how my mother thought I was pathetic choosing a job I wouldn't be secure in, years of emotional neglect from girls, friends, with the ongoing thought that the week after, would be valentines day, a day I've spent alone my whole life.  
I just couldn't take it any more, so -Yeah, I tried to kill myself, unsuccessfully however.  
  
  
I lost contact with people in hospital for about 4 days in hospital.  
Friends did get concerned, and only through a lot of sincere heartfelt messages of people changed my mind and mentality.  
Since, I've been drifting generally doing nothing, just applying for jobs, hoping I get somewhere.  
  
And sadly, I miss Emma, we've drifted a lot, Emma understands she did appear to ignore me for a bit, but only through her ongoing issues...  
  
I wish I could just talk to Emma normally again, even get back together... though, I doubt it.  
I just miss her affection, I cared so fucking much, something I've spent my whole life trying to gain from someone, something I waited in return after spilling mine oh so mindlessly onto people :/  
Just, I don't know what to do with myself, I'm scared of girls, I hate living at a home with a constant disappointed mother throwing all offence she can at me, somewhat more annoyed at being down, drifting from friends.  
  
  
I feel I don't have anything to live for, any time I've got myself to a high point, I've crashed down harder.  
I'm at a loss, I've not even explained (despite the essay) half the troubles or complications.  
What do I do? :/  
  
Thank you so much for reading, really!  
Kind of expect (TL;DR)  
Feel free to ask if you wish for me to clarify something.  
  
-Edit- Shortened and sorted out some formatting.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/financialaid/comments/9r3pyw/financial_aid_office_wont_give_clear_answers/), Subreddit: r/financialaid, Title: Financial aid office won't give clear answers?

This semester, I applied to community college and didn't get a reply back until late August, almost at the last minute. I got into the last financial aid workshop the college was putting on (Aug 23) and had someone from the financial aid office sitting next to me helping me fill things out the whole time. I had a court order ruling me emancipated, so she photocopied it and told me not to put parental information. When I finished, she assured me they'd been getting the information processed quickly and I'd likely have my aid the first week of school at the latest, no worries, have fun.  
  
Sept 4, the first day of classes, I checked by the office to see how it was processing and was told I'd been dropped from my classes for nonpayment, but they put me back in, assuring me again that the money would be in within the week at the latest.  
  
Sept 11, same thing. Dropped from classes, but the aid will be in before I'm dropped for nonpayment yet again in a week. I'm getting nervous now because Sept 17 is the deadline for class enrollment before aid stops covering it completely, but they just keep repeating that it'll be done before then, don't worry, they have it handled. They continue to say the same thing when I email on the 13th and 15th.  
  
Sept 17, I check in in person to make sure I won't be dropped the next day. Financial aid advisor says she'll call the main campus and ask what's going on while I'm in class, so stop by after and she'll explain what's going on. I come by two hours later when my class lets out and the secretary lets me know the advisor is out of office hours now, but she left a note that just said to call the main campus and they'll explain. Secretary calls the main campus, their secretary says there's nobody in the office there either. Secretary goes into my file and looks up what they've been looking at because she knows I've been stressing over this for almost a month now.   
  
Apparently, a court order saying I'm emancipated doesn't mean I'm actually emancipated(???) and I need to provide parental information. Main campus knew this, but never put it on my file. I don't know if they didn't tell the advisor on my campus or if she never asked them about it, but now my record has a list of glaring red requests that need to be filed before I can get aid. The secretary gives me all of the paperwork and helps me fill out what she can, then tells me how to help my parent fill out what he needs. We go to the academic advisor, and she puts an override on my student account to keep me from being dropped for nonpayment again, since the error was the school's fault. As long as I keep passing in the paperwork as I get it and check in when I can, I'll be fine. Or so she says.  
  
I bring in all of the paperwork on Sept 19, everything filled out as I was told to. They asked to be given my parent's requests for his Tax Returns and W-2s for 2016 so they could send them on my behalf and mark in the system that it's being worked on. I do so. Everything is put into the system and they tell me it's fine, just give it time now.  
  
Sept 24, I come in just to ensure everything's been put in the system, since the situation has my anxiety racing and I have assignments that I need textbooks for due soon. They tell me there's 3 more papers to fill out and they need proof of birthdate and SSN for both myself and my parent, but I can just update my FAFSA with my parent's information so I don't have to hand those in. The financial aid advisor sits beside me and helps me do this.   
  
Sept 25, I confirm again with the financial aid office that I've submitted everything I need to, save for my parent's papers that they have proof of ordering. They say yes, everything is set and they're just waiting on the papers to come from the IRS.  
  
Oct 2, I try to check in with the office again, but they're closed. Not even the secretary is there. I ask the people at the front desk when someone will be there for me to talk to, they tell me the 3rd from 10-3 and schedule me an appointment.  
  
Oct 3, I call before I drive there because I don't trust what I'm told anymore. I get the answering machine. When I call the front desk, they say there won't be anyone in today but I can try the next day.  
  
Oct 4, I call and they tell me nobody's in again. I stop trying to figure out her hours and decide to just show up and try to get them to tell me the truth.   
  
Oct 10, there's nobody in financial aid again but I'm able to meet with someone in Student Accounts, the woman who put the override on my account. She tells me none of the paperwork was marked as filed, so the system shows no proof of my attempts to get my aid. She calls the financial aid advisor directly on her personal line and we set up an appointment. She apologizes and sends me on my way.  
  
Oct 16, my appointment comes and the advisor meets with me for an hour, 3/4 of which is spent with her sitting through software updates and chatting with her secretary while I wait for her system to start running. Once she can get into my file, she says everything's set, it just processed that morning and it'll likely be in my account Oct 22, since the office usually sends requests through on Mondays. She answers every question with "it'll be in Monday!" Then she sends me on my way.  
  
Oct 20, I get a letter in the mail from the school with some of my paperwork returned and an explanation of what I've done wrong on it. It's all things the secretary told me to do. I get the information I need to correct it, then wait until the school is open again on the 22nd to go in and correct it.  
  
Oct 22, I go in with the information but there's nobody in financial aid again. Her secretary won't give me the paper that I need to resubmit and denies the information I have. She insists aid will be granted by the end of the day.  
  
Today, Oct 24, I get a letter in the mail saying if I don't hand over the 2.6k out of pocket "when this invoice is received," I'll be dropped from my classes and not allowed to return to school, then they'll send a debt collector after the money they're owed.  
  
This might not be the right sub for this, but what am I supposed to do? It's impossible for me to go to the main campus as I don't have transportation during their office hours. I can't pay out of pocket, an immediate family member is in the hospital and we're using everything we have to pay those bills. Everyone at the college I spoke to assured me that since it was their error, they would take responsibility for it and I'd be fine as long as my account was paid off by the end of the semester. I don't even know what they meant when they said my emancipation didn't count and they refused to explain it to me. Is there anything I should be doing that I'm not? I just want to go to school.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qwx07/help_with_writing_a_persuasive_letter_to_school/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Help with writing a persuasive letter to school administration over judicial affair?

Hi Reddit. I tried posting this in R/Writing, but got no responses, so I've dragged my sorry ass over here hoping I won't piss too many people off for posting in the wrong subreddit and maybe to get some help.  
  
  
This is kind of a long, convoluted story, but I would greatly appreciate it if any of you would take some time to read, ponder, and possibly help me with this dilemma.  
  
  
Basically, I need some of your writing expertise to create a well-worded, persuasive at best and guilt-inducing at worst letter to a few members of my university's administration (background story to follow). I am not a terribly great writer, being a chemistry major, and would love some help with formulating my argument and making my jumbled, angry and helpless thoughts more viable on paper.  
  
  
Anyway, here's the background story of my shitty situation that I'm hoping to appeal to administration.  
  
  
My university has an extremely strict 'no alcohol/visible intoxication allowed in the dormitories' policy. I know that. I've had it drilled into my head for the entire time I've lived on campus, and so I know that I was an idiot when I let a close friend from out of state come visit me for the weekend and party her face off with some other mutual friends. I did not go out and drink or party as I had several exams coming the next week. When she came back for the night (she was staying in my room since she had nowhere else to crash), I let her into the building and we were stopped by resident advisors because she was drunk and had in her possession an almost empty bottle of alcohol that she didn't finish from earlier in the day. Long story short, my school can't charge her with anything because she goes to a different school, but I am being charged (under the university's judicial system, not actual state law) with the use/possession of alcohol solely because she was my guest and I am "responsible for her actions."  
  
  
The consequences of my sentence are:  
to have a permanent mention of the incident on my university transcript/record.  
  
  
the requirement of completing an alcohol education class that costs $200.  
  
  
and letter sent home to my parents (really worried, since they disowned one of my siblings for switching to a "useless" major. not sure what they'd do to me if they found out I'm going to have a permanent blemish on my school record and waste $200 on the class)  
  
  
I have met with three judicial and resident life advisors, and although they all agree that I am an excellent student caught in an unfortunate series of coincidences, it boils down to:  
  
  
A rule was broken, and someone must take the blame (me).  
  
  
When you have a guest, you are completely and utterly responsible for that guest's actions.  
  
  
I'm not trying to dispute any of their reasons for charging me with the use/possession of alcohol. I've asked and pleaded for a couple days now, and the bureaucracy is having no ifs, ands, or buts. They all say the same thing- "We're so sorry, and we wish we could help you, but...nope."  
  
  
I've all but given up hope at getting the charge lessened (I asked to be charged with 'in the presence of alcohol,' which only entails writing an apology essay), because even though I wasn't directly to blame for alcohol being in the dormitory, I am forced to take full responsibility for my guest's actions.  
  
  
The part I am now trying to dispute is the fact that I have to take the alcohol education class. Not only is it a financial burden, but more importantly, I don't think that my punishment fits the crime. The alcohol education class was created with the intention of teaching students the adverse physiological, psychological, social, and academic effects of drinking. I already know all of those things. I'm a chemistry major with a 3.8 GPA. I could draw the mechanism for the metabolism of ethanol on the administration's foreheads blindfolded. What makes me the most upset (read: OUTRAGED) is that everyone I have talked to keeps telling me that they would love to help me, but they can't. I've asked over and over again why there aren't shades of gray in the school's judicial system, but they all say that there are set parameters and I fit in them and will be punished the same way someone who got shitfaced and blew chunks all over the Dean's desk is punished. In my mind, there is nothing judicious about that at all.  
  
  
Sorry for rambling for so long (can you tell I'm a crap-assed writer yet?), but I'm finally getting to a point, I promise.  
  
There is an alternate, free course on decision-making that I feel would more rightly fit my situation that I desperately want to take instead of the alcohol education course. My goal is to write, hopefully with the help of your eloquence, an emotional/persuasive letter to any and all of the administrators in the judicial affairs and housing branches at my university to allow me to take the decision-making course instead of the alcohol education course.  
  
  
I don't have many points thought out yet, other than "fuck RA's," "fuck administration," and "I want to crawl into a corner and bawl my eyes out," but the two viable points I think I have are:   
  
1. Administration is supposed to help students and encourage them to learn from their mistakes. No one is helping me, but is simply shoving my case into a thousand others which are completely different from mine and then referring me to the next supervisor.   
  
2. Judicial Affairs is supposed to sentence me with something commensurate with my crime with the goal of helping me learn from my mistakes. I would gain absolutely nothing from being forced to take an expensive alcohol education course, and it would cause me significant familial problems and lesser financial problems. There is nothing in there that indicates that I would learn from my mistakes and grow and become a better person because of what I did, which was essentially to let a drunk friend who needed shelter for the night into the dormitory.  
  
  
So...that's all I really have going for me in my letter so far. It doesn't really pack the punch I want to get someone to listen and help me. I know my chances at getting the current charges reduced are basically none, but I just want to be able to voice my anger at an administration that claims they want to help students learn and grow as people, but don't want to deal with helping me "learn" at all, and to possibly persuade someone to realize that I shouldn't have to take the alcohol education class because it serves no purpose to me but more to their set of rules and their coffers.  
  
  
I apologize again if this all sounds like a jumbled mess, but my brain has been exactly that for the past couple of days.  
  
  
And finally, my original plea:  
  
  
Could anyone help me formulate or organize a persuasive argument that guilt-trips the administration into giving me the "proper" judicial punishment? I was thinking of just editing and rewording a lot of what I have written above, but tweaking it so that sounds as nonaccusatory, but effective and persuasive as possible.  
Anything, such as a brief outline of talking points I should definitely mention to help my case, how the flow of the whole letter should proceed (like giving my background story, guilt-tripping, then begging for mercy, then signing off respectfully), or advice on certain phrases/word choices/quotes I should use, would be insanely appreciated.  
  
  
I'll attempt a TL;DR too, in case someone/everyone is turned off by my ramblings  
  
  
Because of bad luck/timing, university is charging me with use/possession of alcohol even though I neither used nor possessed alcohol, which entails an expensive alcohol education program. I don't think that is fair and am poor and would rather take a free decision making class instead

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/u0an03/taking_a_year_break_from_school_your_opinion/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Taking a year break from school? Your opinion?

I'm a student at a university. On my second year. Going for two degrees. One a degree in creative writing, the other a degree in biology. All with a minor in Outdoor Adventure.  
  
This is the final term of my second year at my university, but basically my first (because of Covid and other factors). Also, I'm 26. It took me 6 years at my community college to finally figure out what I wanted to do and get accepted to a university. And, despite my previous 6 years at a Community College, intellectual, I'm not much better than when I graduated highschool.  
  
So, six years at a Community College, two years at my university, and still basically a freshman...  
  
Now, I have always loved school. And still do, but I feel way overloaded at the moment. Not just with school, but personal life aspects too.  
I have ADHD, which has always affected me in school (in some good ways actually, depending on the topic), I also have brain damage from when I was 16 which basically wiped my memory clean and I have had to relearn almost everything. And that by itself has been trouble. But, even worse, really the worst aspect of all I think, is a social anxiety disorder I gained as a consequence of my memory loss.  
Basically, I was embarrassed of not knowing elementary things in highschool that I learned to lie and pretend I knew. Which made it so much harder for me to relearn since everyone thought I already knew. And my fear of others judging my hidden lack of knowledge made me more and more anxious to a point where I am now with a social anxiety disorder. And with my lack of relearned knowledge it makes many of my classes more difficult. Now, I'm actually a quick learner, but with the anxiety around judgment and how far behind I am intellectually, all coupled with my ADHD, I feel I am learning almost nothing in my courses. Putting me farther and farther behind.  
  
Along with all this my family is currently going through some tough times too. And my distance from them and inability to help is heavy too.  
  
And I'm confident, if I was to take a year off school, I would be able to catch up with the information I have missed.  
  
I have the material and text from all my courses along with recordings many of my professors actually post to YouTube of their lectures and classes. And without the angst of time and judgment of others I could easily study over this year break and be closer to, if not at the level of the other students. And with the fear of judgment of my intellect being my greatest influence for my anxiety, I would be much more comfortable in class with the knowledge I missed.  
Hell, I may even be confident!  
  
I would also have time to get more help with my mental and some of my physical health which had fallen behind too, thanks to my anxious waist of time.  
  
But...  
  
Their are of course consequences if I do take a break  
  
For one, if I take a year break, then that means it will take me an entire nother year to gain my degrees.  
  
Also, at the moment I am noteably dependent on my financial aid. It covers a majority of my living expenses.  
I do work, but at the moment I'm only doing Doordash to help a little during the school year and cover me over my summer breaks. I've had a few other regular jobs, but my anxiety has caused me for one reason or another to quick or lose them.  
Doordash is the only one so far that I feel comfortable doing. Hell, I actually enjoy in a little. And with my low living expenses, I could likely get by with Doordash for a year (I did the math, haha), but I'm still nervous of it though.  
  
Also, at my university, I actually found a program that helps students like me with similar disabilities. I have a coach I meet with each week who greatly helps me out. Honestly the only person I have met yet in my two years at my university that I am comfortable, even enjoy, interacting with. Closest thing to a friend I've had in years. And taking a years break, I wouldn't have that. Plus the help the program gives me not only with school, but life outside of school too.  
  
And finally, one more thing that makes me terrified of taking a year break... Making a friend...  
  
It sounds odd for a 26 year old man to say this, but making a friend is honestly my biggest goal at the moment. While I have social anxiety disorder, it has lessened on the past year or so, and I have made it a goal of mine to make a friend. Because, well, I'm lonely as fuck. I mean, my family lives in another state as do all my old friends from way back when. I have made it a goal of mine to make a friend.  
  
And school is the best place for that. For me, there's not many other options outside of school at the moment really for me to make friends. I'm hold no religious affiliation, I don't drink or smoke (hate the idea of lacking sobriety), I'm more so an introvert, I hate parties. I don't follow sports. School is really my best option to meet people I can connect with at the moment. And damn, I'm depressedly lonely. I wantva friend.  
  
Now, I know the option of just taking one or two classes, and I would go with that option but I'm in an odd situation with my university.  
I'm an out of state student, but I'm in a program where I get in state tuition as long as I am a full time student. And the out of state tuition is so noteably higher that just two credits with out of state tuition would cost me nearly the same as me getting in state tuition as a full time student.  
And I am not rich. My family can't help me out (they would if they could but my families broke). And with my low income I am unable to pull a student loan without a cosigner. And I have no family with goodenough credit and/or income to cosign with me.  
So, with school tuition, I rely on being a full time student or else, ironically, I couldn't afford it.  
  
Oh, also, I'm fearful that if I take a break, like so many others unfortunately, I may not return. Which is an awful thought seeing as all my life goals rely on me going to school, and school honestly being one of my favorite places.  
  
Anyway...  
  
Given my awkward, long worded situation what is your opinion?  
  
My head's going 50/50 right now. Any opinion on either option, or others, is welcome.  
  
Thank you very much

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/l13u3s/i_feel_i_dont_belong_where_i_am/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I Feel I Don't Belong Where I am

I am a master student at top 5 university, and I am studying applied math and statistics.  
  
I have a rather long story about climbing up the the academic ladder. But now I am super unconfident in myself and never feel so doubt about myself.  
  
When I was 16, I was kicked out of high school because I did something foolish. I was out of my friend's circle and had no one to talk to. And eventually everyone at my previous school hated on me because I was portraited as a "bad one" no student should hang out with, by the school community as well as some parents. So I had no place to go for one and half year. Even my parents gave up on me since we have 4 children in family, and my siblings were doing well. The days were so dark, and I became an underdog. On the edge of giving up on myself, I decided to go to a community college, because my last piece of conscience told me that it was never too late to start over again, despite what other people think about me and I was still young. Luckily it worked out, the community college accepted me and gave me the "last chance". I cherish the chance this time. I worked very hard and spend 3 times more work than my peers and I pulled ahead. I got straight A's in my math class (the only thing I am "good" at), and then I decided to major in math. Things got better and better eventually and professors started believing in my ability and wrote me letters of recommendations for me to transfer to a better college.  
  
After 2 years of studying community college, I "jumped" into a top 40 university in pursing a Bachelor's degree in Applied Mathematics. This university was where I truly elevated my ability in doing math by spending 10+ hours every single day, including weekends and holidays. I believed that my hard work would pay off. I met lots of encouraging classmates as well as nice professors. I eventually forget that I was once an underdog, who everyone expected to lose at whatever I want to do. My life was getting better. After 2 years of studying in the university, I got my bachelors degree with an honor of GPA 3.947. I built my confidence by not getting a single grade below A- at the most high level math courses in my department. Also, I was so happy that I was able to get a graduate school offer from one of the nation's top 5 universities. I also had offers from other universities, which might not be that challenging, but I decided to shoot for the stars and took the challenge. I believed that since I made it here, I can make it again. I accepted the offer from the "top 5" university, but that was where all started to fall down...  
  
I was expecting graduate level math to be hard but... It was not hard, it was INSANELY hard. All the brilliant minds in my department are those I just can't compete. They could finish some hard work (at least for me) fast, whereas I need 5 times more time to do. They could read notes easily and go into homework whereas I have to watch lecture videos again and again while searching all those materials online as I never seen them before. It turned out that most of them had already studied at their undergrad, or in some sense they built much better foundation then I did. They are smart, very smart. For my first quarter, I need to spent much time just to prepare for some "pre-lecture" material that professors don't even talk about in class, besides the fact that I have to spend even more hours on course materials. As for problem sets consists 6 questions, I needed help for 5 of them. When I ask a question in group, all other members knew the answer. It made me feel like I was so useless. I barely pulled off the first quarter with okay grades but here it comes the second quarter. Everything gets harder and harder where I don't even recognize the definitions in courses. Courses were so hard that I can't even manage time properly to get some sleep. The pace of courses were moving so fast that I cannot keep up with. Also plus the fact that 99% of my classmates got internships for the summer where I don't even have time because I need to study prerequisite for the following year. It seems they got all their futures planned out where I am the only one in the department that finds myself miserable. I think I am the worst person in everything in my department.  
  
I am on the edge of giving up again. I have been thinking about dropping out many times throughout the week. I feel like I do not belong to a place like this, which was meant for mathematicians to be but not like an underdog like me. I think my department accepted me by accident. It might be true that I did some hard work and accomplished something for last few years. But in the end of the day, I am still the guy that was kicked out, who no college wanted to accept. Maybe all those things in the past few years were enough to be proud of and it is now time to give up because I have reached my limit. Maybe I should drop out, from a graduate school that I do not belong at the first place.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/1069yg/just_offer_some_advice_maybe/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Just offer some advice maybe?

I write this post tonight, like I would write a letter to a dear ol' friend. Just a letter packed full of memories, dreams, wishes, and even those bad things no one likes to mention. Just a letter with how my life is going, and my thoughts on it so far. So to say.  
I don't know what people will say with their personal responses to this, but I do know, that by the time I have finished this letter (post), I will go smoke a cigarette, and then truck on off to bed.   
  
Now, I didn't have a life no worse than other people do, but I didn't have one that was any better. From a very young age, I had already seen enough to know that life was going to present it's trials and tribulations. I was fine with that, I expected it, however I was not prepared for it.   
It was one thing to grow up the way I did, and to deal with it. It was a WHOLE new fucking ball game, to see that this was still going to last this way for my mother.   
  
I started out, like all children, as a complete imbecile, thinking my bad young self knew all the answers, and my shit smelled like roses. Which, you know they did, roses stink, and my dung stank like a crack house baking cow patties. (That sentence is completely out of wack but moving on.)  
As the years would go on, I would start to become arrogant, foolish, obnoxious, and just a dumb black bitch. That's right, I said it. I acted like I was hot shit, and like everyone was against me because of "racial discrimination". Yet, as time went on, I started to notice, it wasn't because of my skin that no one respected me, or treated me nicely. No, it was because, I was a dumb hood rat who didn't treat herself, with respect, or even love herself. No one cared what color I was. They cared about how I presented myself. How I treated them. Along with a few other things. It was then at 9, I met my father, Alex, a white country man. Talk about a major news flash.  
  
Now I include races, because I grew up in a very racist family, my mother's side, who were all colored. My father, was a very very wide awakening in my life. In meeting my father, a man who held a job, who didn't have to constantly move, and always had food, hot water, and electricity, I started to put two and two together.   
Instead of acting like those in my family, living a life on welfare, and never having anything. Never affording clothes for your kids, and school supplies, food, and the basic necessities. I could follow in my fathers foot steps and act like him. I could go to school, work hard, and gain many things, and have all those basic things, like food, shelter, and water. Needless to say. That is exactly what I did.   
  
I graduated valedictorian at 16, and went on to my first job. Nothing that fancy or great. But I was happy.  
  
Now to present day, the reason I started writing this, was because I thought of my mother and the things she told me on the 16th of September 2012.   
  
All my life, I had only one wish, that was to always be able to take care of my mama. My mother raised, 4 girls on her own, working 2 jobs for minimum wage. Then in 2004, my mother had a bad accident at her nursing job, and broke 4 discs in her back. The doctor told my mother that she had the choice of removing them, but the stakes were very high. She could come out paralyzed, a vegetable, dead, or okay. My mother declined. The reason those stakes were so high, is because my mother has 2 of those 4 discs, located on a main artery. It is making her lose use of the left side of her body. The doctor predicted that my mother should be fully paralyzed on her left side by 48, she is 46 now, and it's almost complete.  
  
All I have ever wanted, was to be able to take care of her. To not have to see my mother in constant pain. She can't afford to have her teeth fixed from her ex husband beating them out of her, nor to go to a doctor for the medication for her body. Every day I see my mother struggling to get up from bed. She usually ends up crying out in pain. Then she will stand up finally with my help, and waddle for the rest of the day because she can't use her left leg. Not only does all this go on, but I watch her break down in tears from her body dying on her as she tries to walk, or do basic activities. She can not even hold down a job from all of this.   
At night, i have to line pillows at her back, and her legs, just a lot of things to try and make her at least a little bit comfortable in her bed so that she can have a decent sleep. My mother is my hero, she is the woman I love with all my heart. She has always been there for me. Always stayed by my side and only ever wanted to be able to live in peace in a beautiful mobile home.   
  
Yet, this will not come to pass. Her mother, her own flesh and blood, pulled shit on my mother. In 2006, we were taken from our home because of a lie my sister told on my parents which resulted in them loosing custody of all four of us. My grandmother, Mary, my mother's mom, gained custody over us. I was released first, back into my parents hands at 16, and then my sister Tosha will be released on October 1st at 18.   
What my mother told me that day, was that she is going to go to jail for 1 to 5 years because she was not able to pay child support that her mother took out against her, 7 months ago. Which is now at a whopping 4 grand.(NOTE that my mother paid 1800 to them) On top of this, she tells me my fathers company Virginia Fire and Safety, is shutting it's doors in 3 weeks, and that they owe 3 more fucking grand on our house.   
  
Now please do tell me, how they can expect a woman who can fucking move, to work? How do they expect her to keep her house? How the fuck can people treat their own family like this?   
  
I'm not asking for money, I'm just asking for advice from people on what I could possibly do to help my mother stay out of jail, and how I can save their house. They just rent it, not own it.   
  
All I wanted in this life guys, was to be able to provide my mother a stable home. She has had so much hell raising all of us, and trying her hardest. I just really need some advice. I don't need spam, or hate comments. Just something that can tell me what I might be able to do to help her. That's all.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/uv2hn5/trigger_warning_22_reasons_why_i_think_psychology/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: [Trigger Warning] 22 Reasons why I think Psychology is a bad major.

Originally I posted this on a New Zealand sub based on my own negative experiences studying Psychology and the dire career prospects. However I really want to warn as many people as possible about the reasons not to study this major. Of course everyone can make up their own mind about what makes a good or bad major and what they should study, but I only want to give people something to think about when making a major life decision. When people start college they are probably more focused on the next 4 years but I urge you to think carefully about what you choose to study.  
  
Here are the reasons I think Psychology is a bad major.  
  
1. \*\*A Bachelor by itself is worthless\*\*. The vast majority of Psychology graduates will be trying to enter the workforce with only a Bachelor degree. This is true for many reasons, sick of study, average GPA, limited number of places in clinical psychology graduate programmes etc. Yet there is no job that needs a Bachelor degree in Psychology, so graduates are forced to compete for generic jobs that any graduate is eligible for or even require no degree at all. Straight away they are starting their career with a limited advantage despite 4 years of investment.  
  
According to a report by Georgetown University (\*The Economic Value of College Majors\*) on average a STEM major earns $76,000 annually compared to a Psychology major that earns $46,000 annually. I don't know about you but I'd prefer that extra $30,000 per year.  
  
So that is the US, what about other countries like the UK ? Well a similar picture emerges according the a 2022 report in the \*Telegraph\*, psychology does relative poorly with a salary of £25k after 5 years. Compare that to higher earning degrees like engineering which pays £36k on average. Of course not everyone is interested in Engineering, but many other degres such as Economics, Computing, Business, Geography, etc will typically be paying around £30k relatively early in your career. As their career progresses the gap continues to increase.  
  
2. \*\*Classes aren't that relevant\*\*. Most of the classes aren't especially relevant to real life or the job market, so anything you learnt you might as well forget because it isn't that useful. Useful knowledge, such that it exists, could just as easily be picked up by reading a few books and watching a couple of free online courses on platforms like Coursera or EdX.  
  
3. \*\*Unexpectedly boring\*\*. The course might seem to be interesting at the beginning, but in my opinion it gets more boring as it progresses.   
  
  
4. \*\*Most of the material is wrong\*\*. Much of the material you learn in your Psych degree is questionable and probably wrong. This is due to the replication crisis in psychology and other long standing issues around poorly designed research, fake data, "publish or perish", etc. Why would you want to spend so much time learning incorrect material ? By some estimates more than two thirds of published studies in Psychology are wrong. It wouldn't surprise me if the true percentage is even higher ! These aren't obscure studies either, but highly cited papers published in prestigious journals. Obviously you have a big problem when the whole discipline has such dubious foundations.  
  
  
5. \*\*Getting into a clinical PhD is very competitive\*\*. Even if you want to become a clinical Psychologist remember the number of places are extremely limited compared to the number of applicants. Are you sure your GPA will be at the level needed ? If not then maybe don't waste your time and instead do a Bachelor that offers good employment prospects from the outset.  
  
  
6. \*\*Skills are often taught at an inferior level\*\*. Any limited skills you might acquire such as Data Analysis are at a fraction of a level of that which would be obtained doing a degree like Statistics. So if you want real skills, acquire them by doing a better major.  
  
  
7. \*\*Tuition costs are high for a relatively worthless degree\*\*. College tuition costs keep going up and up, if instead of doing that Psychology degree you started an entry level job with opportunities for career progression you could well be financially much better off, and have even obtained some useful job market skills. At the very least you won't be starting your life with a huge amount of college debt. Many large companies no longer require a college degree.  
  
8. \*\*Vaguely related careers have more relevant degrees\*\*. Some students talk up job opportunities for Psych graduates like Marketing, HR, Sales, Public Policy etc. But if you want to work in those areas a more relevant degree would be a better choice and would put you ahead when searching for jobs.  
  
9. \*\*Too many other graduates with the same major\*\*. So many students do it. Even if you do acquire a few vaguely relevant skills for the job market, there are a huge number of Psych graduates graduating at the same time. Your job application won't stand out in a sea of graduates. In the 2014–15 academic year, schools in the US awarded more than 117,000 bachelor's degrees in psychology ! By some estimates the number has climbed even further to 180,000 degrees per year.  
  
10. \*\*Even a PhD could be worthless\*\*. A few students go on and do a PhD in psychology (non-clinical). This is also risky since it will need a huge investment in time and money. Relatively few jobs then require a PhD in psychology. Some grads might become Professors, but the chances are small. Even including part-time teaching positions, they are limited in number compared to the number of PhD graduates. Also the numbers are exploding, between 2004 and 2013, the number of master's degrees awarded jumped by 54 percent and doctorates by 32 percent.  
  
11. \*\*Be realistic about the possibilities\*\*. I often see students making fanciful suggestions for career paths for Psychology graduates like designing Artificial Intelligence systems for Google or Apple. Sorry but those sort of jobs are for elite graduates that have specialised in AI at Stanford, MIT etc. Not people waving a Bachelor degree from an average college.  
  
  
12. \*\*Hardly anyone cares about that research\*\*. You are unlikely to become some sort of great scientific researcher. Most of that research you work on nobody even cares about. After it's published nobody is going to even read it. I laugh at all the useless research that gets churned out every year. Don't waste your time on stuff nobody cares about. Do something more useful to society that offers a decent living.  
  
  
13. \*\*Poor starting Salary\*\*. Psychology ranks relatively poorly for starting salaries and lifetime earnings. Look up the data yourself if you don't believe me.  
  
  
14. \*\*Vague skills and vested interests\*\*. Most of the skills that people talk up like "Synthesize information from diverse sources", "interpret and use data", "communicate precisely", "make better decisions" can be acquired from other courses of study with better job market outcomes. Be careful of people with a vested interest talking up the job prospects. College Professors need to maintain high enrolments in the degree in order to keep their jobs.   
  
15. \*\*Listen to the Graduates, not current students\*\*. Whenever I come across a Psychology graduate who has been in the job market a few years, they tend to wish they studied something else. A study by the Wall Street Journal in 2010 found that only 26 percent of psychology majors reported being “satisfied” or “very satisfied” with their career paths.  
The people that defend Psychology are often Psychology undergraduates. It's probably better to not listen to career advice from people not even in the job market and who haven't had a chance to reflect on their studies.  
  
16. \*\*Clinical Psychology is stressful\*\*. Even if you eventually find some sort of clinical psychology role, those jobs often can take a long-term toll on your own mental health due to the stress of dealing with people with such complex mental health issues. Ask yourself is that something you can deal with ? I applaud the hard work done by Clinical Psychologists but it isn't a job for everyone. Be realistic about whether the career is for you.  
  
17. \*\*The degree is unlikely to solve your own issues\*\*. People often enrol in a Psychology degree hoping to understand their own mental issues better (such as Anxiety, Depression, ADHD etc), however studying Psychology could make those issues worse, furthermore most undergrad courses spend limited time on clinical topics. If undergrad courses had a clinical focus, then there would be nothing left to teach at grad school. Also don't think the degree will impart deep insight into human behavior or expert communication skills, it won't. It seemed like half the Psychology faculty at my college were a little nuts, so obviously their PhD didn't help that much.  
  
18. \*\*Consider all the options\*\*. Some choose to defend the degree by saying they got a reasonable job, but when considering the substantial investment that is needed to acquire a degree, don't just consider one option in isolation instead look at all the possibilities and choose the one with the highest Return on Investment.  
  
19. \*\*How much time are you willing to spend?\*\*. Suppose you decide to pursue the clinical psychology route, by the time you complete all the required degrees and licenses it could be 8-12 years before you practice psychology professionally. That's a long time, and Psychology doesn't have the high incomes of other fields with long training periods like Medicine.  
  
20. \*\*Is there a Doctor in the House?\*\*. Sometimes people enrol in a Psychology degree hoping to get into medicine, but other degrees are far better preparation for the academic and scientific rigours of medical school as well as making it easier to get the required score on the MCAT. Yes the MCAT does have a behavioral science component, but the parts of the test that involve Biochemistry, Biology, Chemistry and so forth make up a much bigger percentage.  
  
21. \*\*Psychology won't make you healthier\*\*. Taking Psychology classes doesn't seem to make people healthier, by some estimates more than 1.5 million undergraduates take introductory psychology classes each year, yet college students seem to have more mental health problems than ever. When I was at college it seemed like half the students were depressed, anxious or had other issues. Reading online forums today it's extremely common for students to be struggling with mental health issues.  
  
22. \*\*I don't get no respect\*\*. I'm not a person who cares too much about what other people think, but on the other hand nobody really respects an undergraduate psychology degree. Be prepared for negative comments from friends and family. Also the perception that Psychology is an easy major can count against you when looking for jobs.  
  
  
Other majors are poor choices too and Psychology is likely on a par with other humanities and liberal arts majors. But Psychology in my mind is especially bad because it attracts so many students. Collectively Universities are churning out a huge number of graduates. Add together all the time and money wasted and the cost is horrendous. There are many better choices. Life is tough and students need to invest their time and money to get the best return possible.  
  
Some people study Psychology because nothing else interests them or they just want to study something relatively easy. Maybe they don't care about finding a job or college debt, they may even have a huge trust fund. Even if that is the case think about how you might spend the next 40+ years in the workforce and what jobs you will find meaningful as well as provide a decent income. It's easy to say you don't care about money, but once those bills start falling due, having a decent income will make life less stressful.  
  
  
Yes I made the mistake of doing a Psychology degree, but no I don't claim to be \*traumatised\* by the experience. However my fellow graduates and I agreed it was a waste of time. After doing some dead end jobs I studied Computer Science. That has its own issues, but was a vastly better investment. I made it my mission to warn people about Psychology as best I could. Of course lots of people get offended, send me hate mail etc, but at least I know I did my best to sound the alarm. Am I saying you definitely should \*\*NEVER\*\* study Psychology ? No !! All I'm saying is consider your options very carefully and be realistic. Unlike a Disney movie please think about not only the possible but also the probable outcomes from those choices.  
  
If you are determined to pursue the Psychology degree at least consider a double major where your Psychology courses can be combined with something of more market value.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qenrx/askreddit_my_extended_family_is_emotionally/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: AskReddit, my extended family is emotionally abusive towards my mother and father. What do I do? Please I really need your help

This is going to be a very, very long story. There'll be a tl;dr at the end, but I'm not sure it'll do it justice So let's start at the beginning  
  
Plain and simple, my extended family on my dad's side are some of the most despicable people I know, specifically my aunt who has been nothing but a cunt to my mom and has treated her like shit from day one. My dad is the youngest of four brothers and they don't really give a crap about him. They're all immigrants and they all do pretty well for themselves. The one exception being my dad who got laid off from his job a while back, tried to start his own business in the middle of the recession, and failed miserably. When my mom and dad went to go ask my uncles for help, my cunt aunt convinced them not to help and they laughed in their faces. That was about 5 years ago and it was the first time I heard my mother cry herself to sleep. It wouldn't be the last either.   
  
Let me explain my mom's side of the family situation now to you as well. My grandfather went to St. Stephen's which is like the Harvard of India. His mother died when he was young and her dying wish was for him to become a teacher. Now when I say Harvard of India, I mean if you graduate from there, you're set for life in India of all goddamn places. I'm talking government positions (which are 10x better than the ones here in terms of benefits), money, connections, etc. He gave up all of it to honor his mother's wish and became an economics professor and eventually became a dean of a small college in India. Now you have to realize that unlike here, being a teacher in India while it gets you a lot of respect, gets you absolutely no money which is what goes for respect in India nowadays. My grandpa got offered numerous positions in the UN but he refused to leave my mother and her sisters. This man is my role model and I wish I was closer to him. Unfortunately he has mild dementia and a few strokes have basically ruined his mind.  
  
My other grandfather was a high official in the Indian Bank. He died way before I was born but my grandmother was one of the best people I knew. She died about 12 years ago but I remember her fondly. Yet, my uncles pretty much taint any memory of her. All I can think of is, where did she go so terribly wrong? How did she raise such assholes? Getting back to the story, my grandfather was extremely successful and high up in the bank and got my first 2 uncles married before he died. His family is extremely rich too.  
  
Fast forward to shortly before my parent's wedding. My mom meets my aunts and uncles for the first time (arranged marriage with a few dates) and she tells me that when she was left alone with the cunt, she would make these weird faces at her. I've seen her do it to my mom so that's how I know this is all true. Then when everyone came back, the cunt went back to being a sweet, goody two shoes (yep, she's one of those people).   
  
During the wedding, she somehow convinced my grandmother that my mom had tried to make my cousin who was 6 at the time, carry a large suitcase. My mom said my grandma yelled bloody murder at her which took me aback because like I said, this was the sweetest woman in the world from what I remember.  
  
Now going back to my maternal grandparents. My dad's family doesn't give them any respect because my grandfather isn't rich. My oldest uncle has made a lot of snarky remarks regarding the fact that they don't have much money. One of my dad's cousins kicked my grandpa out when he went to go pay his respects (A thing in India when the poor go to the rich). This is going to be ironic soon enough  
  
Fast-forward to 1996, I'm about 3 years old and my cousins come up to visit (they live in the south, I'm from the Northeast). One of my uncle's (married to the cunt) wants White Castle so my mom being the nice person she is, goes and gets a shitload of white castle. Then in front of everyone, the cunt tells people that my mom has a crush on my uncle. In front of my father. Her children laugh it up and so do my other uncle's kids (they live right next to each other). My mom told me she went to bed sobbing uncontrollably because of that incident.  
  
It's 2007 now. My dad's business is failing and he's in a depressed spell. My mom calls my uncle's house and the cunt picks up. She toys with my mom until she's crying to put my uncle on the phone (cunt uncle and oldest uncle are both doctors). Cunt uncle manages to talk some sense into my dad but this segways into asking help at the wedding.  
  
Ive been silent about the 3rd uncle, because he's perhaps the worst of all. We'll call him asshole. In 2009, Cunt uncle and Oldest Uncle and family went to India for the umpteenth time (my mom and dad cant afford to go. i havent been in 10 years) and my mom asks them to bring back a few bottles of hair care product you can only get in India. I'm talking like hotel sized bottles of shampoo. Instead of bringing it back (about 40 bags between all of them) they ship it via fucking fed-ex. from india. holy shit I thought my mom was gonna kill herself. She flipped out on them, didn't get out of bed for 3 weeks, I didn't speak to my dad because at this point, I was so disappointed in him for not standing up for my mom. During one of my sulking periods, my mom got out of bed and confronted me about it. I was surprised because she's threatened to leave him over this bullshit multiple times. I asked why he doesn't stand up and she said it was because of Asshole Uncle. The reason my dad came to America is because he went to work for my uncle who treated him SO BAD that he decided he couldn't be in the GODDAMN COUNTRY ANYMORE. I literally cannot stress that enough. He uprooted his entire life and moved halfway across the world just because he couldn't take working for that thundercunt one more day. My grandma begged and pleaded but it was that bad. Ironically. asshole's wife who's a lazy piece of shit who also starts shit with my mom is on the receiving end of Cunt's attacks also. It's a fucking Mexican standoff everywhere.  
  
So why aren't we not not speaking? Well quite frankly, I think it has to do with me. See, my cousins aren't the smartest bulbs on the tree, but they'll be fine because their uncles are wealthy. I've worked my ass off and am the first person in the family to get into an Ivy League school. Oh and I hate my cousins too. I'm nice to their banshees of mothers but I know none of them have any respect for mine. They can't even pretend. Part of my motivation is not only to succeed, but to act as a big fuck you to these assholes and show them that my parents were amaizing and just because they were poor and bullyable, doesnt mean you'll fuck with me.  
  
That and the fact that despite ALL OF THIS, this is the only family my dad has left, so my mother, my brother, and I agree to keep going along for his sake. Here's my problem Reddit, my mother and I have agreed to end contact with them once my father dies. Any suggestions on how to go about doing it without looking like it's a side effect of grief or something? I hate these assholes and I want nothing to do with them. Sometimes I think of changing my last name just to avoid association with them, but the thought of my father stops me everytime. Thanks for reading  
  
TL;DR Father's family treats my mom and dad like shit. Mom and I have agreed to keep contact as long as Dad is alive. Once dead, what do we do?  
  
P.S.: Everyone treats me fine to my face. They probably say shit behind my back but i really don't care. I know they're friendly with me because they're going to want something out of me eventually. I'll have to get out of that too....  
  
EDIT: Also, what happens if my father lives to the point where my brother and I are married and have children? How do we walk away from this then?  
  
EDIT 2: These people are manipulative and will stop at nothing. I'm not so worried for me as I am my brother who is sweet and naive and I fear will suffer the same fate as my parents

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/5gl56t/opinions_on_college_attendance_policies/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Opinions on College Attendance Policies?

I'm a little bit biased on this because I'm personally against using attendance as part of a student's grade. I'll lay it out, based on my thoughts, like this.   
  
\*\*Rewards &amp; Penalizes You Regardless of Ability\*\*  
This is probably the most frustrating point for me. When classes weigh attendance policies like this, it's not truly representative of performance in the class. I've seen people who are generally terrible at the assignments pass classes because of attendance alone, while others who perform excellently are penalized for not being present. For example in one of my classes my grades are:  
  
\*Assignment 1: 100  
Assignment 2: 95  
Assignment 3: 100  
Assignment 4: 95\*  
  
Based off this alone, my average would be a 97.5 but when you factor in my attendance grade (58) which drops quite a bit for every missed class my average is an 89.6 barely rounding to an A. The class itself is a 4000 level class &amp; requires effort (for instance one of my 100 grades was a 21 page paper I wrote) but the attendance policy either hurts or help you by eschewing your actual success in the class. Another one of my classes not only has a daily attendance grade, but also takes a point off your total average for every day you miss past 2 days.   
  
\*\*We're Already Paying for the Classes\*\*  
Especially in America, where tuition is ridiculous, it's very frustrating to have to shell out huge amounts of money for the opportunity to attend a class only to be penalized when you don't. In one sense, it's already wasted money on our part, don't add salt to the wound. College is expensive, and when we miss days not only are we reminded that's money wasted, but we're missing out on the material being covered that day. Also penalizing our grade as well is just going overboard.  
  
\*\*Students with More Responsibility Suffer More\*\*  
Yes it's a student's responsibility to attend class, but it's easier to fulfill that obligation when you're not juggling other responsibilities. In my case, the number one reason I'm not attending class is because of work. I typically work nights since I have school during the day. Some days I'm more exhausted than others, getting off of work at 6am and then having class at 9 am is an extremely difficult task to pull of sometimes. This is especially frustrating because I work to make sure I can afford to go to college and in general survive day to day. I've also seen people miss class because of: Parents having to take care of a sick child, People helping out their families or attending familial events, work scheduling errors, court cases, travel complications &amp; more. The effects of these events on a student's grade (via participation) is generally up to the goodwill &amp; kindness of the professor.   
  
\*\*Sick? Suck It Up\*\*  
Another reason I've missed days is due to an occasional sickness. The problem is, per regulation, the student health center is not an accepted medical excuse. Going to the doctor requires even more time, travel and money. This means that for myself and many others you either have to go to class sick, shell out money for a doctor, hope your professor takes pity on you or take the hit on your attendance grade.   
  
\*\*Why do you want unmotivated students anyway?\*\*  
For some students attendance policies keep the lazy students who would otherwise never attend in class. I've heard this as a "for" attendance argument, but the question it raises to me is, why do you want those students there? These are the students I typically see idling their time away, talking in class, complaining or hassling the professors and distracting other students. In classes without attendance policies, I tend to see more motivated and interested students arrive to class. I also find that we cover &amp; discuss more in those classes compared to others.  
  
\*\*It's Favors the Wealthier\*\*  
Students who can afford the more expensive apartments or dorms near/on campus benefit from being able to walk to their classes and arrive quickly. Students who don't need to work on the side have more free time &amp; sleeping hours available. Students who can afford good vehicles or repairs on their vehicles can drive to campus on time. Students who can afford a doctor's visit get a valid excuse. Students who depend on the bus or walking for transportation are at the mercy of the weather &amp; the bus schedules. In one of the odder cases of income favoring, one of my friends who lives in the shadier area of town had his vehicle broken into and tires slashed. He ended up missing two classes because of that and took a hit accordingly. These things largely can't be helped, but attendance policies sometimes seem like they're penalizing people for things that can't be helped.  
  
\*\*Arguments For Attendance- Naturally since I want to hear your opinions I'll also list some reasons I've been told that attendance policies are good, minus my counterarguments.\*\*  
  
\*\*It's an Easy Grade Booster\*\*  
Most common for argument I've seen with students. If you attend class it's fairly easy to pass the class, even if it's difficult. Attendance grades can also give you the boost needed to go from a B to an A.  
  
\*\*It Teaches Responsibility\*\*  
College prepares you for life &amp; careers, you can't just not show up for work. Sometimes you have to balance multiple responsibilities in life &amp; other areas will take a hit.   
  
\*\*Professor's Don't Want to Teach an Empty Class\*\*  
Professor's want their students to do well and be present, largely. In classes with attendance policies they get to work towards both of these things with larger concentrations of students. It also makes sure that professor's aren't wasting their time.   
  
\*\*It Rewards People Who Make an Effort\*\*  
Even if you're not particularly good at the subject, it evens up the playing field for at least rewarding the students who make the effort and attend every class. For the lazy students it does penalize them so they're not portrayed as equal to the ones who arrive on time every day.  
  
TLDR: I'm personally against College Attendance Policies for the initial reasons listed. I recognize that there are pros to the policies as well however (also listed). What I want to know is your thoughts on this for or against and arguments why. Please try to list actual concrete reasons rather than things like "It's Because the Professor's are Jerks." or "I want to sleep all day"

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/1526xu/leaving_everything_i_know_behind_to_escape_an/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Leaving everything I know behind to escape an emotionally abusive family, has anyone been there before and have some advice?

Reddit I need advice. First of all this is a throw away account because ive got some friends and family that know my regular account. Also a warning, this is a pretty long read.  
  
  
A little background on me and my life. Im from the US. Im a single female in my early twenties. I come from an emotionally abusive family who are too naive to even recognize the kind of damage they do to each other, and especially to me. Ever since my father left us when I was 14 the burden was on me to raise my older sister, because I was the “mature one”. She was the one to go party and cause trouble while I was shy and had a love for education. Its true that I was wise beyond my years but this enabled my mom to take a back seat in raising us, it was just easier to let me worry about everything and for her to ask like a child again. She had the burden of being the sole financial provider and I appreciate her for the immensely, however most of the funds were used to buy my older sister a car, designer clothes and purses, expensive nights out, electronics that she kept braking, all which made my mom broke. I never asked for anything financially, all I just wanted from my parents was attention and love. Though I know they do love me its not true unconditional love, it’s a kind of “if I admit I don’t care ill look bad as a parent” type of love. My dad during this time was inattentive, and barely in the picture. Long story short my parents don’t know an ounce about raising children and have admitted to me that they just had kids because “its just what people do”.   
  
  
Fast forward to my high school years. At this point me and my sister aren’t really friends, she has her crowd and i had mine. I started having trouble in school because some things happened between my friends and guidance counselors, with similar occurrences ranging from inappropriate contact to just being assholes telling kids with 90% averages that they could just work after high school (I hung out with the nerds). I stood up for my friends as if it was my own fight and it bitt me in the ass like nothing I’ve ever experienced. Because I spoke out against their inappropriate actions in defense of my friends and encouraged my friends not put up with it the teachers, the administration and the counselors of course lashed out on me (because they were exposed) and i started getting bad marks I didn’t deserve in almost every class. My parents knew of this as I would often come home from school in tears. They chose to do nothing about it and thought id handle it by my 16 year old self. My friends of course didn’t have my back like I did for them and I said the hell with it all my senior year and dropped out. However i continued my love for knowledge and admitted myself into other schools, all this without my parents knowledge. I could leave the house on a completely different schedule, hair style, dress, etc. and they wouldn’t notice, not that my dad was there to notice anyway. Hell they wouldn’t have noticed if I turned into a male in that time. While trying to complete my courses and do well it was simply impossible to do homework at home. They would bother me with everything, even when I begged to be left alone, and mocked me when I worked hard like the nerd that I am. Its funny to think that they didn’t notice anything about me but wouldn’t leave me alone either. It was all about them to the point where they just used me for company and entertainment while ignoring anything I wanted or felt.   
  
  
  
Recently my sisters friends kind of went their different ways and she was stuck with me now, she became attached and it became even less possible to be alone. My parents always talked about us as a pair, introduced us as a pair and thought of us as one entity. I hated that. So when my sister got something, they assumes I did as well meanwhile I continued to be ignored and neglected. During all this time my mom and dad where like teenagers, fighting, and bickering but then being friendly and hooking up, then talking trash about each other. And this they all dumped on me. They wanted me to figure out why my mom was being distant or why my dad was a deadbeat, they wanted me to teach my sister how to be a responsible adult. They simply wanted and made me be the parent. I have a soft heart so I put my life aside for over 4 years to try and be their rock and keep the family together. Without me they would literally act like a wild pack of dogs. If I’m not there to intervene my sister would lash out at my mom, my mom would snap back and then shut down for days. My dad would try to sabotage anything we have going on, etc. I recently found out that they all had pretty fricken huge lies that they kept from me, each different but directly affecting my life. And I told them the destructive impact they have on my life. They didn’t care, after a week it all goes back to normal and they treat me like a parent again.   
  
  
So I’ve been planning to get away somehow, I can’t stand to live with them anymore. Here is an example. My mom is jealous of her young daughters, it breaks my heart that she sees us as competition, she sneaks around and gets treatments done then when I ask her for advice on something like skin care she pretends like doesn’t know anything, like shes o-natural. They both have encouraged me to eat junk before I knew better. If I start looking thinner than my sister she gets herself an eating disorder, literally. If I work hard and achieve something they all become super depressed that they don’t have that or didn’t reach that goal too. Throughout the years of studying, hidden in coffee shops, or libraries, I got my average to an 93% because I want to go to university. They don’t know that because I cant have them take that away from me too. My sister once saw two one my report cards with a 90% and 94% averages and began to be super depressed that she doesn’t have those grades for her to get into school. Its at a point where I sabotage myself, I try not to look too pretty, wear baggy sweaters, have bad posture, say anything intelligent, just so that they don’t feel so bad that im growing and they aren’t, even though I try to help them improve any issue they have with themselves or their situation. I cant live like this any more. If you think im being dramatic, turst me, ive left out many things because it would otherwise turn into a novel. My life's been like having drug addicted unresponsive parents all my life, except i cant blame the drugs for their neglect, just their own lack of education and emotional stability.  
  
  
When I was 18 I spent a month in the UK on a transfer program. I loved it there. So im now planning to just pack up and leave. I don’t want to stay home for the holidays, it’s the fakest time of the year in our family. Now that the holidays are approaching im getting anxious and I want to go. I have everything packed, I even secretly got a work visa for the UK. I have about $5,000 in the bank and about $4,000 more in savings (money that I managed to hide over the last few years). But it hit me like a ton of bricks today, ill be on my own. I’ve been alone emotionally most my life and being physically alone is not a problem for me but my number one fear is that I’ll spend all I have and in a month or two and will have to come crawling back home. I cant do that. In all honesty I would rather be homeless. Ill be signing up for school this January but even if I get in the academic year would be starting in September 2013. I hope to find work and modest living arraignments for time being. I don’t care if I get a job washing dishes all day or cleaning toilets, as long as I can get by. So if anyone has done something like this, just left your old life behind and started somewhere new with no education and few job experiences, no place to live, no friends or family and succeeded please for the love of god reassure me that ill be ok. Im really scared. ANY advice would be greatly appreciated.  
  
  
Thank you for reading and for any advice you might have. I apologize for the typos, if this is in the wrong sub, and also sorry about the rant.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/10uzaf/over_the_course_of_6_months_someone_who_i_happily/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Over the course of 6 months, someone who I   
happily called my brother turned into one of the   
worst people I know. Reddit, what are your stories   
of friends who eventually became the opposite?

\*\*This'll be a long read guys, but I've waited a very long time to get this off my chest. I thank you wholeheartedly if you manage to read through it all, but don't hesitate to skip it and post your own story.\*\*  
  
Grew up with no dad, and a mum that didn't really care about him. I'm not sure what sparked his descent, but over the course of about 6 months, he went from one of the best guys I knew in life, to one of the worst people I currently know (granted, I've cut him out of my life now.)  
  
What first clued me into things was his reaction when I got my first car; A 1968 Dodge Charger, and I called him up when it arrived. I was really excited about it, and said he could come take a look if he wanted to, and that I could let him take it for a spin. He agreed, but when he arrived, I could hear faint resentment behind every word he uttered. I decided to kind of leave it there, as I didn't want to make him feel bad (as he drove an 80's Pulsar beater.) If it's any consolation, the 60's Charger eventually died, has been garaged for over a year and I'm now driving an 90's Ford Taurus. But anyway.  
  
Fast-forward a few months. I'm at his place, and we're setting up for a jam session (he's a drummer, and I play guitar), when he pulls out a pack of new strings and says, "Hey, I got a present for you." I was pretty happy, as I'd needed strings for quite a while. I was halfway through restringing my guitar, when he says (and I'm certain he waited until I had put the strings on to say this), "So yeah, you can just pay me back the $18 next week or something." Now, if I had a job, and a stable source of income, this likely wouldn't have been a big deal, but I was a) 18 and b) unemployed with a very, very small amount of money coming in from the government, which I needed to run my car. I couldn't afford to buy myself anything, and he KNEW this. This was sort of where things really started to spiral.  
  
Enter his 18th party. The day before, we had gotten into a heated argument, the topic of which skips my mind, but it ended with him telling me not to come to his 18th, which was quickly retracted when I asked him why. He told me that we were going to have a few drinks and "walk away from this still friends." So I arrive at John's (let's call him) house; the place my 'friend' had asked to hold his party at. I arrive, and go to see him. He hugs me, and I feel like things may just turn out okay. A few hours pass, and we still haven't been able to speak, so I decide to go for a walk with a couple friends. We go for a short walk down the road, sit for a few minutes to have a chat, and then walk back. As we trod down the driveway, I was welcomed by John's entire family, who walked right past my two mates, and straight for me. Now, I had no idea what was going on here, but went with it anyway. John's mother looks at me. "Have you been smoking marijuana? I don't want any of that shit on my property."   
  
\*-A bit of backstory here; I had started smoking weed prior to this. Only ever at home, and only ever once a week or so, but this seemed to really grate my 'friend' for whatever reason. He HATED it. To this day I cannot explain why. (fyi, I no longer smoke weed. University and other commitments mean it'll interfere with where I'm heading in life, and I'll be honest, I'm much happier without it.)-\*  
  
But anyway, long story short, they searched me, searched my car and SMELLED MY BREATH just to make sure. I later found out that my friend had told John's family that I had been smoking weed at the party, and that it was in my car (which was complete bullshit). He eventually passed out from drinking too much, and we never had our talk. This was the last time I saw him, and I made the decision right then and there that he was no longer my 'friend'. We were over.  
  
In the coming months, I would go on to lose a large portion of the friends both him and I shared. Rumors were spread that I was dealing meth, was a 'hardcore Rastafarian', etc. It was safe to say he had turned a fair few people against me. (It wouldn't be for quite some time that these people soon realized that he was an extremely unstable and controlling person. As a result, my reputation is no longer tarnished, but I have chosen not to rekindle friendships with a fair few of those people.) But the straw that broke the camel's back was just around the corner...  
  
Now, this guy also worked for my dad; a job my dad bent over backwards and took a lot of risks to get him. I won't divulge too many details, but my friend wasn't exactly the best worker. He complained, did a half-assed job most of the time and at the end of the week, went home and bought himself copious amounts of alcohol (which he currently buys for school kids, abusing his age.) Now, before I get to the job, I need to first explain that he had developed a drug habit. The sweet, sweet irony of it all is that this 'habit' was on Kronic; a synthetic cannabinoid that 'mimics' the effects of cannabis, but is (was) 100% legal. His defense was "it's legal, so the cops can't get you for it", which I found laughable, considering the research chemicals used in it are HIGHLY dangerous and have caused death in the past AND that cannabis is decriminalized where we live. Anyway, one day he was at work, when my dad asked him to come help lift a steel beam. My mate apparently stared dad down, then ran up and attacked him. (For clarification, my dad doesn't get angry very often, but when he does...) After trying to hold back his anger, dad snapped, grabbed my mate by the scruff of the neck and shoved him against a wall, giving him the verbal beating of his lifetime, and luckily not the physical (dad's an extremely strong man, both mentally and physically, so it was a surprise to hear how angry he had gotten.) That night, he fired my friend.  
  
\*-I also heard from my dad and his workmates, that my friend had often described violent sexual fantasies, such as building a cage and trapping a girl in it while he tortured her. This apparently happened weekly, and although I can't confirm it, it wouldn't surprise me.-\*  
  
There's a LOT more to go into, but I'll leave it there. In the past two years, he has gone from being one of the most lovable, fun and interesting people, to one of the darkest, most disturbed, self-destructive people I've EVER met. He's turned friends against me, he's attacked my father on the site of the job HE gave him, and has destroyed any chance of us ever being friends again. This was a kid that walked 20km in the pouring rain to my house after fighting with his mother. This was a kid who crashed his car with me inside, and his first thought was whether I was okay. This was a kid who was with me through thick and thin. We were brothers. I just don't know what happened. He always thought that I'd never amount to anything after discovering my marijuana use (in his words, "I bet he'll get to uni and then drop out after 2 weeks. He won't get through it.") Now he's on the dole, surviving on Burger King every night, drinking himself into a coma each day and hanging out with highschool kids, while I'm at university, about to complete my first year, attempting to make my future a little brighter. Call me bitter, because I am a little, but this is the kind of karma I can happily life with.  
  
\*\*tl;dr - Best friend turned enemy over the course of 6 months. Turned friends against me, conjured up a junkie image of me and then spread it to everyone he knew, attacked my father and developed an apparent drug habit. I no longer keep in contact with him.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8jf595/an_education_in_shambles_please_advise/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: An education in shambles (please advise)

Hi.  
  
So, I'm not going to sugar-coat it. I fucked up. Big time.  
  
Lets start in high school. Graduating with a 3.8+ GPA, 2180 on the SATs, breezing through classes, taking career prep (engineering and CS) courses. Not a care in the world. Took a trip Junior year to tour Stanford (as well as my #2 and #3 choices, CalTech and Cal Poly), and everything seemed good.  
  
Fast forward five years, I'm sitting at home, unemployed, my education in shambles, struggling with mental illness, and have no clue what to do at this point.  
  
It started when I missed the application deadline for Stanford. I probably wouldn't have gotten in, but hey, it was my dream, and at least I could have said that I tried. After that point, I decided to go to a local 4-year university (U. Texas at Arlington), as they're a decent school, not too far of a commute, and not ridiculously expensive. I commuted for a year, then lived on campus for a year. At that point, everything fell apart.  
  
\*Fall of 2013\*  
  
My first semester. Things were fine. I commuted to classes, got my ass kicked by a few professors while trying to come to grips with the transition from high school to college. Ended up with a 2.0 gpa my first semester. Not great, but not unheard of, and still passing.  
  
\*Spring 2014\*  
  
My second semester of commuting. I flunk one class, then get Cs across the board, bringing my gpa down to 1.85.   
  
\*Summer 2014\*  
  
I take some summer courses at a local community college. Get the easy courses out of the way. I'm still slightly together at this point, and these classes are basically show up and pass, so I A/B/B across the board. In hindsight, I should have waited and taken them at the university, to have some hope of pulling my GPA back up, but we're long past that point now.  
  
\*Fall 2014\*  
  
I move into the dorms. Start living on campus. At this point my ADHD and severe depression kick into overdrive. I stop attending classes after a point in the semester. Stop tending to my health and hygiene. .462 gpa for the semester, bringing me down to a 1.4.  
  
\*Spring 2015\*  
  
Still living on campus. My roommate is the nicest guy, but probably thinks I'm horrid to live with. Not because I'm an asshole, just because I don't take care of anything. Most of my waking hours are spent wasting away on the computer, either watching endless tv series or playing video games. I fail every single class, mostly because I've stopped caring. My gpa is now at a 1.077, and I am put on dismissal for a semester.  
  
\*Summer 2015\*   
  
Take four summer courses at TCC (the aforementioned community college). Withdrawn from all but one for non-attendance. Get a C in the one class I'm not withdrawn from, because I actually enjoyed the teacher. It's somewhere around this point (give or take six months) where my already very very part time job starts to go downhill, and my hours worked go from minimal to nonexistent.  
  
\*Fall 2015\*  
  
Still on dismissal (one long term, i.e. spring or fall, not just one term), so I take some more courses at TCC. Four courses. Pass three. Fail one (but this one's due to the professor who threatened to file a police report and haul me down to campus police for correcting him in class. no joke. but that's a story for a different time).  
  
\*Spring 2016\*  
  
Hey, a fresh start! Not really though. Once more, I fail every single class, bringing my gpa at UTA down to 0.848. Aaaaaand, I'm on academic dismissal for a whole 'nother year. So now I'm three years in, on dismissal for the next year, and have completed a total of 28 credit hours at UTA, with some additionals from TCC. Lovely.  
  
Silver lining, this is the semester during which I actually seek help from a medical professional. I've spoken to those close to me (as few as they may be at this point, as I've neglected my social life as much as the rest of my life at this point), I'm on medication to help manage my issues, and I'm also eating less and getting back towards a healthy weight (slowly but surely). But we'll come back to that.  
  
\*Summer 2016\*  
  
Welp. Back to TCC I suppose. Start working towards that 2-year degree during my fourth year of schooling. Take three classes. Pass two. PhysEd instructor has a thing for pilates and the class starts at 7:30 in the morning, so I said fuck that. Sue me.  
  
\*Fall 2016\*  
  
Slowly struggling to come to terms with what's happened. Take two classes, pass one, fail the other. Don't even remember why.  
  
\*Spring 2017\*  
  
Three classes, all passed. Only two courses away from an Associates. Things are looking up!  
  
\*Summer 2017\*  
  
Took my last two classes. Realized I only needed one of them. Thought I dropped the other, turns out I didn't, so I failed one. But hey, no biggie, summer's over and I've finally got a degree after four years and three months!  
  
\*Fall 2017\*  
  
Was too late at this point to return to UTA for the fall, so I took a semester off. And by that, I mean I fell off the bandwagon. I stopped taking my meds for several months, and most of my waking hours were spent trying to kill time until I finally got back to the blissful release of sleep.  
  
Towards the end of the semester, I get in touch with UTA, preparing to return in the spring. Am given the runaround for awhile, but finally set up a meeting with a counsellor and talk in person. He basically tells me that at this point, I'll be returning on a provisionary basis, if I fuck up one semester I'm out for good, which I expected. However, I'd also have to go through the University Studies program, which (in his words) is a program for people to get degrees who otherwise wouldn't be able to get those degrees. I'd be spending two more years struggling to pull my GPA out of the trash so that I could even graduate (which he said would probably be possible, but incredibly difficult), all to graduate with a generic degree that's really not going to help me at all. So at this point, what little remains of my plans is just shattered.  
  
\*Spring 2017\*  
  
So here we are. Me. A several year gap with no work experience. Nothing but a two-year degree and two shitty GPAs to show for it. No clothes for a professional work environment. (That's not entirely true, I have one suit from goodwill with patched holes, and one white dress shirt that you can see through and that's so tight No clue what to do now. I barely have $100 in my bank account (taking into account credit card debt totals me out at about -$1100, actually), so I can't do as people keep telling me and just apply to whatever colleges will take me ($75 application fee on a Texas CommonApp college, seriously UNT?). Hell, even online universities have turned me away out of hand because of my GPA, despite being in direct contact with advisors and filling out supplementary application information and forms to explain my situation and the troubles I've gone through, and honestly I just don't think I can handle much more rejection, be it for schools, jobs, personal interactions, or what have you.  
  
So, yeah. Long story short, I'm a self-taught programmer who can type at 90 words per minute, am a fast learner with a thirst for knowledge, have above-average skill in writing, mathematics, and logical reasoning, and utterly fucked my life up with a 4-year university gpa of 0.84 before being told to shove it, a 2.3 gpa for my Associates from a community college, a multiple-year gap in my employment history (none of which is really applicable to any place I'd ever possibly hope to work), and absolutely zero idea what the fuck to do. I'm so tired of filling out job applications, putting in (sometimes, depending on the job) upwards of an hour just modifying resumes and writing cover letters, and not even hearing back from a place, or getting a two-sentence generic reply. I've spent the past five months sitting at home going back and forth between filling out applications to places I've never heard of and trying to kill the time until I get to just lay down in bed and not worry about things for awhile, mostly either through video games or shitty tv shows. All I want is to be able to support myself. That's all I've ever wanted. Well, that and maybe a dog someday. But, jokes aside, I really just can't do it anymore, and I don't know what to do. If you're still reading at this point, by some miracle, please advise. At this point my post is devolving and like 90% of the reason I'm writing it is just for therapeutic value, but I need something more, man. I just don't know what to do with myself.  
  
I know a few people who frequent this subreddit. If you know who I am, idk. I suppose you deserve to know as much as anyone. I'm just tired of telling everyone around me that everything is going fine because 99% of the time if I don't it's either my fault or it comes off as whiny (varies based on which person I'm talking to, not the situation I'm talking about). But yeah. Idk. Here I am, most of my family estranged, social interactions are down to two or three friends I speak to on a regular basis, and basically terrified of meeting new folks because of how absolutely embarrassed I feel talking about myself (What do you do? Oh. Well, where did you go to school? Oh. Well, do you have any hobbies? Oh, etc etc). I've been hanging by a thread for years, and I've been here for so long that I just don't know how to pull myself up anymore. I know this probably feels like a pity party at this point in the post, and I'm sorry mister or missus internet stranger that actually took the time to read it, I just needed to vent, I guess. I'll let you get back to scrolling through your feed. Hopefully someone has some advice that can help, but just writing this feels like it's helped, even if I haven't clicked submit yet.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/yocxe/redditors_i_am_a_canadian_citizen_who_recently/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Redditors, I am a Canadian citizen who recently returned permanently to Canada after 12 years in the USA. During and after University I racked up over $10,000 in credit card debt. Should I keep paying, or let them eat it (ignore the credit card companies) or something else? What is your opinion?

So here's the deal:  
  
I grew up in Oklahoma, but I was born in Alberta. My parents divorced and my mother took me, my sister, and by brother to OK with her, and married, and still lives there. I went to University for 4 years and got a Batchelor's of Arts in International Language (which is most useful as a platform for a higher degree, not so much in itself, esp. in a depressed economy flooded with graduates). I had a scholarship, I took out Stafford loans (which I don't intend to default on because they do not go away, and any permanent return to the US would be greeted by paycheck garnishment/ much larger debt than I started with) and I opened four credit cards, which I used because all my life I heard about how important it is to "build credit" (with every intention to pay them off, of course, having had little/no experience with real life living/working and no idea how inadequate my income would be to repay what I was spending. Knowing that it would be all on credit, I even took a month-long vacation to Australia in 2009. It was amazing. Totally worth it.  
  
In the aftermath of graduation I had a series of low paying labor jobs in the USA until I finally obtained US citizenship (I am a dual citizen now) and hopped on the first flight home to Vancouver, B.C., the 3-generation home of my father's side of the family.   
  
Because of a $9,000 check from life-insurance policy taken out on me by my grandfather when I was born (cashed because it had began to lose money instead of grow) I was able to get an awesome reliable car (1998 Civic Si) that got me an awesome job (Pizza delivery) while I went to trade school (thanks to my awesome dad) that got me an electrician's apprenticeship. I am doing well in Canada, and I have no intention of returning to the United States in the next couple decades, except to visit my mother, who will hopefully choose to leave Oklahoma now that her children have all relocated to greener pastures on the west coast (also, Oklahoma has no more water. Fact)  
  
I almost spent that check to repay all my credit cards.  
  
Now, although I can afford to keep paying the minimums, in addition to my student loans...  
  
I'm not sure I want to.  
  
I get that it's a strange position to be in, being capable of repaying the debt but just "not wanting to" - and I could be accused (and will be) of being selfish, immoral, and whatever else, because there are people out there who CAN'T pay their credit cards and live in stress because they can't just leave the country and forget about them.  
  
But I honestly do not feel morally obligated to pay. Not in the least. I know how credit card companies operate. I know they prey on the inexperience and I was inexperienced. I also view the interest rates as usury, regardless of whether or not I accepted them in order to have a card. I was brought up to believe that I had to build credit in order to have a decent future.  
  
Without those credit cards I would have learned \*years\* earlier the value of money and what it really takes to earn money and how carefully we should treat it.  
  
\*\*what I plan to do\*\*  
Stop paying my credit card minimums. Allow all of them to go into default. This is not declaring bankruptcy. They can sue me for the full amount if they feel it is great enough (which they may) and I will obviously not show. This is not a criminal issue, it is a civil issue between me and creditors. The court would issue a judgement against me, allowing the credit card companies to try and get me to pay up the full amount. I have no assets in the country. They don't know where I live and even if they did, the court in Oklahoma has no jurisdiction here. The statute of limitations on credit card debt in OK is 3 years. Then I am not responsible for the debt. They might try to sell the debt to a collection agency, but if that was ever a problem for me I would only have to show up and tell the court that the debt was outside of the statute of limitations. I realize that this would damage my US credit score. It would not destroy it for life, and it would not affect my Canadian credit score. (Yes, they're separate). \*\*even bankruptcy only remains on your credit history for 7 years\*\* so I don't see this being a problem for me if I return to the USA many years from now with a good job, experience, and savings..  
  
Addresses I have used with my credit card include my mother's address in Oklahoma. But she was never cosigner on any of my financial accounts. The worst inconvenience I am aware of is that an officer might show up and ask her if I live there, to which she may reply that I moved to Canada. Jurisdiction is a bitch, eh? Please let me know if that's not the case.  
  
Reddit, you are often immature, critical, and sometimes offensive. But you guys are also wise and you have worlds of experience and a more thorough knowledge of the Internet than any one person can have. Please tell me what you think.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/cvl8a/upgrades_looking_for_advise_on_potential_laptop/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Upgrades? [looking for advise on potential laptop features]

My years old laptop died recently (unmountable boot drive) and I need a computer for school. Thus, I’m going to buy, through a school program, a new Dell Latitude E6510. I am now trying to determine which of the upgrade options I will purchase, but I have questions about many of them. I’ve tried to answer all of my questions with Google and Wikipedia. Some have been answered and some have not. For those still unanswered, I’ve come to you.   
  
My computing needs are modest; I will use this machine primarily to browse the internet and to type papers, but if I should take a course in digital video or java or anything of the like, I want it to be usable there. So I ask you this:   
  
  
\*\*Processors\*\*  
  
\* What will it mean to my experience that my computer will have an IC i5-520M 2.4GHz processor; should I splurge on either an i5-540M 2.53Ghz, an i7-620M 2.66Ghz, or an i7-720QM 1.66Ghz?  
  
 \* What do Ghz mean with respect to processors?  
   
 \* How significant is the practical difference between dual and quad core processors? Doesn’t it depend on whether a given piece of software is designed to use the cores properly? If so, how much mainstream software (e.g. Microsoft Office, Firefox, et. Al.) will be able to make full or even appreciable use of a quad vs. dual core processor?  
  
 \* What else should I know about my processor before I decide to buy it?  
  
\*\*RAM\*\*  
  
\* Should I get 2, 4, or 8 GB of RAM? I know RAM's function and I know that in theory, more is better, but I can't tell you how much RAM most of the machines I've used have had (I think my most recent had 1 GB after an upgrade. I think it was shipped with some measure of MB of RAM), so I have almost no frame of reference regarding the practical significance of different amounts of RAM.  
   
 \* Am I reading the spec “8GB DDR3 – 1333MHz 2DIMMS (64-bit OS)” correctly if I interpret it to mean that my RAM modules will have their own OS? If not, what is the 64-bit OS and what will it mean to me? If so, will that OS cause any problems for me in its interactions with Windows? Will it make it more complicated for me to re-format if/when I need to? Will it do anything strange with my external HDD?  
  
\*\*Storage\*\*  
  
\* Why are SSDs more expensive than even those HDDs with more storage space? Are they really that durable? Do they really operate so swiftly? Wikipedia would have me believe that their ability to preserve information in the absence of power is noteworthy; am I mistaken in thinking that my HDDs have always done that? In other words, what do I misunderstand about “As of 2010, most SSDs use NAND-based flash memory, which retains memory even without power. SSDs using volatile random-access memory (RAM) also exist for situations which require even faster access, but do not necessarily need data persistence after power loss.”? Should I choose a SSD over a HDD?  
  
\* The battery options include a 6-cell, a 9-cell, and a 9-cell Li ion w/3 yr warranty. I don’t care about the warranty; will I be safe in assuming that the first two options are also Li ion batteries?   
  
\* How probable is it that built in Bluetooth will be useful? Could it interfere with WiFi? Regarding wireless peripherals, is there anything more to it than that it will allow me to use them without plugging a USB receiver into my computer?  
  
\*\*OS\*\*  
  
\* I will choose either Windows 7 Professional or Ultimate; these questions are about features present in Ultimate, but absent from Professional.   
  
 \* Have you ever found it useful or necessary to employ drive encryption to protect your personal computer? Is it likely that an undergraduate student will have need of such encryption?   
  
 \* What UNIX applications might I find useful if I splurge on Ultimate?   
  
 \* Would a license to run virtual machines on my computer do me any good if I ever choose to replace Windows with a UNIX OS? Would it do me any good in any other situation? Would it actually provide a tool to help me set these VMs up or would it just make it legal for me to help myself in setting them up?   
  
 \* What’s the difference between Windows 7 Ultimate 32-bit and Windows 7 Ultimate 64-bit? Why are both upgrades offered at the same price?  
  
\*\*Graphics\*\*  
   
\* My potential graphics cards are: Intel HD and NVIDIA NVS 3100M. I’m no PC gamer, but I like my pages to scroll smoothly, and my DVDs or web videos to play smoothly, even when I have 70+ tabs open in my browser and few other apps running. I do play some RTSs, mostly older stuff like Metal Fatigue and Civ 3, but I may buy Starcraft 2 and I want it to play well without my disabling too many features or its lagging. Do I need more than the Intel card?  
  
Edit: Having reviewed gman1023's Asus link and other Asus laptops thereafter I've come to wonder why Asus computers are so much less expensive than their comparably equipped competitors. Just about every Asus on amazon is cheaper than my school's "deal". Are they really as good as anything else or (if I buy one) will it be as if I had bought Walmart toaster pastries expecting real Poptarts?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/13n2e1/the_college_bubble_the_combination_of_economic/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: The College Bubble: The Combination of Economic Downturn and Rising of Tuition Rates

Since we were young, we've been told that with hard work and determination in high school we would one day make it to college. Once there, if we succeeded with graduating, we'd get a degree which would lead to a well-paying career that would allow us to invest in our future. With college tuition now leading in the nation's debt with the growing amount of 830 million dollars, we are stuck asking: Why is the college-loan system failing? The College Bubble was a term used to explain the effect of the nation's current financial crisis and college tuition constantly on the rise. That is creating the bubble of debt that will eventually burst. College tuition rates have skyrocketed up 29% in the last five years. The average school year for a standard four year, for-profit college now costs $27,293 and on average only two out of three students are graduating due to not being able to afford their college education. With the economy in a recession and losing over 8 million jobs between the years of 07-09, graduates are struggling in the job market, as well as paying off their student loans (Parker). During the beginning of the recession, many industries felt the collapsing of the economy, industries like that of the stock market, real estate and even oil! All industries but two: healthcare and colleges. During this difficult time, colleges are prospering at student's expense and graduates are not seeing the benefit. This makes the expenditure of college and the hard work of graduates, a poor investment. The government has tried to help students with government aid and programs for low-income graduates, but has failed to fix the problem. Colleges are charging too much for an education that even with government aid and loans cannot be affordable or paid off by a graduate in this struggling economy. The college loan system is failing students due to an endeavoring economy, over college spending causing higher tuition rates, depleting wages and declining job market. College tuition and the loan system that is in place to fund it must be modified to compensate in order to lower student debt.   
 College tuition has obviously risen to unmanageable amounts for college students, but why? It is due to the college arms race. Colleges are currently spending huge amounts of money on their campuses and recreational activities in order to encourage more students, which also means more money. Ohio University economics professor Richard Vedder was quoted saying, "Every campus has [to have] it’s climbing wall, you cannot have a campus without a climbing wall"(McArdle). In 2009 alone, colleges spent a total of 10.7 billion dollars on construction of new facilities like gyms and nicer dorms in an afford to recruit more students. (Parker). Students will pay more money to attend a college that has a favorite college sports teams. When it comes to NCAA coaches, Brady states statistically that the average salary for a NCAA football coach was is $1.47 million in 2011, which in the last six seasons has climbed up nearly 55% (Brady). If teams meet performance goals, coaches will, in addition, receive bonuses. Such expenses made by colleges for sport teams, may be leisure for a student but how does this help them with a better quality education or with their crippling debt? Students are paying for something that in no way betters their education, just the notoriety of the college. Colleges have found many ways to capitalize off of their students in order to afford such expenditures. Some 4 year colleges require that you must be on campus for your first two years of attending with them. Room and board cost an average of $8,887 in the school year of 2011-12, that is up 4% since last year (College Board). It would make sense why they would require that you stay on campus, if it only put more money into their pockets. College books are another expense of students which colleges are benefitting from. Books are also required by colleges in order to attend classes and are not included in tuition. The cost of college books has tripled in the last 10 years, costing an average of $200 dollars (Parker). Colleges will publish their own books, require students to buy them, then update or revise them every year to make the book obsolete causing students to have to by new ones every year and making the resale of them, nonexistent! Colleges will work with publishers and receive kickbacks for using books they publish. Administration for college also feels the advantage of higher tuition rates. The president of Yale receives salary that has tripled from $591,709 in 2000, to $1.63 million in 2009 (McArdle).   
 Some experts argue that the rising cost of college tuition is due to federal aid programs. David Schnittger, aide to Education and Workforce Committee, argues that, "The federal government should not have to automatically subsidize hyperinflation,” that "there is no pressure on [colleges] to keep their rates down [due to government student tuition assistance programs]" (Colin). What they don't take into consideration is that government aid is normally only given to low-income students. Middle and upper class students don't receive such aid. So how is it that government funded aid programs are to blame for the rising tuition costs? Now with the average cost of graduating at a 4 year college at $27,293 a year (Parker), it is easy to see who is truly profiting from an attending and/or graduated student. Colleges are capitalizing off students in a poor economy, and once out of college there is no guarantee employment will be waiting.   
 In 2008, Americans lost over 10.4 trillion dollars in the financial crisis. Between 2008-2010 over 8.3 millions of jobs were lost. The government tried bailing out the country with 4.6 trillion dollars and was only able to recover 1.1 million jobs, .9% percent of jobs. That is 4 million dollars in cost for each job recovered (Parker). Boyce Watkins, a finance professor at Syracuse University is quoted saying, "[College] is certainly an investment. The question is whether or not you get your return on that investment in actual financial capital... [and] this blanket notion that going to college will guarantee you a better economic future is not always true"(Billitteri). In 2009, the numbers were at 12.5 million unemployed, which is 8.1 percent of the American population. The numbers have continuing to rise leaving the total count of unemployed at 17.5 million. With unemployment at the highest it’s ever been in the last 25 years (Katel), it's easy to see that even with the investment of college education, the job market is not in a state of stability leaving the college graduate to take minimal paying jobs, move trades, or move altogether to an area which is hiring. All of which is at a cost to them.   
Many people can't afford to move, so they need jobs to come to them. This is one of the least discussed, most challenging problems in the labor market right now...This is the largest annual jump in the number of unemployed since the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics began tabulating this data just after World War II. Most of the unemployed—62.3 percent—are out of work because they lost their job, higher than any point since 1982. (Boushey)  
Some argue that college degrees do increase the likelihood of getting employment. The fields of healthcare, engineering and computer science have seen a sharp increase of employment within the last five years (Billitteri). However, are all students obligated to study in fields that are hiring so that they may make a high enough income to pay back student loans? If so, where will our educational teachers, earth science specialists and art specialists come from? Chances are these programs will lose funding. All these degree areas are feeling the economic downturn, does that mean that all students should have to pursue a degree that they don't wish to pursue, in order to guarantee enough income to pay back their student loans? Part of the American dream is to pursue what your passionate about, not to conform to the demands of society. Though some argue it is because of the student's degree choice, if all students were to graduate in a degree that was hiring, wouldn't that cause an abundancy of applicants? Making the job market for those jobs hiring like the rest, not hiring? College graduates not only face the outrageous cost of tuition but once finishing their degree they are stuck in a dead end job market which they cannot avoid.   
 With both college tuition and unemployment at record highs, it is not hard to see why the college loan system is failing. What once was the American dream has now turned into the national debt. With colleges spending too much on non-educational expenses and leaving their students to flip the bill in this economic downfall, it’s no wonder the college loan system is not helping the college graduate. The college loan system has to not only take into consideration the economy's state but the college's spending. While the nation is trying to recover and grow from the current recession it is important to recognize that student borrowing is working against our economic interests and the source of why that is happening. In order for the college graduate to pay off their debt, there must be employment after college and if that is not a guarantee, colleges must reevaluate their expenditures. Until the economy recovers from its current crisis, student debt will only worsen and end up not only costing the American graduate, but the nation as a whole.   
  
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Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/vw3u15/things_i_wish_someone_told_me_before_i_started/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Things I wish someone told me before I started college

Since many people will be going off to college for the first time in about a month, I thought this would be the perfect opportunity to make this post. I recommend that you read this entire post, but you can certainly skip around if you wish. Also, just because this post is geared toward people who haven't been to college before doesn't mean returning college students won't find any good advice here. I encourage all college students to check out this post, and if you've been to college before feel free to share some of your own insight too!  
  
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\*\*\*\[1\] Academics- Building A Good Schedule\*\*\*  
  
\* \*\*Get familiar with the logistics of course selection\*\*. Many colleges have specific websites or platforms used to pick classes. Each school does it a bit differently, so make sure you know what to expect.  
\* \*\*Know the exact day and time you can start picking classes\*\*. You want the best chance of getting into your classes, especially if you’re a freshman with little to no credits earned.  
\* \*\*Have backups for your classes\*\*. Since you probably have few credits earned, you might not get into all the classes you want, but you still need to take at least 12 credits per semester to remain a full-time student.  
\* \*\*Use RateMyProfessors wisely\*\*. Sometimes you must take a certain class for your major and/or the only person teaching it has bad reviews, but for gen eds and/or classes where there are multiple instructors it’s always better to choose someone with good reviews.  
\* \*\*Don’t be afraid of early class times\*\*. Dragging yourself to an 8 or 9 am might be miserable in the moment, but you may dread a night class more. If you couldn’t take a class during prime midday hours, would you rather take an early class (one starting at 8-9 am) or a late class (one starting at 5-6 pm)?  
\* \*\*Map out the classes you plan to take each semester during your freshman year\*\*. To do so, get familiar with general education requirements and the required courses for your major. Many advisors will be happy to help you with this if you ask them. However, it never hurts to double-check with an upperclassman because I’ve heard some advisors give advice that forces people to take summer/winter classes to graduate on time or stay an extra semester.  
  
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\*\*\*\[2\] Academics- How To Succeed In Your Classes\*\*\*  
  
\* \*\*Read the syllabus\*\*. First, you avoid wasting your professor’s time because you asked a question outlined in the syllabus. Second, you get a sense of course expectations, assignment descriptions, and due dates early on. Sure, you won’t memorize every single detail or due date by reading it once, but you can always refer to the document as needed.  
\* \*\*Spend money on textbooks wisely\*\*. Unless your class requires the use of a textbook with an access code, try to find a cheaper version of the book. Amazon is a great way to get inexpensive textbooks, especially because they often allow you to rent e-books, which tend to be cheaper than physical ones (bought or rented).  
\* \*\*Don’t skip class\*\*. Not going to class once is like a gateway drug – after that, it’s easy to justify not going whenever you’re tired or just not feeling it. The only exception is when you’re really sick and can’t focus on the lecture anyway.  
\* \*\*Sit in the front during class\*\*. This is partially an image thing, as professors think positively of students who sit up front since they tend to be more studious. Also, sitting in a spot where the professor can easily see you will make you more likely to be attentive.  
\* \*\*Go to office hours whenever you’re struggling\*\*. No matter how small your question is, it’s better to get it answered early instead of letting everything pile up right before an exam.  
\* \*\*Figure out your note-taking style(s)\*\*. Will you take notes with a pen and paper, a laptop, a tablet, or a combination? There are many factors to consider, including but not limited to:  
 \* Will the class involve calculations or diagrams that require pen and paper?  
 \* Can you handwrite quickly and neatly enough?  
 \* Can you type quickly enough?  
 \* Can you avoid the distractions of a laptop or tablet?  
 \* Can you afford a tablet?  
\* \*\*Study your notes after each class or review the notes from all your classes at the end of each day\*\*. Doing so reduces the stress brought on by cramming the night before, and it helps you retain information better because you’re reviewing it regularly.  
\* \*\*If you have assigned textbook readings, read them after the lecture\*\*. It’s like a review and the context from the lecture can help you understand the material better.  
\* \*\*Avoid using your phone or other distractions until your work is done\*\*. The more time you spend on distractions, the less time you have to do work. Also, even if you “only” spend 10 minutes doing something else, you end up losing more time than that because it takes time to refocus on the task at hand.  
\* \*\*Start projects early\*\*. You don’t need to complete the whole project the day it’s assigned; just work on a bit each day to start, and as the deadline gets closer increase the workload.  
\* \*\*Always do the extra credit\*\*. Even if you're doing well in the class now, there might be a tough assignment or exam later in the semester that lowers your grade.  
\* \*\*Make at least one friend in your major\*\*. That way you can study together and support each other academically. Who knows, you might even become best friends!  
\* \*\*Check out academic support resources offered by the university\*\*. Depending on the university you attend, there may be centers that provide general study tips, math help, writing help, and so on. Ask your advisor what services your college offers. They’re “free” because you pay tuition – use them!  
  
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\*\*\*\[3\] Organization &amp; Time Management\*\*\*  
  
\* \*\*Use Google Calendar and Google Keep\*\*. Use Google Calendar to mark times you have class, assignment due dates, and exam dates; and non-academic events like work or clubs. Use Google Keep to make a variety of to-do lists, such as daily tasks, weekly tasks, and tasks that break a big project into chunks.  
\* \*\*Use a reminder app to keep track of small things you want to do\*\*. This is great for smaller tasks that we tend to forget if they aren’t written down, such as making a phone call. I know iPhones have a designated Reminder app, and I’m sure other smartphones do too.  
\* \*\*Avoid listing too many tasks to complete on a given day\*\*. It’s better to put fewer items on your to-do list and add more, rather than add too much and get upset if you can’t get everything done.  
\* \*\*Organize your computer.\*\* Make sure you have designated folders for emails instead of letting them pile up in your inbox, make folders for each class you’re taking, and so on. Even though there isn’t physical clutter, having a disorganized computer still makes productivity difficult.  
\* \*\*Find out where each class is located in advance\*\*. Instead of scrambling to find your class in the morning, try to walk the campus the day before to ensure you know how to get to each building and room. This is especially helpful if your campus is big!  
\* \*\*Get around campus efficiently\*\*. If your dorm is far from most classes, don’t come back until the end of the day; instead, find spots to study close to your classes. This is particularly useful when the weather is bad and you want to spend as little time outside as possible. Also, even if your campus has buses, actually using one tends to be inefficient because you’ll probably spend more time waiting for it than it takes to get to your destination. Save the bus for bad weather when it’s truly a miserable experience walking to class.  
  
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\*\*\*\[4\] Dorm Life\*\*\*  
  
\* \*\*Be a respectful roommate\*\*. Even if you don’t do unequivocally bad things like bringing unannounced guests or turning the room into a pigsty, your habits may still annoy someone else. For example, if you like calling friends or family in the room often, some people find it distracting. Ask your roommate what they don’t like and try your best to accommodate their needs within reason.  
\* \*\*It’s okay not to be best friends with your roommate as long as you get along\*\*. In fact, it’s better not to be BFFs so you have the motivation to branch out and make new friends.  
\* \*\*Always try to sort out conflicts with your roommate before escalating things to the RA\*\*. Many roommate disagreements are minor enough to be sorted out between the roommates. By doing so, you learn how to deal with interpersonal conflict, which is an important life skill.  
\* \*\*Don’t be obnoxious to your RA\*\*. Most RAs don’t want to make your life miserable because they’re busy students and don’t have the energy to write people up. As long as you avoid doing something that’s obviously not allowed, such as having visible alcohol, they probably won’t care.  
\* \*\*Don’t sit in your room all day\*\*. It might be easy to spend time in your room whenever you don’t have class, but it prevents you from exploring all that campus has to offer. Also, your roommate may need personal space sometimes and that isn’t possible if you’re always around.  
\* \*\*Do laundry when things aren’t too busy.\*\* Laundry rooms tend to be pretty empty when most people are sleeping (early in the morning), afternoons at the start of the week (Mon, Tues), and when people are going out (Friday or Saturday night). On the other hand, afternoons at the end of the week and Sundays are generally busy. It’s also a good idea to scope out your specific laundry room to see when it’s the most or least busy. Another tip: stay in your dorm while you do laundry to catch up on homework or perhaps tidy your room since you’re already in the cleaning mindset!  
\* \*\*Always take your keys and lock the door\*\*. Do this whether you’re going to the bathroom for a few minutes or will be gone the whole day. The people on your floor may be perfectly trustworthy, but you never know for sure.  
\* \*\*Decorate your room at least a little bit\*\*. Even putting up a tapestry or some fairy lights will help make your space more cozy and relaxing.  
  
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\*\*\*\[5\] Extracurriculars\*\*\*  
  
\* \*\*Start making connections with professors as soon as you can\*\*. You can do so by participating in class, asking follow-up questions after class, and asking them about their research. Knowing at least 2-3 professors well can provide you with quality job references and strong recommendation letters for grad programs and/or scholarships.  
\* \*\*Get involved in a professional and just-for-fun experience – at least one of each\*\*. Professional experiences include research or a job/internship related to your major. Having this under your belt allows you to obtain valuable experiences and soft skills you can discuss in an interview. Just-for-fun experiences include clubs or intramural sports. These allow you to take a break from school while doing something enjoyable and making friends.  
\* \*\*Sign up for a bunch of clubs at the start of the semester\*\*. Join the email list for each club that sounds remotely interesting, and then you can decide whether you truly have an interest in that activity or are free when meetings are held.  
\* \*\*Get a part-time job on campus\*\*. There are many benefits to working: You have money to spend on “fun” things like going out or ordering things online, can start saving for the future, and improve your time management skills by balancing work with school. I recommend doing no more than 10-15 hours a week, though it’s possible you have such a busy schedule that you can’t work at all. As far as getting a job, most colleges have a portal with on-campus job listings – find out how to access and use it. Many students end up at a dining hall or do some type of office/administrative work. Generally speaking, dining hall jobs are easier to get but require more hard work, while office/administrative jobs are harder to get but give you some time to catch up on homework. A few tips for getting a job: If you don't get an invitation to interview within a few weeks of submitting your application and there was a contact person listed on the job description, follow up with them. Since many people don’t do that, it’ll make you stand out. Also, many colleges offer resume critiques and practice interviews that make you a better applicant, so find out how to access this help.  
  
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\*\*\*\[6\] Social Life\*\*\*  
  
\* \*\*Don’t let your past social life set you back\*\*. Even if you were socially awkward or disliked in high school, you now have a fresh start! There’s no way everyone can know each other, especially if it’s a big campus, meaning you won’t have the reputation you did back in your hometown. Even if you end up not clicking with someone, there are plenty of other people to meet!  
\* \*\*Say yes if anyone offers to hang out\*\*. Even if you don’t like them at first, they might end up being really nice! This is particularly important if you don’t know many people yet.  
\* \*\*Be prepared for unique opportunities to make friends\*\*. Being in the same major, class, or club are excellent ways to meet new people, but they’re not the only ones! To use a personal example, once I got locked out of my room and couldn’t text my roommate since my phone was still in there. I ended up borrowing the phone of a girl in my dorm lounge and we became friends.  
\* \*\*Quality over quantity\*\*. This saying holds true for many things in life. In this case, a few friends who’ll be there for you in times of need is better than 20 fake friends.  
\* \*\*Make plans with someone at least once a week\*\*. Whether you grab food, study, or go to an event, it’s important to have some type of regular social support. With that being said…  
\* \*\*It’s perfectly okay to be alone in college\*\*. No one will judge you for eating alone at the dining hall or walking to class by yourself. In fact, spending time alone helps find yourself and ensures you don’t rely on others for all your happiness.  
\* \*\*If partying is your thing, no judgment\*\*. Just know your limits and always go with people you trust in case something goes wrong. With that said, you don’t have to drink to have a good time!  
  
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\*\*\*\[7\] Health &amp; Wellness\*\*\*  
  
\* \*\*Try to eat 3 balanced meals a day\*\*. If you don’t have time for breakfast in the dining hall, at least have snacks you can eat before you head to class. For lunch, eat a meal that includes carbs (ex. rice, potatoes, pasta, bread) and veggies. For dinner, eat some carbs and veggies, plus some protein (ex. chicken, fish, beans). I know it’s tempting to just eat grilled cheese and burgers, but that should be an occasional treat rather than a daily occurrence.  
\* \*\*Stay hydrated\*\*. Drink something with every meal at the very least, and then anytime you’re thirsty. Water is best but tea, coffee, or juice is okay too. Consume sugary drinks like soda in moderation.  
\* \*\*Work out when you can\*\*. Even if it’s hard to get to the gym 5 days a week, you can still incorporate physical activity into your life in creative ways. For example, walk as much as you can, do stretches in your room, run up your dorm stairs, go on jogs around campus, take fitness classes at the gym, arrange weekend bike rides with friends, etc.  
\* \*\*Make your mental health a priority\*\*. Taking a few moments to take a deep breath, meditating, having social support on campus, and reaching out to family back home are a few ways to maintain your mental health. Learn what works for you, don’t be afraid to try new things, and get professional help if you’re seriously struggling.  
  
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\*\*\*\[8\] Miscellaneous\*\*\*  
  
\* \*\*Be smart with your money\*\*. Going out, ordering delivery, and buying things online is fun, but try to keep it as a reward rather than a weekly (or even more often) occurrence. Also, consider getting a credit card to start building credit, as long as you’re responsible with it and avoid debt!  
\* \*\*Spend time outside\*\*. Most college campuses are beautiful and have lovely places to study or relax outside. It really depends on the specific college you attend, but simply walking around campus for a few weeks will help you discover some of the best outdoor areas to spend time.  
\* \*\*Don’t go home every weekend or call your family all the time\*\*. College is meant to be a stepping stone to living completely alone. Make sure you can be without your family while you still have thousands of peers around you for support.  
\* \*\*Find a good bathroom on campus\*\*. When nature calls, you want the process to be as smooth as possible. Since you can’t always return to your dorm, make sure to find another bathroom that doesn’t get a ton of traffic, isn’t too far, is clean, etc. I generally go to bathrooms on higher floors in buildings toward the center of campus.  
\* \*\*Tackle your fears\*\*. Everyone is afraid of different things, but no matter what they are it’s important to face them head-on. For example, I used to hate calling on the phone, but then I got a job on campus where I had to call people regularly and my fear of the phone was greatly reduced.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/13sq0o/askreddit_how_would_you_the_socially_awesome/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: AskReddit, how would you, the socially awesome people you are, handle a douchebag living off of your family?

Hello /r/AskReddit. I am in desperate need of some advice because I am driving myself CRAZY thinking about this.  
  
Tiny bit of background info about myself: senior in college, living in parents' house until I've saved up enough, employed. I have made some unwise financial decisions in the past, which explains why I haven't moved out yet. I'm taking responsibility for those choices and working to pay off my debts. Also, I am working to repay my parents for having supported me up to this point.   
  
I have anger problems, and two summers ago my older sister called the police on me for slamming an unlocked door that swung open and scraped her. I had to go to 26 weeks of Domestic Violence class, and I learned how to cope with my anger by reminding myself of the reality of the situation, not my emotional interpretation of it.  
  
Lastly, I have a weiner if that means anything.  
  
To begin, my older sister and I have not had the best relationship. When we were younger, she used to boss me around and torture me if I didn't do what she wanted. Don't get me wrong, we had our fun times as kids but she started to go berserk when she hit puberty. She even almost choked me to death twice. We grew older, and I finally stood up to her. She left me alone and stopped asking me to do anything for her, because I finally had the power to say "no".  
  
Even still, I couldn't escape the negativity that she brought my family. She was suicidal throughout middle school and high school, and made life stressful for my family. She was into drugs briefly at one point, dropped out of high school (she got a GED at least), and has had the police called on our house for crazy parties twice (never again thankfully). She has already been married once, and when she tried to divorce him he refused to sign the papers, so she still has a different last name. He took all of her stuff, which was only really an Xbox 360 and a bed, but still. She married this dude after knowing him for three weeks. In Vegas.   
  
We found out after her last hospitalization that she shows signs of Bipolar Disorder and Borderline Personality Disorder. After counseling and anger management classes, she has gotten A LOT better and is, for the most part, a tolerable person. There's just one problem (okay, maybe more than that).  
  
Around 6 months ago, she met a guy she moves in with after like a week. Right before she met him, she broke up with another "long-term" boyfriend. I've noticed over the years that she is very needy and co-dependent of other people's identities to sustain her own. If she does not have a boyfriend around, she gets her girlfriends to live with her so she can hang out with them (which has also made me and my mom furious). Thankfully, we've managed to kick out the last few girls who just won't go home.   
  
Anyway, said dude has a 4 year-old daughter. They get kicked out of their own place because my sister does something crazy (never fully explained to me), and my dad gives them permission to move in. They play it off as "we'll only be here a few months" but quickly it becomes evident that this is not the case.  
  
Said dude has a job when he moves in. Great, cool. I approve. He can throw down a little bit for utilities and cover his and his daughter's food expenses. He's a fairly likable dude, and we have a few similar interests. He helps me out a few times, and I'm appreciative. I get along with him and his daughter for the first few weeks.   
  
Problem is, when he, my sister, and their daughter go out, they shop and eat out. They buy useless groceries (candy, cookies, soda), DVDs, and toys for his daughter. With my dad's credit card. Of course, my dad gives them permission to do this, BUT STILL. Dude is like 23 years old with his own daughter living in someone else's house and spending their money.  
  
I will put a disclaimer here and say that he does get food stamps, so there is food in the pantry that is technically his own. I know this because it has come to the point that they mark their food. Ironically enough, this acts as proof that they don't cook the shit they buy and eat out instead. Fuck me gently with a chainsaw, right?  
  
I'd also like to add that instead of fuming about my problems or passive aggressively snarking at them every chance I could, I sent her a Facebook message that neutrally explained how I felt about the situation. I would say I did well in explaining my feelings rather than reacting to them--I used "I" statements to convey what I felt, not what I was assuming about her or her boyfriend, and expressed my concern for our family's finances. I tried to illustrate how her actions have consequences for the people around her and asked that she remain aware of that fact. I also ask her and her BF to get their shit together so they move out within a couple of months. She turns this on me, calls me "narcissistic" (which I am, but no more than most?) and says that no one has a problem with them living there. I do what I used to do when we were younger--I backtrack and assume a majority of the blame. I figure, at least I said what I needed to say.  
  
Cut to 4 months ago. He loses his job because of "discrimination". He has a medical card and eats baked medicine at work because he's handicapped. When he was younger, a car run over his head (?) and it caused brain damage. Because of this, he is in excruciating pain and needs to medicate frequently. Fine fine fine. He's not mentally disabled by all means, and it seems like he could hold a job if he needed to. My parents keep pushing him to get one, and he says he's looking. In the meantime, he and my sister are still going out to eat, buying stupid shit, and making messes that they generally don't clean up. My mom and I learn to deal by leaving my dad to clean all that up, since we are not the ones responsible for this mess.  
  
I have gotten so frustrated with their inconsideration for my family that I have yelled at both of them twice. I even yelled at the daughter once (and that's how I won my Asshole of the Century® Award). Long story short, they got angry at me for using the shower we share because it woke his daughter up too early. I apologized for that, and tried to learn from my outburst. They forgive me, and eventually we get along (for the most part).  
  
Come August, my grandma decides to visit. My mom, grandma, and I are having a nice conversation when it veers into how we disapprove of my sister's lifestyle. Hearing how upset my mom and grandma are makes me indignant and I decide, that's it, I need to talk to my sister's boyfriend. Note that at this point I am pretty furious in my head, to the point that I try to walk it off the night before. Apparently, this is not very effective...  
  
Next day. It's the morning, my sister and his daughter are downstairs eating breakfast or something. I ask if we can talk man-to-man, and he says okay. I let him know that I don't approve of his spending habits, and I don't approve of the fact that he doesn't have a job. I tell him that I want him to move out by December and stop relying on my dad so much, since my family is not necessarily in the best financial situation of our own.   
  
Instead of listening and agreeing, he counters that my sister wanted a new HD TV or something and he stopped her from getting it. He then continues to talk about the 3 cars and 4 houses he has owned (!?) and how I don't know shit about his bank account. I start to get furious because I had a mission when I came into this room: he was going to look me in the eyes and tell me that he was going to move out of my parents' house soon. He does this, but I raise my voice, and he starts this "WOAH DON'T COME AT ME BRO" BS. I'm standing all the way on the other side of the room! We get into an argument because he says that he will knock me out, then call the police on me and say that I was trying to molest him (I'm gay). And AskReddit, you have to believe me. The look he had on his face when he said it. He shrugs his shoulders slightly and says, "Well what if I tell them it's sexual assault?" with this smug asshole face. WHAT. THE. FUCK. I go apexbatshit CRAZY and call him a lying piece of shit who doesn't deserve a speck of my respect. My sister bursts in, guns figuratively blazing, and my dad hauls me off to another room.  
  
My dad is trying to calm me down and is LIVID that I am stirring shit. I keep screaming about how this isn't okay, and how someone needs to do something. BAM, in walks my sister with a fucking medium-sized cutting knife. She starts screaming about how I shouldn't be talking shit about people and points the knife at me. Adrenaline junked up me jumps in front of her and basically eggs her on. At this point I think, at least if I die my parents will be free of this evil bestowed upon us. (It makes sense in my head at the time.)  
  
My dad jumps in, tells her to knock it off, and the fight simmers down. I go downstairs, my sister goes downstairs, it simmers back up. We yell at each other, no less in front of my grandma (yes, AskReddit, I'm a fucking scumbag too). The fight ends when my grandma actually starts to make jokes about it, and I apologize to my parents and grandma for my behavior. Sister's boyfriend? Not a word. Apparently he told my family I was "all up in his face" and he said what he did about sending me to jail for sexual assault was "out of defense". Biggest pile of shit I have heard or seen with my eyes, hands down. Not in the shit though.  
  
I go to apologize to my sister, but at this point she is talking with my dad and crying. She tells me to leave her alone, I do. I hear afterwards that she is upset because she is trying to convince my dad to either let her get a restraining order against me or kick me out of the house. He doesn't allow either because he knows that I can't afford to move out, and he can't afford to sustain me if I move out.  
  
In the aftermath of this is the first day of my senior year of college. Yeah. My sister is texting me while I drive there, telling me about how I am going to go to jail and how I violated my probation from my previous domestic violence charge. I counter that she pointed a knife at me and has no say over who should go to jail. I let her know that I am done with her manipulating and controlling me, and that she is dead to me. She says the same about me.  
  
So this happened in August and for the past 4 months, I have not said one word to her or her boyfriend. I say hello to her daughter if she says hi to me, and I am nice to her if she is nice to me. I have slammed the door on my sister's face a few times, as an obnoxious way to be like "SEE!? You're dead to me!" but I've apologized to my dad who relays the message that she is not happy about it. I would say over the past few months I have learned how to stay in the moment and not let my emotional judgments cloud reality. Simply put, if I yell or scream at them again in any way, I am 100% sure that my sister and her BF are going to find a way to throw me into jail. (I could have my probation reviewed but I didn't do the service hours so I just prefer to wait it out until it expires, which is next year I think.)  
  
This entire time staying out of contact with my sister made me realize the responsibility I have to myself to rid myself of the negative emotions I feel. As I'm sure you know by now, the events are very vivid in my mind but I am completely honest with myself when I say that I am mostly to blame for how things transpired that day. For one, I did not talk to my sister's BF "man-to-man". I raised my voice and unleashed the worst aspects of my personality for people who frankly, don't deserve it. They're not spending the money that I've earned, and they're not living in a house that I'm paying mortgage or even a rent for. This is the part of me letting go of my controlling behavior.  
  
Lastly, I also recognize that a big factor in this equation is my dad. He is the one giving them the money / his credit card (!) every time they ask for it. When he says no, my sister flips out (part of her BPD) until she gets what she wants. We are hoping that she matures emotionally soon, but she's 23 and while we've seen progress, I can tell that she is a huge burden to my parents, especially my dad. He just hides behind a passive aggressive attitude while doing his best to placate her because he has dealt with her suicidal threats before and he just does not want that at all. Saying yes to her is the easiest way for him to "live" his "life".  
  
I definitely know that my sister and her BF share a part of the blame in our fights as well, and I think I get so angry with them because literally NO FUCKS GIVEN. This is especially why I freaked out when he shrugged off what I had to say like it doesn't matter. This is my biggest issue. I want him to know that he is not welcome to use my family for its financial resources because he's too lazy to go out and get a job. I want to express to him the amount of disapproval that I have for his lifestyle in way that impacts him, not just by screaming at him. How would you deal with this in a way that can improve the situation without overstepping your authority? I know that I am moving in a few months and that this won't technically be an issue for me then, but I still feel like it's my "duty" to let him know where he stands. I know it's not my place, but after everything I have gone through with my sister I am still in "fight" mode. I admit this is a waste of energy, but I just don't like the way my family is handling this situation. I want to do SOMETHING. Question is: how?  
  
TL;DR My sister's BF is mooching off of my family, won't move out of the house, and spends way too much of my parents' money on himself and his daughter. How would you let him know all of this without sounding like a total asshole?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/obx13y/how_does_one_improve_their_life_after_leaving/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How Does One Improve Their Life After Leaving Toxic Helicopter Parents Household (Well Trying Too) For College (Sophomore)

Hi there, this is going to be a big huge post, so prepare yourself now for a dumpster filled with information. I am 19 almost 20 and I am a Sophomore in College (Go Owls: FAU) I been at home since the pandemic (graduated HS in 2020 and then started college soon after virtual) and home life has been worsening significantly and I don't know what to do at all and I been at my wits both emotionally and mentally since I feel trapped, I feel useless, I feel sad bc I'm always being compared to by other ppl or my older sibling, I feel un heard and not being respected or listen to at all, and expectations set for me is unreasonable or if I somehow achieve it then parents back track/change their minds or make me feel like shit or vice versa.  
  
I suspected I have a learning disability (ADHD &amp; Potentially Autism Scale) more than what limited information I know about my Speech and Language Disorder (which family never give a fuck about and usually be by myself in my IEP Meetings in HS) and my accommodations from HS bc of S&amp;L Disorder didn't transfer since my college requires a documentation from a Therapist &amp; Psychologist to which idk where to even begin since I'm all on my own and barley have any money. My close friends that I talk to about this also suspected that I have Depression, Anxiety and maybe even Bipolar (Ma is suspected to have it since she is crazy as hell and they want me to be tested bc genetics is a lovely thing, and don't want me to be off guard even tho haven't shown signs of it) but like what I need for accommodations for college I don't know where to even begin since this is overwhelming and I am afraid of not being able to tackle those issues or just continuing to deal with it "on my own" or be silent as usual   
  
I already applied and got accepted for single dorm housing on campus (have 2 or 3 roommates, originally 3 but one drop and is vacant but its a 4 bedroom housing where we share 2 bathrooms and have a private bedroom) with a 12 meal a week food plan for the upcoming Fall semester but I'm afraid, one because haven't told parents and don't drive (have permit since end of sophomore year in HS via driver's ed class after much hell in doing so, but need practice and anxious of driving both from parents yelling first then teach, Ma telling me I stole or mess up something in her car [isn't true bc I don't take from my own parents in terms of valuable stuff, things like gum or food yea but never money or what Ma accused me of taking or screwing up when I drive in her car] or me being Black and Femme lending NB) nor own a car and two, I'm anxious they just guilt me in staying and I be more stuck then ever. I'm tired of being so useless, I'm trying to stay steady for my friends and even tho my parents (more so my Ma since she calls me worthless and hopes stuff happen to me while Dad is passive and always working 2 jobs, he's a hard worker but hes strict and traditional, always goes with what Ma says even when she's wrong and then always making me have to apologize even when Ma as usual go past my boundaries or make me feel like I would be better off dead instead of adding onto the bill by living here) besides Dad I guess and maybe my older brother (don't have a good relationship but not as bad as Ma just neutral) prob would be happy if anything happens to me  
  
I'm all on my own and idk how to do much in terms of being an adult. I know how to separate clothes and put them in the dryer then fold them as well as ironing but I never start a washer machine (at best Ik the soap and detergent stuff goes but dk like water temperature and which is the best setting for the type of clothes) my cooking skills is microwave or things that are simple since all my life my family made cleaning and cooking a "female" job and I reject that bc it was so stupid growing up seeing my Ma cook and what not then be pissed when I don't do so but when my brother does she says that he can stop and she wants me. Yea ik it bite me in the ass but I don't like being told I have to do something just bc I have a uterus, not to mention at least for this semester, we don't have a stove in the housing dorm and only a community housing kitchen in one of the floors. I know how to wash, put away and start a dish washer, swept the house and clean the bathroom but not sure if I need to learn more skills that I'm just either blankin out, never taught/get frighten by being told to go away and don't learn or vice versa  
  
Idk what to do in terms of clothing or hair since one, a lot of clothes in my closet needs major updating since I detested the clothes I wear (a good 85% don't match what I want nor gender identity) and also shopping bc Ma always had to start something or when I get something she later takes it either bc she is upset or when I used to have report cards in K-12 whenever it didn't met her expectations it would get taken away same with birthday or Christmas gifts then takes it long enough she regifts it and me being a dummy I lowkey forgot about it so I get excited for the same stuff twice. Then bonus pts for Ma in comparing me with my older brother or other ppl who did better than me. I want to cut my hair bc I heard the symbolism that cutting your hair means change but I want something low maintenance that I be able to embrace my Haitian &amp; Black Ethnicity as well as learning how to manage my 4c Texture Hair since I am a newbie and dk the products nor braiding to do on myself (I tried on my childhood doll but I just keep on messing up and got sad so I just figured I'ma always have to pay or deal with my hair on my own). Once again I do not know how to go about this so I feel trapped and discouraged already  
  
I don't know how to pack for dorms and not even sure if family would help me without it being a battle or worse make me cancel my housing and then depend on Ma to drive 45 min to and from college. I tried to compromise and said Tri Rail, Ride Sharing with a Friend or Apps, or Bus, parents said no and said that I have to depend on Ma since Dad always working and I don't want to do that both bc even tho I'm so behind in being an adult (\*Sniffles\*)   
  
I'm trying even tho I need guidance without being yelled at or hurt or overstimulated (being yelled at by different ppl is a good way or that party noise thingy you blow is also another way to cause me to react) and that I want space, I need air and I need help both for myself to be in a better place so I can live life beyond always being at home and always doing school (which is harder with no accommodations, being in a unsupportive household, indirectly being attacked on my gender and sexuality even tho haven't been out [Religious parents but usually Ma for this], classes isn't interesting and want to take classes that means something like major classes or classes that is more helpful than a General Ed Class can give hence the distractions but just have to force myself to work through it but its becoming harder to do so than b4) never hanging with friends or talkin on the phone (I was on a phone with a friend I haven't spoken to well besides text that is since the pandemic started then my Dad yell at me for being on the phone and then told me to do something Ma wanted me to do, it was to close the TV [Bruh] and then after that Ma told me all I do is eat, shit, be on my laptop/phone and sleep, then proceeds to attack and belittle me) or just have the freedom, the confidence and at ease to be a almost 20 year old in college.  
  
I need help and in Mid August thats when move in day for my college begins (don't have an exact date yet) and I really dk where to begin so I can have a better year in college (I started off ok in Fall and Spring with a 3.52 GPA but then my summer classes kick my ass badly and I ended up withdrawing from a class [during add and drop week for 2nd half of summer thankfully] failing 3 classes (1 class but Canvas divides the 3 credit class into lecture and lab so that's technically 2) then Accounting 1 kick my ass (have to retake it in the Fall bc its required for a business major) bc of our Douchebag prof. The only class I manage to pass was Micro with a C which I'm upset on bc Ik I could have gotten an A but bc of me feeling more discouraged, feeling depressed, I just barley pull through and I feel so freaking guilty about it enough that I'm like bawling in my room for a week and a half privately as I hear in the background how worthless I am and a waste of space by Ma.   
  
Dad is always working and then whenever he does see me he just be upset at me and always makes me be around Ma 24/7 or told me that have some knowledge do something with my life or act like I have sense or be smart and whenever I do try like telling my parents about this Part Time Job in Mid April, about 10 min away from my house, my folks laugh in my face and then when I get to tell them the bonus of having 1,500 in money after a certain amount of time on the job, they told me to take my ass to CVS/Walgreens (Dad wants me to work in Medical as a first job and in a clean environment even tho I did and got rejected or never call back to which Dad pointed out the other ppl younger than me and made me feel like shit when he told me "How come I can't be like them" then told me to try again even tho we in like the worst job unemployment of our time like its so simple, I had so much tears whenever I eagerly open up a email from a job then get crushed when as usual don't get picked or saying their hold my file, told Dad and he says to try harder and stop making excuses and that I'ma feel it when I'm older don't want to do anything with my life) then being told I'm lucky I don't be hired and then fired in the same day.  
  
Ma told me if I was a cart pusher like in the groccery store she would not even bat an eye to me and Dad has this expectations of me working in medical and clean which funny enough the job, Uniform Advantage fit everything that Dad wanted and a bonus it was in business something that I'm actually majoring in but parents never remember and still salty I'm not in Nursing in terms of a major. Hell, my Ma until recently used to lie to my other family members on how I went to other college and taking another major and don't even freakin acknowledge what I'm in and always as usual boast about how great and awesome my older brother is. I hate being told I'm not good enough, yes I freakin know it for years now, u don't have to repeat something I already know. And Dad for the longest time was pissed that I stand up to him and told him I don't want to be in nursing (For Haitian Kids we only got 6 career paths, Basketball or Football, Doctor, Nurse, Lawyer &amp; Engineer when a kid go against that parents flips their shit bc they want a kid to have a stable and known career with bonus pts of bragging rights ofc) and wanted to be in Health Administration/Human Resources and overall Business Aspect, he told me I'ma regret it and even now still feel like shit for standing up and making him upset but I guess its one of the many things I can't just help in making my parents upset about.  
  
Anyways continuing on, when I told my Dad when we went out to shop for food a few weeks back the store and where its at, Dad told me no then when I ask him why he told me its not medical, I reply back its a medical business that sells Scrubs for medical professionals like nurses and assistants, then he told me to apply to CVS and Walgreens which I told him why I can't as explain earlier, then he told me to apply to T-Mobile, I asked Dad in confusion how the heck T-Mobile is medical unless I missed a huge memo that T-Mobile sells Medical Devices instead of phones idk how its medical. I love my Dad but damn it he be contradicting himself and then he tells me I'm being disrespectful whenever I talk back or ask for clarification (hence I be silent and stay confused a lot leading me to get yelled at a lot since idk what I was being asked and when I ask for clarification I get told to have some sense and to figure it out) but anyways he told me that T-Mobile was clean and I legit had to fight off the urge to freakin face palm at this tho like omg Jesus Christ take the wheel.  
  
I just need help, in terms of getting my life together and myself once I'm on campus if by some freakin miracle Parents don't start shit or make me feel like shit and guilt me into canceling the housing contract. I need a part time job to start saving for Study Abroad which I want to do in Spring 2023 and Fall of 2023 of Junior year to Australia, I need money and I don't want to depend on family more than I already have to (ex: that stupid FAFSA) and not to mention it already hurts like mf hell to take out loans for Housing which I still owe even with with loans (sub and unsubsidized loans from FAFSA) and maximum Pell Grant, I need to pay a lil over 750 out of pocket to pay clear off my balance for the fall term and its going to be the same for Spring housing as well.   
  
The area near my college is expensive as hell and I doubt my folks will cosign me an apartment and even if they did where the hell is a college student going to come up with 1700 per month without sacrificing full time college or being in a bad position to pay it off even with roommates its still expensive not to mention I'm not trying to scare off ppl or be afraid or deal with much ppl since I already come from a rough background I do not want to take out loans and want not just to be in the same environment again. I just feel like I'm trapped since I legit choose being in debt which I avoided for the longest then staying at home and being debt free but feel like shit.  
  
I'm scared that my folks is going to be right and I continue to be useless, I'm trying and I feel like I'm drowning in not being able to function correctly for not being like other ppl my age is doing, I'm just tired of being this way, I didn't ask for this, to be this complicated, to be always being in pain, too hopeful, too optimistic even when hurt, too always being slow and useless, I just don't know how to feel at all anymore  
  
I think this is a good stopping point, there is plenty I could say about my family, but I think y'all can have an idea, I just need some help with dealing with Extreme Helicopter and Toxic (more so Ma but Dad has his moments) parents with impossible expectations and making me feel like no matter how much I try I can never do it, I just end up wasting everyone's time just like what Ma always tells me. I need help with this college stuff as well, I just need help with a lot and stop feeling like I'm drowning.  
  
Even with Ma harsh words and Dad's critical and passive, I don't hate them, I should when it comes to my Mother at least, I still have a few decent memories on whenever Ma is not being a bitch or breakin me further on how she used to be proud on when I do something like she still keep that hand print I did in 1st grade as a Mother's day gift its on the counter of her bathroom, but even with the good memories I still have on her, it doesn't replace her words or actions in the present or rather previous actions and it hurts like hell so much. I be lying if I say I'm not effected by Mother anymore, that I don't constantly wish for her to change or it be back to where it used to, that I secretly envy the ppl that had understanding and great parents.   
  
Yea I have a roof over my head, food on the table, a bed and then clothes but that's not enough. I don't feel supported, I feel like I'm an inconvenience, I feel like I'm here bc I have to be, I feel like I'm not living a life and its just a endless cycle that I can't escape from, I feel guilty for feeling like this since ppl have it way worse than I do, I feel like my feelings don't matter and that it's ok I'm being treated like this since for the longest time I thought (and still is even when friends told me it isn't) was normal, I been told my feelings don't matter (Mother) or idk what stress is since idk how to work and I'm a piece of shit (Mother again) so idk where to even go about for this at all, need advice please and thank you

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/v7678/my_older_sister_and_i_have_nothing_in_common_shes/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My older sister and I have nothing in common, she's controlling, a compulsive liar, and we don't have a relationship. Is it possible to have one at this point?

I'm 20 years old (male) and she's 24. When we were kids up until about when I was 9, we got along fine. She did the normal older sister stuff, bossing me around, we fought, but at the same time, we were able to have a relationship. Probably because we were kids... Once she got into middle school, she started hanging out with the wrong crowd. Drug users, people who drank alcohol, and just... weird. Not to mention a lot older than her. I'm sorry but it's weird if someone in high school is hanging out with a kid in middle school. Since then, she got into loads of trouble, got shit for grades, always lying to my parents about every little thing, and it put a huge strain on the family and my parents marriage (I think). My mother is more free-spirited, so my mother and sister have always gotten along for the most part, but my dad was the one who was trying to put some sort of order into her life. Like any normal parent, he set curfews and RULES. My sister has just never been someone who did what she was told.   
  
And then there was me. I can't remember the last time my parents needed to tell me that I had to do my homework, clean my room, etc. I just always did what I knew I was supposed to do, and never got into any trouble. I got along with both of my parents and never really had any issues with them.   
  
What the hell went wrong here? Fast forward to about two years ago. She was 22 and myself, 18. My mother went to Florida for a week to visit her mom, and my dad was always working at the time. I haven't had a curfew since I was 17, went to a friends house, and get a call from my sister, screaming that I needed to be home. It was 2:30am, but I was watching a fucking movie at a friends house. Forgive me... I get home when the movie ended because let's be honest, I'm 18 years old, and I'm not going to let my degenerate 22y/o sister try to enforce a rule that she just made up for me, and she just... yells. Telling me I need to be home when I was told, blah blah blah. She calls my dad, who's at work and doesn't have the time to deal with petty crap like that, and tells him that I shoved her, and just started spewing more lies out of her mouth. I ask calmly to talk to him, she pushes me, I grab the phone from her hand and she proceeds to grab my hair, kick my balls, scratch my face and hit my kidneys. At that point, I was pissed, but I knew that if I hit her back, she'd call the police on me and come up with some elaborate story to get me arrested somehow. I finally get her off of me, and I just leave.   
  
I'm convinced that I was more mature than her 22 year old self, when I was 12... I'm in my third year of college, just got an amazing internship, doing well and have good prospects for my future. My sister dropped out of community college that my parents paid for, and now works as a hairdresser who can't make enough money to move out of the house. At this point, whenever I see her, I'm just irritated. She doesn't even wash her own dishes. I can think of a million other things I don't like about her, but it'd be pointless. My parents also bought her a horse and 2 cars. All of which had to be sold/junked because she couldn't afford to maintain them and neither could my parents anymore. She's a parasite. Because of the financial strain she put on my parents, I had to take out tens of thousands of dollars in loans just to go to school. I know I'll be able to pay them off, but I can't help but think how much better off my family would be if she wasn't around. It sounds terrible, but I have no reason to get along with her as you can see. Recently she tried blaming our lack of a relationship on ME. This was after she called me, again screaming, telling me that I needed to get home and go with her to a wake that my mom said she had to go to, or she was going to "kick my ass". I just hung up, because obviously, that had the opposite effect that she expected. Now we're just not on speaking terms, as usual.  
  
My question is, what can be done about this? After texting her and convincing her that she was indeed wrong to threaten me, she still thinks that until I'm ready to have a relationship with her, we won't have one. At this point, why the hell would I want to have one with her? She's just so different from me, and we obviously cannot get along because of her control and perhaps jealousy issues. I really don't know. People keep telling me that we should try to have a relationship, but at the same time, why should we have to force something like that? I just can't. I choose my friends wisely so that I can keep drama out of my life and have done so successfully. But, I couldn't choose my sister, and she is the only source of drama in my life right now. It's toxic.   
  
Sorry for the wall of text, but I had to explain some specifics.

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](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/2ct5wi/the_myth_of_a_college_education/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: The myth of a college education

Here's some background: 25F, degrees obtained: BS/MA, total student loan debt: ~100K, monthly income now: ~1800. When I was growing up, not going to college wasn't an option. The school drilled it into our heads that we had to go to college or else we would end up old, alone, and living in a van under a bridge. In addition to the school drilling it into my head, my parents always taught me that going to college was the only way and the means to a brighter future. My parents did not even go to college so they didn't know any better. It's just what universities have been drilling in people's heads over and over for years now. So anyway, when I was of age, I attended college at a local university. When I entered, I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. After changing my major about a million times I finally settled down on psychology b/c I was naturally good at it (not like it's hard anyway) and I enjoyed studying it. I chose to focus on neuropsychology b/c I thought the brain was fascinating and I loved biology. While going through school, I also got the full "college experience" aka drinking every night and partying (glad I now owe $100k for that...) whilst keeping a 3.8/4 grade pt average. For those of you who don't know much about psychology, you pretty much need a Masters or a Ph.D to do anything with it. Hence, why I got a Masters.   
  
Here I sit now, a 100k in debt with a neuropsychology assistant position and only earning about $2,000 a month (you need a Ph. D. to be a neuropsychologist). Here is what I learned from going to college:  
  
1. A diploma is piece of paper that is too damn expensive--100k to get a damn piece of paper is ridiculous. Some say "oh, but an education is priceless." I agree an education is very important, but which venue you choose to get that education from decides the price of that education. Literally, everything I learned in college I could have read out of books or elsewhere on my own time for a lot less money. Mind you, nearly everything I learned in college is forgotten. However, jobs don't care if you have all the knowledge in the world about that field, they care about the initials behind you name because apparently how you learned that education is more important. Additionally, paying that much money for a bleak future and lost time is equivalent to rape. There is no guarantee that you will become employed. What happens to your student loans if you have to declare bankruptcy? NOTHING. You still have to pay for them. Student loans are entirely too easy to get and being able to afford school without them is impossible. Who would give a $30,000 loan/year to an 18 year old, fresh out of high school, without knowing anything else about them? Oh, the government and private student loan companies. Why? This is because they know that they have these KIDS locked down for 30 years into this debt plus interest that they can never escape. Debt=slavery. The cost of college is absurd and rising. People see universities as this good natured, omnibenevolent organization for the people, but in reality, a university is a business. They are trying to make money just like every other business.   
  
2. College should be for fine arts, not the sciences. There should be separate schools for medical degrees, dental degrees, pharmacy degrees, engineering degrees, etc. The separate schools could offer a more focused course load rather than making you take an IS course such as math and politics or a women's studies course. These courses offer nothing to student or the field of study. Paying $800+ for a course that will in no way benefit you, yet is required in order for you to do what you want is the fine print of a bad business negotiation. Moreover, if you can pass the licensure test for a job, you should be able to work in that job without a college degree. For example, for engineering, you have to take the FE AND have a college degree in order to become an engineer. Same thing to become a counselor. You have to have a master's, but you also have to pass licensure. Now, if all the information you really need to know for that job is on that licensure test, shouldn't you just be able to get the title with passing that test without the additional requirement of a college degree? It's a scam and the universities are just raking in the money.   
  
3. A college degree is equivalent to getting through Jr. High. College just isn't as prestigious as it once might have been. A college degree actually used to mean something, where now-a-days, every joe shmo has one. Universities let anyone and everyone into college now and the people who graduate are just a dumb as they were when they entered college. IQ scores are traveling downward and now universities are teaching what others should have learned in high school or even Jr. high. If universities want their degree to mean something, they need to be cut throat. First, don't let everyone in. Getting in should be competitive just like a Ph. D or Master's program. Second, FAIL people regularly if they do not meet the standards of the course. For example, there was a girl in one of my courses who clearly should not have passed the course. She handed papers in late (when the syllabus said no late papers) or didn't hand them in at all. The professor still passed the girl probably because she didn't want to "hurt her feelings." By her passing this girl that didn't do the work, the professor just shit all over my degree. It's worth nothing. It is saying that you can get that piece of paper without doing any work. Greeeat. Glad I'm literally paying for a piece of paper rather than earning it....   
  
4. The "college experience" is a joke--The "college experience" amounts to drinking and partying with your friends. What did that teach me? That I'm an idiot for paying that much money in order to get it. People always rave about how college was the best days of their life. Sorry, but I don't believe that paying 100K in order to drink with my friends were the best days of my life nor is it necessary. I think I can drink with my friends on my own time with my own money. This idea of an experience has become so engrained in people's minds that they feel that have to go to college to party. News alert-you don't. News alert-if you really want to drink at college, you can without being a student.....mind blown. People say "the college experience is about opening up your mind and gaining new experiences." Read some goddamned books for once and "open up your eyes" yourself to different view points. Critical thinking skills are of the utmost importance and you're never going to get them if you just rely on a professor telling you what to think and how things are. This selling of a "college experience" is just another way to rope in people to spend thousands of dollars, and I bought it. How pathetic.  
  
So if you are beginning to think about college, think about your options.  
1. you could go to college, owe thousands of dollars, get out when you are 24+, and still not have a job  
2. you could go to trade school, owe less money, get out at 19 or so, and have a better chance of getting a job  
3. you could learn a skill on your own time, start at any age (16+), owe nothing, and be building your own business while others are wasting their life in college  
4. you could start a career in a business (such as McDonalds), start at age 16, owe nothing, and be working your way up the ladder so that you are already making more than them college folk by the time they get their degree.  
  
Speak with your pockets. If you are just giving universities money to go to college even though you know it's all a scam/joke you are giving them the power and things will never change. If their enrollment begins to drop, prices of education will go down and they will start listening to what people really want. If only I knew all of this before I went to college.  
  
rant over.  
  
What do you think reddit?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/11tykr/no_hot_water_or_heat_in_my_house_for_over_a_year/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: no hot water or heat in my house for over a year - what can I do to help/ get through to my parents about fixing this? Long - lots of problems with our house

Hi reddit,  
  
I also posted this in /r/advice, but was hoping to get more replies. I hope it's okay that I post it here. If not, feel free to remove.  
  
I desperately need your advice.  
  
My family has been living without hot water or heat since August 2011. I live with my mom, dad, and younger brother (21). I'm 23 (f) and I'm at a loss as to what to do.  
  
My parents rent our side of a 2 family house. I've lived here my whole life. The rent is expensive for what it is... My landlord raised the rent by hundreds of dollars a few years ago just because we got a used SUV. She's pretty much a slum lord and does illegal things. My parents are afraid of her and don't know their rights.  
  
In MA, as I now understand it because of some links on rental laws that my boyfriend sent me, my landlord is responsible for providing us with heat and hot water. However, my parents are worried that my landlord will make them pay for some of it. She (illegally) made us pay half of the cost of a furnace when it broke in the middle of winter before, but they didn't know any better and didn't want to create conflict. They're terrified she'll evict us.  
  
My dad keeps completely refuse to tell my landlord that we have no hot water or heat, for fear that she'll come in the house and see the condition it's in. He's worried she'll make us pay for it, which they can't afford. He's worried that she'll evict us, which she can't do, I don't think? I'm really confused as to what our rights our, but I don't think she'd be allowed to evict us. If she did, we don't have the money to move out, so I have no idea what we'd do, except maybe move in with my grandma. However, there isn't much space there. It's impossible to talk to my parents about this. Every time I do, they shut down. It's like they're children and put their hands over their ears and won't hear any of it. They want to ignore that we have any problems. They are not being adults. Every time I try to talk to my dad about talking to my landlord, he either passively says "okay, I'll fix it" until I shut up, or he'll completely blow up at me, screaming, and won't listen to me at all or be rational. He will usually then kick my mom out of their room and go to sleep, and then my family blames all our problems on me because I "start fights."  
  
Our house is in bad shape in general. Our landlord has done the bare minimum to keep our house sound. She hired someone to replace the floor in our kitchen a few years back, for example, but now the tiles are crumbling because they were so cheap. We have a rug over it, but it's falling apart.  
  
The ceiling in the kitchen underneath the toilet completely crumbled and collapsed with sewage all over the floor. My parents went months without replacing it.  
  
Our walls are made of horsehair plaster, and there are multiple, large holes in my room because it's just crumbling. It's an old house. The wallpaper is beyond peeling off my walls and it's disgusting to live like this.  
  
We live in filth... no one cleans up after themselves except my mom and me. My brother and dad leave their trash out and expect my mom to clean it up. It's disgusting.  
  
My brother sleeps on the couch because there's too much junk in his room for him to live in it. Our porch is completely unusable for the same reason.  
  
I have no drawers to put my clothes in because they broke. My parents keep saying that they'll replace them, but money apparently is an object, or something, because over 2 years later and they're still not fixed. I have my clothes in bags on the floor. However, it's gross, because moth larvae get into them. They crawl underneath all the clothes on my floor.  
  
I have no room in my bedroom, partly because of this. I have a large amount of artwork and art supplies from when I went to art school for two years, that needs to be moved to the attic, but my dad will never help me move it there when I ask him.  
  
So, reddit, how the hell can I improve my living situation???? It's a total drain to be stressing about all of this all the time. I don't know how I function with all of this on my mind.  
  
I go to college full time. I don't have my driver's license and it's been hard affording driving lessons. I want to get a job, but as it is, it's my first semester back and I'm swamped with work all the time. Additionally, I'm saddled with around 70k of debt from going to art college for two years, previously. My aunt stopped cosigning my loans, so I had to leave and had no way of going back until my parents were able to cosign for me, 3 years later. I developed psychotic depression and have struggled functioning  
  
I don't know what to do.  
  
My therapist thinks I should move out and move into the dorms, but that would mean taking out additional loans. I can't afford any more debt.  
  
We could move in with my grandma, but my mom has refused to talk to her about any of our problems.  
  
I'm at a complete loss as to what to do. I feel so helpless.  
  
Someone help me? Any advice? :(

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/5ee1em/simple_advicereassurance_on_the_best_path_for_me/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Simple advice/reassurance on the best path for me to take to continue my studies :)

Hi! Fairly new here. Thought I'd use this and see how it'll go cause it'll be nice to have a second or third opinion on things.   
  
  
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Alright some context first:   
  
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Right now I'm a freshman in College with a unique situation. My dad's work contract here in the U.S. (Specifically Hawaii) ends on July 2017, meaning that our U.S. Visa will expire around that time too and the whole family has to go back to the Philippines, including me. This means I'm currently in the process of doing transfer applications for schools.   
  
As of now I have 4 options of where I want to continue my studies, but I was hoping to narrow it down a little bit more with your help. To further help with whatever helpful advice I would be receiving, I just want to add that I plan to become an English teacher for Japanese High School students in Japan (So probs Major in English, Minor in Japanese/Double major in them/Major in Japanese, Minor in English. Not sure which is best)  
  
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\*\*Studying in the Philippines:\*\*  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*The most feasible path. It's my Motherland so I have no qualms in studying here, especially in my Alma Mater  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*My dad will be able to pay for the tuition even without the need for scholarships (though a scholarship will be beneficial in any case).   
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*I'll be able to see all my cousins, friends, classmates, and everyone I know again. I'll also be able to jam and have fun with them.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*It'll be tough to have a part time job here while having a College life. Also internet is shitty.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*I've lived here for 16 years. It's not a bad thing, but the world is so much more than just studying in my Alma Mater and living in the Philippines. I want to meet new people, experience a different culture, have an adventure, live independently  
  
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\*\*Studying in Hawaii:\*\*  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*I'm already studying here, so I'm getting used to how College is in the university I am right now. I just need to apply for a Student Visa to continue studying here or anywhere in the U.S.  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*I have a part time job here while still being able to maintain good grades (A's and B's).  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*Kawaii Kon  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*Tuition is expensive as fuck. My dad can pay for it as of now, but once he returns to the Philippines, his salary will lessen and won't be enough to pay for my college while providing the necessary needs for the family.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*Additional expenses for dorming cause I’ll be living by myself. It’s roughly the same price as the tuition of my university right now. Meaning around 20k total. But I have made many friends here in my 2 years of living so there might be a chance that I can live with them.  
  
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\*\*Studying in the Mainland:\*\*  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*New adventure. New experiences. New culture. New life  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*Currently applying to Boston College and Boston University (Not sure which is better). So as much as the education here in Hawaii is good, I know I can receive a better education in the mainland. I also heard from my Japanese co-workers that the people and place in Boston is pretty nice.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*More expensive tuition plus dorming. I can probably get a part time job here though.  
  
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\*\*Studying in Japan:\*\*  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*Probably the best way to improve my Japanese since I’ll be living in the country itself  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*New adventure. New experiences. New culture. New life. I’ve never been to Japan. It’s one of my goals to be there at least once, see the cherry blossoms, buy anime merchandise, visit famous places, etc etc. I just love Japan.   
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*Language barrier. I’m not fluent in the language yet. I’m still learning (in Japanese 201 right now). I’ve sought advice and people have told me to try applying to Tokyo University as it accepts many international applicants. But to my knowledge, it’s like the Harvard or Boston of Japan, so it only accepts the best of the best. There's bound to be an entrance test too. I’ve also heard that international applicants who apply there are already fluent in Japanese.I think you can take supplementary Japanese classes though to help you catch up with things.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*Tuition and dorming are probably less expensive than Mainland, but still expensive. I’m planning to see the Japanese consulate here for anything about scholarships for studying there. I know one of them would be the Monbukagakusho Scholarship but that’s pretty hard to obtain.  
  
  
  
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As for FAFSA, I’m a non-U.S. citizen, but I’m still applying for it anyway to see if I can get anything. I won’t lose anything doing it anyway. I’m also currently finding scholarships for international transfer students and international students in general.   
  
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So yeah! I’m sorry this was pretty long. I just wanted to give enough information to show that I did do my research first before posting here, and to answer probably most of the questions needed to give a substantial advice. I do hope that this situation wasn’t too specific that it’ll get deleted or too vague that it’ll be hard to comprehend :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/wdm4s/how_should_i_deal_with_this_harassment_situation/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How should I deal with this harassment situation?

This is going to be long, but I need some help.   
  
I have been harassed. Pretty badly and I have seen no results when I have tried to get help.   
  
It started last spring (2011). I was driving home with a friend, it was around 11 o'clock and it was very dark. As we pulled into my drive way, we could see that there was a lot of stuff all over the place. At first we started laughing because it didn't seem so bad. When we got out of the car to start picking it up we realized what was scattered across my front lawn was stolen construction cones from a construction site up the road, and a ton of For-Sale house signs with all of the pamphlets thrown everywhere. There was also some of my mothers outdoor lights that had been taken out of the ground and smashed. Then I looked up to my doorway. Sitting there was a large street cone. It, and my front door were covered in sticky notes. As I got closer I saw that they were in at least three different hand writings with things written on them such as "fuck you," "you're a douch," "I want to pee on you," and so on. There were many of these.   
  
Barely able to myself from crying, I gathered up all of the trash, stolen equipment and hate notes and brought them inside of my house. I told my friend that I would be alright, so he left. Neither of my parents were home.   
  
When both of my folks came back, we pieced together a time line. Whoever had attacked my house had waited for my parents to leave and managed to mess up my entire front yard and post a ton of sticky notes within about seven minutes (before I came home).   
  
My mother called the police and an officer showed up at my house. He was rather aggressive and persisted in asking me "who did this?" and I kept telling him I didn't know. I didn't want to falsely accuse someone by blindly guessing. He ended up taking pictures of the notes, told my mom that not much was going to happen to her broken property and told us to call the city to reclaim the cones. He finished by saying that he saw this as a school related event and so he would turn it over to my resource officer.   
  
The next few days I was never contacted by my resource officer. The high school rumor mill started to churn and finally I was provided with some names. I went to the officer and told him what I had been told by one of the best friends of the people who had attacked my house. He still did nothing.   
I went in a week later to see if he had acted upon my new information and he said that he had been too busy and that he would get to it. I waited. Nothing. My mother called the school. Nothing. She called the police again. They affirmed us that the resource officer would deal with it.   
  
A few days later I get a message on facebook from a girl who I had been friends with. She starts telling me how much I bother her and how much she hates what I do and say. I tell her I am sorry, if she really has that big of a problem with me, I will try to change and that she doesn't have to be around me or be friends with me on Facebook. She goes on a bit more about how annoying I am, comments on a few of my posts from other days and then stops.   
  
This all happened in early April. Late May rolls around and I decide to re-download twitter on my phone (I had deleted it because I hadn't been using it). I am greeted with around 25 notifications that my twitter had been mentioned in other tweets. I had never had this kind of response. I start to open up the links and to my horror they are from a twitter that is in my name followed by profanity about me sucking ass and a group of people hating me. The tweets were responses to my own tweets from months before, and they talked about how happy "they" were (whoever the creator(s) was/were) when I wouldn't show up to school, or how they wanted to shit on me, or how they had a "fag in their radar." I should clarify that I am not homosexual, but I have been called gay a fair number of times throughout the years for my interest in choir and theater.   
  
I finished looking through the tweets and then showed my mom. She was furious. Once again she called the police. They asked us to print out the tweets so they could come by and pick them up. We did so. An officer was supposed to show up that afternoon. A few days passed, so my mom called back and asked when an officer would come. We were told soon, two weeks passed. She called again. Same response. The cops never showed up.   
  
Things started to calm down for a while. But clearly in this time, the people who had been harassing me started to get comfortable. One morning while watching the morning news (which I was on every morning because of having a student leadership role) one of my attackers turned to one of my close friends and told her that he had "fucked with that faggot's house and got away with it." When I was told this, I reported it to the resource officer. Nothing happened.   
  
Then, a few weeks later they became even more bold, and a girl came up to me as I was rehearsing lines for a play. She was making a painting that I would be using as a prop. I asked her how the painting looked. She told me it looked "shitty, like me. So it is all very fitting".   
  
I didn't respond. I just looked away. I just felt like dying at that point. These people were being so vicious. They had attacked me in so many ways. And yet they were never getting punished. There was no justice.   
  
This spring, almost exactly a year after my house was first messed with, I received a call. I was sitting with friends watching tv at around 9 o'clock at night. I woke up my phone and saw that I had a voice mail from a blocked number. I start to play it. In it I am called a faggot at least 5 times, I am cursed at throughout the entity of the approximately 30 second message and I am made fun of for the plays and choir that I involve myself in. The message is extremely hateful.   
  
I went home. I showed my mom and dad. I was crying and screaming out of fear and rage. I showed my mother and once again she called the police. They told is that they would not deal with it and that it would have to go to my school. So, this time my mom brings it to my school. And to her dismay, she discovers that not only had the school resource office never follow up with any of my attackers, but he had also never even informed the administration of my school about what had been happening to me. The assistant principal was not too happy about this. She brought him in for a three person meeting. I showed them the voice mail. She was really wanting to catch the person who did this, the resource officer looked at us and said it was impossible because it was a blocked number, so that was that. He then turned to me and said, "wait, you're the kid who came to me before and then had your mom come in right? Now, why do you think these people are always getting after YOU?"  
  
He said this as if I deserved this, as if I had it coming. As if it wasn't really a problem. As if he was not at fault in any way for letting it continue to happen.   
  
  
  
I graduated. I had to see these people who have made me want to kill myself, who made me fall into medically considered "severe depression," who made me spend weeks with a counselor, I had to watch these people trot across the stage, never getting any sort of punishment. There was no justice. They were able to make my life a living hell and they got to enjoy every minute of it.   
  
So here I am. I haven't slept the same for over a year now because I am afraid. I used to feel safe at home. Now, when I am on trips I cry when I have to come home (what 19 year old boy should cry when he comes home?!) I wake up every morning and go to my window to make sure that my yard isn't scattered with trash and vile notes, again. I check my twitter (which I wish I could delete, but it holds evidence) and make sure that there are no new responses, I check my voicemails and Facebook to make sure nothing new has cropped up. This is the worst way to live.   
  
I finally contacted an attorney, he told me to peruse this, it would be rather expensive. Sadly, my family is not incredibly well off, especially as they are about to send me off to college, and after they covered some of the counseling sessions. We have contacted twitter to see if they could help us at all, but we have yet to hear back (nearly two months later), and my school clearly gave up on any efforts that had on figuring out and punishing my attackers.   
  
At this point I have no idea what to do. I feel so helpless. The only support I have is my mom and dad. The police have been absolutely useless, the school was incredibly unhelpful and the lawyer I talked to confirmed that it was out of my price range to afford legal help. I feel so lost.   
  
Help me reddit. What can I do?   
  
TL;DR I have been pretty brutally harassed for over a year and my school and the police never pursued the issue despite constant pleading.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/xmg7v4/today_i_advocated_my_butt_off_for_a_client/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Today I advocated my butt off for a client!

I want to preface this by saying that I'm 33, so I'm not your "traditional" intern. I'm a Veteran, I've been to inpatient mental health treatment, I've been in inpatient substance use treatment centers, so I'm a less timid than most of my peers.  
  
We have a client who had some type of accident when they were younger and it has rendered him hard of hearing. He has adapted to reading lips very well and wears hearing aids. He has been in our care for two weeks to this point and has had to rely on written information or asking staff to pull their masks down so he can watch them talk. I had asked earlier in his care if he knows American Sign Language and he said that he was. Honestly, I was so pumped about that because for my foreign language requirement, I took three semesters of American Sign Language throughout my school career. I am, by no means, fluent, but I have been proficient enough to be able to communicate with him. When I asked some of the staff what we can do about getting him an interpreter, they all just kind of passed the buck onto someone else and eventually I got a half answer of "Well, he can read lips and we can write stuff down, so...."  
  
Today when I went into work, I noticed that one of the case managers was complaining because this particular client wanted to meet with her every day because he had phone calls to make and he can't use the phone without help because he can't hear the phone. The case manager was not frustrated by his disability, but by the fact that nobody has figured anything out for her client who required additional services.   
  
I made it my mission that, come hell or high water, I wasn't going to leave work today without having some type of interpreting service figured out so that he is able to access the same level of care that everyone else has access to. It took me four hours total, and a lot of meeting with various people employed at the hospital, but I finally did it. I can't even begin to explain the amount of excitement that I had when I was able to get a client the type of assistance that they required. It was more rewarding to me than anything I've done in social work thus far, which admittedly isn't very much. We talked a lot in the ASL classes about the kind of discrimination and obstacles that the deaf community still faces because often times, people don't know how to handle that issue.   
  
I asked several people in the corporate and chief officer positions what could be done to help the client and never really got a clear answer because they were trying to put out other fires that were, admittedly, bigger issues. However, this was a huge obstacle for me to get figured out. One thing that I thought about was that I'm at a For-Profit hospital. This means that money is obviously the biggest motivating factor for their services. I did a lot of Google searches but I finally found a list of interpreters who were certified in ASL in our community. I called a few of them and luckily, one finally answer my call. When I spoke with her, she had said that she had provided interpretation services for our clients in the past, but I knew that billing through insurance would have been a potential barrier. I asked her if she knew how we could go through the client's insurance (Medicare/Medicaid), she told me that she would just bill my site directly after the client was discharged and they would pay her for the services that she provided.  
  
Now, armed with the Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990 and the threat of either a potential lawsuit or a bill for interpreter services upon client discharge, I went to the people that weren't very helpful and told them what I'd gotten figured out. Suddenly, people were a lot more willing to put the work in to help me figure out what interpreting services we'd used in the past. I finally met with the Chief Clinical Officer who mentioned that they have iPad tablets and a subscription to a service called IRIS. I got the tablet and met with the ASL interpreter who was working and she informed me that they provide 24 hour services and that whenever we need it, we can get on the app and connect with a live ASL certified interpreter anytime it was needed.  
  
When I say that I felt so great after finally getting it figured out, I realized that this is why I joined the social work field to begin with. We all want to help clients overcome obstacles in their lives, and I was actually able to solve an issue. I apologize if this was super long, but I wanted to share a real victory that I had today. The “high” of helping someone get the care that they need was greater than any feeling that I got when I used drugs. This is why I got into the field of social work.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/df8lj/reddit_i_need_some_help_figuring_my_life_out/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I need some help figuring my life out. Anything.

I know this is definitely not the best place to get help, but I don't know where else I can ask. The people in my life are either too involved to help, or to oblivious for there to be a point in me involving them.  
  
  
Basically, my father is a nutcase. That's the root of all of this. He and my mother are divorced, but they had shared custody of me when I was younger (I'm 19 now), and now shared custody of my sister. I still go to see him when my sister goes, because I don't want her to be left alone with him, so I see him at least every second weekend.  
  
  
So basically, he is ruining my life. I don't mean to sound like a whiny, pathetic teen, this is true. I have panic attacks on a regular basis, and I first attempted suicide when I was still in primary school. He's emotionally abusive, he's mentally unwell, and he's a drug user. The main issue is the emotional abuse. He basically had me convinced as a child that if I didn't do exactly what he wanted, he wouldn't love me anymore. For years he's been periodically calling me up and telling me that he hates me, never wants to see me again, and then he leaves for months. When he comes back he always apologizes, and says he'll never do it again. I'm terrified of him, as is my sister. Almost since I can remember I haven't slept well, I've always felt on edge, and now my hair is actually falling out. When he calls me, I sometimes have to run to the bathroom to vomit.  
  
  
So the other night, my sister called him to ask what was happening on the weekend. He has custody of her and had previously said that he'd pick her and I up and take us to his place on Saturday morning. Apparently he'd forgotten. He screamed at her down the phone for a good 5 minutes, and then told her that she could walk to his place, for all he cared. She's 14, and we live about 80kms (50miles) apart. She was in tears for hours.  
  
  
That was a day ago. He hasn't responded to my calls. It's 12:40am, Saturday now, and he usually shows up at about 5am on the way home from work. I don't know if he's going to show up, and I don't know what he's going to do if he does. Part of me wants to forgive him and take the path of least resistance, like I always have, but I know that can't go on forever.  
  
  
I want to tell him to get out of my life, and to get out of my sister's life, but I don't know if I can. I am a coward, and I've never been able to stand up to him once. I also am worried about him. Even though he's horrible sometimes, he's my dad, and I love him. I know he can't help being mentally ill. He has no friends, and ever since he and my mother divorced when I was 7, he has told me that I am his only friend, and if I stop talking to him he'll hang himself. I don't know if I can deal with that, but I also don't want my sister to have to deal with that. I know it's ridiculous, but she'll see it as if she is responsible, as her phone call was the catalyst in this situation, and I would do anything rather than have her feel like she's had a hand in her dad's death.  
  
  
Also, he's paying child support for my sister. If he takes off again, or dies, that stops. My sister earned a half-scholarship to a very prestigious private school, but even with the half-scholarship, the fees are very expensive, and without dad's help, my mother won't be able to afford them, and my sister will have to move schools. She'd be devastated, and I don't want to take this opportunity away from her. She's so smart, she deserves to go to the best school, and she earned her place. If I somehow work up the courage to tell my father where to shove it, I might jeopardize her place at the school.  
  
  
I need to know what to do. I know I should be making the decision for myself, but I've been handling this shit for years. Years. I've been fielding his abusive phone calls, I've been tip-toeing around him, and doing everything to make him happy. I've been living my life on edge, because I know he follows me in his car when I'm going about my day. I've talked him down from the roof of our house when he was going to jump. I cannot do this anymore. I am not capable of dealing with this, and I cannot make this decision. I feel like my mind is falling apart, and for once, I just need someone to make the decision for me, to tell me what I should do. I'd appreciate \*any\* help. \*Any\* help. It's now 12:52am, and he may be here at 5:00am.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/spbul/reddit_today_at_work_i_ran_into_my_mothers/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, Today at work, I ran into my mother's abusive ex-boyfriend. Have you ever wanted to confront someone but couldn't for certain reasons?

I want to apologize in advance for the length. I didn't want to miss anything.   
  
 Before I tell you about today, I'd like to give some background information to show exactly why I hate this man so much.  
 After my parents' divorce, my brothers and I lived with my dad. So when I was about eleven, my mother started dating this horrible man who we'll call Bob Bobbington. He wasn't horrible from the start. He had a good first impression for about six months, and he seemed to like me a lot, as I am the only female child in my family (it's me, a younger brother, and an older brother), and he said he'd always wanted a daughter. Bob had a well-paying job and seemed to be able to care for my mother perfectly. After about a year though, we started to notice that every single weekend we went to visit, bob would start drinking beer at early hours of the day. He was always drunk. But he wasn't abusive. Yet. Next, we noticed that he'd start drinking hard liquor like vodka and rum. That's when he got abusive. Every weekend was the same. he would get pissed off and throw things around for the smallest reasons and he was constantly yelling. When he got too close to one of us kids, my mom would step in and try getting him to calm down. It never worked. That's when he started hitting her and threatening her with items from his expensive knife collection. We'd spend hours locked in rooms just to get away from him. When we went home we'd tell our dad about all of the shenanigans and he called the cops. They did nothing. My father gave us the choice to go and see our mother or not. We decided to continue seeing her just to make sure she was safe—and while we were there, we kept her as safe as we could. My brother who was fifteen at the time had even ran bob out of the house by threatening him with a knife after he broke my mothers nose. My mother suffered from several concussions, broken ribs, nose, fingers, and more. One weekend, my mom was trying to get her car keys from bob because she didn't want him driving drunk. He held the keys behind him to keep them from her. But i, standing behind him, snatched the keys and threw them to my mom. Bob angrily picked me up from my shirt and threw me into the glass coffee table behind me. I was rushed to the emergency room, and from that point on, my father banned us from going to see our mother.   
 In the next six months, my mother's life was completely ruined. They were evicted from their home because bob spent rent money on booze and drugs. My mother lost her job at the daycare because bob would come in and was an obvious threat to the children. And no one in town would hire bob anymore. My mom and bob moved two hours away to live with my grandfather and thankfully, after two weeks of them being there, my gramps kicked bob's ass to the curb.   
 After that, none of us saw bob again. My mother got a new job, declared bankruptcy and is rebuilding her life. She is now engaged (with the best person in the world) and just bought a house. We are very close now. Shes doing great and I'm so proud of her.  
 For a while all I would think about is what I would do to Bob if I ever saw him again. But as the years passed, I thought about him less and less.   
 I am now sixteen and work part-time at a clothing store to save money for future post-secondary school.  
 I went to work today, working on the till. I kept conversations with the customers but also kept aware of other parts of the store as we were short staffed. That's when i saw bob. Waiting in line. I don't know why, but I kind of wanted to serve him. The moment I saw him I recognized him.   
 As I was finishing up with the customer before him my heart started pounding because I knew I would have to talk to this man that I dreamed about confronting so many times. I've dreamt about what I would say to him if I'd ever see him again but I knew I'd never have the guts to say anything to him. When he came up to the till my heart was still pounding but I wasn't scared. He smelled exactly like he used to. Old spice and Irish springs soap, with a hint of alcohol. I continued with the routine welcoming "hello, how are you? Did you find everything you were looking for?" he answered back politely and didn't seem to recognize me. "you look familiar," I told him. He smiled and said, "yea, I have that kind of face. A lot of people say that." I continued scanning and then said "is your name Bob Bobbington?" he said, "yes actually, it is." I wanted him to know that I knew who he was and everything he'd done to my family. I wanted him to feel guilt and remember all of the horrible things he'd done to the most important woman in my life. I wanted him to feel uncomfortable knowing that I knew a bit too much about who he was behind his ageing face and smiling facade.   
 "oh, you used to date my mother," I smiled slightly. He laughed a bit and said,"and who is that?" he didn't recognize me. I look exactly like my mom and he didn't recognize me. I looked up from the till and said my mother's name. his eyes widened as he began to recognize me. He looked me over and I knew he knew who I was. "oh! How are you?" he asked. He seemed slightly uncomfortable. That was what I wanted. "I'm good, how about you?" he replied that he was good an then said, "how is your mom?" "she is great," I said. "she's engaged and she's very happy." I wanted to show him that she had moved on and is amazing and completely perfect and happy without him. "oh, that's great," he said. The woman standing next to him shifted a bit and he remembered her presence. "uhh, this is my new girlfriend," he said her name as he motioned to her, but I forgot it immediately. What struck me most was that she looked remarkably how my mom used to look. She was short, with long brown wavy hair. She had a round face and she was chubbier. She was huddled in sweatpants and a sweatshirt. She looked to be completely aware of his presence. As if she was constantly prepared for a rebuff. She looked insecure. But she seemed like a very kind girl. She smiled so kindly and sheepishly said "hello." I wanted to yell at her to get away from him because she looked so innocent and much too young to be hurt by him. I didn't want him to hurt anyone like he'd hurt my mom. Instead, I smiled and said hello. He began asking about my family and school and what not. He seemed to want to keep polite. He paid and then left.   
 I don't hate people but I hate him. I hate that man more than anything else in the world. It took everything I had not to reach over that counter and grab him by the neck. I wanted to scream at his face and make him feel every bit of pain that he made my mom feel. I wanted to feel his bones break and watch him scream. I'm not a violent person, but i will never forgive this man for what he did. After he was gone I looked at my coworker and told her I needed to get a drink. I went to the back and just started crying.   
  
TL;DR: can't punch assholes at work.  
  
So Reddit, my question to you is: Have you ever wanted to confront someone but couldn't for certain reasons? (like what happened to me). I look forward to reading your responses!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/mr962t/why_keep_going/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Why keep going?

Title. I don't see a reason for trying in school anymore, and to a broader extent life itself. The burnout, indifference to learning, not retaining what I learn, etc. is too much. I think I hate my major. I just want to do media editing, but am trapped in these bullshit prerequisite courses where I learn all these boring things about film theory and social justice that don't relate to it. I need to get through these courses to get to the upper division editing ones, and fuck me I don't even know if I'll like them once I get there. I don't want to direct student films, or work alongside exhausting student creatives/auteurs, or pick up a million unrelated, unpaid internships just to stay competitive in the job market, but my degree basically demands it. I guess I owe this all to my shitty planning...well, that and college is a scam. I wish someone warned me.  
  
So, I have to get so far into my major to actually experience classes I might like, and if I don't, then switching majors from that point on will be a massive waste of time and money I don't have. No realistic backup major or anything of course, unless I'm prepared to go hungry. And that's just college; I'm so fucking unprepared for the real world. It takes all the effort I can muster just to get all As in classes, and every few days I give up on having a work ethic. I've got nothing else. There's no positives in my life anymore, and if there's no positives, why keep going? Tell me, I legitimately need some reasons to not take the easy way out of this bullshit. This post is just me narrowing down if there are some left. Don't post that dumbass suicide hotline, it's intensely unhelpful, almost makes me want to do it out of spite. How do you keep going?  
  
But first, please don't bother with the "it will get better" pep talk. That's a lie people have been telling me for ~10 years now and I hate it. I'm downright resentful of it. I was told college is so much better than high school, then went into easy but unfulfilling and lonely community college. I've now transferred into my university and spent 2 semesters of painful Zoom U here. I've set foot on the campus once. My school's mostly back to normal next semester, but because I've been absorbed by the amorphous blob-like thing called online school I don't know if I can adapt.  
  
My peace of mind is ruined; Physical classes means I'll have to commute to them. What are the three most nerve-wracking activities I've ever experienced? Driving in general; people are assholes, working shitty retail to pay for my insurance, and stressing through all the errands my mom will inevitably heap on me.  
  
My sleeping schedule is ruined; how the fuck do I adjust to early classes after a year of asynchronous ones.  
  
My study habits are ruined; I can't imagine memorizing things for a test anymore when they've all been open-book for so long. I think online school actually gave me ADHD- my attention span is shot and I can't pay attention to anything. I gave up reading any scholarly articles, i've tried and tried, I just can't. All I have is blind hope that it disappears when physical classes arrive.  
  
My social life is preemptively ruined; Making friends online is and has always been a farce. Everyone's too hesitant and everything feels too awkward. I don't know my school, I don't know kids in my major. I do know I'm not going to have time for socializing and clubs once back because I now know how oppressive the college workload. Never mind that I'm socially stunted to begin with.  
  
I hate online classes with a passion. I want to get away from them, but it's very likely I'm exchanging one shitshow for another by transitioning to physical. Different stressors, same quantity of them. Don't tell me things will get better. I understand as strangers you can't promise me many things with substance behind them, so if you can only post empty encouragement (#wegotthisfam #slayit), I'd rather you just not post anything at all.  
  
Please don't bother to suggest therapy either. I've always been a little suicidal, but until this semester I never felt desperate enough to need therapy for it. What did I find when I looked for help? My school's counseling program has a 50/50 chance of actually helping me, or locking me up in an institution that could only make life more miserable. I can't take those odds. They're always trying to push you out to private therapists anyways.  
  
I looked up those- I was gently told to fuck off by one organization in the consultation call because I couldn't afford the standard 12 weeks of sessions (over ~$1000). Fucksakes, I only wanted a few. Low-cost organizations are happy to have me...if I can wait 3-4 months. I wish they told me to fuck off too, honestly, because it's not like most people desperate enough to seek out therapy can just postpone their problems.  
  
I discovered therapy in the U.S. is as much a joke as our traditional healthcare is: available but too expensive, or inexpensive but always unavailable. It's not an option, for me at least. Finding that out after so, so many people said it's worked wonders for them, hurt. It really hurt.  
  
But, at risk of going beyond subreddit parameters, how do you keep going in life? I like to think I've "accepted" that I'll never live up to my unrealistic pipedreams, or that I won't find love, or have my own place, etc. but I still get sad over these things. I don't know what it's like to be content with life, but so many others do and persevere through the bullshit under worse circumstances than me. The reality is, as nobody has ever disproved it to me, is that you hustle and suffer through college, internships, and extracurriculars, just for the chance of a tolerable job and retirement plan. First world problems and all that, but I can't envision living like that. I'd rather not live at all. How? just how do you deal with this shit?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/tn9as/i_am_a_depressed_and_defeated_college_junior/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I am a depressed and defeated college junior buried by debt and looking for a realistic way out. What are my options (if any)?

Rewind to 2007, my senior year of high school. Completely undecided with what I want to do for the rest of my life, I decide to apply to a couple schools (a technilogical university  
and an engineering university) based solely on the fact that I did really well in math in high school. Needless to say I did not take this decision, my future, very seriously. This is reflected  
by the fact that I was still undecided until I received my first acceptance letter (from the engineering university) and immediately decided that I was going to be an engineer, because I was  
accepted to a top engineering university and engineers make good money.  
  
 Fast forward a couple years, debt piling up at an alarming rate from student loans, I am failing and dropping classes  
left and right, barely passing those that I don't fail. I know I'm not the best student in the world, but I could pass all of these classes if I really wanted to, but with a complete lack of  
interest in any of it and not giving as much of a shit as I should have it is becoming a real difficulty. I receive a letter from the university telling me I am flunking out, I panic and write  
a desperate letter to the appeals board and get approved to return to the university on severe academic probation. I manage to pull my grades up enough to be removed from probation, but remain  
completely and utterly depressed because of how I am spending money I don't have to take classes I don't want, debt still piling at an alarming rate.   
  
 It is now 2012, I have been at the same   
university for 5 years and am only a junior by credits because of how many classes I have failed/dropped, coupled with the fact that I haven't been enrolled full-time continuously since I   
enrolled (medical leave and a few part-time semesters). One of the biggest reasons I have remained where I don't belong is because of pressure from my family (mostly my mom), telling me how   
great my future is going to be and how far I am going to go, discouraging me every time I come to them with my concerns about school (transferring to a different college for a different major,   
dropping out, joining the military) and egging me on to go the distance and how it will all be worth it in the end.   
  
 I've had a couple different co-op jobs with companies like General Motors,   
Bosch, etc.. and I've hated every single one, each one depressing/stressing me out to where I would get home from work, go to sleep, and not wake up until it was time to go to work the next day   
almost every night, not exactly something I am looking forward to if this is all that is going to become of my life after graduation, money be damned.   
While I no longer care what anybody thinks about my future or what I am doing in school, I am at a point where I feel as though I cannot drop out because of how much debt I am in (~$120,000)   
and I fear the only way I can ever pay it back is if I do stick it out and be miserable at a job I do not want simply because it will pay me enough to pay back all of my student loans, which   
honestly wouldn't really bother me either if my mother wasn't the cosigner on all of them, thus being stuck making the payments on tons of loans she can't afford if something were to happen to   
me or if I can't make the payments myself, and she doesn't deserve that. On a related note, however, I am afraid I will never be able to hold down a job good enough to pay it all back   
because of how much disdain I hold for my field of study and any relevant job it will help me land.   
  
 I apologize for how long this is and for all of the incoherent rambling, I have put no   
preparation into this and am blurting it out on a whim. Fuck, reading through it makes me sound incredibly pathetic and I have nobody to blame but myself, but I don't know what to do without   
completely fucking over my future. So Reddit, how fucked am I (especially if I do drop out), and/or what are my options? Is there any realistic way out of this?  
The only possible out I see (besides suicide, which isn't an  
option because of the retarded amount of debt it would leave my mom with) to this is to drop out and join the military, or possibly join the military while I am in school and stick it out simply to get a   
boost in rank when I am done and never have to look back at it. I understand this is a jumbled mess, like I said I am just blurting it out, but I will do my best to try and answer any questions if it helps.  
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\*: Been in school too long, retarded amounts of debt due to failing/dropping too many classes that I didn't care about because I'm in the wrong major, school I'm in only offers similar majors, family discouraged dropping out or seeking a new major somewhere else, resulting depression becoming overwhelming. Do I have any realistic/attainable way out of this?  
  
  
  
  
Using a throw-away since some of my friends would more than likely recognize my regular user name.  
  
Also, I apologize if this is the wrong subreddit, I really am not familiar with Reddit outside of the what's on the Front Page.  
  
EDIT 1: Added TL;DR

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/lwb2v/ive_been_screwed_for_four_years_so_far_can_anyone/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I've been screwed for four years so far; can anyone help?

I went to college the fall semester of 2007, and have not been able to go back since. I'm basically begging for advice from anybody who can give it. Most of my story is probably irrelevant, but I'll recount it here to best illustrate the situation.  
  
When I graduated high school, I was living in the cheaper of the two motels in town. An older cousin got me out of my mother's house when it became apparent to her that my mother was the cause of my rather serious depression, as well as a suicide attempt. There wasn't anything legally allowing me to leave; she just showed up one day and told me to pack my things. My mom threatened to call the cops, my cousin told her to do it, and my mom promptly shut her mouth and let me go. I lived with my cousin and her husband for a short time, but when they traveled to Ukraine for a then-undetermined amount of time to sort out their adoption, it was time to strike out on my own. So I did. I had worked at a cafe in town since junior high, and had become the head cook. I saved money and made pretty good grades. I bought a car, found the cheapest place I could to live, and survived on the rest. There wasn't much to spare, but I was content knowing that there wasn't anyone to hold me back anymore.  
  
 I came to learn quickly that there is much more to getting into a good college than a passable transcript. The primary barrier: money. "No problem," my guidance counselor would say, giving me piles of financial aid papers to fill out. I accepted them hesitatingly, knowing that I was good enough to get into college, but not likely good enough to have anyone want to pay for me to go. I dutifully applied for all of the scholarships I possibly could, and was rejected on all counts. So, my counselor told me to file a FAFSA. This is the point at which I became familiar with the laws of emancipation. There are roughly 1,500 citizens of the town in which I grew up. In general, not having somebody to sign my permission slips, or an address to which my letters could be sent was not an issue. Anybody who needed to understood my situation.  
  
 This was something different. This was something for which I was required to depend on my mom. Very literally, I was only legally allowed to be filed as a dependent of a parent. In order to be able to file as an individual, I learned, a person must either have permission from a parent or be 25, married, or have a child. Lacking these prerequisites, I did the only thing that I could - I asked my mother for help. I was met with a resounding, "fuck yourself."  
  
Obviously distraught, I turned to the one safe haven I had always had - my school. When I did still live at home, going to school was what kept me sane. I would immerse myself in it, and my home life would fade into the background. My teachers were my friends and my friends were my family. My English teacher even provided me with the mantra I still turn to: you can do anything for a little while. My school came through for me again! Without telling her which of her four children currently in the school it was regarding, the office called her and scheduled a meeting. When she arrived, they gave her the forms to fill out. In keeping with the appearance of a good mother that she thought she had established with the administrators of my school, she sat in the office scribbling for awhile, and then handed over the booklet.  
  
By the end of the summer, I had found a house off campus that I had determined I could afford based on the estimates of the loans and grants I had been informed I would be receiving. The school I had chosen was a 3-hour drive from where I lived, so I moved to that city a month or so early to start looking for a part-time job. A short while before school was supposed to start, I got a letter stating that there was an issue with my FAFSA, and that I would need to provide tax forms to prove my parents' income. I called my mother to ask her for the paperwork, and she laughingly informed me that there was no paperwork, and that she had written a zero on every line.  
  
I tried to speak with people at the college, but no matter what department I took it up with, it was the wrong one. All around, the answer that I got was that I either needed to provide the paperwork or the money, and fast. To me, that meant either turning in my mother for defrauding the state, or magically coming up with thousands of dollars. I had no credit and nobody to cosign for a loan. Being 18, terrified, and entirely without encouragement, I gave up. Finding a job that would work with my schedule was harder than I had thought it would be, and I ended up working overnights at Target. Some mornings I would finish work in time to get to class, and some mornings I would not. Sometimes I simply did not have the energy. I was informed one day that one-third of the questions on a test I was about to take would be from things in the textbook that I had not been able to afford. Knowing that I would have to drop out at the end of the semester, and not making enough money to even try to save, the days that I would make it to class started to get further and further apart, until it became a rare occurrence. My grades evaporated, and so did my future.  
  
I am only a little older, and only a little wiser, but if life has improved on me, it has made me bolder. I am ashamed that I was stifled so easily. I am ashamed that my mother's attempt to sabotage me was successful, and that I allowed it. I did not want to pursue legal action, not knowing what would happen to my siblings still living at home, and not having a clue where to start. I still don't, but now it is out of a desire to be a better person than she is. The difference is, now I am willing to do whatever I need to. I want to go back to school. I want to be more than I am right now. I have been working tirelessly since then at any job I can get my hands on, and there just isn't enough money to put away. If there is no way but to work until this is paid off, that is what I will do. Even then, if I am someday able to clear away what is, to me, an insurmountable debt, I will have a college transcript that shows that I have failed in every class that I have taken.   
  
I need help. Asking for help is one of the hardest things I have learned how to do; right now, I am begging for it. Who can I talk to? What can I do? Is there anything that I can do? Is there any legal way to hold my mother accountable? Learning is the one thing that has remained positive throughout my entire life. When I was very young, my mother would punish me by making me stay home from school. She would tell me that I would never make it to college, that I was too stupid and not well-behaved enough. I would sit in my room all day guessing at what I was missing, reading ahead, and filling in my workbooks. I feel like that little girl being told she can't. Only now I don't even have the luxury of knowing that school will be there tomorrow.  
  
If anybody has any idea at all what I can or should do, please help. I'm desperate enough to be considering writing a letter to Oprah.  
  
TLDNR: My mother intentionally made me lose all funding for college, and subsequently I dropped out and am stranded. Please help.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/157plj/my_mom_is_trying_to_move_us_30_minutes_away_from/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My mom is trying to move us 30+ minutes away from my dad and his family. Anyone have any advice, or any similar stories?

I'm not really sure where to post this. I'll try to make it short.  
  
My parents got divorced when I was around 7 and my dad went through a really hard time. He lived in a studio apartment alone for a short while, until he met my stepmom and moved into a small house. Now, my dad is a really hard worker and actually makes a lot of money, but my mom didn't have a job and refused to get one until she got a teaching credential, so all we were living on was the child support she got from my dad. He always blamed her for this, it's one of the many reasons he hates her, and for a while I didn't know what to believe, and I still don't. But the thing is, my brother and I were having some trouble because we had basically no money--my dad paid a lot of child support but it wasn't enough for us to be comfortable--and we wanted her to find work. Of course, our dad wanted her to find work, too. He wanted her to find a high-paying job that would support us, but she didn't. The only thing I can say about this is that I hear so many stories about how people's parents work so hard to make life comfortable for them, and I think that applies to my dad, but I'll never be able to confidently say it about my mom. I don't know if that's a lot to expect.  
  
So, anyway, my dad got married and eventually had kids, my two sisters who are both more than ten years younger than me, and he's been fighting for us to spend more time with them (and him) ever since. I love those girls with all my heart and the thought of ever spending any less time with them than I do makes me want to cry.   
  
My parents have been taking each other to court for over five years since their divorce, mostly with my mom emerging victorious due to her being a woman, as far as I can tell. She filed a few bullcrap stuff with them that I cannot ever think of a reason for (when we moved into a four bedroom house, which had to eventually fit seven people--it's crowded but it's the best my dad and his wife could do since he was paying my mom so much that they couldn't get a loan or something--she complained that us sleeping in bunkbeds in the same room was insufficient, when there was nowhere else to sleep and it really was an upgrade from the air mattresses we'd been sleeping on for so long). He was always so angry with her, and the court system, and he's been telling us for so long that he just wants to spend time with us and for us to become part of his family. It wasn't like that at first, but when my oldest sister was born his determination for us to see her as much as we possibly could accelerated. We're finally at a point, beginning with the start of the school year, where we spend more time with them and this is the closest my brother and I ever been to being completely satisfied with the time we spend with our dad and his family. It's been really, really great.  
  
The thing is, now my mom wants to move. She's been bugging everyone for a while about moving out of the county we live in, because the houses are expensive, and because she has a (sort-of) new boyfriend who lives about forty minutes away. She's been telling us that she simply cannot stay in our town anymore and that we have to move. Our dad's been living in the same town as us for about a year now, before that he was living 15 minutes away and I guess he was finally ready to move closer to our mom. We were so excited because why else would he move here but to be closer to us? His work has always been quite far away from here, the place he used to live is closer, and there's really nothing here. But Mom told us not to get our hopes up because we couldn't be sure that was the reason.  
  
Apparently she's been getting really serious about moving now. She's been talking to me about going to high school in the town where her boyfriend lives and trying to convince me--by using other people, even--that it would be a good idea, and that it would be good for all of us. The thing is, it's not true. I have had my heart absolutely set on one of the high schools here, which has a really good arts program besides being the place where all my friends are going, and I would be able to see my dad after school. My mom said we could still go to a school in this town even if we don't live in it, but my dad said he called the district and all we could do would be to apply for a transfer because we don't see him often enough to use his address as our residence. He then asked for more time with us, and my mom said no. She didn't tell me anything about that.  
  
Anyway, and this is coming to a close, my dad just told me that he's so fed up with her and her "games" and all her crap that he's about to give up. He's spent so much time fighting, he says, and he's getting older now and he just wants to live. He wants to be free from her like he's wanted since the moment they divorced, and I've seen how hard it is on him to keep fighting the court system and the woman who's abusing it. He says that he won't respond to anything she says, he won't go to court, he won't do anything. He wants to see us and this action (or lack thereof) is not supposed to be any indication of how much he loves us, but I think he's afraid. I'm afraid. I don't want to be one of those kids who grows up without a father, and I will fight till the last breath to stay with him instead of moving away with my mom as I'm sure she'll do, but I don't know what to do. I love them both, but I hate them both too for the way they treat each other, but I'm afraid and I want my sisters to grow up with me in the house and I just want someone to talk to. If anyone has anything, any way to fight my mom when the time comes or any encouraging stories about getting through stuff like this (or another subreddit to post this in, perhaps), I would really appreciate it. Thank you.  
  
tl;dr: Mom wants to move me and my brother away from our dad and two half-sisters to be with her boyfriend. That means I can't go to high school at my dream school, in my hometown. I need help/stories/someone to talk to.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/sl7bxd/im_genuinely_unhappy_in_my_college_and_i_want_to/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm genuinely unhappy in my college and I want to transfer, but is it worth it?

For some context/disclaimer, I do not live nor study in the US, but I am American (I am stating this for a fairly important point that I'll bring up).   
  
I am currently a junior, and I am not happy at all in the college that I go to.  
  
The only reason why I go here is because it's the only one that is the closest to me (20-30 minutes travel time) and my mom was an alumni of this school. The environment isn't necessarily toxic, but there is a reason why I only have 7 friends in this place and more friends from other universities. It's also fairly homogenous in terms of gender identity, which made me feel like I was in high school again (because I went to an all-girls school). I also don't think my school is as known as the ones that my friends go to, which is honestly important if I want to land a job a good company in the future.  
  
I feel like my school didn't prepare me at all for the workforce, skillwise and mentally, and my growth as an individual has been stumped. I spend almost all of my days accomplishing requirements or doing readings for my courses, or resting from the exhaustion of doing so (which actually doesn't happen that often haha). Because of this, I don't really have time to pursue internships (which is something that is fairly common among college students in my country and a total resume booster) and develop the skills that I wouldn't get from school. My school also lacks a lot of options when it comes extracurriculars and student organizations (and almost all of them are limited to certain majors) so I can't really pursue interests that I am really passionate about.   
  
Although my school has (finally, at the insistence of my mom) applied and are waiting for an approval, for the past three years I wasn't able to use my GI bill for school since my school wasn't approved by the VA at the time I started college. (For more context about this, the GI bill is an education benefit given to US service members or veterans. My dad served in the Navy and was given one, but since he went to college prior to joining the military he transferred it to me so I can use it instead). If my college were to get accepted, I would only be able to use it during my senior year, which would be a complete waste since I don't really plan on going to grad school after college (especially since a lot of the programs that I'm interested in require work experience so I really need to get a job).   
  
There are also a lot of other reasons such as my physical and mental health, which has gradually and greatly suffered as each semester passed by. (I lost a lot of weight and I just feel sad and anxious every day).  
  
Anyway I just want to know is it still even worth it to transfer to another university? I am in my second semester of my junior year, which means I only have two semesters left after this and then I am done with college forever. Moreover, there is a pretty good chance that my college might get approved by the VA, which would probably waste the efforts of the school admin in getting all the documents together for that (then again there's another person in my college who wants to use a GI bill according to my mom). There's also the fact that my parents and I might need to go to the VA to tell them about my change of schools if ever, which is a whole hassle in itself since the regional office is in another city and we have to commute using public transportation because of traffic (I've been there before and the travel was NOT fun). And since I wasn't able to use the GI bill for 3 years, my parents had to pay for my tuition out of their own pocket, and I feel like my parents will get mad at me for wasting their money if I bring up the fact that I want to transfer.   
  
I'll go ahead and answer some questions that I may get from this:  
  
\* academically I am doing quite well, but it was at the expense of both my physical and mental health  
\* I'm an only child so I have no one to transfer the GI bill to   
\* my parents didn't want to send me back to the US for college since they don't trust me to be alone lol   
\* my dad doesn't want me to live with my aunt (she's my only family member in the US) if ever because of some private reasons (not my story to tell)  
\* considering the situation in the US right now (and the fact that I am Asian), I don't think it's a good idea to go back   
  
TLDR: I'm not happy in my college and I want to transfer because of job prospects, financial reasons, and because of my physical and mental health, but I don't know if it's worth it since I have one more year left.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/3uyrm8/how_do_i_balance_life_and_full_time_work_and/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How do I balance life and full time work and school?

Anyway here is my life story I guess and I apologize if the post seems very sporadic:   
  
28 years old. Working full time 40 hours a week. Fixed schedule with weekends off. Hours are 10-7PM, with two fifteen minute breaks and half hour lunch. College is full time 15 credits. Majoring in microbiology still don't have bachelors degree. Took a few years to figure out what I was actually interested in. I basically have no social life/dating and rarely ever see my parents, have no time to eat and sometimes feel like I don't have time/energy to shower (so embarrassing). The only time I see friends are far and few and even then I'm still stressing out about studying.   
  
In high school, I worked as a dental assistant until high school ended. I had only worked part time. Before anyone says anything I did get paid pretty decent being a high school student. Not something to live off of but just to pay the bills and have some fun. At this time I thought about going to dental school for orthodontics but decided it was really not for me.   
  
My parents never went to college, first generation here. it was difficult for me to figure out to do after high school. My mom pushed me to go to college right after high school but I had other ideas. I applied to college anyway and failed many classes. I quit. They were not happy. I took time off to work and travel. Came back to school did much better. School was basically off and on for me due to money and FAFSA not wanting to provide money for me because my parents "made too much" for this household. It wasn't until my brother started college that I got some financial aid but even that was not enough.  
  
Now I'm back in school and especially with my job with the hospital (not a clinical setting but an office setting/insurance). While it is great my work schedule is fixed, it can be a problem when it is the new quarter and the classes don't work with my work schedule. Work is low stress with no overtime but there are times when I leave work where I can't shut off my mind thinking about work. And sometimes it sucks getting off work at 7PM when the tutoring center is closed and classmates rarely have energy to study with me at that hour.  
  
While I know it is possible to finish school and work full time I would definitely like to be able to volunteer or shadow MDs or PAs and get some experience in hopes of applying to med or PA school. I wish to be able to find free time to go to meetups to learn Spanish, go climbing or be able to socialize. Unfortunately meetups and volunteering/shadowing are on weekdays - the days I need to use to study. Sometimes it gets stressful being inside. I never get to soak up the sun and I have SAD and I've been very sedentary. I feel low on energy after work where I feel the "after work blues" - where I plan what I'm going to do after work like meet for food with a friend but I always end up bailing and probably due to winter it contributes to me bailing a lot. I study but I'm also not very diligent and it takes full force will to get me to do it.   
  
It's just so damn hard to concentrate or stay motivated. And I really do not want to fail classes. I try to save money and not be in debt. I've never pulled out loans and paid for school out of pocket for the most of it. I try to never go out and eat and always bring my own food. Sometimes I wish for adderall, I know I'm just looking for an easy way out.  
  
I've spoken with professors about this but most of the time it's "focus on one thing." Almost sounds like quit work and just stay in school and take just one class a quarter. While that sounds great I still have rent, gas money, food, car insurance, etc. to pay for. I think maybe I am spread too thin. I have to many interests and I don't know how to stop some times. I want to be able to relax by playing cello or piano as well but if I do that, that means I have to put studying up in the back burner. Like if I took a break to play piano I might end up playing for hours and lose track of time.  
  
Not sure if this means anything but   
  
My commute to school and work is basically like this and can change up:  
option 1: Drive to work. Park. Take public transportation to school bright and early. Finish school and take public transportation back to work. Finish work. Go back to school to study or stay at work and study. Takes about 45mins  
  
option 2: Ride bike to school. takes about an hour to an hour and 30 minutes depending on how fast I want to ride. This time let’s me relax a lot. Which is great but also time consuming. Then ride to work which takes about 20 minutes. but then I have to ride my bike home at night at about 7PM. Riding a bike is nice but I’m also dang hungry all the time. while I do bring my own lunch and have extra food at my desk at work I am a bottomless pit.   
  
option 3. Drive to school. deal with paying for parking and might even have to drive around for a while to look for parking which is annoying. Drive to work then also end up having to deal with some traffic. then also parking at work at the hospital is atrocious. Get done with work and try to do homework.   
  
Basically my life is up at 6AM, try to dress myself (usually I work my work clothes anyway but there are days I wish I could just wear sweatpants), get to school by 7 (i try to give myself some time in case of a flat if I am riding my bike or traffic if I am driving), out of school by 10, get to work by 1030am, off work at 7pm then study until 11pm. Repeat.  
  
tldr? How do I survive life, school and work

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/fpsle8/families_pressuring_kids_into_certain_majors_and/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Families pressuring kids into certain majors and not doing market research

I'm just a sophomore going to a state school who is observing some trends, feel free to share your perspectives and ideas.   
  
I see a lot of kids being forced by their parents into fields they're not passionate and it concerns me. I absolutely love my major, the career prospects, and feel very lucky that I am driven with a passion for doing what I love. I don't know if it's just my school with a high acceptance rate, but I've been seeing a trend.   
  
It breaks my heart how many people in my classes are being forced into nursing by their parents. They aren't given a license and opportunity to explore what they enjoy. They're expected to just attend classes and never question their parent's judgement. Or, they're forcing to double major and deal with a ridiculous amount of stress. My friend is trying to double major in music (demanding major with ten classes) and balance his parents' desire for him to go into speech pathology, and it's a lot for him to handle.   
  
I had to counsel a friend in my psychology class about his parents wanting him to go into nursing. His real passion was computer science or business, and I had to tell him that at the end of the day, his parents are just people with a certain opinion about what career he should go into. If he did become a nurse to please them but never followed his true passion, that wouldn't have been good for anyone. I dunno about you guys but I can't serve people well when I'm not happy. I can't be there, be present, if I don't love what I'm doing.  
  
I realize not everyone has the ability to pursue a career they're passionate about. Sometimes familial financial stressors are real and a healthcare profession can help a lot. For a lot of people, college is a number's game to get a better life, and I wholly respect that. I'm just saying that parents don't have to be the end-all be all in deciding where a child's life will go. There's other fields and disciplines, and allowing exploration is healthy, even beneficial. Everything will go smoother if the student is studying something they actually enjoy.   
  
Forcing a child to pursue a career in one discipline while ignoring the profitability of others is my main concern. Especially when forcing someone into a healthcare field, this can have real consequences. Those who pursued a college education to please their parents who find themselves stuck in a career serving others that they do not enjoy does not serve anyone well.   
  
I also see an alarming number of students go straight into college without doing any market research. Lots of kids have ideas of going to grad school, but there are other ways to get into fields like physical therapy that are a lot more immediate and therefore provide more experience faster. Having all the information you can about a field you're going into is important, having a realistic view before commuting tens of thousands if not hundreds of thousands of dollars into something that might not be a true passion is important.   
  
I feel like associate's degrees are underrated. I know loads of kinesiology majors wanting to go into physical therapy, and while getting a bachelor's degree can be great, getting an associate's could make more sense. I've seen physical therapy assistant salaries are pretty great, you get your hands into the field sooner, better return on investment, and if PT does end up not being the right choice, they can always get a bachelor's degree. I've seen loads of openings for this kind of position, there is market demand, and it doesn't make sense to me to major in something you've never really tried out in the real world.   
  
I read somewhere that the average amount of times people change their careers throughout their lifespan is five to seven times. That's a lot of career changes. Doing market research is also important to make sure that what you're majoring in will pay off. Loads of popular majors like Biology, English, Social sciences, and others have a pretty high percentage of people that regret their major decision. While there are some advantages to these fields and there's nothing wrong with absolutely loving them, having a realistic idea of what life will be like after graduation is important.  
  
Throughout several "draw my life" videos I've watched, the darkest time people mention is usually when they graduate college and face the real world. In my local area there is actually a support group for such people on how much reality can bite. It's hard when you had a great time studying anthropology, but can only get a job as a dental receptionist. My friend actually had to move to another state for better cost of living.  
  
Going to grad school doesn't have to be right after college. My mom got her master's degree in her fifties, and her world experience gave her advantages as an applicant. I feel like lots of people say they want to pursue a PhD, and that's great. However, there are some issues with oversaturated fields and limited tenured job opportunities. Things are different in today's world than they were for our professors.   
  
I see lots of psychology majors who intend to go to graduate school, and that's great. We always need more healthcare professionals. However, a psychology degree on its own has limited applications (my mom said the only job you could get is being a caseworker). Grad school is hard to get into, and I feel like we should be more honest about that. Having career field experience can be extremely valuable, and it should not be undermined. Doing market research is important, and it's not worth going thousands of dollars into debt to pursue a major you don't love or one that doesn't give you the standard of living you desire.  
  
Tl;dr Parents forcing children into certain fields completely ignoring the profitability of other options (associate's degrees) and throwing children into getting into debt without doing proper market research on market demand, profitability, job satisfaction, degree flexibility, or examining how things things in the past do not apply or are different today.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/9ltqys/i_feel_like_i_could_be_getting_so_much_more_out/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I feel like I could be getting so much more out of my on-campus living experience

Alright, so this might get a bit long. (edit: yep, it did)  
  
So, a preface: I lived in a dorm room my freshman year of college. It was a smaller, private (christian) university which i'm not really a fan of, but the living experience was nice and unique. I mean, it wasn't for me really specifically &amp; personally, because my roommate was never around, and whenever she \*was\* around (literally only 5 or 6 days the entire academic year did she ever actually stay in the room and stay overnight), she wasn't a big fan of me...  
  
...but, that's all besides the point: Mostly everyone in the building loved their living experience, because everyone was friendly and social and connected with each other, lots of people always kept their doors opened, there was a lot of Hall events in the main lobby/lounge areas, or Floor/Wing events, where floors/wings would go to things with each other like campus events or have a designated night each week where everyone would go eat in the dining hall together, etc.   
  
Since my roommate was hardly ever around and I felt kind of out of place at this university, I hardly ever actually \*did\* any of that stuff except for a couple of events/outings during my first semester. But, nonetheless, I was still appreciative of and acknowledged how tight everyone on each floor was with each other and how everyone was mostly friendly to each other. Especially now, I realize how much i'd appreciate it and, looking back, I wish I would've appreciated it more.   
  
For my sophomore year, I transferred to a primarily commuter school in the big city. I definitely \*wanted\* to live in an official on-campus residence hall, but my transfer stuff didn't get accepted soon enough so by the time I was officially accepted to the university, on-campus housing was full. Since I was kind of weary of the idea of signing a lease and living in an apartment with a stranger in an unfamiliar area (I didn't really know anyone at this new university), I just got a 1BD/BR apartment literally right next to campus (actually this apartment complex was \*literally\* right next to the on-campus housing building I live in now).   
  
In my one-bedroom apartment, it got pretty lonely.... I am an introvert and I definitely need and appreciate having solitude, but I got so tired of it being my life all the time. I was friendly with and had acquaintances in my classes so I wasn't totally alone all the time every hour of every day, but I was by myself way too much of the time. I knew life isn't supposed to be lived like this; people are meant to share experiences with other people and live among each other! But I was doing so much stuff by myself. Living, eating, walking to class, driving, going to the movies, etc. I know i'm not supposed to be living like this and I know there is so much more you're supposed to get out of your college experience.  
  
So, that lasted for a year and a half. My lease ended in October of 2017. I was casually looking for roommates (or at least apartments nearby that placed you with other roommates who applied to live there too) but, me and my family (who help with my college expenses) decided that it would be best to try and see if i could get on-campus housing again. So, i luckily got offered and then accepted a room in the same residence hall that i had always walked past outside of my apartment complex every day, I extended my lease for just 2 more months at my apartment to the end of the fall semester, and then in January, I moved into on-campus housing.  
  
I had always envied people who lived in this hall and on-campus in general, and actually got to have that on-campus dorm living experience. So, I was pretty amped to live on-campus again, to meet new people and finally make friends in my hall on my floor!   
  
Well, let's just cut to the chase and say that went to shit pretty soon after i moved in. My new roommate and I were totally cool with each other and never really had any problems, but she was never there and I hardly ever saw her (probably only 4-5 times the entire semester...... much like my roommate in my freshman year at my previous university).   
  
The on-campus residence hall experience was nothing like it was at my old school. Now, this \*is\* a completely different kind of school than my old one -- way bigger, way more diverse, people who go/live here live many different lifestyles than the students at my old university that I lived with did -- but, still, i'm quite disappointed.   
  
I obviously pay a lot of money to live here, and I know you can't force people to be friends just because they live in the same building as you, but, still........ Not counting my roommate, I only know the names of like 2 other people on my entire floor, tops. I think that's a bit ridiculous.   
  
Also, our RA we originally had at the start of the semester is different than the one we have now, and I haven't &amp; I don't even actually think \*anyone\* on our floor has even formally \*met\* our RA. I barely saw him and said like two words to him (maybe?) the day he was moving in, but other than that, nothing. At all. \*Is that\* ridiculous? Redditors, was your on-campus experience with your RA anything like this, where they were completely absent and you don't even know them at all, and they never do anything as a floor, etc?  
  
Our floor as a GroupMe group chat, but hardly anyone ever talks in it. Sometimes I consider asking people if they wanna hang or go eat or go to on-campus events (there are organizations that host fun activities to go to like movies, game nights, etc. every week) in it, but I feel like that may be awkward at this point in the semester since we already don't know any of each other and it might make me even just look desperate. (Not gonna lie though, I kind of am lol.) I mean, other people on my floor already have friends that they hang out with, and that's fine, but as you can tell if you've read this whole thing..... i've kind of had an abnormal college experience (partially my fault, but this is the way it is nonetheless) and I moved on-campus so that i could make friends and live around other people who I went to school with. And i'm not getting that at all. I feel like I could be getting so much more out of my on-campus living experience.  
  
So,... Thoughts?! I've considered reaching out to my RA and suggesting some ideas to help our floor residents be more connected and friendly with each other (like movie nights, game nights, dinner at the campus dining hall outings on a designated day each week, etc.) like my old dorm at my old school used to have. Should I? Or should I just go for it and try to facilitate these things on my own and just go to try and meet people on my floor? Or should I do a mixture of both?  
  
Yep, this ended up being so long. Ugh. Please, if anyone out there reads through all this, please help and give me advice. I am desperate here!!

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/f37ei/universal_health_careprivilege_or_human_right/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Universal Health Care...Privilege or human right...?

Well Reddit that's the question that destroyed friendships today...here is my story...  
  
today i lost two "Friends"...spent an hour debating with them over Universal Health Care...only to walk away...it was 2 vs 1. (me being the 1) they believe that health care, was a privilege, not a human right...and that just because they have a nice job that subsidies their insurance, that they shouldn't have to pay medicare costs for others... They're logic was, if you can't afford it, well you're gonna die then...i was a irate and trying to argue from a humanistic point of view, trying to weigh the value of a human life vs an animal...say such as a dog...they sided with the dog...If your friends wont help a stranger, then why would you want their help?! Well, anyways...After 4 hours pass... I get a message on facebook...  
  
The quotation marks are from his letter… the in between is my response to each part… (sorry, I struggle with reddit formatting)  
  
Let me address a few issues here in your letter…  
  
“Hey, take a look at the definition -- a dog is a conscious being. What's funny is, were you lying hurt in the middle of a road, a passing dog would likely be the first to tend to you before a human driving by.”  
  
YES…but sentient no…  
  
“I was very disrespected by your treatment of my house by yelling in my front yard as well as your blatant disregard to what had been said to you. You tried to turn our discussion into a personal assault by dishonestly claiming that none of us would help you if you were hurt, despite the fact that we'd covered that ground not 15 minutes earlier.”  
  
First of all, really, I’ve invited you and Jacob over many times in the past, and my parents we’re none to happy about it the next day, I never really said anything to you about it to you guys, no, my parents would complain to me the next days about it. I never said too much to you guys, you guys we’re my friends. As for the yelling, volume control is my bad.  
  
Personal assault…no not really…but I don’t want your guy’s help for anything…ever…just because you “know me” which you really don’t, is the only reason why you would help me as a human being is just sad…  
  
“You are welcome to be a part of society as long as you are willing to treat others with the same respect you would expect rather than being a hypocrite”  
  
Arzate…(note, the friend I’m arguing with, bang his roommate/bestfriend’s girlfriend about a year ago, it’s her last name…now his “bestfriend/roommate” are arguing with me)  
  
“Running out of the house claiming your sorrow for other humans while simultaneously disrespecting those you seek to win the respect of is not a winning strategy. All humans do not have a right to good health -- humans DO however have a right to an opinion.”  
  
Yes you do have an opinion, and I do to… …I left also because I was being double teamed by you and Jacob. And not really given a chance to speak, both of you we’re cutting me off when I tried speaking near the end to voice my opinion and I got frustrated.  
  
“The cause you are fighting for is a noble one. I hope you can find a way to help it based on facts rather than faith. You are choosing religion over science and you will find a hard, uphill, nigh unwinnable battle fighting this way. Rather than cry over spilled milk, find a system that works the way you wish it to and champion it.”  
  
Europe, Canada, Japan…already got better systems than us and better life expectancy… and I’m sorry my empathy for humanity comes off as “religion”…  
  
“Unless and until you can find such a working system, most reasonable folk will find you best advised to join a communist country and see how you like what you find.”  
  
Reasonable folk would recommend a communist country?...please stop watching Glen Beck… And I’ll go to Canada… they’re rated 11th in life expectancy vs. Americas awesome 37th…  
  
“I wouldn't recommend this extreme. Instead, I would recommend you pursue a financially reasonable career that could support both yourself and your cause, so that you may accomplish something in this world. People habitually underestimate the value of a dollar until they are forced to utilize one to defend themselves in the free world. Most are not so lucky to be provided free housing and food. When you earn your keep, it is not so cheap to give away.”  
  
Why don’t you try finding a new job (same pay and benefits) in this economy...NOT EASY!!! …  
  
Adios…  
  
I'm pissed off...this kinda friend likes to ride his high horse around like his shit don't stink...i dunno...i guess i just needed to vent or something...  
  
::EDIT::  
  
::(Received this)::  
  
Sentient: 1) responsive to or conscious of sense impressions 2) aware 3) finely sensitive in perception or feeling  
  
A dog fits all three of these descriptions. You do not understand the words you are using. The problem may be supporting other peoples arguments without having done proper research to understand what you are supporting.  
  
Europe is not a country and Canadians have told me what I told you earlier -- blanket health care systems don't work as well as they look on paper.  
  
Our obvious problem is a young generation not taught to handle themselves, expecting the world owed to them on a silver platter. Nothing is for free and nothing should ever be for free. If it is free, it is undeserved.  
  
Yes, were I in your shoes, it would be nearly impossible to find a job that pays well and has good health benefits. There were options available to avoid this. Nestor and Joe went to school for subjects that they could apply to their lives to earn them reasonable income. I went into a random entry level job and worked my way up; 5 years experience in many industries is worth the same as a college education. Some people choose to find ways just to skate by.  
  
Those that choose to skate by later find themselves is tough spots. You are implying that they should be given the same opportunities as the people that worked hard to get where they are. If they could have the same opportunities, what incentive would there be for anyone to work hard? That's the type of thinking that leads to communism rather than progress. "Let's bring all of the wealthy people down instead of helping those below the poverty line."  
  
Shit, yeah, I could throw you a fish every day of your life so you could have something to eat. I'd really rather teach you how to fish so that you could (a) eat and (b) maybe make something of yourself by teaching others how to fish, too.  
  
If you choose to throw everything away, don't expect someone to hand it back to you just because your parents do. Not everyone is lucky enough to be spoiled.  
  
::(RESPONDED WITH)::  
  
You honestly don't think i've been fucking trying...really now...Back at Mt.Sac, i used to hang out with you and Jacob all the Time...Fucking worst mistake of my life...i failed so badly because you guys always wanted to hang out and play games and do nothing...so really in that regard fuck you guys for dragging me down to that level, i was to nice to say anything and failed with you guys...and i don't want fish from you, I'm tired of your god damn smug attitude that you've had about being better...congrats only a HS degree and you've made it...WOOOOH...  
  
I'm not trying to fucking skate by either, I'm applying everywhere and anywhere looking for anything to get in anywhere entry level, i have no god damn problem working my way up...I'm not expecting a fucking silver platter of anything...  
  
and i don't take my parents things anymore...everything I'm given (besides room and the occasional meal on weekends), i sneak right back into my parents wallets when they're not looking...so yeah...great misconception you have of me...as i said, you really don't know me anymore...  
  
  
::(his response)::  
  
I hung out with you and Jacob. Jacob hung out with you and me. You could have had Jacobs job, even. You didn't give a damn at the time.  
  
First, you said we have the things you want -- such as a decent job and health insurance. Now, we're the ones that prevented you from having it. I'm sorry dude, that's called not being a man.  
  
If Jacob and I went to your parents right now and told them we'd like to have an intervention with you because you've never done anything with your life, they'd be on board. What does that tell you?  
  
You've spent loads of time not looking for a real job, even if you are now. Why lie about what you've done instead of accept it and move on?  
  
A real friend will stab you in the front. How does it feel?   
  
::(my response)::  
  
You're not preventing me from jack shit right now, back when i was a naive 18 year old yeah. i thought, hey these guys are friends lets do what they're doing! but no...you guys brought me down...i followed you like a tool...  
  
and you know what, i am looking for a god damn job, you know nothing about what i do, try spending 2 hours on each fucking job application from assistant jobs to entry level jobs.....  
  
also, stay the fuck away from my family, you're no longer welcome around here....  
  
and this economy sucks, and i don't want you nor Jacob's job, i'll find my own way in life, but congrats to the both of you... but you guys seriously stay out of my life from here on out, I'm done with you and you're arrogant self-righteous ass...  
  
BTW, currently, you have the one thing i desire, health care...that's it... oh i'm sorry, i'm one of the few who can't afford it...well fuck me then...   
  
::(his response again)::  
  
If you're a tool as you've admitted (as opposed to someone calling you one) it has nothing to do with anyone else. You're 26 and it's time to man up and grow a pair. Look to your father for guidance. I'm sure he does not blame his short comings on anyone else.  
  
I guess I should really put some heart and soul into thinking about an intervention for you. Everyone would love to see you grow into a good man that supports the world around him rather than mooching from it. Nestor did it. Joe did it. I did it. Jacob did it. Vincent did it. You can blame any of us at any time you choose, as a way to enable yourself to fail -- or you can blame the man at fault and do something about it.   
  
::(my response)::  
Wow seriously this is the self righteous asshole that I've been talking about...a fucking.intervention? Wow I'm sorry you didn't have parents who cared for you in life. And I've said this once. I'll say It again. Fuck you. Stay out of my life and away from my family. It's my family not Urs. I honestly want nothing to do with you anymore. So please stop talking to me. We're done... think that you won but in all honesty. But I could care less...   
  
  
  
  
P.S. also note, they didn't think illegal immigrants should receive health care because they're illegal and not paying taxes and are not contributing to the pot...  
  
TL;DR Lost friends of health care debate. receive letter. snarky/childish retorts...destruction...

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/c2tcos/i_dont_want_to_study_engineering_but_feel/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I Don't Want to Study Engineering, But Feel Constantly Pressured to Do So

Let me start this off with some contextualization. I come from a heavily conservative Indian family, which means that while growing up, my parents have constantly been telling me that I need to study either medicine or engineering. From the moment I hit middle school, I faced a constant bombardment of IIT-JEE prep courses and general railroading towards the engineering world, especially as both of my parents are computer engineers. The catch? I've never been even remotely interested in medicine or engineering. From a young age, I've excelled at debate, which honed my research skills, analytical thinking, and policy exposure. I've always known that I wanted to do something along those lines, but growing up in South India, that was always out of the question.   
  
  
After my sophomore year of high school, we moved to the US, and boy did it hit me like a breath of fresh air. I was introduced to a land of endless possibilities, and families that were supportive of their children no matter what field of study they entered. I was enamored, and began to think that maybe I may have a chance to study what I wanted. So one day my junior year I summoned enough courage and told my parents I wanted to study government, with a focus on environmental policy.   
  
  
I was ridiculed and branded delusional for even bringing up such ideas. Liberal arts are for white kids, they said. What's this about you not liking math? That's not acceptable. Stop debating and focus on your studies.   
  
  
When I began applying to college, I had the chance to apply to some very prestigious universities. My grades were great, I'd gotten 5s on all my liberal arts AP tests (think APUSH, AP Gov, AP Lang etc), and I had the extracurriculars to back me up. The moment I brought my idea to my father though, I was immediately shot down. "If you want to study government, pay for it yourself," I was told. Things got to a head when he refused to pay my application fee unless I applied as a prospective mechanical engineering student. At the time, I was financially dependent on my parents for everything, and had little sense of independence. I put my head down, allowed myself to be bullied into submission, and said okay. Maybe engineering wouldn't be so bad, I told myself. Maybe I could study environmental engineering, and it would somewhat align with the goals I had envisaged for myself.   
  
  
My first year of college has been miserable. I managed to BS my way into a top engineering college on the East Coast, and I am struggling like I never have before. My grades have tanked because I am way out of my depth. Competing against kids who have studied multivariable calculus since the tenth grade and who are there because they want to be is both incredibly challenging and incredibly demoralizing. I feel like a fraud, and like there's nothing I can do in my situation.   
  
  
To make matters worse, my university is divided into individual colleges. To feasibly transfer into my university's College of Arts and Sciences (to study gov), I'd have to submit a formal transfer request, for which I have nowhere near the required GPA. My grades are in the dirt, and I've been placed on academic probation because I'm just not able to keep up academically. I'm lost, demotivated, and in a rut.   
  
  
I can't bring this up to my parents, because when I do, they give me the same stock responses, every time. "Engineering is hard for everyone. This nonsense about government is just an escapist fantasy." "You're an arrogant, ungrateful child who can't appreciate the sacrifices we've made for you." "If you're too stupid for engineering, there are always minimum wage jobs looking to hire." I cannot tell them that I have been depressed for the past three years, that I am absolutely miserable watching my friends live out their dreams elsewhere, that I feel guilty because maybe I am being ungrateful and throwing away a shot others would kill to have. But I don't know what else to do.   
  
  
I really want to study government, and I really want to work in the public sector dealing with environmental policy in the future. I'm not a bad student, either. I had straight As in high school, and got really high grades in my writing and singular environmental policy class in college. I'm passionate about the environment, about political theory and analysis, and about civic engagement. I've recently been looking at withdrawing from the College of Engineering and reapplying to my university's College of Arts and Sciences, but I'm terrified that my low GPA disqualifies me from consideration. I've been looking at external academic forgiveness program at other universities, but I'm afraid my parents will cut me off financially and I won't be able to afford college anymore.   
  
  
I'm terrified, you guys. What do I do?   
  
  
Tl;dr - I want to study government but my parents have pushed me into engineering. Now I'm flunking college and I have no clue what to do. Please help

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/6ehpfa/willing_get_50000_in_debt_destroy_my_familys/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Willing get 50,000+ in debt, destroy my family's finances (potentially), and attend my dream school, or go to a more reason university?

I am well aware that this is going to make me sound like an absolutely awful child, but please hear out my story.  
  
My whole life I have dreamed of working in film. It is one of the few dreams that has been consistent throughout the years, and I can confidently say that I am unable to see myself thriving academically and enjoying any other major. I have my heart set on film and there is nothing else I want to pursue. My senior year of high school, I opted to commit to a liberal arts school that did not offer my major, in order to save money and later transfer to my dream school. I was thrilled to be accepted into Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles, California for fall of 2016. It has everything that I looked for in a college:  
-Thriving film school, with an abundance of opportunities due to their   
 connections  
-Prime film student location (LA)  
-Large university  
-Ethically diverse (I'm half Asian so this was important to me)  
-Thriving varsity sports teams  
-a minor in dance  
-a dance team/club that I could participate in  
-study abroad in the majorly unoffered country I was looking for  
  
After attending a small liberal arts school out in Pennsylvania, that did not offer any of these qualifications, I can say that I was quite miserable that year. Even though the school worked out financially (no loans, my parents could pay out of pocket for it), I can't see myself ever going back. In addition to not offering my major or minor, which would cause me to have to change my entire career path, I did not enjoy the small campus, small student body, lack of college sports and clubs, and pretty much everything else that a small school in the middle of nowhere offers. I'm looking for the stereotypical college experience (large campus, loads of people of all ages, sports, loads of clubs, etc). The professors I encountered were great at my previous institution, but I can't see myself getting good opportunity from a virtually unknown school that can't take me in the career path I am seeking.  
  
Because of these reasons, being accepted into LMU, that offered everything I dreamed of, thrilled me. However, it was financially horrible. The financial aid they offered was so low, I would of had to take out private loans in addition to the loans offered, and if I was able to take out private loans (which I can't because my parents cannot cosign or take on any debt due to their financial situation), I would have graduated with a minimum debt of $50,000, and that would be if I was lucky. Since I could not afford it for fall of 2016, I willing took the year and worked. I reapplied for fall of 2017, was accepted, and now I have the exact same financial issue that made my parents say no the first time.  
  
Since I am already a year behind, and really do not want to waste another year, my parents said they were willing to let me go to LMU, but due to the financial reasons I mentioned, they said that they cannot guarantee that I could finish my degree there. They are willing to let me go for my sophomore year, but when junior year comes around, they can't promise that they will have money left to afford it - which would also mean we are out of money for me to transfer to what would be my third college to get a degree.  
  
I've been looking around at colleges that still accept applications at this time, and I found a few that I might be able to see myself being content at, even though they don't offer everything I looked for like LMU did.  
  
Baylor University: Large university, thriving division 1 sports (esp football), lots of clubs, well known university, offers my major and minor, and has a dance team that I can perform and compete with. The only downside is that it is in the middle of nowhere in Texas, which I think might make me a bit depressed, and I also don't think it would provide the best connections for a film job since it's in Texas)  
  
The New School: spectacular location for film students (New York City), has my major and minor, closer to home so travel is cheaper, but it lacks the sports scene, isn't a well known school, not a lot of clubs, doesn't really offer your typical college experience, and what really sucks for me is that they don't have any sort of dance team/club that I could participate in throughout my years, which I really want to do (esp competitively). However, they offer a jazz dance class as an extracurricular, and could potentially provide good opportunity to a film student so the location is prime. Also, I've done some modeling work, and unlike the other schools I'm mentioning, I could probably continue to do it at this school because its in NYC.  
  
American University: decent location (Washington D.C), large university, thriving athletics, has my major and minor, but there is no dance team that I could participate in, which I'm really looking for, and I probably wouldn't get in if I applied.  
  
I've considered also trying for Syracuse, but I'm still thinking about it. I should note that I have not applied to these 3 schools I just mentioned, I've been considering if I should spent the money to do so since I think I might have to say no to LMU, but I really don't know what to do and what path to take. Also, I don't even know if these school will financially work out for me if I was accepted (I assumed they be better than LMU since LMU is ranked as being one of the stingiest school with financial aid). I want with all my heart to go to LMU, but the finances are clearly not in my favor, and I do not want to take another year off and get even more behind in my career and studies.  
  
I'm so lost, confused, and tired at this point. I'd appreciate any advice.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/rpja62/if_it_wasnt_a_private_christian_college_in_a/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: If it wasn't a Private Christian College in a Christian town it would be a great party school

I chose this school because of the athletics, the coaching program and they offered me the most money for my sport. I could have gone to two other schools which were significantly bigger, my friends went their and their rules weren't as strict. But I decided to chose the one I'm in now because of the reason above and also I wanted to get further away from my home town.   
And let's just say there is a big part of me that regrets it.  
  
Don't get me wrong, I've made a lot of friends and the team that I'm on now is one of the best in the nation but other than that, that's about it. Again it's a Christian school so I expected there to be more rules set in place but some of the rules are absolutely ridiculous. First let me just say this. There are two types of people that go to this school. Athletes or Hardcore Christians (HC). There was no mixture. But what really is the kicker is that the number of athletes compared to the HC was significantly higher. The dorm I stay at is pretty much where the boy athletes stay and let's just say if there wasn't these ridiculous rules in place then that place would be burnt to the ground.   
  
But of course it can't happen because of the rules in place. (BTW the size of the college is about 1,800 undergrads). These rules are some of the most ridiculous things I've ever heard that the other Christian school I debated on going to didn't even have these rules. The one that is legit reasonable is the zero alcohol and drug policy. Is it bullshit, yeah but I sorta get it. It's illegal. And if you get caught you get a contract. You can't even have empty bottles in there which kinda ridiculous but I can kinda see why thats in place. Now that is the only rule that is some what normal. Now let's get into the bullshit.  
  
Non gender mixed dorms: this really has pretty much been abandoned by almost every college and even Christian college for a long time now. Boys and girls have two different dorm buildings. And they are on the complete opposite side of campus from eachother. And what really sends people over the edge is that there are open hall hours which means you had to be out of the opposite genders dorm halls by 10 p.m. on week days or else you get a fine and a contract. It really sucks because college is where you meet new people and start making friend groups but it's almost impossible with these open hours. Even on weekends they kick you out. But what really sucks is that if you have someone of the opposite sex in your room you have to put a coat hanger on the door knop and keep the door open so private time is completely out the window. Even if they are just a friend it still sucks that all the privacy is all but gone. And when closing hours come up, there is always a herd of RA's that roam the halls with their flashlights going into people's room that have a coat hanger to tell them that is almost time. Wouldn't be a big deal... if they bothered to knock. And if they would quit rushing us. I had a girl over just to watch a few movies with and when there was 5 minutes left the RA's just kept on bombarding my door with knocks pretty much giving me a count down to when she had to leave. And when she was leaving I go over to look to my left and there are like 4 RA's standing at the end of the hallway with their flasights just staring at us and making sure she leaves. And even when they clearly saw her with her jacket on walking away from the door they kept on telling her she had to leave.   
  
Chapel: this one just blows my mind. My school has chapel credits that you have to meet the required amount by the end of the semester. And before you say "just go to chapel it ain't they hard", let me just say this... no one likes going to chapel. The messages are complete bogus that even the HC get sick of it. There will be one or two speakers per semester that people actually enjoy but other than that it's awful. And if you don't meet the required amount then you must pay $25 per credit you missed, write a 3 page long essay explaining why you missed chapel and how it is a sin, and they hit you with a final warning. Meaning if you miss the required amount of credits again then you must not only do the same things listed above but also you automatically fail the semester, no matter what your grades are, and you are suspended from school for 1 semester.   
  
Ball and chain: you get zero privacy. Not even in your car because they always have campus security driving around making sure no one is doing anything. And you can say "just go off campus". Trust me I would but this is a Christian town. They are just as worse with the cops. They always follow you around and never give you any privacy.   
  
They take religion too seriously: don't get me wrong I've been a Christian since birth but they just use it for everything. I had a friend who was going through depression and when he went to seek help from school employees they just kept saying the same thing " we'll pray for you". That's it. They didn't give him extensions on anything or seek help. And when he failed out they kept lecturing him how it was his fault and that God will be with him when he thinks about what he's done when he got academically suspended.  
  
What sucks about this whole thing is that the school glorifies that it is a great Christian school filled with faith when really its just miserable people sick and tired of the people in charge of the place.   
  
But what I find funny and infuriating at the same time is that if there wasn't all these bogus rules set in place then this would be a great school. We have the people and the personality to do it. My dorm is already pretty much like a frat house with the hidden alcohol and drugs, just with all the bull shit rules in place. College would be a lot more fun cause I see all my friends going to the schools that I was debating on going to having the time of their lives while at the same time me and my friends are sitting on the couch having nothing to do because of the rules set it place. I get licks of what college should be like here in there when I visit my friends sometimes on weekends and I always have fun. I even was shocked when I went to my friends dorm room and his RA was casually drinking a beer with his roomate in the halls. (He also goes to a private Christian school so that just screams bullshit) people at my school do the same thing at their friends colleges. But all of us could only imagine what it would be like to have that luxury at our school. While instead of casually drinking in the dorm rooms not having a care in the world and having friends over no matter their sex is at anytime. But instead I get raided by the RA's because they "smelled beer" coming from my room. Now did I have alcohol, yeah why wouldn't I. But I never opened a single bottle and I didn't have any beer in my room. The next week while everyone was at practice they raided all our rooms, and ignored our privacy. And let's just say there was a lot of contracts and suspensions that were handed out. Hell just last year when one of the players on the football team was handing out L's left and right to the other team the RA's raided his room and found alcohol. They had no reason to do that. He never caused trouble, got along with everyone and he hardly drank in his room. They did it just because they could.   
  
I'm honestly debating on switching schools at this point cause this past semester just angered me to witness my high school friends at their colleges taking shots with the fucking RA at a tailgating party when we got an email during our homecoming week that alcohol was not allowed at all at the tailgate and that there would be cops patrolling the event with breathalyzers in hand. And God forbid they did find alcohol. They pretty much searched the entire campus when they found ONE busch can laying on tbe ground at the event. But turns out it was one of the football players who shot gunned it and just set it on the ground outside the stadium just to piss off the Dean. They searched my dorm hall during the game because it shares the same parking lot as the stadium. Did they tell us? No. Did the invade our privacy over one beer can? Yeah.  
  
Moral of the story don't go to my school if you want the college experience... or if you don't want to feel like a prisoner.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/72992t/transferring_in_the_fall_after_freshman_year_im/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Transferring in the fall after Freshman year? I'm fed up with my school

I feel like I have made a terrible mistake in picking this college, I only went because it was cheap, and couldn't afford to go to UIUC, which was my best safety school. My tuition would have been free this semester, if not for the freshman living on campus rule. The school I am attending is very small, with only a few thousand people, and there's not a lot of activities or stuff to do on campus. Despite this, it couldn't be that bad, could it?  
  
  
 Believe me, I tried to keep a positive atittude and was really excited about starting college and trying to make friends. However, I have autism, and it's a crucial part of my identity and my lifestyle, so I got in contract with my school's disability office to talk about accomadations for this school year. Big mistake. They argued with me about living off campus or having a single room, and told me the school needs money, so freshman have to live on campus. I have a math learning disability as well, and am in the process of more comprehensive testing to really "prove it" , but it was established that I really struggle in the subject. The only accomadation I got was more test time, and so far, I haven't even gotten that in my class. I was told that my school loves diversity, but it seems like they view me and my disorder as a hassle more than anything.   
  
  
  
I also had to fight them for a parking pass to go to my doctor's appointments, and they're making me park in a lot 2 miles off campus because I can't park where the upperclassman are, which is bullshit and has made me late so many times, because I can't scheduele my doctors appointments at an earlier/later time. I refuse to miss class. So far I've gotten multiple parking tickets, most of them for not knowing where to park because I was never told where the lot was and its not on the map, and they told me it was my fault. I've been told to just deal with living in the dorms by everyone with the exception of the school doctor and councelor, who have put me on anxiety medication and are making me go to therapy every week to try and cope with being here. I tried living in my dorm and couldn't handle it cause of people and noise, so they switched my room to a suite that I share with other people, who completely ignore me and make me feel even more unwelcome there. I just quit staying in my dorm and am staying off campus in the place I share with my friend for free, in exchange for driving her to the bus so we can go to class.  
  
  
Also, since I had to pay for a meal plan, I eat in the cafeteria most of the time and I saw someone who had no meals left, and swiped my card for them. The lunch lady at the register pulled me aside and told me I was never to do that again, or they would confiscate my card. I nearly cried. This school makes me incredibly nervous and rigid, and I haven't made any friends here at all. All of the clubs I would be interested in meet late at night, like video game and anime clubs, so I never have the energy to go. I've tried to form a club for autistic people but can't get it approved, and have tried everyday to sit in the disability center in the library to meet more people I can relate to, but with no luck. I'm trying sports, but I'm very uncooridinated and bad at talking, so I tend to ramble or make comments every two seconds, and I don't fit it at all on my incredibly small, tight knit club team. I don't fit in at this school in general either. Most of the campus is vegan and I get lectured my strangers about how eating meat is animal abuse. Like really, what the fuck? People write things like "Violence is the answer. Violence is a necessity" all over the sidewalks and that is allowed and often encouraged. One girl was pitching a fit on the bus about misgendering animals and how that's important, and as a trans person, I wanted to deck her for saying something like that. But no one at my school is interested in anything but politics, that's all most of the clubs or events are about, and a lot of the dicussions in my classes are about political stuff 90% of the time. You have to adapt the exact views of everyone else or you will not be accepted, or get bad grades for it. (Multiple people have told me this)  
  
  
I am almost failing my Calculus class, failing both the first quiz and test. I've been going to tutoring at school and I'm going to get help outside of school, studying constantly, and meeting with my professor, but because my algebra skills are so poor, I can barely catch up. Yet, my professor thinks I shouldn't go back to precalc because I took it last year. I've been in tears so many times because I feel like a failure, and despite making As in my other classes, I can't have that low grade affecting my GPA. I need to get out of here. My family and partner are telling me to just be strong and get through it, that I'm acting like a child and will adjust if I force myself to, but I've tried, and I can't stand it here. I want to transfer to clemson, a school closer to home, where I can live off campus and make more connections. (I know people in the area and have support, whereas I only have one person at my current school) I'm working on the application, but I really don't know about the process besides that, and who i need to contact to send paperwork and transcripts over. Can someone who has transferred before offer advice in this trying time?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/31axyy/considering_dropping_out_in_the_us_and_starting/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Considering dropping out in the US and starting over in France. (wall of text)

This is my long, frustrating story. If you spot alternatives, please let me know I'm just reporting situations as they've happened to me. If you're not familiar with the American college system this may not make any sense to you.  
  
I am American in my mid 20s so not much time left. A few years ago, my family and I moved to Washington state.  
  
I now attend a community college here. I wanted to study the french language and american government (or along international relations/world history). These are subjects that I'm really passionate about and I've made nothing below a B- (3.30 GPA) in my studies so far.  
  
About 4 semesters in, I'm now told my college is removing courses due to budget cuts. At the same time, I need these courses to graduate. I need these courses to fulfill my credit requirements.   
  
They have cut the french language (unofficially, in favor for spanish). I'm told the protesting, petitions, and etc. have all already occurred in the class before me. Higher ups weren't phased. The other students have no idea what to do either from what I've gathered.  
  
The college that I attend is the only practical college "in state" in Washington until Olympia/Seattle (4-5 hours north by Amtrak.) There is another university but they do not offer languages whatsoever! The trend continues to spread it seems.  
  
I've contacted the Vice President. He and my advisor came to the conclusion that I should try to fulfill my credits at another school. Problem is, I'm 10 minutes away from the state border.  
  
All of the universities start 15 minutes from me in Portland, Oregon. Oregon considers me "out of state" meaning I'd pay out of state tuition even though they're 15 minute from me. Portlanders themselves can [barely pay \*in state\* tuition](http://koin.com/2015/03/12/psu-students-expected-to-protest-tuition-hike/).  
  
I researched this a bit more and Financial Aid will bail on me also. I was told by the Financial Aid dept at my school that Financial Aid would only pay for my "home" college, not another college at the same time, especially out of state.   
  
Also, to receive Financial Aid I would need to go "full time" (12 credits) to have everything paid with the pell grant. My entire problem is over about 4 credits for now.   
  
The universities in Portland are clearly not a practical option and after research, I'm seeing that the community colleges may not be either.   
  
I need about 4 credits in french to satisfy my degree however community colleges in Portland offer the course at only 3 credits per class. Meaning, I'd need to take two, 3 credit classes just to get the one extra credit to fulfill my degree.   
  
According to their website, and without the help of Financial Aid, I'm looking at [200€/ $220 per credit.](http://www.pcc.edu/enroll/paying-for-college/tuition/). This is out of my pocket while still trying to keep up with my courses/tuition in my home college.  
  
None of this is for sure. I was told that even if I did go to another college to do all of this, I'd have to have these credits "approved". There is a whole "petition" process. The other advice I was given is to start over ..with Spanish. For starters Spanish obviously isn't my passion and secondly I don't know if they'd cancel spanish halfway through either!  
  
All I wanted to do was learn french, study government, get my degree and transfer. I don't understand why it has to be this complicated. There has been other issues too, like this college requires 3-4 pieces of documentation for me to qualify for "in state" tuition which of course I have them all dated at different dates. This means that although I do have 2 documents and proof of residency like a bill, because one document is not one year old I'm paying out of state tuition even now. Financial Aid barely covers it due to the out of state tuition eating away at so much. I only got $30 left towards books and I'm taking 25 credits the semester.  
  
What I've considered lately is dropping out. My associates means nothing in Europe form what I've read. I can't seem to get my degree in the US at this rate and even if I did I don't think it would be worth much more than it would be in Europe. The only thing transferrable in Europe would be my high school degree correct? In the US I'm also concerned that taking on $16-20,000 in student loan debt will prevent me from otherwise visiting Europe if I don't go now. I'm considered out of state, everywhere I turn. The tuition seems to be getting out of hand especially compared to living my studies in Europe.  
  
Instead of continuing my associates I plan to get a job in the US and save up for about a year. I would save up the $7,000 or so required by the visa, planet ticket, and save up enough to take up a language school to learn french. I would go to france by finding a school to teach me what I need to know to pass the Delf, Dalf, TCF exams. I already have a few semesters of french under me so in the immersed environment abroad I'd hope to learn incredibly faster.   
  
From there I would enroll into a university for my L,M,D studies. The only thing I have not worked out is continuing the income of money but my family said they'd \*try\* to help.. although I'm not confident. I also have no real skills, which is why I want to hurry this along so I can have something to show for myself. Once abroad I would likely change my studies from American government (irrelevant?) to the diplôme universitaire de technologie and do network security.  
  
This has been my story and my alternative plan so far. I'm not saying it will be easy but it's my alternative plan at least. I would really like my bachelors before I'm 30. I can't say too much here, as I said I've spoken with people in the know but this is the gist. What do you think?   
  
Most people I could ask want me to remain in the US my entire life. Others I've asked already in france have been helpful but lacking the perspective of being either American or in France. I'd highly prefer someone familiar with both to judge or just anyone that has done something similar to start over in france. Thank you.

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/kopac/i_thought_my_boyfriend_suckeduntil_he_broke_up/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I thought my boyfriend sucked...until he broke up with me. Now what?

My ex boyfriend and I dated for nearly 5 years, starting halfway through our first year in college. He was the party animal of the dorm, and I the quiet honor student. At some point we crossed paths, and he happened to like what he saw. We ended up drinking together with a group of people one night and got to talking after everyone else had gone to bed. I stayed in his dorm room every night after that for over a month. We never did anything intimate; we simply enjoyed talking to one another and spending every possible minute together. Despite this, I was hesitant to date him because of our differences. He smoked, loved getting high, and couldn't care less about actually getting a degree; he was there for the social part of college life. I, on the other hand, already knew I'd end up in grad school, I despised all drugs (including marijuana even though I don't understand why it's illegal), and I wanted someone who I could count on the be more responsible. He asked me out numerous times, and I rejected him without pause. Ultimately though, it came to a point where I started believing his promises to change and my feelings for him were way too strong to ignore. We started dating, and 5 years later he broke my heart.  
  
To sum up our current status:  
  
Me - I got my undergrad degree and am now a grad student getting my doctorate in physical therapy. I work part time on campus, but kept the weekends free for traveling since the ex moved to a city 3 hours away.  
  
Him - He has completed a total of less than 30 credit hours despite registering and paying for approximately 8 semesters of college. He recently moved to a bigger city to pursue a degree in photography, but he dropped out after one semester. He now is highly interested in music production and is learning on his own quite successfully, but with his history of changing interests I'm not sure how long it will last. He was fired last month from his most recent job at a fast food restaurant - one of the many times he has been fired from pretty low demanding jobs. He has never had money or any sort of savings; rather he is dependent on his grandparents to pay for rent, food, utilities, etc. I also would chip in and help out whenever they couldn't, which I know now was a huge mistake.  
  
Our Problems:  
I hated his complete lack of motivation, responsibility, and dependability. While I'd spend hundreds of dollars on presents or create something special for his birthday and other holidays, he'd either forget these times altogether or I'd get some thing ridiculous (such as being handed a $20 bill in the middle of the mall while purchasing a phone on my birthday). He promised to quite smoking and partying so much, but he's almost 24 now and still goes out 3-4 days a week and gets high several times a day every day. Besides going out, he never leaves the house. He's too lazy to apply for jobs or register for class. Every time we see each other, we can't do anything besides sit on the couch and watch netflix unless I pay for us both, which I can't afford often after doing this for so long. I can't remember the last time he took me out for something as simple as dinner and a movie, or even treated me to anything really. We are on the same cell phone contract, and every month I have to cover both of our halves until he figures out a way to get extra money from a family member. And worst of all, he seems to have forgotten what personal hygiene is. He sweats constantly, but only takes showers every other day. When he doesn't shower, he doesn't change clothes. His shirts, shorts, jeans, etc all have holes, dog hair, and food stains on them since doing the laundry requires moving away from the computer screen and any extra money goes toward marijuana and/or Mcdonald's. I'm not sure if I covered everything, but I think that's enough. He ended up being a complete bum and I couldn't stand it. However, I had my own faults. I'd keep all of these things that bothered me to myself and then almost every time I drank my true feeling would come spurting out. I'd get so drunk I'd black out and wake up not knowing what happened. He'd tell me all the horrible things I said to him each time: over and over on these drunken nights I'd insult him incessantly and in ways that really can't be forgiven. I said things to him that I'd never say to my worst enemy. I berated him, treated him like shit, and even went so far as to slap him a couple different times. When he'd explain to me what I said and what I did, I'd feel physically sick about it. I couldn't believe I could be so cruel. I love him more that anything in the world, and I hurt him so bad. I'd apologize profusely every time, but sorry finally lost its meaning.  
  
The breakup:  
He drove the 3 hours here to see me one weekend and we went out the first night with a couple friends. We both drank heavily and I started an argument at some point, per usual. Things escalated and I turned into a drunk, evil bitch yet again. The next morning I woke up to him walking out my door. I called him and he told me he can't deal with my behavior anymore and it's over for good. I had no argument; I can't deny that I too would leave if I was being treated that way.  
  
Now:  
It's been almost a month and every minute of every single day seems to stretch on forever. I miss him. He was my best friend, my love, and my partner for what I thought would be life. I try to focus on his shortcomings and all his faults as a boyfriend, but my mind keeps reverting back to the happiest memories we had together. His personality is truly one of a kind, he has an incredibly good heart, we shared a wonderful sense of humor, and he truly cared for me although he had a lot of trouble showing it. I'd do anything in the world for him and he knows it, but he's through with me. I know we sound like the worst match in the world, and we probably are, but my feelings for him are so intense still that I can't imagine ever finding a better love.  
  
My Question: Has anyone ever been through something somewhat similar to this? I'm having so much trouble moving on. Part of me is still hoping he'll want me back at some point, but a larger part of me knows it'll never happen. Is there anything I can do, or is this a hopeless situation?  
  
TL;DR - After almost 5 years together, my boyfriend finally broke up with me for my verbal, and sometimes physical, abuse while drinking. I'll be getting my doctorate next year while he is going nowhere in life, has no money, no job, no education, etc and his only priority in life seems to be getting high and frequenting raves. Still, I'm having trouble letting go. Is there anyone whose gone through something similar? Any suggestions on how to move on?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/motii/need_advice_on_how_to_get_on_my_legs_very_very/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Need Advice on How to Get on My Legs [Very, Very Long]

Okay, Reddit. I'm relatively new. I've been helping in the Suicide and Depression forums, and I've been looking around on all of the usual funny subreddits, I figure I can ask this and see what happens.  
  
This is going to be long, don't say I didn't warn ya.  
  
Let me start off, I'm Adrian. I'm 19, 20 next month. I do games journalism in the down time that I'm not job-hunting or dealing with some problem.  
  
So as of October last year, my parents kicked me out. They didn't like how I wasn't going to college right after high school and how I didn't have a job. I didn't go to college for a few reasons:  
1) I was exhausted. I really am positive I would've dropped out of college right away. With the constant onslaught of problems I had with grading in high school on top of all of the emotional distress from random stuff in the past, I was wiped out.  
2) I had two trips to go to and they both landed in the first week of college. PAX Prime 2010 and I had a meeting with Lockerz. I was able to pay for them both on my own due to some extra work I did on a few movies a month prior. I didn't want to miss up on either because I was going to as a press member to PAX and the Lockerz meeting was a really good opportunity I could've used on paper in the future.  
  
I didn't work because:  
1) I couldn't find a permanent job. The extra parts were temporary jobs.  
2) They wanted me to work the the restaurant they owned, but it was a total rip for me to bother. The drive was 30 minutes away and they let me work a maximum of $15 a day. I pretty much would've been paying 3/4 of it for gas.  
  
Anyway, yeah. So they kicked me out. I had no where to go. On top of that, they took my Gerber money and child support money, both which equated to $12,000, I had about $20 in my pocket. I put most of my things like my bed and stuff at my girlfriend's house. Her mom wouldn't let me stay. Even though I've been with her now for 3 years, she's traditional and doesn't like that idea. I stayed with a few friends and finally my grandma let me stay at her house. So I got some money and headed out there on the bus. It's 5 hours away from where I used to live.  
  
As I got there, everything seemed fine, but turns out she was having money issues. She couldn't afford her taxes. My step-father kept holding money from her. It didn't help that she was housing me. They didn't like that. So up until days before the taxes were due, he paid her partially.  
  
That was December 2010. Now, this whole year is a mess. Problem after problem. First, our van broke down (note this). Then our dog got something, I believe the vet said asthma, I dunno though. The roots in the nearby trees hit our sewage pipes. Then when we tried to turn on the air conditioner, there was a problem that ended up driving the cost up even more, a hole popped up in our bathtub causing water to leak everywhere, And just a bunch of other things.  
  
Our diets are horrible. My uncle spends all of his money on food, which is sandwhiches, Totinos pizzas, and Ramen. My grandma has been living off of tortillas and cereal for pretty much the last year. She's incredibly depressed. She feels that this is her fault for being too kind and helpful to everyone. That everyone steps on her. She used to be very lively, but now all she does is sit in her room all day and watch TV. I talk to her, but when I ask what we're going to do she often mentions suicide, so I let it slide a lot of times. She'll never do it, but she's just tired of living in our circumstances.  
  
So, as you may be wondering, yes I have been job hunting here. My grandma warned me before I headed out there that jobs were tight. Last time I remember, it was a small community, which seemed perfect for me to find something in. I found that she was right. I'm in a small town off of El Paso, and there are plenty of places within walking distance, but the problem is there are so many schools nearby that all of the kids take the jobs right away. I've seriously applied at places 3 times and had no dice. The only money source that has opened up is that my YouTube account has recently been okayed for monetization. I should be expecting my first check at the end of next month. It's not that big, so it's not going to make a dent anywhere. Not to mention I specialize in games, and because my Xbox HDD crapped out a few weeks ago, I can't really do anything else on my YouTube.  
  
So there's a few more problems as you might imagine. Our van isn't reliable at all. It breaks down often and is not built for long distance driving. It's broken down two times this year and is bound to be down again shortly, so I can't travel literally anywhere. My grandma is paranoid that it'll break down if I have to drive to work. She's stern on not letting me do that. Also an issue is I don't have official residency in my house here. I, again, haven't left much. I've probably gone into the city less than 5 times. I haven't had the ability, nor the money to really go out and change that, meaning I have no way to get a bank account going under my knowledge. I may be wrong. My parents gave me 0 tips on how to do anything in life, so there's that.  
  
We're winding down on the year. My grandma's taxes got raised more and she can't pay it. Which, side-note: don't ask me how, my this house is under an aunt who won't talk to my grandmother anymore. So she can't sell the house on her own. We have a few things we can try to sell. A few antiques, specifically a Castle Front One-Armed Bandit slot machine. No luck being able to find a place to price it online though.  
   
Any who, my family for the most part blocked our number. My grandma contacted my step-father finally, but he said he paid her the rest of the money, which isn't true, unless my grandmother has totally lost that memory. I don't believe it though, since he said he paid it at a time that we were REALLY in a hard time.  
  
My grandmother is 71 and an amputee, but I imagine my other uncle might be able to get her in a retirement home. My Schizophrenic uncle MIGHT be able to go somewhere, but he can't function. He hasn't worked in years. He's out of it. And me, I don't know. It's hard to just get up and go anywhere. I'm going to try a few more things on Monday to see if we can get some money, but afterwards, I'm going to start trying for favors from friends in my other city or something to house me for a bit. Other than that, I don't think I can get an apartment since I have literally zero experience in anything.  
  
This is taking a toll on me though. I very much miss my girlfriend. We've had our rough patches recently due to the distance, but we're trekking forward and still try to help one another. I've been suffering anxiety attacks throughout this year. Sometimes I wake up randomly in the night not being able to breathe, like the wind got knocked out of you. I've lost most of my energy. I can't leave my "bed" too often. I say bed in quotes because I don't have a bed, more like cushions, so my sleeping has been awful as well. I talk to people VERY often on Skype, Facebook, and Twitter to replace the social life I don't have. I've gone out with friends three times in the past year. I've talked to few peeps around here, but everyone's busy with something, usually school, so I don't mind them too much.  
  
Whew. That took awhile. Anyway, thanks for reading if you made it. Seriously so thankful. I'm keeping the faith that I have left, but any advice or whatever would be wonderful. I really don't know where to start.  
  
I hope you all had a WONDERFUL Thanksgiving and I really hope none of you get harmed during the escapade that is Black Friday :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8222mf/i_would_like_to_warn_you_about_the_possibility_of/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I would like to warn you about the possibility of post-college depression. I wish somebody had done the same for me. [Semi long]

If you grew up anything like me, a large focus from age 5-18 was the prospect of going to college. Teachers at school would often talk about it. Parents would start to ask you around age 14 which college you'd like to attend. Your parents' friends ask you if you've made your decision and what your major will be. You make your decision. You leave your crying mother in the car as she drives away after dropping you off freshman year. You change your major. You change it again. You revert back to what it was originally. Graduation day comes, you did it! You passed with flying colors, barely scraped by, or did somewhere in the middle. Selfies with your friends group abound at graduation, all of you swearing you'll remain bestest friends for forever until the end of time, no matter what. Now, you're 5 months post-graduation working your 9-5 and it hits you. "Man, this \*sucks\*". What happened?  
  
While it's impossible to nail down specific causes of this phenomenon for everybody, what I can nail down are some near-universal truths that I've came to realize in the 5 years since I have graduated.   
  
\* Number 1: The lifestyle change can be very jarring.   
  
I can't remember where I saw it, but somebody said "College is a weird time in your life because you're effectively an unemployed alcoholic but your parents are still proud of you". I went from not worrying about having to pay for bills, being surrounded by friends, going to one three hour lecture every other day (rest of my classes were online), and partying every weekend to busting my ass at a "grown up" job in a new city with very few people that I knew. Post-college can be extra hard if you move to a new city where you don't know many people or if you go to a familiar city but your friends have all moved away. College is something that is so built up for so many people that once it has came and went, the smile quickly fades as you ask yourself "So I have worked my whole life up to this point for this moment and now that it's over, what do I do?"  
  
\* Number 2: Maintaining friendships after college is much more difficult   
  
When you're in college, all you have time to do is study and hang out with your friends. You have thousands of people around your age that you have something in common with. A surefire way to introduce yourself is to ask somebody what their name and major are. Easy, right? You don't necessarily have this luxury post-college.   
  
When you graduate from college and move away from your friends, life tends to get in the way. People get boyfriends and girlfriends. People have babies. People get busy with their careers. People find other groups of friends in their town to hang out with. In college, you may have hardly had a choice \*but\* to make friends. However, afterwards, maintaining friendships can take \*a lot\* of work. If you're not careful, you can slowly fade away from people who you thought were going to be your life long friends and that can leave you feeling destitute.   
  
\* Number 3: You change A LOT in your 20's (most of the time)  
  
Most people will go to college starting around 18 and graduate when they are 22-25. Zach Braff, who played John Dorian on the TV show "Scrubs" has a very profound quote that I agree with whole heartedly. He said "‎"I have this theory that your body goes through puberty in its teens, and the mind goes through puberty in your twenties." In my experience, that is SO true. You'll be constantly changing and evolving as you progress through your twenties, your mind catching up with your body. They say that your brain isn't fully developed until you're in your mid-twenties, and I for one can attest to that. As a 26 year old, I am NOT the same person that I was when I graduated a few years ago. I have evolved mentally, physically, and emotionally into a man that any parent would be proud of. However, that comes with a lot of perspective changing and lifestyle-alterations.   
  
\* Number 4: You might realize that the field you selected to study is not the one for you.   
  
I spent years trying to make law-enforcement type jobs work for me, as a Criminal Justice major (hint; DO NOT STUDY CRIMINAL JUSTICE. Minor in it if you must, but major in something that will give you hard skills such as computer science or accounting). Corrections Officer. Private Investigator. Loss Prevention Detective. I jumped from one position to the next before I came to the conclusion that this field was NOT for me. This depressed the shit out of me because I felt like I was stuck. I did not have any hard skills to show and I was desperate to get out of the field. I remember flying home to visit my parents about 2 years after I graduated. We went out to a Mexican restaurant and I cried at the table because I was so hopelessly destitute about my job situation at that time. Now, through careful maneuvering and by going back to school, I have successfully transitioned into IT and I love it. If you do not like where you are career-wise, change it. It sucks having to start all over again from the bottom, but I am a hell of a lot happier than I was making 3x what I'm making now.   
  
As I said in the title, this is a story of the \*possibility\* of post-college depression. I do realize that many people will not experience this, but many people who I have spoken to about the matter have, including myself.   
  
The very very TL;DR of this post is that life after college is depressing and takes some adjusting to, friendships are something that you have to work at to maintain, and if you find out your major isn't for you, take steps to get out of that field.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/z3v7c/how_can_i_help_my_dad_in_his_custody_battle/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How can I help my dad in his custody battle?

I am 25 years old and I was raised by an amazing man. My mom and my dad split when I was very young and had shared custody for my whole child life. When I was around 18 he met a woman (much younger than him), fell in love and married her. I never really cared for her too much but he seemed happy and that was all that mattered to me. They had 2 children together, a boy and a girl, who are now 4 and 6 years old.   
  
Unfortunately, their marriage didn't work and they separated a couple of years back. She wasn't really in the picture that much when they were very little. My dad was always the parent on the front lines and she was kind of background. They separated on fairly good terms (though she had done some awful things that I'm not sure I would have forgiven her for, but he did) and because of this, they came up with a separation agreement together rather than going to court. It was very formal and written in what I would call legal mumbo jumbo, they both signed it and had it notarized. The agreement was many pages long and had a ton of little sub sections, but most importantly stated that his home would remain the primary residence for the children. This agreement has been in place for a couple years now with no issues.   
  
A few weeks ago she picked up the kids to take them to her house for what my dad thought would be a regular visit. She had just moved out of her moms house into a new place of her own with her new boyfriend. All of a sudden she stopped answering phone calls, text messages and stopped all communication. Because she had just moved, he had no clue where her new address was. He tried and tried to get a hold of her but wasn't able to. Finally she emailed him saying that she was going to be keeping the kids as she didn't believe they were safe at his home anymore. My dad is a recovering alcoholic. He has 42 years sober and is a huge part of a twelve step community. He runs a recovery center on his property. One that was started when they were married and while she lived there as well. One of the main reasons he started this was because he wanted to be a stay at home dad and be as much of a part of the kids lives as he could. There have never been any incidents with the kids at the house and they have there their whole lives.  
  
Her mom has retained a very expensive lawyer for her and they are saying now that because there are drug addicts and alcoholics in the recovery center the children are not safe.  
  
In the documents he was served it said that she wanted primary residence and that the children should not be allowed overnight stays at his home because it is not safe for them.   
  
A court date was set for sept 14th. and I wish that was where the story ended.   
  
After the email, she finally agreed to meet with him at a Cracker Barrel so that he could see the kids. My dad decided that when he went that he was going to take the kids home with him. Until the court date he still has primary residence as that is the agreement that is still in effect. Because he was worried that she would be upset when he took them with him, he called the police department and talked with a sheriff and asked if they could come to the parking lot to make sure it all went smoothly. The sheriff told him that, unfortunately, they couldn't come out unless something was actually happening so if something escalated, then to call them and they would be right over.   
  
My dad went to dinner with them and everything went very calmly. When they were getting ready to go my dad was walking out holding the kids hands and when he got outside he started walking towards his car, and told her the kids were going to go back home with him. She started yelling and came running at him as he was putting the kids in the car. He turned his back to her so she couldn't get by and proceeded to buckle his daughter in. She ran to the other side and pulled her son out of the car. He walked over picked him up and put him back in and drove home. All together he felt it went pretty smoothly.   
  
For months now he has had a vacation to the beach planned with a house already payed for and reserved this week and so he followed the regular plan and took them on their summer vacation before school starts. me and my family went too (my husband and my 2 kids). Everything was going great, all the kids having a blast. Then suddenly he got a message from her saying she had a court order saying that he had to bring the kids home. He didn't really understand how that could be as the hearing wasn't for a couple weeks, but he got in the car with the kids and we all left the beach 4 days early. When we got back he got a fax of and emergency injunction she had filed stating she was in fear of hers and the kids lives. Apparently she had also filed assault charges on him for the night at cracker barrel. She said he took the kids and pushed her leaving a bruise on her inner arm. Her lawyer filed the paperwork in a ton of different districts, which we are not exactly sure why. She also filed for a protective order which was denied. Today I went with him and met her at a police station to turn over the kids to her. My sister cried and said she didn't want to go to mommy's and held on, and my brother said he liked mommy's better because she lets him play World of Warcraft (remember he is 6), and because she buys him stuff when he asks and he doesn't have to do anything to get it. My dad sobbed in the parking lot. He is crushed.  
  
My whole childhood I have never seen my dad be anywhere close to violent. My worst punishment I ever received was a 3 minute timeout (which I got a lot and hated every minute of) but never even one spanking. He is an amazing and dedicated father and I know I could find a hundred people that would speak to that and for all the lives he has touched and even saved in his years in the program.   
  
Here is where the problem comes in. He does not have the money for a lawyer and we are going to have to do this on our own. He doesn't qualify for free legal service as his income is too high, but he also doesn't have a savings or a way to pay the high retainers the lawyers we have spoken to are asking.  
  
I'm not asking for a handout. I want to know how we can do this by ourselves if it is even possible to stand against her 100k lawyer on our own knowing that they could probably crush us with paperwork. And if it is what to do. We went to cracker barrel today and found out that they do have video surveillance of where everything happened which is awesome cause that will with out a doubt prove that he didn't assault her at all. They said that they can't give it to us, it has to be given to a police officer or be subpoenaed. Can something be subpoenaed without a lawyer???   
  
One of the other issues that we are facing right now is that they were enrolled at a montessori school set to start next Tuesday. (this is an amazing award winning school that my dad had to pull a million strings to get them into) and apparently she has decided it is to long of a drive for her so she enrolled them in the regular public school in her area.   
  
My dad doesn't want to wait until the hearing in september because it is going to mess with their school. We went to the circuit court today and spoke with a very nice lady who gave us a form called a praecipe that I guess allows us to request to to be heard in front of the judge regarding the emergency injunction. Can we do this on our own? My dad says if we go without a lawyer that her lawyer may not even let him get a word in. I guess I just don't see any other option....   
  
I know this was a lot, and I'm not even entirely sure it all makes sense. I will take any help/advice I can get. I can scan in the documents (and cover all the personal info) we have if that will help at all. And I can answer any questions if I missed something or didnt make sense somewhere.   
  
Please, I swear on my own kids lives, My dad is amazing and loving and every trait a father should have. Help.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/efqj5/cant_have_kids_and_cant_figure_out_how_to_be_ok/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Can't have kids, and can't figure out how to be ok with that. How can we be OK with the fact we won't have a family, but everyone else around us is?

I’m not really sure if this is the place to post this…but here goes. I don’t know what I’m looking for really out of doing this either. Advice in coping? Similar stories? I dunno. Maybe I just need to actually let it all out. This ended up pretty long, and I could have definitely been a lot longer. I’m sure there won’t be many readers, and there will be a lot of trolls. But hopefully there will be someone out there that actually has been through something similar and can give a little incite…  
  
\*\*tl;dr: Wife and I can’t have kids after years of trying and doing fertility treatments. We are very angry and bitter towards friends/family/strangers that have families, but don’t know how to get over it.\*\*  
  
\*\*EDIT: I know this is long, so no one read below. SO, Yes...we would love to adopt. But we have a LONG time before that can happen. We have a very large bill from in vitro to pay off first, then the cost of adoption which is even more expensive...\*\*\*  
  
So first, the background: My wife and I married at 20, and have been happily married 9 years. There was no doubt that we both wanted to have children. Her family is quite small with only one sibling and both parents being only children. I have four siblings, lots of kids on both parent’s side, tons of cousins, and 13 nieces and nephews. My father is a retired high school teacher/coach of 40+ years, two of my siblings are also teachers, and my mom and another sibling both own their own day care facilities. I started college to become a teacher as well, but ended up moving into another field…although I do still coach high school sports. Point being in all this is that even though our families are very different in size, we share the same strength and love because of our upbringing. Even our two families are pretty tight since we grew up in the same very small town.   
  
For the first few years we were together, we never took any precautions to avoid becoming pregnant. We weren’t technically trying, but it would be ok if it happened. However about five years ago, we started actively trying to start a family. After a year or two of no luck, we decided to see if something was wrong. That started countless tests on both of us to see if there was a reason. We started with our family doctor, then her GYN, and then gradually were referred up to one of the top fertility clinics in the country. Still…no diagnosis. Nothing could be found in either of us that would be causing infertility. The doctors explained that when it comes to infertility there are pretty much four levels: 1.) There is an issue with the women. 2.) There is an issue with the man. 3.) There is a small issue with the women, small issue with the man…put them together…big issue. \*\*4.) Undetermined/Unknown.\*\*   
  
As you can guess, we fall under number four. They explained that there really was definite reason why we were having so much trouble. There were very minor things that showed up in tests, but those were very common in men/women and didn’t point to anything severe enough. Basically we were just unlucky. Month after month we kept trying. She took her temperature every day to help predict ovulation. We ate right, took vitamins, did everything we could to optimize our chances. But month after month, we were disappointed. Visits from Aunt Flo weren’t just that normal few days women have each month. She was devastated…each and every time. Yes, of course I was upset too. But she felt if differently than I did…and I bottled it up to be strong for her.  
  
We opted to begin fertility treatments, which started with IUI (intra-uterine insemination). This process includes ovulation stimulation pills for my wife, and then manually putting my stuff in her when it’s time. (Ya know… the turkey baster method.) After four unsuccessful rounds of that, we decided to move on to IVF (in vitro fertilization) this past summer. For those who don’t know; IVF is very different than the above method. It is very expensive ($20,000+) and is not covered by most insurance policies. (Mine included.) The process requires several weeks of me giving her nightly hormone and fertility shots which were on a pretty strict time schedule. She had to endure shots in the stomach, thighs, and hips…and at some points as many as four a day. Then they harvest as many eggs as they possibly can, and put them together outside the body with my stuff to let them fertilize. They wait a few days, and then put the embryos back in her body. The shot, pills, blood tests, ultrasounds, and emotional ups and down from the shots are just a few of the stresses of this process. We prepared ourselves the best we could. For the most part, we cleared our social calendar from July – October. Knowing this may someday come up we had been saving money for years, but that was all pretty much used up with the IUI procedures. We had to take out a significant loan to cover the costs, but it was all going to be worth it. We felt good going into “game day”. They implanted three healthy embryos, so now we just had to wait two weeks to see if they attached. Soon the past few years of disappointment were going to be over. This was going to work.   
  
But it didn’t.   
  
Devastated is not the word. I’ve never felt anything like this in my life. After we got the phone call, I lost it. I don’t even remember how the mailbox got in the neighbors driveway. I don’t remember sitting in the front yard bawling for hours. It was surreal. While she had been letting a little out every single month for the past several years…I hadn’t. I needed to be strong for her, and in my head in vitro was going to be the fix someday if we needed it. I really never considered that it may not work. Sure, I saw the stats so logically I knew the chances. But I never emotionally considered it. I NEVER thought for a second that I may not have children. How was this even possible? Neither of us went a day without crying the first month.   
  
Now, a few months later…the daily kick in the guts isn’t near as bad. But we still are not doing well. I know there are steps in the grief process which fall in line with all I’m about to say. But my fear is that we won’t be able to get back on top of this thing. I don’t know what to do. We have been through a lot of hard times…as a couple and individually. Hell, she sat here by herself and waited for me while I was in Iraq for over a year. We are strong, happy, social, non-judgmental, hard working, optimistic people. Well…we were.   
  
My wife and I are good people, and we have worked hard to make our lives what they are. We have made conscious decisions with goals of a secure future. Some of those decisions have been very difficult because of moving away from family, or taking a job that isn’t quite what we wanted. We’ve sacrificed a lot to get here, but it’s been worth it. We are now both in great careers and own a house in a pretty good neighborhood. We are definitely not rich, no where close. But, we are comfortable. So, here is where it gets tough.   
  
I don’t believe in fate or that everything happens for a reason. So I’m contradicting that by my next question. How the hell do we get the “when’s it our turn for something good to happen?” feeling out of our heads? I can’t help buy wonder why even work hard to succeed, if you can just be a dirtbag and get everything handed to you. Why try to become a better person, if you can sit on your ass and be lazy…and get what you want. There are just SO many examples of why we feel this way walking around us in life every day. It’s so hard to accept that all we’ve done to create a secure future was for nothing, because people with no jobs and no intent of ever getting one…have litters of children. They are fine sitting there collecting welfare and unemployment. The more kids…the more free money. These same parents are the ones I see hitting and swearing at their kids in stores. The same parents on news reports daily of child abuse and abandonment. It just feels so unfair that we can’t have kids…and these people evidently can get knocked up by looking at each other. I get furious when I see this kind of stuff…so we don’t go out in public much anymore.   
  
So, Reddit…how do we get past this anger, bitterness, and jealousy? It’s not just that we are just being annoyed by white trash at Wal-Mart. It’s difficult for us to hear about anyone, including family or friends that are expecting. It’s impossible to look them in the eye and be happy for them. We are at the age that a lot of friends are starting families. We are really the only ones left that don’t have at least one kid. It’s around us all the time and we can’t deal with it. This has caused us to shut everyone out the past few months, and we don’t know how to get out of it. Anyone that’s thinking, “Well, think about all the stuff you’ll be able to do in life without kids, that they won’t be able to.” That’s not what we want…so it’s a completely irrelevant point. Someday we hope to adopt. There are a lot of kids in the world that come from the households I just described. They need a good family to be with, and we would love to be that family. But first we have a HUGE bill for in vitro that will need paid off before we can start saving again to adopt. It could be ten years before we are at that point, plus add a couple more years for the process itself. Who knows if it will even happen? I know that “time mends all wounds”, and to a degree I believe that. But I just don’t have a clue how we will be ever come to peace with never having children, while not feeling bitter towards everyone else who can.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8gnwos/us_cannot_go_to_college_becauseof_my_parents/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: (US) - Cannot go to college because...of my parents

Alright, so I have a rather difficult and extremely stressful situation I am going through right now. I wish to go to college for accounting, get my CPA, and work for the Big 4 or a mid-tier firm. I'm a money man myself; I love money, and I love learning the language of business. Hey, I even wanted to throw in another major as well, either in finance or data science (applied statistics). But, my dreams are essentially crushed for the time being because of my parents. Pardon some of the background information, but I feel like it is needed.  
  
My parents are the epitome of the paradox of hard-working and laziness at the same time (no disrespect, just harsh honesty); they're both extremely intelligent individuals with college educations, but they choose to work menial jobs that a high school dropout could probably do. Together, they make around 60k a year. Doesn't seem too bad right? But no, they are spenders...very big spenders. Because of this, they literally saved $0 for my college. Not to mention, they will also refuse to do the FAFSA. I've tried numerous times to convince them, but to no avail, they are firm in their stance. My parents kept telling me that they would help pay for my college, but during my senior year of high school, they suddenly throw at me that they won't be doing it anymore. As a senior, this was a major shock to me because they changed their story 180 degrees. My father told me: "If you want to go to college, you are going to have to pay for everything. We won't help you." Another thing that is quite annoying is how my parents are also religious fanatics. They're extremely devout Christians who basically became extremely salty towards me all because I decided that I didn't want to do religious classes anymore. For example, just because I decided to stop doing religious classes, my father did not let me drive my own car anymore (for almost a year) as well as f\*\*\*ing up my checking account (a lotta money that would have paid for 2 year of community college was "gone"). Luckily now, I opened up a new checking account at PSECU (PA Credit Union) without any chance of my father screwing up my finances. That along with what I mentioned previous have left me incredibly disillusioned as well as hopeless.  
  
So I applied to four local colleges, knowing my situation will require me to commute, not live on campus. I applied to Elizabethtown, Lebanon Valley, Penn State Harrisburg and HACC (Harrisburg Area Community College). I tried explaining everything to the financial aid officers, but of course, since a college education in America has nothing to do with smarts but all about how much money you can wipe your ass with, they didn't do much to help at all. Even telling them that the FAFSA was not going to be completed, they still did nothing to help me. Yes, even the community college is too expensive for me (parents won't cosign any loans).  
  
So, I have a plan; if my parents aren't going to do much to help me pay for college, I guess I'm going to have to pick up the tab right? I plan to take a gap year or two, working a full time job as a bookkeeper as well as a part time job somewhere else (that is assuming I will get the bookkeeping job). I'm going to work to my fullest capacity as well as not spending a single cent from that checking account. Also, I will be retaking the ACT and will be aiming for a really high score (32-36 range). I didn't really know about the possibilities of financial aid through standardized tests until much too late, but better late than never right? My current SAT and ACT scores are 1220 and 27 respectively.  
  
So, is a gap year or two (working a full time job as a bookkeeper and a part time somewhere else, as well as working my butt off to get a 32 or higher on the ACT) a good idea? I really see no other alternative other than the military at this point. But that's probably not an option either because I do have chronic asthma.  
  
So please, after my giant block text of bleh, I was wondering if any of you could please give me some financial advice. I want to go to college and I know what I want to do, but the only thing that is blocking my way is money. Do you think my plan sounds good, or do you have other things in mind? Again, the crux of my plan is assuming I get the bookkeeping job, which pays 28k a year. I really hope to read your responses because as of right now, I am at the crossroads...and am completely and utterly lost. I feel physically and mentally drained from thinking about all of this...its extremely painful to me. I know I'm smart, but colleges don't really give a damn about that; all they care about is my check to them for ten-twenty f'ing grand!  
  
Side-Note:Plus, if I am taking this gap year to garner money and improve my test scores, do you think I'd have a chance at Wharton? My GPA is a 4.0 and I have around 10 AP classes up my belt (some of which include Calculus BC and Physics 1&amp;2). Sometimes I see the high life of people in Ivy Leagues and feel depressed. I see all the smiles, the laughs, the proms, the handsome, clean-shaven and slick-haired white guys with their immaculate Asian girlfriends, and I think to myself: some people really can wipe their ass with their money can't they? Many get it easy while others have to actually work their ass off for what they want...

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/fc61kg/im_self_destructing/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm self destructing

Cross posting to try to find an answer.  
  
Hey guys. I'm posting this as I sit in my bed crying. I am completely out of ideas and completely hopeless.  
  
In middle school I got a 4.0 GPA. I was in advanced classes and I was the teacher's pet and I did all sorts of extracurricular activities. I found my friends in middle school and I did really well. I procrastinated a bit but not much.  
  
In high school I earned a 3.75 GPA. I procrastinated chronically but I always got things in on time even if it meant pulling three all nighters in a row (I do \*not\* recommend this). I always started things last second and turned them in right as I finished them at the latest possible moment. As time went on, this habit got worse and worse until I was emailing my teachers begging for an extension on my projects. I'm a teacher's pet, I'm extremely good at communicating, and I'm pretty convincing. These things all led to my teachers usually allowing me extra time to turn things in. And when I got my work in, it was exceptional and above and beyond expectations. I overacheived to compensate for my lateness. By my senior year it was pretty bad and I started not asking for extensions because I was so afraid to ask for too many. I did not want to risk coming across as lying or lazy. But it didn't ruin my GPA because I had a 4.0 all the way until junior year and I got decent grades in my junior year.  
  
My freshman year of college left me with an abysmal 2.75 GPA. I didn't ask for extensions anymore because by then I became unable to get things turned in even if I had a large extension. I became incredibly depressed and nihilistic during my freshman year. I never left my dorm and all I did was sleep and watch YouTube to distract myself from the pain in my heart. Many a night saw me sobbing into my pillow and wishing I could just die. I failed my English class because I was so afraid of the final paper that I never even touched it.  
  
My first semester of my sophomore year went pretty much the same way. I retook English and did extremely well up until the final paper, where I got farther along than last year but eventually became too terrified of it to continue, and I failed the class again. I had to pursue medical hardship withdrawal from philosophy because I missed so much class due to being so depressed and hopeless that I could never make it to class. I was surprisingly happy for the first half of that semester. I just detached myself from the pain I felt over not being able to do anything right. It caught up with me when finals week came along and I couldn't do anything to save my grades anymore. I got a 1.67 GPA.  
  
I'm now in my second semester of my sophomore year. I'm on academic probation, which just means I have to meet with my academic advisor every other week and I'm not allowed to get more than one grade below a C. Unfortunately my advisor is extremely unhelpful and sometimes actually harmful. She has advised me incorrectly many times now. She doesn't really understand me either. I told myself this semester would be different. But then again, I also told myself that before every other semester. I'm about 8 weeks in and it's time for midterms. I've missed countless classes and I have done absolutely none of my work.  
  
I'm going to fail again. I have a phobia of my work that neither I nor anyone else in this entire earth seems to understand. I have a job in IT (my major is CIS) and I do perfectly well in that job. I have no issues getting things done on time and I have kept the job for over a year now. One would think that how you do in school is predictive of how you will do in the "real world", but clearly that's not true in my case. I am not stupid. I got very high SAT scores and I have a great scholarship. As I hope you can tell from this post, I am also not bad at writing. That is why it pains me so much to fail classes like English and get such a low GPA. All I want to do is learn. I love to learn more than anything. My issues are not due not wanting to learn.  
  
My college is unbelievably expensive and my parents are only paying for part of it (that is, if I graduate). The pressure from this is incredibly hard to bear the weight of. My parents don't understand me and only make me feel more worthless when I say anything about my schoolwork to them so I end up having to hide everything until it finally comes out at the end of the year that "surprise, your daughter is a complete failure again!".  
  
To make matters worse, I have medical problems that make life even harder (IBS, hemochromatosis, chronic migraines, and narcolepsy). When I start to do well, I am punched down by one of these issues and it takes me a while to get back up again so I miss things while I'm down that make my grades drop all over again.  
  
I have pursued medical treatment for all of my issues. I have gone through many counselors, none of which could help me. I have tried  (and am continuing to try) many medications for my mental health (I have severe ADHD and social anxiety).   
  
I'm in an endless cycle. I feel like I just want to curl up into a ball and cry forever. No one understands me, no one can help me. It feels like I've been given everything (intelligence, a somewhat wealthy family that loves me, and people who want to help me) but I can do nothing with what has been given to me. I wish I could just "take one step at a time" or "be less hard on" myself. I wish I could believe that "everything's gonna be okay". But I can't. I am useless and self destructive. I have no where to turn. I have tried everything I know of. I am so alone and so angry at myself that I hate myself more than anything in this earth.  
  
Is there anyone who has been in a similar situation? Is there anything else I can try?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/wvdo1w/i_am_currently_messing_up_an_opportunity_to_get/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I am currently messing up an opportunity to get into my top school and I need guidance.

Sorry in advance for wall of text  
  
So, for background I recently turned 21, and am a few years completely removed from the school experience. I moved into a new area recently and found the school in my state that would be my absolute #1 choice. It has the culture, location, and programs that I would look for, along with in-state tuition and a very very high rank in the field I want to major with as bonuses. When I say this school has literally everything I look for in a school, I mean it.  
  
My high school transcript was FAR below what the school normally takes (mostly due to depression and laziness at the time) but I got BLESSED to get offered a guaranteed transfer after I studied for a good SAT score and had good activities.   
  
The Issue comes in this fall 2022 semester. I needed 30 credit hours and certain classes by June 2023 to complete the transfer, so I found a community college that offers all of the classes in my state around the summertime (late I know, I wasn't taking it seriously because I knew a bunch of schools that still accepted applications late summertime even into early august). Due to applying so late I registered for all the classes I needed but didn't know I needed to test into a certain class (let's just call it MATH 1) if I didn't take the class in high school. Mind you, I need to take MATH 1 and MATH 2 for the transfer. A couple days go by with me calling the person in charge of testing because I had a ton of questions I needed answered about the process and getting voicemail every call, and I decide "eh its whatever, I can take MATH 1 at a different school come spring 2023 and test into MATH 2 at the school I currently go to and just take them both the same semester. I thought I had everything figured out until I get an email a few hours ago saying, "hey btw if you don't pay $1,600 by tomorrow 1pm your entire schedule will be deleted", and funnily enough, the website where you can see all of your fees and loans etc is completely down? or something? I can't access it, and I won't be able to call until tomorrow because the school is closed. A lot of thoughts went through my mind "I had already filled out the FAFSA shouldn't the school know I'm paying with that?" "Even if I paid with money, I don't have Id still have the MATH 1 problems" etc etc etc. And yeah, I know that these questions have answers I would've known if I didn't rush. But I did, so I was completely ignorant.  
  
I honestly just screwed myself over ROYALLY. I just wanted to enjoy my last free couple of days in summer, apply for a community college, and do the coursework they give me. But because I rushed the whole process, I didn't realize a TON of extra stuff that I needed to prepare for and handle WAY ahead of time. Even if there was a way to salvage my fall 2022, because I was so rushed and last minute, I barely know how to navigate the 50 different portals they gave me, which is frustrating because the actual coursework (at least what I've seen of it) is even easier than I thought it would be. Not to mention that I still barely know about the financial aid process and how ANY of it works, along with a ton of other things about the college process in general. I would've taken it more seriously if it was the school I actually wanted to go to, but it wasn't, so I really rushed the entire process. It was dumb of me.  
  
I think at this point I only have 3 solutions (that I know of).  
  
\* Try to find another school that's still accepting fall 2022 (23 days into august lol) and start the process over  
\* Say screw it and forget fall 2022 and forget this school. Get a job and work until spring 2023, quit my job (because I live with family so I can do that) and enroll in 2 schools at once and work 30 credit hours. (Completely absurd workload but would solve my MATH 1 problem because I could take MATH 1 and MATH 2 at two different schools)  
\* Say forget the guaranteed transfer altogether. Enroll into a decent school I can actually get into, and Spring 2023 take regular course classes. Roll the dice as to whether I actually get into my first choice. (Absolutely the easiest option but I'd be throwing away one lucky break I had)  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Honestly even if you don't have any advice to give me, thanks for reading because it felt good to type out. I'm normally a guy that can roll with all the punches and find a quick solution when I'm knocked off my feet, so it really sucks to just have to sit and accept that there aren't any quick fixes. I'm screwed because I was being an idiot. The end.

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/bm0ndd/i_was_planning_on_transferring_and_recieved_a_c/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I was planning on transferring, and recieved a C in a course. What is my best course of action?

Sorry if this is a detailed post, but I'm genuinely floored on what to do here.  
  
  
  
I had completed 2 semesters of college at a 4 year university before this, with a 3.76 GPA, honors college, etc. Even though I have autism, ptsd, GAD, amd ADHD, I got on meds, therapy, worked hard over breaks to learn what I wasn't taught in high school (like higher math) and have generally just been busting my ass for school.  
  
  
  
I had attempted Calculus 2 for science and engineering majors once, the summer after my first semester. I withdrew due to a death in my family. I was told at my 4 year by advisors in my department (Computer Science) at our orientation to take Calc II at the local community college, they even readied the forms for us to enroll there immediately. My school publishes grade distributions, and hardly 40% pass calc 2 at my school. Naturally, I signed up at the community college.  
  
  
  
I had no idea how disasterous the course would be. My professor was really disorganized, had never taught there before, and was very very strict on grading ( minus 5 if you forget + C, or write u before you plug in the original value for the integral and evaluate) I saw many classmates struggle, but I think some of them did well despite no curve. I got 60's and 70's on homework regardless of utilizing tutoring, having my answers checked by the tutors, etc. I could do the problems, but would make a minor mistake and lose 10 points.  
  
  
  
I went to office hours almost daily, and was the only one who ever attended, I was very friendly and close with the professor. I really did try my best. I just couldn't perform to the professor's expectations. Now, I have a dilema. I cannot attend my 4 year school anymore, because it is too expensive, I don't get enough fin aid. They also don't have my intended major, Neuroscience, or any courses in it. I want to double major in Neuro and CS.  
  
  
  
I sent out several transfer applications, but I know even if I am accepted, I will likely be rescinded because I got a C. Calc II is a pre-req for a few of the CS, Neuro, or Computational Neuroscience programs that I applied to. My cummulative GPA has now dropped to a 3.56, because I wasn't taking many credits, and got a B in another course (which I am grateful for, because most of my class failed, I will gladly take the B!)  
  
  
  
I started crying earlier, because it feels like my one bad experience in a class will screw me over. I am going to have to attend this same community college due to costs, and my GPA there is now a 3.0, meaning I may not have access to the honors or research courses that I was planning for fall, and have seriously blown my shot at many of the univerisites I was interested in. They do not allow grade forgiveness unless the course was taken over 5 years ago, and their policy is that I cannot take the course again because I have now taken it twice, they will include the W. I did pretty well in Calc 1, I had a B and was close to an A for most of the semester, struggled with related rates and that one bad grade brought me down. I have gotten perfect grades in Statistics and Computer Science as well up until this point.  
  
  
  
  
My transfer goal for next year was GA Tech or USC. I know admission for CS majors is higher for women at some schools, but I don't really put faith in that. I feel like I can do well in Calc 3, but I'm not sure if that will make up for this blunder. I have a 32 on the ACT, 33 superscore, and a ton of extracurricular activities and awards.  
  
  
  
I've done research in high school and college, won two science fairs, presented my college research in AI and ML to a huge tech company, my contributions were included in a paper that was submitted for publication, I've been on student council in HS and college, I won a high level state writing award, AP Scholar, been learning music for a year and had several concerts, a few hackathons (including at harvard) I founded a GSA in high school and was president, volunteered a ton in HS doing STEM community service like bioblitz, tutorting, lecturing on research, leadership position in Japanese speaker's club in college, worked since I was 16, currently work in technical support for my uni, and have an upcoming research internship at a national lab for CS.  
  
  
  
I also have a very unconventional background because I grew up really poor and living on my grandparent's farm. I have been almost entirely self sufficient since 16, one of my parents died from drugs/alcohol when I was really small and the other is severely mentally ill. This is a perspective that I talk about a lot in my essays, and how it has motivated me to become a researcher, and never give up my pursuit of learning.  
  
  
  
Even with my extracurriculars and circumstances, do you all think that a C is going to be the nail in the coffin for a Neuroscience program or double major program? Will this bar me from entering good graduate schools? I've been so upset about this, wishing that I could have prevented it even though I studed vigorously and grinded practice problems like no one's business.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/l66luw/asus_msw_program_grad_do_not_do_asu_msw_online/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: ASU's MSW Program Grad- Do Not do ASU MSW Online Program

Hey everyone,  
  
This is post is from about two years after I graduated, and things have worked out for me in the long run, as I am an LMSW working at a private practice. But for a long time, I've wanted to write a post in the event that someone is considering ASU's online MSW program, and I wanted to give an honest assessment. First, to get the good out of the way, my goal was to take classes very part-time (1 or 2 at a time) and graduate in 4 years while working full time. My plan was to take a block internship in the summer prior to graduating and then work part-time while doing my advanced level internship. So in the end, I have gotten into the field I want to be in and everything worked out. Distance learning allowed me to live in 3 different locations while completing my studies, so the flexibility was great. If I were to do it again, I'd prefer to do classes in person or synchronous learning so I actually interact with professors and classmates and ask questions. I lived overseas in my first year, so the asyncronsity was helpful, but in the end, that meant that I basically learned everything on my own- Which, like I mentioned, in that sense, was what I signed up for. But the convenience of doing things on my own time required much more effort in self-organization, self-discipline, and learning things on my own. That's a trade-off, not a hit on ASU specifically.  
  
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The Bad: Ok, here's what I'd really like to emphasize- if you are considering ASU's online program and do not live in the state, I think it is a very bad idea. The price is low relative to many other programs, but you will get close to ZERO, I MEAN ZERO HELP IN OBTAINING AN INTERNSHIP. if you go to an in-person school they will basically do almost all of the work to help you get an internship, they will probably already have a large network of places you can choose from, or if you are interested in interning at a place they don't already have a relationship with, you can go into their offices and work it out. But my experience with ASU was that despite submitting all the paperwork and trying to dot all my i's and crossing t's, ASU did not alert me regarding any problem at all- until I showed up for my first day of the internship and THEN they told me- hey, we haven't figured out this contract, and there is a disagreement about liability issues. Mind you, I quit my job in order to do an unpaid internship, so this was extremely upsetting. I worked tirelessly, calling every single day for close to 3 weeks to get these things taken care of, but i was basically shuffled around between departments. The primary office that dealt with field placements almost literally told me to fuck off and to stop contacting them. I was in a desperate situation, as I was on a very tight timeline between quitting my job, starting and ending this internship, and moving across the country, as well as the fact that I already had my second internship set up- so if the 1st fell through, the whole house of cards would fall. So after several torturous weeks at home, only from the grace of god and a generous LCSW at a different organization who was willing to save my life, was I able to get a different internship- this was all with ZERO help from ASU. and the most frustrating thing about this was PAYING ASU $3000+ to do this internship when they made very clear they gave zero fucks about my situation. I get not being paid as an intern since the nonprofit invested time into me and helped me out, but it is incomprehensible how and why I paid ASU for this.  
  
Come my second internship, since they required an LCSW to supervise me, and the supervisor I had at my next internship did not have one on site (LMHC and psychologist on staff), I arranged for one over state lines to supervise me and supervise me weekly. I knew this could be an issue so I made it very explicit to ASU what was going on, and provided all documentation that said otherwise. ASU seemed to be fine with it until THREE DAYS BEFORE MY INTERNSHIP STARTED. That is when they contacted me telling me they were going to revoke the ability to do this next internship unless the nonprofit I was interning for came up with a new LCSW to supervise me.   
  
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In summary, ASU made the process extremely difficult, put all the burden on me despite me paying them to do these internships for some reason?, and seemed to have little sympathy for these challenges. Maybe this is true at other distance learning schools, but this school did not provide much support in any way regarding field placement. So my general advice would be to give yourself about 8 months to confirm every aspect that the internship is all good to go, perhaps don't do a distance program that requires local connections, and have great distrust for the field placement team at ASU. I'm not so bitter about it anymore as things have really worked out for me, by luck and my own sweat/blood/tears. But I really want to warn future ASU MSW distance learning students, or those considering the program, that you really can't rely on ASU to help you lock in internships, you really need to do it all yourself, give yourself plenty of time to do so, and you will have to pay the school for your internships for seemlingly no reason (that last part might just be universal, pay-to-play sort of thing for getting a higher education- but if you just factor that in to the total cost, perhaps getting the master's will grant you entrance to a higher earning bracket throughout your life, so maybe we all shouldn't get too bogged down on it- but I can tell you in the moment it felt infuriating to write checks for $3000+ each internship, so really $6,000+ for ASU to give zero fucks about you. It might just be too big a program for them to be able to care in any way about you finding an internship.) Lastly, if I were to do it all again, I'd pick a clinical program instead of a generalist, but that's not a hit on ASU, that's just a general preference- in the end though, I'm ding what I want anyways. Please PM me with specific questions.   
  
   
  
TL;DR Do not expect much help at all from ASU MSW field placement team if you don't live in Arizona. Give yourself 8+ months to do all the leg work yourself and bother ASU far before the internship is supposed to start to confirm everything is good to go. They won't communicate with you about problems unless you reach out- or they'll alert you to issues when it is almost too late to do anything about it. My advice- if you do online learning, still pick a local program so you can go into the offices with any issues, particularly pertaining to distance learning.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/iqx9v/need_help_scumbag_stepbrother_is_destroying_my_mom/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Need help - scumbag stepbrother is destroying my mom

If there's a better forum for just letting off steam, or having a sympathetic ear (eye?), I don't know where it is. I need a new perspective. Maybe someone here can suggest something to me to help me out.  
  
Anyways, let's begin. How about some backstory? I'll try and keep it short.  
  
\*\*---If you want the NOW problem, skip this part---\*\*  
  
About a year and a half ago, I moved out of CO and back into my moms place in IL. I'd been in CO for 5 years, having moved from IL to live with my dad (divorced parents) and stepmom. That was in 10th grade. So I finish HS, and get into University (CSM) which I attend for 3 semesters before dropping out due to severe depression. My girlfriend had left me, my stepmom was a controlling, lying, manipulative bitch who had my dad whipped and my sisters and I nearly brainwashed. She convinced us to stop talking to our mom, and even my moms whole family. So far, my sisters are still under her spell and it breaks my heart, since they now won't talk to me. I'm with "the enemy."  
  
I leave Uni and move in with a family friend, who turned out to be just as manipulative and controlling as my stepmom. I was told to see a therapist, and had to bike 20 miles across Denver to visit him since no one wanted to drive me. I was put on antidepressants, and then told to foot the bill. I was told to find a job, and given a week to do it; this was in the middle of the recession by the way. And that's some of the light shit I dealt with.  
  
I found a job (Walmart!) and of course it was miserable, but I put up with it. Then, come Mothers Day (also my birthday) my mom calls out of the blue. I'm lonely, tired, miserable, and just want to talk to my mommy. So I do. Best phone call of my life, it was like a lonely point of light in the blackest night. The next day, I'm on break and get a call from my dad/stepmom. They bitched and whined and cussed me out, calling me a traitor, a backstabber, and a thief. I say "fuck it" and stop talking to them.  
  
For the next year I live with some terrible roommates (except for you, Sam, you're still my brother) in a shitty apartment in an expensive part of town. Bad combo. I start smoking trees regularly (before I was only occasional) and cigs, which I regret massively. I experiment with a few other drugs, but always go back to my favorite, trees. Anyways, this whole time I'm still in contact with my mom, and when my lease on the apartment ends I move to IL.  
  
\*\*---The NOW problem---\*\*  
  
For the past 18 months I've been living with my mom. I got the best job ever, re-friended some old pals from around here, and started school again. I still smoke, but I've scaled it way back. I still need to quit cigs, too. But basically, I've become responsible and respectable.   
  
Then there's my stepbrother. He's schizo, and that's all I know about him. Not even what kind, he's just "schizo." He's also a massive cunt-douche from the very fires of Satans loins. He does absolutely nothing besides smoke everything, eat everything, and take everything. He's the most disgusting man I've ever had the displeasure to meet. And my stepdad, of course, adores him and would never make him work for his money or leave the house. He gets everything paid for by daddy, aka, by my mom because all the money my stepdad makes goes to mortgage and shit, my mom is treated like petty cash.   
  
And that's been going on for a while. Now, whats really upsetting is that all the money I borrowed from my mom and stepdad, I've paid back. In full. Him? Nothing. He sleeps all day and parties all night, then goes fishing on the weekends. Sometimes I want to just end him.  
  
My mom and stepdad recently filed bankruptcy, and yet my stepdad STILL won't acknowledge that his son is the problem. What makes it worse is that since I'm an atheist, I'm almost subhuman to him and he's told me he only put up with me at the start for my moms sake. I like to hope he's changed, but who knows?   
  
Anyways Reddit, I've talked with my mom a little about this, and I've told her my opinion: To tell my stepdad to either kick the moron the room over out, or we're leaving. She says he'd choose his son, and I believe her.   
  
So, Reddit, is there anything else we can do? Because I sure as hell feel clueless as to how to help my mom. I see her sliding into depression, and I have no idea what to do. Depression is a dark place; I've been there. I don't want my mom to go there.   
  
\*takes breath\*  
  
OK, now that that's out, I can eat in peace.   
  
\*\*tl;dr - Stepbrother is a lazy schizo who vacuums up money from my mom, stepdad unwilling to fix this\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/financialaid/comments/kwd9t9/do_i_have_enough_evidence_for_a_dependency/), Subreddit: r/financialaid, Title: Do I have Enough Evidence for a dependency override? Also, a Question about establishing residency in a new state.

Hello, I am moving out of my Dad's House in a few days, I will be 18 when I leave. My situation is rather unique. My parents are divorced, and I have lived with my Dad since I was 15 and have received no support from my Mom or anyone from her side of the family since I moved into my Dad's house.  
  
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I am Graduating High School Early in 2 weeks, and I potentially have the Stats to get into a Top 20 private college, but I can't because of finances. I Can't fill out the CSS profile at all because my Mom's side of the family said they won't help me with college, or fill out any forms for me unless I go to BYU(absolutely not an option for my sanity). I filled out the FAFSA for the 2021-22 year with my Dad already as we are still on speaking terms, but after I move out It is very unlikely that he would will lever help me with any future FAFSA forms.  
  
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I am really hoping that for future academic years I am able to get a dependency override. My Dad is a borderline hoarder, and the house is a semi-health hazard. The house is covered in junk and dog hair. Nearly every square inch of open space has something on it. The Bathrooms are completely disgusting, and I have not been allowed to clean them because my dad is sensitive about me touching his stuff. The kitchen is absolutely disgusting. Rotting food and dished covering all the counter space. This summer there were bugs in the sink, but they are gone now. There is a big ass hole in the ceiling in the basement because there was a leak in the kitchen above that basement. There are ceiling pieces all over the floor right outside my room. My Grandma had a guy come look at the sink in the kitchen, and he diagnosed the problem but there wasn't enough money to fix it. He also said there is mold under the sink in the kitchen, but again no money for that. I personally have not been able to find the mold. We have also had insurance people drop us because there is mold all over the roof of the house itself. There was a random wet spot that showed up on the carpet one day. After a month, I finally convinced my Dad to do something about it, and he just ripped up the carpet in that spot, and didn't do anything further.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I don't have much evidence currently. I will record a walk through of the house before I move out, include the hole in the ceiling, the mold on the roof, the random junk everywhere, the messy kitchen and bathrooms.  
  
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Personally, I can add my own context to the situation. For about a year after moved in with my Dad, I had to live out of a suitcase in a room filled with junk in the upstairs part of the house. The Air conditioning in the house only works in the basement, and there was a perfectly good room in the basement that I could have slept in, but my Dad wanted me to be close to him at night so he wouldn't get lonely. (He also had a room upstairs, but he had a big window and a fan in his room, I didn't.) So I got to spend the summer sleeping in a 90+ degree room, so my Dad wouldn't get lonely. I also got a job that summer at 15 because up to this point I was often dealing with hunger. My Dad refused to go to the Welfare office to get more food stamps for me, or go to any private charity because he was embarrassed. After that summer the level of abuse went down. I had a job so I could pay for all of the living expenses and food that he was failing to pay for. I eventually moved into the basement room, and just moved all of my Dad's stuff out of it. It was a major shit show, with him forcing me to move back upstairs into the heat once, but eventually I got my own climate controlled space.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I didn't have the foresight at 15 years old to document any of this stuff. I also never told a counselor or really anyone about what was going on. Some family members Like my Grandma or my sister might be able to back me up on some of these claims, but because I am an Evil anti-mormon apostate that is unlikely to happen.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Just Wondering if the house video and my own account would be enough for a dependency override. I won't be homeless when I move out, I have a lot of savings and a car and I am working 30 hours a week at my job. I guess one could say I will be at risk of going homeless, that might be a stretch though.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
On Another note, my current plan for college is to move to Ohio, Go to community college for a year on my 21-22 Pell grant, and hopefully I will be able to establish residency in Ohio. According to [This](https://registrar.osu.edu/residency/), Using C-2 Residency classification, even as an 18 year old I can go to Community college full time, and as long as I switch all my shit to an Ohio Address, and I stay fully financially independent for 12 months, they will give me in-state tuition rates for OSU. I have really wanted to leave Idaho for a long time, and when I read about this policy it almost seemed too good to be true. It seems to be legit, but I am wondering if one of you would be able to reassure me about that one. Also, Are there any other states with loose regulations for establishing residency? Most states say you have to be 21-24, and stay for 12 months, and not go to college during that time to get in-state rates. My backup plan if I don't get in-state rates would be to just transfer to Boise State after my 1 year of Community college in Ohio. I'm Really hoping this plan works out, because it would be really really frustrating to go to Boise State, knowing full well that I could be at MIT or Harvard. Both My parents make well below the cutoffs for full ride at all of the top private colleges.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
If you read this whole post, Thank you! I Appreciate any input.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ilgm3/is_it_right_for_me_to_quit_my_new_job/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Is it right for me to quit my new job?

First and foremost I apologize for the wall of text that follows but I feel I should try to be as detailed as possible because well my life has been really bumpy.  
  
I've honestly had a lot of stress issues with jobs in general in the past due to a lot of deep rooted issues that I'll get into as much as I can.   
  
Basic family:  
My work ethic is essentially garbage, I grew up in a home where my dad worked 12 hour shifts to stay away from my mom (guardians not real parents I was given away at birth) who had never worked a day in her life. Currently I live with my mom who years after they divorced has worked at a grocery store. Growing up I had a lot of social issues, I dropped out of school at 14 because I couldn't handle the stress and being picked on nonstop growing up thus leading to a huge lack of self confidence.   
  
During this time starting when I was 11 years old I was taken advantage sexually by an uncle (I'm a male btw), which continued until I was 16+ however by 16 I had the courage to stand up to him and tell him I wasn't interested. However by this time my parents may has well have forgotten I existed and this was exploited.. My uncle worked out an arrangement that I needed to continue my "Work" with him for 100$ an hour every 2 weeks which I regretfully took because at the time I had no other source of food, clothing or happiness.. edit: this arrangement ended when I was 18 and I was blamed for being an emotional fuck up for him because he couldn't depend on me.  
  
Work Experience:  
I've worked at a lot of jobs and well very few have gone well, I started working in various fast food chains where I could barely last a week.. I couldn't stand the repetition and stress of possibly making a mistake and getting yelled at for being at fault. I would call out a lot and generally had a slow pace and didn't do my job well emotionally these jobs made me feel like crap.   
  
When I was 21 I got a job at Best Buy doing computer sales (was supposed to be hired for geek squad), I'm extremely tech savvy and computers have always been my thing. That ended poorly after being told I had no chance for advancement for over 6 months and I wasn't doing my job well enough for them. This is due to the fact that I was more than 5 minutes late 5 or 6 times during holiday hours where I was scheduled off my availability (3 write-ups in 1 week all in the same day); but to my own defense they knew I was living in a house that was considered an arcade and it was hard for me to get up for shifts earlier than 11am (there was a drummania machine above my bed that was on until 4am).   
  
I'd found an ad on craigslist for an arcade repair tech, and as previously stated I was living in an arcade at the time. I had a few friends who had collectively purchased machines and it became a hobby of mine to work on them regularly so naturally I got the job at a local skating rink fixing all their arcade machines. This job paid extremely well (15$ an hour) and I got good hours, it was plenty for me to pay all of my bills and I was set. I was extremely happy working at the job, I essentially made my own hours and took care of business as it needed to get done, I was challenged physically and mentally and always learning new things. [8 Months later] However the home owner I lived with ended up getting a boyfriend and our adjusted rent followed by giving a note saying we had to move out in 2 months.   
  
Thankfully I actually managed to get a side job with [Adult Swim] a few months prior building a few arcade machines for a festival. So I should have had enough spending money to cope, but of course this was not the case due to some hardware failure and transportation issues.   
  
I had nowhere to go and ended up selling a few arcade machines I'd been able to purchase / acquire through work, taking the money and moving 1/2 way across the country into a house with 4 of my WoW guildies. I had a lot of trouble finding a job, on top of a lot of culture shock and drama things didn't work out.. My dad was nice enough to bail me and give me enough money to get home after I exhausted all of my funds.   
  
Today:  
9 Months later of being unable to find work I'm living with my mom, who after her divorce ended up not receiving alimony from my dad for almost 2 years. She'd lived off and exhausted all of her 401k and savings (which wasn't anything to begin with ) and had to move into a new apartment. She ended up taking a lot of high risk high interest loans to try to get by and our bills went into collections; as well as making a deal with my dad for him to pay up past due alimony to never have to pay her again. At this point we've again exhausted everything, and aren't making enough to get by, we've received emergency assistance to help pay 3 months of back rent and my dad has helped catch up on 2 months ahead, but after August there is no possible way for us to afford the rent and bills once again. (My mom is waiting on hopefully getting state housing assistance)  
  
Due to being unemployed for 9 months my old college loans are deferred, my car payments are extremely behind, I have phone and credit card bills in collections, and I'm being sued by my college for financial aid they pulled on me.   
  
The job:  
  
I'm currently working at a company called Staples (not sure if its only a New England chain) at a department called Easy Tech. Its essentially geek squad but without the training, I was hired as a Master Tech to do in-home installs and tech work. Currently I've worked for them for over 5 weeks, I've called in 3 times now due to the way I'm treated and generally feel about the job. I've received little training (it took them 4 weeks to train me to use the register) and was pushed off to the side for most of my beginning weeks which prompted me to talk to corporate (My manager was giving me an attitude because I didn't know how to do anything besides stock things and I was scheduled to work on the tech bench. I was also told that we only get hours if we're performing well and my hours got shafted to 1 day a week).   
  
Now I've worked by myself at the tech bench 3 times, I have no idea what I'm doing because their paperwork trails are confusing and nobody really shows me what I'm supposed to be doing. I feel extremely uncomfortable and stressed even thinking about the job, and the quality of work we do makes me feel morally wrong because of how much we take advantage of people. We had a situation where a customer was told they had to purchase new ram, they failed to explain that its because our tech fried it by mishandling it. We use a scanner program called PC Doctor and 90% of computers fail the hard drive tests due to bad or unreadable sectors (most harddrives have some bad sectors or issues they just end up being ignored by the OS and aren't an issue, and this particular computer passed the test a few times before failing it) and I had to tell a 60 year old woman her computer was unusable because of a few bad sectors and she had to purchase a $50 harddrive + $50 install + $120 Windows install and if she wanted any of her data backed up it would be $240 since the harddrive had issues and it would be an emergency recovery when there was nothing and she had brought it in for a "Free Tune up".   
  
I typically pride myself on my computer knowledge and I have plenty of experience in a lot of fields. I'm proficient with all hardware and software platforms, and I'm familiar with Photoshop, After Effects, and Maya. I spend most of my free time studying and learning new things but lack the confidence to really put anything I learn into motion.   
  
At this point the job I'm working is dragging me down emotionally, I'm starting to have panic attacks and I honestly don't feel like I have what it takes to blatantly rip people off for services that aren't performed and deal with a company who's left me pretty much in the dust because I'm too slow at learning. The thought of going into work is physically making me ill and I honestly do not want to deal with this anymore. The embarrassment of wasting their time and quitting on the spot make me feel even more useless and more like I'm fucking up and I'd like a job that I feel like I'm actually accomplishing something or at least something that challenges me like the arcade did.  
  
As far as reasons to keep the job:  
I have a car insurance bill, car payment, monthly payment for a lawyer to prevent being sued, monthly payment for credit card overdue, etc etc. Rent I can't afford. There is a cute girl who works the register who smiles at me a lot (but I have enough girl drama)  
  
Why I want to leave:  
At this job I'm making minimum wage, my checks have been ranging from 40$ to 150 (on an extremely good week with time and a half), no commission and I won't be receiving more hours. The job is entirely dependent on me having a car however I can barely afford the car payment, I had to take a high risk loan in order to get my car insured but I was unable to pay the past due $600 to my other car insurance company. Once that bill hits collections my car insurance is once again cancelled, which cancels the policy on my car payment putting my car back up for repossession. I'm stressing out and making myself sick I have no idea what to do and regardless of what I do in a few months I'm bound to be homeless or in a worse situation anyways, we've been living off luck lately. My girlfriend of 6 years has been helping as much as she can with my bills but I feel at this point its a lost cause I'm essentially a leech, I really want to file for bankruptcy because I know there is no way I can catch up.   
  
I've applied to other jobs and haven't had much luck, and to be honest I don't feel like I can just take anything because of my stress issues in general. I'm extremely introverted and have a lot of trouble dealing with the public in general but it all really seems like a lost cause.. I'm so far behind and really don't care anymore..   
  
One big issue is that I look back at the work that I do and compare them to others... I just recently did a 5 hour job that paid as much as a week of work with my normal job and I can't help but say to myself "I used to make $100 an hour for sex" or "I made twice this much a few months ago for the same work" or "I'm better than this"  
  
I have no friends or family who can help me, I've tried and my last visit with relatives ended up with a few "good luck being homeless" comments.  
  
I'm a complete stress case, I have a lot of issues that I don't know how deal with, I don't have health insurance and don't really deal with doctors.. I've had nothing but bad experiences with psychologists, medications and treatment centers and the last thing I need is more bills to worry about.  
  
I know reddit isn't full of doctors and I don't expect anyone to really be able to help.. But I figured its worth a shot to explain myself a bit and see if anyone has enough of a heart and enough knowledge to offer some advice. All I know is I don't want to go into work tomorrow, I'm going to be stuck cleaning up after an incompetant tech team's mess with no idea of how to do any of their paperwork and having to disappoint people I don't have the heart for it and I have enough on my plate.  
  
Do you think quitting my job and getting the stress off my shoulders would be a positive step towards clearing my head and getting into a better situation? I'd really like to start my own tech business and I have a friend who's on the same page as me I just have no idea how to start.   
  
I'm sorry if the formatting is terrible as well its 3 am and I'm sure I'll edit this post a thousand times as I go over it.   
  
edit: holy shit this wall of text is a lot bigger than I thought it would be... I don't blame anyone for not responding...  
  
Edit: TL;DR I have serious emotional and stress issues, no work ethic and I'm being paid no money to rip people off.. I'm having a breakdown

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/t4simt/i_feel_behind_and_lost/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I feel behind. And lost

So, to start, I want to get some initial information out there. I graduated high school in 2019 at the age of 17. I am \*\*M\\20\*\*, now in my 6th semester of college as a "junior". But basically, where a freshman would be at.   
  
I feel like I have made so many mistakes when it has come to schooling. Too many to count. Highschool I never tried, didn't care, didn't study, and overall didn't do anything that wasn't required to do. And sometimes not even that. I didn't try to learn, for example, never tried in math at all (which will come up later), cheated on what schoolwork I was able to cheat on, and relied on everyone else to do the work for me. In fact, I think I did homework in high school a total of 5-10 times max. I specifically remember a PLTW class that I did not do a single thing the entire semester/year however long the class was. It was group-based, and I was paired with some good friends who were smart ash and tried hard in school (I will mention these two again later). All in all, I did not set myself up with a good work ethic or study habits. And I especially didn't set myself up with good grades to aid in college at all. Speaking of college, I had no idea what I wanted to do. Our school counselors in high school as well as my parents PUSHED me extremely hard to go into a community college because of the A+ program and how I could "save SO MUCH money", and just "go into college with an associate degree and be right where you would have been anyways". And to clear it up my dad did not go to college; my mom went and got a BSAD degree, and they were both extremely uninterested in helping me with anything to do in college. Or really with life. They were busy getting divorced and running a couple separate businesses that didn’t do to hot for our family life. Which (at the time) was 100% okay with me because I just didn't want to worry about college and didn't care. They just seemed to let me figure it out myself which is still the case and has been the case for the last couple of years since I have been in college. Didn't talk about degrees, ideas, pros, and cons, universities, or literally anything at all with anything to do about college. I did all my financial aid alone, like figuring out payments, classes, tours of school and anything else you could think of that goes into college. I think they just thought it was an easy way to go and "saved money" which was fine with them for some reason even though they aren't paying for any schooling.   
  
This brings me to my first transition going to college. My first semester was GREAT. Easy classes still didn't know what I wanted to do, just kind of riding the wave and commuting with a different group of friends from high school, and all ended up getting very close. Taking just normal general education classes like English, writing, math, college success class, and a computer applications class. I still cheated and hardly tried, did about as little as I could still. (I got caught plagiarizing in my writing class and my prof. pulled up the exact article I copied from in class and read it out loud coincidentally. When he saw my paper, he knew what I did. Anyways, some of those classes were a joke. I was fine with the grades I was getting even though some classes were 'pass/fail' and didn't count as any credits like 'pre-algebra' and 'developmental writing'. I didn't take any math I didn't HAVE to take in high school as I said earlier, and it fucked me because I had to take every single math class from the ground up at the most basic level starting at pre-algebra.  
  
I feel like I am rambling on and on and on, so anyways I end up going for four more semesters (5 in total) at this same college and kind of doing the same thing honestly. It is embarrassing to say but I did, I cheated when I could, didn't study, and cared more but not as much as a successful college student should. This community college and airhead advisors had me taking every single general education under the sun I ended up with about 59 earned credits after 5 semesters. And by this time, I had decided I wanted to major in computer science. I thought because I like computers, video games, and technology this would be a great choice. Plus, some good friends (high school PLTW friends) were going into engineering, so STEM sounded great. I did not realize anything this entailed or how bad I fucked up in school and in that community college. The last math class I completed was college algebra and that was one of the classes during covid and I cheated 100% the entire thing. I tried to study but would get frustrated and just quit then cheat and get through it. Come to find out comp sci goes to calc three, plus stats, and discrete math. That was and is the least of my worries now though.   
  
\*\*Also, important note here\*\* \- I feel like I focused a lot on the cheating aspect and unmotivated aspect. In all reality, it doesn't matter or feel like it matters that much I cheated on history and different classes like that. I didn't or don't need them in my degree and I could care less about it. I could wrap my head wasting so much time over learning about stuff that doesn't interest me and isn't going to help at all with anything. I am not trying to defend it. That was just my reasoning. Math obviously is a different story. Maybe I am wrong and that conditioned me to do things wrong, I whole heartly don’t know.   
  
Once I got to my 5th semester at that community college, I already knew I "wanted" to major in comp sci as I said. I didn't even get an associate degree in computer science or any kind for that matter after that last semester. But I didn't think it was going to be a big deal as I was told by friends and some other people it would really matter that much while transferring. The advisors did say it might be harder to transfer credits but after everything they made me do and how much I hated it at that community college, I didn't care what happened. Big mistake. And by this point in my life, I was looking down a direction and for the first-time kind of getting excited about knowing where I wanted to go and how I was going to get there no matter how hard it is with a degree in comp sci. Hopefully figuring out my life, doing something productive and meaningful. I was proud to say I am transferring to this university to study computer science. Then I was told by the university I was transferring to that almost none of my credits will be able to be transferred because of equivalency from course to course. At first, I was destroyed. They told me I basically have 4 years left and I am going to have to start from the beginning. 3 days after I heard that I was still just devastated, I thought those 2.5 years were wasted. But I switched advisors and my new advisor told me we can figure something out and see what is going on. Basically, I took WAY too many general education classes and not degree-specific classes at my community college, as well as not getting an associate degree so really nothing transferred or was equivalent to any courses. And for some reason, idiot me got my hopes up on our university's degree audit page and it says that I have 55 credits that have been transferred, 12 in progress, and 53 credits to go until I get a bachelor's degree. I have no idea why I didn't put this all in my head but those are just classes that did transfer over to the school but no matter what in any degree I run an audit on its all about 3 years minimum. So, I was going through all these emotions, from thinking I have 3 years, then to “alright I only have 2 years like I should”, to then again back to realizing I have even more time than I thought.   
  
So after, now this semester. I realized that I have close to 100 credits or about 3.5 years until I get any degree almost at all. Because hardly any classes from my community college transfer over as any sort of degree specific requirements. I hate computer science I am sick of it; I can't do math(pre-calc) to save my life, I have terrible study habits, and can't seem to get motivated although I truly want to. I truly want to do better. I was just coasting through the community college. And although I was cheating, I felt like I was turning it around and getting smarter and doing better last 2 semesters ago and especially last semester and was ready to come to a new school and try hard and make leeway on a degree. Now I failed both exams on the two most important classes I have, want to switch degrees, watching my friends from high school who tried and work hard (they happen to be my best friends) pass me up and go on and about to graduate with engineering degrees, while I am stuck basically at freshman-level courses I can’t pass.   
  
I just feel like a failure, I feel lost and so confused. I don't feel like I am smart enough for school, I don't feel like I have the study habits it takes, I don't even know if I want to go through with another 3-to 4 years of schooling.  
  
Even after all this typing which is the longest post I have ever posted by far, I think I did a terrible job summing it up and explaining. In my mind, this feels like 5% of my thoughts. I talked down on myself about a lot of different things, I don't think I did everything wrong. I had an internship last summer for computer science, and another one this summer with a company that is supposed to be one of the "top 100 internship programs in the country". But all in all, I am so far behind in college it just kills me, I wish I did stuff differently, I wish I instilled a better work ethic and study habits when I was younger, I wish I had more support. I am trying to turn it around I just have no idea how at all. Everyone can make excuses about everything if they don't succeed, I don't want to seem like the type to complain about everything. I just feel like I did A LOT of stuff wrong ALOT of different times, as well as getting a couple of iffy hands in this confusing game of poker we call life :/  
  
\*\*I hope everyone reading this can truly smile, wake up and say with 100% honesty that they are happy. That is true success.\*\* And I hope to be successful one day. I need to remember this too, \*\*“everything will be okay”\*\*. I know I wasn’t the best person, student, friend, brother, employee, boyfriend, or anything in my life but I just hope and pay everything will be okay. Thank you for reading all of this if you made it through.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8iqn6t/how_to_choose_the_college_thats_best_for_you/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How to choose the college that's best for you

I’d like to provide some brief context as to why I am and why I’m making this post. I’m a college grad (University of Arizona, B.S. in Microbiology), and I’m starting my Masters program soon. My wife and I were recently talking about our college experiences and comparing them to our colleagues/friends who graduated from other states with similar degrees, some of which attained their degrees from highly ranked programs or Ivy League schools. What is the difference between prestigious schools, state schools, and even community colleges? Should we have gotten Ivy League educations instead of our state school educations? I want to share the conclusions of our conversation in hopes that it might help prospective students choose an appropriate school. Based off of our conversation, we thought more expensive or higher ranked schools would potentially have better student resources, more proficient professors, more prestige associated with the attained degree, and stronger likelihood of networking with important people.   
  
The term “student resources” encompasses so much. It can include anything from counseling services, to types of gyms/recreational area that are available, to the kinds of clubs on campus. Every school wants you to succeed, but having more resources available to you can make it a much easier process. If you find yourself struggling with classes (either emotionally or academically), a school with better on campus health clinics and tutoring services can give you that extra push to do well. Some of you may also be considering professional schools or graduate programs, in which case a strong student services office that can review your applications and professional statements would be incredibly helpful. These are just some examples to name a few.   
  
If you are not already aware, many universities do research. They want to academic literature to come from their school, but in order to do that they need to bring in individuals to do research and publish said results. These people will often have PhDs (doctorate degrees in a particular area of research), and along with research they also teach students. As such it is not difficult to see how a more wealthy school can bring in professors who may be leading experts in their field. By having them teach the students, they will likely churn out a highly capable student body, and having high scores would reflect well on that school and their corresponding programs. This is great news for students who are interested in getting into research - or even those looking to apply for professional school such as MD/DO - because you will have the chance to work under a professor and help them with their work.   
  
Then there’s prestige. I haven’t looked this up myself, but I would not doubt there is some correlation between finding a good job and coming from a good school. Whether we like it or not, having the name of a highly ranked school on your resume or CV will definitely raise eyebrows and make you stand out. This can certainly work in your favor of securing a good job after you graduate.   
  
Lastly, there’s networking. This is really a combination of all the above. As I’ve previously mentioned, having more money available at the school means they’re more capable of hiring very qualified and/or very well-known people for their positions. If you as a student can work under people who have a great reputation in their field, then having them as a reference can give you a significant advantage in the workforce. This applies for just about anyone, whether you’re looking to do research, or if you’re looking to become the next CEO of a big company. Surrounding yourself with people of good reputation can only help you.   
  
With that being said, going to a prestigious school does not guarantee that you will do well, nor does it mean you will find a great job. Conversely, there have been many successful people that come from “just” state schools. What I recommend is taking a backwards approach to applying to schools or accepting invitations. Start with the career you want to want to aim for, then list the criteria necessary for it. (e.g. if you’re looking to go into an MD program in the future, it would be wise you choose a school where you can do research, is known for their science courses, has good MCAT prep courses, and has good counselors which can help you revise your application). Don’t quite know where you want to end up? That’s fine! Then maybe you should choose a school that is well-rounded and has a good foundation of student counselors that will help guide you. Google is seriously your best friend when doing this sort of research. The more research you do beforehand about what you want/expect out of your education, the easier it’ll be to choose the school that is right for you. Who knows, maybe the school that’s better suited for someone isn’t that very expensive Ivy League school, but rather their local state school! Both my wife and I were incredibly happy about the education we got at the UofA and wouldn’t change it if we had the chance.   
  
\*Disclaimers: I haven’t really researched this too much, and as such the specifics may be incorrect. The primary purpose of this post was to make prospective students think about the aforementioned points and see what others have to contribute as well.\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/k0xkv8/how_i_won_an_academic_violation_case_and_how_you/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How I won an academic violation case, and how you can too.

\*\*If you want to read the story that began this, I made this post in October:\*\* [https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/jcuhw7/professor\\_said\\_i\\_hacked\\_into\\_his\\_computer\\_to\\_get/](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/jcuhw7/professor\_said\_i\_hacked\_into\_his\_computer\_to\_get/)  
  
Hey everyone. I come bearing good news. I ended up winning an academic dishonesty case against my professor, who claimed that I cheated on an Zoom administered exam because I answered a single question with an something that he didn't teach in class. He claimed I searched up my answer because he saw something similar online. This all started in October, when my professor held a meeting with me and tried getting me to confess to something I did not do: cheat. He then proceeded to report me to the college even after I explained my side of things to him and told him numerous times I didn't cheat and that he's making a mistake.  
  
For all of October and most of November, I was utterly depressed. All of my hair fell out and I lost like 10 pounds, for real. Waking up every day felt horrible. I felt like I had a huge weight on my chest and I wouldn't be able to get it off, ever. I couldn't focus on anything this semester, friends, family, even my other classes. I couldn't even leave my room and talk to my parents, and whenever I did, I would cry because I wished something like this would've happened to me in high school or something, not college, because they would've been able to defend me. But in college, you're pretty much all alone. Parents can't do much but show you sympathy and reassure you. What will be the outcome? What will happen to me? Will I get kicked out of college? These would be the only things I would think about 24/7.  
  
I'm a pre-med student and a cheating accusation could derail my entire track to medical school, my lifelong dream. I thought my life was over. Yeah, I know this sounds dramatic, but it really isn't dramatic when you're living through it. On top of that, I go to a really prestigious and expensive college in NYC, I felt like all of the money my parents worked so hard to save up and spent on tuition for me would've gone to waste if I didn't win this thing. Premed student or not, just being accused of something you didn't do while being completely innocent can ruin you, especially in college, where you're just starting to experience adulthood and independence, stuff like that.  
  
After the professor pursued his case against me, I still didn't back down. I challenged his accusation and wrote out my appeal letter and sent it to the dean. I kept on going to his lectures, taking every single exam and submitting every single assignment and homework. I didn't miss ANY of that, and that's extremely important to do when you're faced with a false accusation like this. My professor stopped grading my work, though, and admitted he couldn't grade me fairly anymore because I was disputing his allegations. I reached out to everyone I could, the deans, my advisors, the department chair, to inform them of this. I was being treated like I was guilty by this professor, even while my case was pending.  
  
After torturous weeks and weeks of waiting, I found out from my college's dean a few days ago that the case against me was dropped completely because my professor's claims were unreliable and his insufficient "evidence", which was an assumption, didn't make any sense. I had an incredible support system behind me throughout all of this, and I'm so glad my name was cleared. Just because of a stupid, careless mistake on my professor's side, my entire college career could have been ruined.  
  
\*\*So if you're falsely accused of an academic violation and you're innocent, DO THESE THINGS:\*\*  
  
1. During the initial meeting with your professor (if they offer one) to discuss the violation, make it clear that you didn't cheat, don't apologize for anything, explain your side clearly and calmly, and definitely communicate to the professor that you will be appealing the case if they decide to report you. \*\*Don't let the professor take advantage of you,\*\* because this is what happened to me. Had I defended myself properly, I wouldn't have been in this situation in the first place.  
2. \*\*APPEAL, APPEAL, APPEAL!\*\* If the professor does end up reporting you, know that you have the right to appeal by your university. I'm pretty sure this applies to every single institution in the U.S, at least.  
3. If you can afford an educational lawyer, definitely hire one. It's not necessary and they won't be able to directly defend your case, but it's nice to have someone who can help you write your appeal letters and come up with any evidence that you need to defend yourself.  
4. Reach out to an academic advisor, the department head, the deans, whoever has some sort of power. Don't be embarrassed to inform them. The more people you have on your side from the beginning of the process, the better.  
5. If there's an ombudsman/student representative in your university, TALK TO THEM. Set up a meeting and ask them to walk you through the process and what you have to do to protect yourself. They should even help you write your appeal letter. I didn't have an ombudsman at my college (weird, even though my college's law school is well known) but I had my advisor, class dean and the department chair on my side.  
6. \*\*Don't stop attending the classes\*\* where you were accused of cheating in. Keep doing everything you would've normally done-- homework, tests, assignments, etc. Don't miss a single thing, seriously. If you do, it can make you look guilty, you'll look like you just gave up and don't care about your academics.  
7. \*\*Have patience.\*\* Academic violation cases can unfortunately take a lot of time and you just have to wait to hear from the committee or whoever is going to review the case. Also, during the pandemic, there are a lot of academic integrity cases anyways because students are literally cheating left and right and getting caught red-handed, even over Zoom administered exams. However, there are other innocent students (like me) who didn't cheat and are being accused due to misunderstandings or just sheer negligence on the professor's side.  
8. \*\*Trust the process, and GET OFF REDDIT!!!\*\* NO, your life isn't over. Breathe. Unfortunately I was an idiot and came to Reddit seeking help. I posted about my case (linked above) and desperately asked strangers for advice. Some people said that I'm not going to win the case and that my life is over. These comments really made me second-guess myself and my college. I thought that I would be convicted of something I didn't do, and that my college could indeed convict me of a false accusation. Turns out all of those negative comments are wrong.  
  
Sorry for the long post but yeah, this is what happened. I could still sue my professor for defamation and mistreatment, but I don't think I will, because I don't care about him. It's really sad and unfair how some professors can get away with maltreatment and false accusations, ruining a student's life. But if you know didn't cheat, then don't worry, you will be fine. Remember to defend yourself and don't back down. If you did cheat and you got caught, sorry buddy, I don't know what to tell you. Actual cheaters deserve the consequences and that's all I'll say.  
  
I hope this post was helpful. All hope is not lost. If you're convicted of something like this and you need someone to talk to or you need advice, I'd be more than happy to help you and share some of my wise wisdom haha.  
  
\*\*TLDR;\*\* I was falsely accused of cheating by my neurotic professor who pursued an academic violation case against me to my college and I won the case. Some tips/advice for those who are going through something similar in college

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/hx4dqe/50_of_whatever_tuition_you_pay_is_the_experience/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: "50% of whatever tuition you pay is the experience" - Why you should think about returning this semester.

Going onto my junior year at 20. My neighbor colleges have all decided to go online, however in my college (based around NJ) is going in person for the first few months until November where we will go full online. Besides that the classes will mix between half online/in person, online, and so on and so forth.  
  
\*\*My argument is despite the small talks with the science majors, the awkward hook ups at parties, the parties, or whatever social community you create - the college online subscription starting at $1,000/month is not worth it to me.\*\*   
  
I have four main points and hope you will see agreement in my argument or otherwise understand my point of view.  
  
\*\*1 ) TRAINING/LEARNING\*\*  
  
Now this may not apply to more academic and online-friendly majors, but I am a performing arts major so I imagine some of you may even feel the want for an in person experience despite whatever you are training in.  
  
As an oppose I can imagine that employers would take liking to see how prospective employees managed to be efficient during a challenge like this. This may indeed work in your favor. In auditions, they don't give a shit - they just want your monologue.  
  
One very important note for everyone to understand : YOU KNOW the teachers are not prepared. NOT THE UNIVERSITY, NO ONE. NO ONE WANTS TO WORK LIKE THIS. You know deep in your heart that the teachers are now unaware because they never trained for it and never had this challenge in their college days. They will half ass, and you will lose a day of fluid training over internet connection issues, let alone over the internet.  
  
\*\*2 ) COVID TRACING\*\*  
  
COVID isn't time traceable. It is getting worse, and more contagious. Yes, have everyone masks and test bi-weekly. Have them come every 14 days to quarantine, shut every interaction down. Will that stop family members? Will that stop me from meeting a friend outside of college? Is ignorance not possible?  
  
Our college plans on returning online in November..however there is no exact projection of how COVID will hit this fall.  
  
1 person. 10. 40. 100. Boom. School's closed. Can't open again until next year.  
  
\*\*3 ) COLLEGE EXPIERIENCE/INTERACTION\*\*  
  
College, like high school, helps you build a sense of community and interaction amongst yourself. It's like the movies, or at least it can be - wild, depressing, social, freeing. Besides that, everyone non stop talks about connections, making friends, and such. With COVID, even with going back to school for the small time, I don't think anyone would bother talking with anyone over fears.  
  
When I graduate - I am not exactly guaranteed that anymore. As an acting major, we're not guaranteed the ensemble or a cast. We have to work - VERY HARD - to get to that and on top make a living from it. I'd move out, and have to start applying. These moments we had in college we had to work for. I could - WE could get rejected and never return to the community we are seeking for longer than anticipated. This applies to all majors - as we can't take internships for the rest of your lives. I couldn't respect myself having to live with my parents and not create an independent structure in my life. For the time I have - I just want to live in a space where I can fully create, find happiness, and \*\*get the money's worth.\*\*  
  
The zoom-bombings and the ego-boost of online is another thing  
  
Zoom-bombings are it's own thing and thankfully has died down a bit (I guess it was hitting the summer so maybe it might come back..)  
  
The digitalized era has made it that it's easy to fuck you to a teacher instead of their face. However, this isn't the case once you graduate or even in person. You're at work, and vulnerable. You are seen in person, and not over a screen. Your hair strands and dead face is fully in the pale light. You're on stage in front of 30 people, and vulnerable. If you cry, they will see it. Is that something to be embarrassed? In the moment, but will it make you stronger?  
  
That's the challenges we take for granted in college. The times we fuck up or triumph becomes far greater in person. You become your real self because there is no place to really hide when you're there. Online you could just turn off your video.  
  
Point is, even back to earlier, we become better, stronger, and more "real" by existing in person. Not to sound dramatic, but we are surrendering to the digital that we complained of so much. Now imagine returning back after months of online.  
  
\*\*4 ) POTENTIAL OF GAP YEAR\*\*  
  
If a vaccine hypothetically comes out in January, and the country gets their shit together, the opportunities from before will return. You could even just travel in the countries we all reside in. We could volunteer at peace corps. Learn to play Clair De Lune. Run a marathon (I just ran a 5k three days ago, 13th place. Trained during quarantine.) No complaints if you spent it speed running Majora's Mask or stayed at home.  
  
This may not even apply to some of you, as you need the degree now or just want to finish it. I just ask you that you ponder this over. I am an enemy to the college state yes, but I just think we all deserve the fullest potential of our life, young or mature.  
  
It may seem like one year, and with talks of a vaccine maybe less, but it may not be one year for all of us. It could be an eternity of happiness that could be right there. RIGHT there!  
  
I will update this if needed, but I thought this can start a conversation.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/vv3x1/im_about_to_hit_rock_bottom_how_can_i_turn_my/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I'm about to hit rock bottom. How can I turn my life around?

Please brace yourself, as this is long. I dont know where else to look for help anymore.   
  
  
For the past year, I have been struggling with personal, financial, and mental health issues. This all started around May of last year when my employer at the time found a job for me (there was no more room for growth at our little store) working for HP on their new mobile phone division. After multiple interview rounds, I was offered the job. For the job, I had to travel to visit store locations daily, and would be travelling over 750 miles a week. My car at the time was falling apart, and since I would be receiving a significant increase in pay, I spent my savings on getting a new car for the job.   
  
  
Fast forward 6 weeks, and the new HP product (the HP Veer and Touchpad) were a huge flop. My position was eventually eliminated, and I was stuck with a vehicle I could not afford. At this time, I was able to return to my previous job part-time, and work part-time for a friends start up business. It was tough, but between me and my girlfriend, we were able to maintain payments on bills and the like. By Novemeber, my friends startup business hit the rocks, and my old job was all I had.   
  
At this point, things between my girlfriend and I were stressed, but she was able to pick up more hours, and I went on the hunt for a new job. It was at this time where I sought medical attention for depression, as I used to be on medication in high school. I was being paid under the table at my old job so that I could start claiming unemployment for my years worked at the previous job (because I had not been with HP for a full 3 months, I could not claim unemployment from them). I refused to claim it as of yet because I was "to proud" to take handouts for something I felt I didn't deserve (I understand how unemployment payments work, but I did not think I would be out of a job for too long). It was around December when money started to become tighter, and serious budget cuts came in (no fast food, no going bowling or spending unnecessary money, no Xmas gifts, etc.). Keep in mind I am a 22 year old working slightly above minimum wage, so budgeting is something I do on a normal basis. Add to this my girlfriend working two jobs (she has managed to keep her first job ever for 5 years, and pick up hours there when needed) for minimum wage as well. We were able to handle it.   
  
  
Come late January I was able to go back nearly full time at my old job. Money to pay off the credit card debt accumulated for paying the bills was starting to come in, and our tax refunds totalled about 3 thousand dollars. This helped take care of half of our combined debt (mostly mine, as all the utilities/food/general expenses have been under my name). I also sought assistance from my parents to help pay the car bill, as that was/is the most expensive monthly bill we have to deal with, besides ret. We do not come from rich families, but our families were helping with this as well as buying food from Costco for us occasionally for the day-to-day necessities. Once again, things are tight, but we were still able to handle it.  
  
  
The middle of March rolls around, and due to lack of business at the store I work at, I am asked to step down. At this time, I was able to start making some extra cash fixing cell phones and reselling them on the side. Because our store only had four people (the owner, her son, a bilingual speaker, and me), I left and tried to make things work on my little side hustle. Things went well for a month, and I continued to seek a normal job, but no one in my area will hire. Trust me when I say I have applied to over 150 places, ranging from burger king, to car dealerships, to other retail stores, to receptionists, to management, to delivering pizzas. If I hear back from a place, they tell me they have already found someone more qualified for the position.   
  
I am not an unqualified person. I am currently attenting school for my bachelors in business management and administration, have a net+ certification along with some other computer certifications, 2 years management experience (both with back-room management and direct reporting scenarios), 4 years CSR, retail sales, and tech support. Add to that one year of interning as a tech 1 support rep for a 150 computer system company, I feel I have a well rounded job persona (if anyone has a job in southwest Florida that you need done, I would be happy to message you my resume).   
  
  
Continuing on, my little side business was doing okay, pulling in enough money for me to start paying off the rest of my debt, along with day to day expenses for the next couple of months. However, perhaps from the general stress of school, trying to run my own business, and maintain a personal life/rebuild a social life due to lack of contact with people over the past months, I fell into a very bad depressive period. At that time my phone sales faltered, and I fell ever so slowly behind on being able to pay bills.   
  
Fast forward to the current day. I have taken up unemployement paychecks finally (which do help cover some expenses, but not enough). My side business is faltering (no one is selling their devices, regardless of local advertisement flyers and using Craigslist/making connections, etc.) my girlfriend is working 70 hours a week and I cannot find a job. Debt is piling up, regardless of what I try and do. Im falling behind in school.  
  
  
We spend no more than 100 a week for food for the two of us, if not less. We don't splurg (I have only splurged twice in the last year; once for mothers day, and once for a really good week of repair sales, which I thought was the turnaround of all the bad things). My girlfriend and I spend gas to get to work and school, nothing else (unless our parents host a free meal occasionally). I don't know where to cut more costs, as I have cut tv/phone/Internet costs to bare minimum.   
  
  
I don't feel I am emphasizing how bad things are for us right now. We have no money, I have no job, girfriend is working twice as hard and not being able to make ends meet. I have sold things such as our tv, smartphones, anything worth value. We will just be able to cover rent this coming month, and go until the 15th before having money for anything else. We both are stressed out constantly for lack of funds, and I find myself in a very dark place after being rejected job after job, or not receiving calls back. I have tried distracting myself with what little things we have left (I have a fish tank I got fish in from a friend, Internet for job searching/reddit/free online games). I feel the need to call the suicide hotline, as I feel my medication is no longer helping as much as it should. I will be seeking medical help this follwing week, as long as I have enough gas in the tank to make it to the clinic. We stockpiled pastas and other cheap foodstuffs with the money we had. Bills keep on coming, credit cards maxed to pay them.   
  
  
The final blow that brings me to writing this was getting a speeding ticket today while going to sell a phone. We spent the last 4 hours crying and trying to figure out where else I could apply to, or to see if I could get a business loan to open up my own store with an associate I know for an additional location for his restaurant (it is something I strongly believe in, and feel am 80% ready for, apart from reviewing the final aspects for).   
  
I don't know where to turn. I can't land a job interview, my side hustle is faltering, and I don't have funds to go and start my own legit business. How can I turn my life around and get things going the right way?   
  
This is the last glimmering thing I hold onto as hope, apart from my girlfriend staying next to me for these hard times. I realize there are situations out there worse than mine, but I've tried dealing with changing my life on my own to no avail. I'm trying to avoid losing my car, getting evicted, and ending up on the street.   
  
  
I will be posting in /assistance as well, because frankly, I need a job/money to pay the bills, and have no other options. If anyone has a steady job or part time work they need done in the southwest Florida area, please message me.   
  
TL;DR - Broke, unemployed, stressed, meds not working. Need advice, job, or a miracle.   
  
  
  
Edit: For all those saying move out of Florida, I am currently tied here through school, and the fact that after rent, we will have $37 to our name until the 15th. I will be looking into food stamps, and thank people for all the PM's/messages about online jobs and the like. I am reading through them all and going to start some of them asap.  
  
As for the meds, I am currently on a high dose of Pristiq, as it seems to work for me while many others don't (pretty much everything else just makes me sleepy or give me unusual heart rate). I'm not going to go cold turkey, as those who have been diagnosed with depression understand how even missing one day of meds can make you feel.   
  
  
As for the girlfriend, I plan on letting her read all these comments when she gets home from work and seeing how truly awesome she is. I really appreciate the comments, and am fortunate to hear others have been in my shoes and made it out positively.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/3qiy9g/a_passionate_email_is_disapointing_even_the_right/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: A Passionate E-Mail: Is 'Disapointing' even the right word?

\*\*Friend received an email from his physics prof last week, thought I would share it with you guys.\*\*  
   
\*\*Is 'Disapointing' even the right word?\*\*  
   
   
So I throw aside things in my life I need to do, work through 3AM for a few days to write these notes for you, set up HW problems so that you can get yourself some good hard practice using those notes, and then log in to MasteringPhysics on Monday morning to see what?  
   
-- that a mere 21.7% of the class have attempted more than 2 for-credit problems.  
   
Ofcourse some (in that 21.7%) have almost finished the HW including some with below average score on the first exam. I am very happy to see that. But I have lost my motivation to "work ON the masses" (it's a pun).  
   
I have several things with you to share, several emails from you folks. Sadly I'vent had the time to reply to them properly but I'll do so someday.  
   
But one email asked me a question and I think an earlier answer to that might have helped some.  
   
The situation is something like this -- Last weekend the person returned from their weekend trip to home and emailed me on late Sunday night --  
   
"Is it true that the HW is due in 3 days"?  
   
Answer: Yes. But it was not due FOR 3 days. HW could end up being due in an hour, if you start it with 1 hour to go.  
   
Folks, I spent my entire lecture on Day 1 telling you what to do and not to do, to succeed in this class. I told you weekend is not your party time; not the least in your first semester. If your friends, parents, whoever you are 'hanging out' over the weekend are not asking you whether you are on board with your assignments in your first semester, they are distracting you. If they truly care for you and don't want to see you break down next semester when you will fail to get into your desired major, then they should work to stop distracting you and YOU should work to stop getting distracted. If you want to do well, then watch out. It is one thing to go home but another thing to take that time 'off' from serious catching up.  
   
It is appalling enough that I had to spend one full 75 minutes preparing you how to study in college. Your teachers in school and your parents should have done that and not 'let you loose' with that irritating 'do what you want' message leaving you wandering aimlessly not knowing how to cope with college.  
   
What is worse is that they and your new found friends are continuing to distract you. I bet even now they are telling you something like 'All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy'....to conclude what? Let's play, to hell with work? Let me tell you that "All work and No play" does NOT mean let's do all play and no work. Get your English right.  
   
They (and you) need to change that to 'All Play and No Work Gets Jack a Dull Career'. Strike a balance. Extreme actions lead to catastrophe.  
   
Few days back I met one of you who has badly failed (not just a low score, but badly failed) one of the easiest 218 exams. We spoke at length for quite sometime on what changes to bring about. Other issues aside, I asked if they go to these games.  
   
Me: What time do you stop studying on Saturday?  
They: Around 12:30pm Sat  
Me: When do you start studying again?  
They: around 2:30 pm on Sunday  
Give or take a few hours but a good chunk of 24 hrs is wasted.  
   
Thereafter they asked 'Can I please go to the BAMA game?' Why? Their parents are coming! I would have felt a lot happier if their parents had asked how much they scored on their first midterms (all classes) and mentored them on how to study (another example of a parent is coming below). Instead, how about waste another 24 hours for a 3 hour game that has an actual run time of 1 hour...Sigh. I feel sad for some of you.  
   
Let me tell you that this student has not done a SINGLE HW problem (not even a practice one) from the current HW. I hope they will let their parents know their score on the 2nd midterm and get a pat on the back as well.  
   
And ofcourse this person isn't the only one. I met a few others last week, who despite our chat has not done a SINGLE HW problem but I am sure had enough time to spend at 'the game'.  
   
Another parent: Last semester I met one of my former students (she got an A in my class and at this point of our meeting she is NOT in my class) in the main floor. It was 8pm. She had brought her parents into the building to show them around campus. She introduced me to her parents. We had a nice chat and then she tells me this:  
   
"Professor, my parents have come in to town for the game tomorrow and has even bought tickets for me. I am unable to convince them why I should not be going to this game cause I have a midterm on Monday".  
   
This is how BAD some parents are. But at the same time, this is also the spirit a real "A" has. You need to develop an attitude like hers. Learn to resist temptation, take responsibility of your actions and your life and pay heed when a professor (likely the only professor) sends you mails like these. Pinch yourself nice and hard and wake up from your dream world. Real world is different.  
   
Want to watch the game? Who says no? I ddin't. Turn on that TV and watch it for 3 hours. Then go back to studying. You can't waste your weekend on one stupid game be it whatever game.  
   
I told you on day 1, this class needs 17 hours of your time PER week for the average student to get an average grade. Not to get your A. If you ignored it, don't cry later. If you are going to take your weekends 'off' then find those 17 hours on the other 5 weekdays just for this class. i.e. 3.5 hours per weekday just for this class. Can't fit so many hours per day on weekdays? Then don't take your weekends off. Sleep, rest, listen to relaxing music and study if you want to get into your desired major.  
   
Throw away all your enrollments in this organization, that organziation, this fraternity, that sorority, VP of this, CEO of that. No body will give a damn to any of these if you don't get into your major. 'Extra curricular' means extra to a GOOD curricular achievement. Fix the later first. There is plenty of time in your undergraduate career for all your 'extra' things. Does it have to be in your first semester when you are trying to learn how to cope with pressure and classes and homeowork?  
   
For the last time, once again -- Getting into these majors is fiercely competitve. More challenging than going to Hell. Students have been denied application (let alone admission) because they fell short by a GPA of 0.04 (I know one case personally). Good luck to you!  
   
Lastly, this mail is my last mail of concern to you. I am not 'mad at you' because you haven't started the HW. I won't be mad at you either if you don't do the HW. Do or don't, ace the exams and make sure you have enough points on other things to get your grade. But let me tell you this -- you can get 90% on midterms yet miss the A, because you will perform miserably on my final exam if you don't do my homework and practice problems.  
   
It is upto you, how you would achieve your targets. Its your life, your career and will soon be your increasing debt as you end up delaying your graduation. Make sure to save your Aggie tickets and your A+ passes so that you can place them as stickers on your debt portfolio. Afterall, you should be able to connect the right 'cause' to the observed 'effect'.  
   
Let the test average on exam 2 be 30. I promise you one thing, I won't curve it even if every other professor curves. I am not going to tell you 'its ok if you got 30, let's just call it 50'. No, you get 30, you are living with it. If in the real world, after you mess up at work if your boss could come to you and say 'I'm sorry you messed up, how about I give you a raise?" then maybe such an expectation would make sense. But such doesn't happen and so the very thought of making a 30 a 50 hurts my brain. I am not doing it.  
   
   
All the best to all of you. I've had enough 'Brain Damage'.  
   
This lunatic is not on the mass  
 (I'm serious) This lunatic is not on the mass  
 You're welcome to  
 Remember your games and party days and laughs  
 I'm no longer gonna keep the loonies on the path  
   
Raise your grade, you bring the change (or you don't)  
 You re-arrange your study habits 'til you feel sane. (or you don't)  
 You lock the door, and throw away the key (or you don't)  
 But bring someone in your head who who'll help you "see".

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qfnie/how_do_i_deal_with_my_room_mate_for_the_rest_of/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How do I deal with my room mate for the rest of the semester?

I'm in the second semester of my freshmen year. I live in a traditional style hall, meaning I live in a dorm room with one other girl. This girl is slowly driving me crazy. I'm going to warn you right now that this is going to get long, I'm terrible at being concise. I will try to bold important points or sum things up accordingly. \*TL;DR at the end because I know how difficult it can be to read so much.\*  
  
\*\*EDIT: You guys gave me the response I was expecting. I was hoping someone would go above and beyond and actually help. Go back to circle jerking and have a nice day if you aren't willing to help. Yes its long. Sorry...\*\*  
  
\*\*We were random room mates. I thought she was really nice at first, everyone liked her and she was super agreeable.\*\*   
  
After a few weeks I got to see how quirky and weird she is. I'm weird, too. No big deal, right? Wrong. Totally wrong. \*\*This isn't the good kind of weird, its the I'm going to make you really uncomfortable and overstep every boundary you made with me and act crazy as fuck weird. On multiple occasions I talked with her about things that made me uncomfortable and she continuously overstepped those boundaries. After living with her I learned how fake she was, how judgmental and horrible she was. The problem? My boyfriend and I are the only people who know it. Everyone loves her, including our RA.\*\*   
  
Lets start with last semester. We were pretty good friends, or so I thought. \*\*She continuously disrespected me and my boundaries.\*\*   
  
We have a couple of girlfriends who would spend all their time in our room. They didn't really have that many other friends they liked hanging out with, so we were the choice pick. I enjoyed their company, for the most part, but they constantly dissed our other friends and acted like we should only spend time with them. They stayed late when I had 8AM classes, they were very disruptive when I was working on homework. I constantly had to ask them to leave. Whenever I asked them to leave, they treated me like I was a royal bitch. After a while they literally started ignoring me when I asked them to leave. This was really stressful for me. I'm a very non-confrontational person and I try to be super nice and understanding... but \*\*I was physically getting sick from sleep deprivation\*\*. I was getting severe headaches, I had to skip class because I would wake up at 7AM only to black out in the shower. It was really bad.   
  
\*\*So I confided in my room mate. She agreed that it was an issue and I asked that she made more of an effort to help enforce things with them. They never ignored her or treated her like a bitch when she asked them to leave... but she never asked them to leave. She continuously kept entertaining them and kept them over until anywhere from 1-3AM.\*\*  
  
One night near the end of the semester I ended up leaving the room crying because I just couldn't handle it anymore. You know what happened? One of my friends basically called me a bitch \*as I was leaving the room crying\*. After I calmed down I sent a text to my room mate apologizing and explaining the situation. She moved them to their room but stayed with them until 3AM, even though she pulled me aside earlier that night before I left and said that she wanted them to leave, too.  
  
At this point I had recently got a boyfriend and was spending time with his friends every once in a while. They didn't start drama or treat me like shit because I had homework to do or I wanted to sleep. It just made sense to spend time with people who were actually nice to me. \*\*That's when my friends started getting passive aggressive. We would discuss a movie and I'd mention that I had not seen it, only for them to watch it without me because apparently it was too much effort for them to send me a text or come get me.\*\*   
  
The semester ended. I talked to some of my teachers about the personal issues I was dealing with and they were kind enough to overlook a few things and give me the grades I had worked for despite my absences.   
  
\*\*I decided that this semester I was going to take things into my hands. I strictly enforced a rule where everyone had to leave the room at 11PM, including my boyfriend. I decided that if I couldn't get work done while I was in the room, I was going to leave so I could get work done elsewhere. I also decided to be fair to my room mate and friends so I told them ahead of time that I wasn't going to hang out much during the week but I would very much enjoy that we had movie nights or what have you every weekend.\*\*  
  
\*\*This is how the semester unfolded.\*\*  
  
\*\*Week 1: I follow through with everything I said I would do in the above paragraph.\*\*   
  
\*\*Week 2: I continue to follow through and I handle making the plans to hang out with my friends on both weekends and throughout the week.\*\*   
  
\*\*Week 3: I get swamped with homework and stay up until 2 AM most nights to stay on top of it. I plan a big get together for my boyfriend's birthday, invite his friends and my friends for a day out on the town as well as lunch at a local restaurant. We come back, I feed them cake and soda that I paid for with my own money and we watch the Superbowl together.\*\*   
  
\*\*Week 4: I get strep throat and I get 2-4 hours of sleep every night. I throw up my medicine. I miss a week of class. I had 3 exams that week, at this point I'm failing my classes. My boyfriend takes care of me because I don't like being a burden to other people and he's the only one I allow myself to be a burden on.\*\*  
  
\*\*Week 5: My friends are treating me like crap and being passive aggressive for no apparent reason. My room mate is being petty and talking behind my back. I confront her about it.\*\*   
  
Week 5 is where I'll pick up.   
  
First things first. Last semester my room mate didn't have class until like 3 PM most days and had no class on Friday, I had class at 9 AM and 10 AM every morning. When I woke up before her, which was every morning, I was like a freaking ninja. This semester she has class at 11:30 AM and 9 AM every morning. I have class at 10 AM and 12:40 PM. \*\*This allows me to sleep in an hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays. ~~Being the respectful room mate she is~~, she wakes up an hour before me, passive aggressively slams her dresser shut, slams the door, crushes her water bottle and makes snide comments about me sleeping in and being lazy.\*\*  
  
\*\*I had heard from a friend that my room mate had called me lazy for not taking out the trash.\*\* This is what happened: Its in our room mate agreement that she takes out that trash. I ask her all the time if she wants me to take it out and she says no. I told her I'd take it out this one time because I had puked up my medicine in it, but it was such a side comment that I thought she didn't even hear me because she never acknowledged what I had said. I planned on taking it out but I was feeling like shit and had to study for an exam I was not prepared for and inevitably ended up failing, so it took me a while to get around to it.   
  
\*\*I was pissed. I was crying. I was so tired of how she and my friends were treating me.\*\* When I talked to her about it, she brushed it off and acted like it wasn't a big deal, like she was just joking about what she had said. I told her "No, you have been treating me like crap. If you have a problem you need to talk to me, you can't just go behind my back and hurt my friendships with people." Then she said, "Well its a bigger issue than that." \*\*So I insisted that she tell me instead of talk behind my back and act so aggressively towards me. Doing so was not going to create a positive development in our friendship, it would only push me away. So she said that her and our girlfriends felt like I wasn't making an effort to hang out with them this semester. I stopped her and reminded her that talking to them (and I know how they talk, it isn't "Oh gosh, I'm concerned about imaginary\_account!" like she made it sound like, its more like "jesus, she's such a bitch. She never hangs out with us anymore. She's so lazy." etc etc) wasn't going to change anything.\*\* She needed to talk to me like we agreed in our room mate agreement.  
  
\*\*She continued to say that I was her best friend and how she realized the trash-issue was really petty and being passive aggressive wasn't okay, but she was just upset because she felt like she never had her best friend around because I was always hanging out with my boyfriend and his friends, or when I am around my boyfriend is around and she can't talk about certain things around him. This was an understandable situation and instead of arguing over how much effort I had put into hanging out with them this semester, I gave her a hug and told her I would work on it. I also mentioned that I felt it was unfair that she judged me based on 4 weeks, two weeks of which I was swamped with homework and had strep throat. In the future she needs to talk to me and she needs to make an effort to be forward about issues instead of passive aggressive.\*\*   
  
Now, I understand where she is coming from. I'm an introvert by nature and I'm not used to people caring about me and wanting to hang out with me all the time. (My mom was really strict in middle school/high school and people just stopped asking to hang out because they knew they answer was no...) I don't manage a lot of friendships at the same time very well because of this. My boyfriend and I do spend quite a bit of time together, but I normally make an effort to tell him he should spend time with his friends so I can spend time with mine. At the same time, I always invite my room mate and occasionally our girlfriends to come hang out with us and his friends. They always turn us down, or when they do they ridicule his friends or complain about them afterwards. (They're not perfect but they're nice guys.) When the girls are watching a movie or TV series I don't really like, I still make an effort to watch it with them. \*\*However, they do no reciprocate and its really annoying how they say I don't make an effort when I obviously have and they have not.\*\*   
  
\*\*So after we had this discussion, everything seemed to be better.\*\* We talked for a good hour and a half, just about everything. We had a girls day out the next day (which, I guess they weren't planning on inviting me to until then!) and everything was better for a few days.   
  
\*\*The next weekend, I asked my room mate if she and the girls would like to have a movie night and I would order some pizza. She stared at me for a second and responded, "Oh yeah, sure sure..." like she didn't want to.\*\* Thursday comes around and I ask if she'd like to go shopping with me beforehand. She responds saying that she already made plans with one of our mutual friends to go to a sports game and she didn't know how long she'd be gone. I was a little upset. \*\*Was she blowing off our plans to watch the movie? Did she even relay the message to our girlfriends like I had asked her to? The answers respectively: yes and no.\*\*   
  
She invited one of our girlfriends to the sports thing and they didn't get back until fairly late in the evening. I spent most of the evening chatting with the other girlfriend and I mentioned the movie, which apparently my room mate had never mentioned like I had requested. When they got back, the other girlfriend said to my room mate, "Oh didn't you want to watch a movie?" like it had been her idea. \*\*My room mate then made a very aggressive comment towards me saying that they couldn't because I had homework.\*\* I was just thinking, excuse you? I told them that it was my idea in the first place. I made the commitment, I wasn't going to blow them off to do homework.  
  
The next night she had a date. (\*\*Side note: My room mate is a horrible person who leads guys on and refuses to make a commitment. She knows she doesn't want to make a commitment, but she keeps flirting with my guy friends and hurting them. She has hurt many of my guy friends this way, to the point where I finally just have to tell my guy friends its a bad idea.\*\*) I spent that night hanging out with the girlfriends. She didn't get back until 5AM. \*\*I spent that entire Sunday doing homework until 2AM, because I had put it all off to make time for my girlfriends. I missed a homework assignment and wasn't able to finish a 5 page essay I had due the next day because I sacrificed so much time for them. I don't blame them at all, it was my decision. But if my room mate says I'm not making an effort...\*\*  
  
\*\*At this point, I feel like I've patched things up with the girls, sort of. My room mate keeps making plans with them, then not inviting me. I have a sneaking suspicion that the girls think I was actually invited and that I am just ditching them. Outside of my room mate, I make sure to try and hold conversations with them and hang out with them when I can. They have improved their behavior since last semester and have become much more respectful.\*\*  
  
\*\*But my room mate... she's treating me passive aggressively again. She's talking behind my back again. She's making snide comments. She keeps making plans with the girls and then doesn't invite me.\*\*  
  
I have a friend who recently went through a break up with his girlfriend of two years, and he's taken a liking to my room mate. What does my room mate do? She starts flirting with him when she thinks he's weird and creepy. \*\*She starts talking to him and she tells him I'm lazy and I don't do my homework! He brought it up to tease me but that's really crossing the line. There has been a trend of her talking to my friends independently and making rude comments about me, to the point where I feel like she's trying to separate me from some of my friends.\*\*  
  
\*\*Today I broke down and cried in front of her. I just can't handle the stress. She's stressing me out and trying to ruin my friendships, my 13 year old dog back home might be put down soon, I'm failing my classes. I only told her about my dog and the classes. You know what she said? "Oh, you just need to step it up... you need to study more and do your homework." Which was her way of telling me she thinks I'm lazy, not doing enough work. Are you kidding me?\*\*   
  
\*\*I'm taking 17 credit hours, taking Astrophysics classes (mind you its been 3 years since I've taken a math class so I'm struggling to remember everything), and I'm in the Honors program. If I fail my classes, I lose my scholarships. My family can't afford to put me through college. My mom isn't even paying for any of this, all of it is scholarships and loans that she is making me pay off after college. If I lose my scholarships, I go back home to a verbally/emotionally abusive mother. \*That is my worst nightmare\*. My room mate thinks she has the authority to judge me and say that I'm not working hard enough when I have so much at stake. Who does she think she is?\*\*  
  
I just feel like my room is so hostile with her in it. \*\*I can't do anything without being judged. I don't trust her anymore, and I know she's constantly talking behind my back. She takes out her anger on me. She's a horrible person and I don't want to deal with this anymore. I need to focus on my school work! I don't want to talk to our girlfriends about it because I feel like that's talking behind her back and at least I have some respect for her and refuse to do that. I can't talk to my RA because she's become good friends with her and the RA thinks she's the nicest person in the world and I'm almost certain she's already talked crap about me to the RA. I can't just stop spending time in my room because then she will justify treating me like crap with the fact that I'm "not making an effort". I've already tried making an effort, to the point where it was affecting my grades, but obviously it wasn't enough for her because she's back to treating me like crap. I don't want to talk with her about it because she's just going to "deny, deny, deny" and I'm really bad at articulating myself in confrontations.\*\*  
  
\*I apologize for this being so long, I hesitated to post it due to its length... I just don't know what to do. I've exhausted my resources. I've talked to my mom and boyfriend about it, but only them because I feel like talking to anyone else would be disrespectful to my room mate. They both said they think she is jealous and I either have to talk to her (where she will "deny, deny, deny") or deal with it... has anyone dealt with a similar situation? Is there anything I can do that will ease the situation? Thanks in advance.\*  
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\* \*My room mate calls me her best friend and justified treating me like crap and talking behind my back with the fact that I wasn't "making an effort" to hang out with her and the girls, even though I most definitely was. I told her I'd try harder, which I did and she is continuing to talk behind my back and treat me like crap even though I've done nothing but be respectful. She is a bad person who hurts my guy friends by flirting with them and leading them on, being two faced, being disrespectful and tries to hurt my friendships with other people. She has the RA wrapped around her finger and I don't know how to handle the situation anymore. I just want to pass my classes and finish the semester so I can get a new room mate next semester.\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/72992t/transferring_in_the_fall_after_freshman_year_im/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Transferring in the fall after Freshman year? I'm fed up with my school

I feel like I have made a terrible mistake in picking this college, I only went because it was cheap, and couldn't afford to go to UIUC, which was my best safety school. My tuition would have been free this semester, if not for the freshman living on campus rule. The school I am attending is very small, with only a few thousand people, and there's not a lot of activities or stuff to do on campus. Despite this, it couldn't be that bad, could it?  
  
  
 Believe me, I tried to keep a positive atittude and was really excited about starting college and trying to make friends. However, I have autism, and it's a crucial part of my identity and my lifestyle, so I got in contract with my school's disability office to talk about accomadations for this school year. Big mistake. They argued with me about living off campus or having a single room, and told me the school needs money, so freshman have to live on campus. I have a math learning disability as well, and am in the process of more comprehensive testing to really "prove it" , but it was established that I really struggle in the subject. The only accomadation I got was more test time, and so far, I haven't even gotten that in my class. I was told that my school loves diversity, but it seems like they view me and my disorder as a hassle more than anything.   
  
  
  
I also had to fight them for a parking pass to go to my doctor's appointments, and they're making me park in a lot 2 miles off campus because I can't park where the upperclassman are, which is bullshit and has made me late so many times, because I can't scheduele my doctors appointments at an earlier/later time. I refuse to miss class. So far I've gotten multiple parking tickets, most of them for not knowing where to park because I was never told where the lot was and its not on the map, and they told me it was my fault. I've been told to just deal with living in the dorms by everyone with the exception of the school doctor and councelor, who have put me on anxiety medication and are making me go to therapy every week to try and cope with being here. I tried living in my dorm and couldn't handle it cause of people and noise, so they switched my room to a suite that I share with other people, who completely ignore me and make me feel even more unwelcome there. I just quit staying in my dorm and am staying off campus in the place I share with my friend for free, in exchange for driving her to the bus so we can go to class.  
  
  
Also, since I had to pay for a meal plan, I eat in the cafeteria most of the time and I saw someone who had no meals left, and swiped my card for them. The lunch lady at the register pulled me aside and told me I was never to do that again, or they would confiscate my card. I nearly cried. This school makes me incredibly nervous and rigid, and I haven't made any friends here at all. All of the clubs I would be interested in meet late at night, like video game and anime clubs, so I never have the energy to go. I've tried to form a club for autistic people but can't get it approved, and have tried everyday to sit in the disability center in the library to meet more people I can relate to, but with no luck. I'm trying sports, but I'm very uncooridinated and bad at talking, so I tend to ramble or make comments every two seconds, and I don't fit it at all on my incredibly small, tight knit club team. I don't fit in at this school in general either. Most of the campus is vegan and I get lectured my strangers about how eating meat is animal abuse. Like really, what the fuck? People write things like "Violence is the answer. Violence is a necessity" all over the sidewalks and that is allowed and often encouraged. One girl was pitching a fit on the bus about misgendering animals and how that's important, and as a trans person, I wanted to deck her for saying something like that. But no one at my school is interested in anything but politics, that's all most of the clubs or events are about, and a lot of the dicussions in my classes are about political stuff 90% of the time. You have to adapt the exact views of everyone else or you will not be accepted, or get bad grades for it. (Multiple people have told me this)  
  
  
I am almost failing my Calculus class, failing both the first quiz and test. I've been going to tutoring at school and I'm going to get help outside of school, studying constantly, and meeting with my professor, but because my algebra skills are so poor, I can barely catch up. Yet, my professor thinks I shouldn't go back to precalc because I took it last year. I've been in tears so many times because I feel like a failure, and despite making As in my other classes, I can't have that low grade affecting my GPA. I need to get out of here. My family and partner are telling me to just be strong and get through it, that I'm acting like a child and will adjust if I force myself to, but I've tried, and I can't stand it here. I want to transfer to clemson, a school closer to home, where I can live off campus and make more connections. (I know people in the area and have support, whereas I only have one person at my current school) I'm working on the application, but I really don't know about the process besides that, and who i need to contact to send paperwork and transcripts over. Can someone who has transferred before offer advice in this trying time?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/9i0341/id_like_some_opinionsadvice_about_a_messy/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: I'd like some opinions/advice about a messy situation (long post)

Hi everyone. This post is partially just me trying to organize my thoughts about this whole fiasco but I'm hoping to get some opinions/advice about a messy social work situation I've become involved in. So here is my situation:  
  
I am a full time student in my second year of my MSW currently. But lets rewind some. LAST year, I had my first field placement at a long-term care/rehabilitation facility for older adults. It is a large skilled nursing facility with about 150 residents. I had a great experience there and the social work department was run very smoothly as there were three licensed social workers in the facility at that time (a Director of Social Services, a long-term care social worker, and a short-term care rehab social worker). Things were going well and I even ended up getting a part time job as a receptionist at this facility where I only work every other weekend, which is perfect for my schedule as a student (Still doing this job currently). My field instructor was beyond wonderful. She was the Director of Social Services and had been working in this facility for over 20 years. Well, she announced that she would be retiring once my field placement ended (in May 2018). This would be when shit began to hit the fan.  
  
So, when she announced her retirement I viewed this as an opportunity for myself- the facility was down a social worker, and I needed a summer job- so I asked the administrator of the facility if she would be interested in hiring me for the summer JUST to help out with completing assessments while they work on hiring someone full time and throughout the transition etc etc. She agreed. Now, the initial agreement was for me to work PART TIME during the summer for 11$ an hour, just so I could help the long-term care social worker (lets call her A). So I start my summer job. A and I had a great working relationship as we had already become close during my field placement. Things were a little hectic as A was moving into the Director of Social Services position and trying to hire another full time SW, but things were still going smoothly since I was helping her stay caught up on routine assessments. June rolls around and A has found a candidate for the SW position. It is at this time when the administrator begins making several budget cuts, firing people left and right for seemingly no reason. One of the people who was fired was the short-term rehab SW. She was then replaced by someone who is not a licensed social worker, and truthfully has no background in social work! (She was pulled from the business office, I'm not entirely sure what her position was before). Administrator tells A, "we just can't justify hiring a full time social worker right now, she can only be part-time." So this was obviously infuriating. Shortly after that, A told me she found another job and put in her resignation letter. And, understandably, the new SW candidate declined the job offer because she was looking for full time work.   
  
Great, so at this point I am technically the only social services employee in the long-term care unit. This has some serious ethical implications for me, as a student, with no degree in social work and no license (yet). As you might imagine, I quickly absorbed all of A's responsibilities and was soon doing assessments for the whole long term unit (about 130 people), doing about 15 care plans a week, filing reportables, grievances, dealing with new admissions, discharges, NUMEROUS families with complaints, and not to mention all the other crap that seems to get thrown into the social work department. This went from a part time, light labor job to a full time serious job very quickly. Remember that I am also still working every other weekend here answering phones. I became pretty overwhelmed but I was able to handle it knowing there was an end in sight; I'd already made it clear that I wouldn't be able to work once school started back.   
  
They finally hire someone to be the new social worker. Let's call her B. B was a brand new MSW graduate fresh out of grad school with absolutely no experience in long-term care, which I thought was an interesting choice given the circumstances. Once B was hired, the administrator announced during morning meeting that there would be changes to the social services department as it would now be merging with the business office to form more of a "utilization review" department. This is something I'd heard of before but am still not familiar with at all. But oh well, not exactly my problem because at this point it was late July and my last day was August 3rd.   
  
So the Insurance/financial coordinator (we'll call him C) was the one training B. This made absolutely no sense to me since he has literally no background in social work whatsoever and never really did anything with the social work department aside from helping families apply for medicaid and things like that. I could tell he was not competent enough to show B what she needed to do as far as assessments and care plans and stuff, so I kind of stepped in and helped where I could. B and I quickly developed a good rapport and she started to confide in me about how uncomfortable and confused she was in this new position. Feeling a little bit bad for her, I told her I would help her stay caught up on assessments whenever I worked on weekends. I also let the administrator know this. She agreed to increase my weekend pay (only slightly) since I would also be doing some social work tasks. Again, my naivety allowed me to believe I would only be entering in a few missed assessments here and there, nothing major at all. At first, that was how it was. B was pretty good about getting her assessments done and she would only leave one or two over the weekends for me to do.   
  
Well, as I'm sure you're expecting, B quit!!!!! Now there are NO social workers in this 170 bed facility, the financial coordinator is technically responsible for social work tasks now, and here I am at my reception desk this morning looking at a HUGE stack of assessments with a sticky note from C requesting that I complete and enter them in the system this weekend. This is about 2 weeks worth of work, and all of the dates on them indicating they are already way past due. I'm angry, upset, and mainly just concerned that I might be doing something unethical by trying to help the administration play catch-up when what they REALLY need to do is properly staff the facility with competent social workers. I don't mind doing these tasks because it helps me learn as a student and novice social worker, but something about this just feels wrong to me. I definitely feel taken advantage of.   
  
Any comments and advice would be appreciated.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/72992t/transferring_in_the_fall_after_freshman_year_im/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Transferring in the fall after Freshman year? I'm fed up with my school

I feel like I have made a terrible mistake in picking this college, I only went because it was cheap, and couldn't afford to go to UIUC, which was my best safety school. My tuition would have been free this semester, if not for the freshman living on campus rule. The school I am attending is very small, with only a few thousand people, and there's not a lot of activities or stuff to do on campus. Despite this, it couldn't be that bad, could it?  
  
  
 Believe me, I tried to keep a positive atittude and was really excited about starting college and trying to make friends. However, I have autism, and it's a crucial part of my identity and my lifestyle, so I got in contract with my school's disability office to talk about accomadations for this school year. Big mistake. They argued with me about living off campus or having a single room, and told me the school needs money, so freshman have to live on campus. I have a math learning disability as well, and am in the process of more comprehensive testing to really "prove it" , but it was established that I really struggle in the subject. The only accomadation I got was more test time, and so far, I haven't even gotten that in my class. I was told that my school loves diversity, but it seems like they view me and my disorder as a hassle more than anything.   
  
  
  
I also had to fight them for a parking pass to go to my doctor's appointments, and they're making me park in a lot 2 miles off campus because I can't park where the upperclassman are, which is bullshit and has made me late so many times, because I can't scheduele my doctors appointments at an earlier/later time. I refuse to miss class. So far I've gotten multiple parking tickets, most of them for not knowing where to park because I was never told where the lot was and its not on the map, and they told me it was my fault. I've been told to just deal with living in the dorms by everyone with the exception of the school doctor and councelor, who have put me on anxiety medication and are making me go to therapy every week to try and cope with being here. I tried living in my dorm and couldn't handle it cause of people and noise, so they switched my room to a suite that I share with other people, who completely ignore me and make me feel even more unwelcome there. I just quit staying in my dorm and am staying off campus in the place I share with my friend for free, in exchange for driving her to the bus so we can go to class.  
  
  
Also, since I had to pay for a meal plan, I eat in the cafeteria most of the time and I saw someone who had no meals left, and swiped my card for them. The lunch lady at the register pulled me aside and told me I was never to do that again, or they would confiscate my card. I nearly cried. This school makes me incredibly nervous and rigid, and I haven't made any friends here at all. All of the clubs I would be interested in meet late at night, like video game and anime clubs, so I never have the energy to go. I've tried to form a club for autistic people but can't get it approved, and have tried everyday to sit in the disability center in the library to meet more people I can relate to, but with no luck. I'm trying sports, but I'm very uncooridinated and bad at talking, so I tend to ramble or make comments every two seconds, and I don't fit it at all on my incredibly small, tight knit club team. I don't fit in at this school in general either. Most of the campus is vegan and I get lectured my strangers about how eating meat is animal abuse. Like really, what the fuck? People write things like "Violence is the answer. Violence is a necessity" all over the sidewalks and that is allowed and often encouraged. One girl was pitching a fit on the bus about misgendering animals and how that's important, and as a trans person, I wanted to deck her for saying something like that. But no one at my school is interested in anything but politics, that's all most of the clubs or events are about, and a lot of the dicussions in my classes are about political stuff 90% of the time. You have to adapt the exact views of everyone else or you will not be accepted, or get bad grades for it. (Multiple people have told me this)  
  
  
I am almost failing my Calculus class, failing both the first quiz and test. I've been going to tutoring at school and I'm going to get help outside of school, studying constantly, and meeting with my professor, but because my algebra skills are so poor, I can barely catch up. Yet, my professor thinks I shouldn't go back to precalc because I took it last year. I've been in tears so many times because I feel like a failure, and despite making As in my other classes, I can't have that low grade affecting my GPA. I need to get out of here. My family and partner are telling me to just be strong and get through it, that I'm acting like a child and will adjust if I force myself to, but I've tried, and I can't stand it here. I want to transfer to clemson, a school closer to home, where I can live off campus and make more connections. (I know people in the area and have support, whereas I only have one person at my current school) I'm working on the application, but I really don't know about the process besides that, and who i need to contact to send paperwork and transcripts over. Can someone who has transferred before offer advice in this trying time?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/f21omt/what_is_with_all_of_the_bad_press_for_full_sail/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: What is with all of the bad press for Full Sail?

I’m going to be attending Full Sail sometime this August/September and I’ve never been more excited. I’m entering the Game Design course and could not be more stoked. So far I have had nothing but positive experiences with people from Financial Aid and any other service trying to help, really. From what I’ve been through during enrollment and setting everything up, it’s been great.   
  
However, recently I’ve encountered a lot of less-than-stellar feedback - most notably from older Reddit posts. This surprised me because from the alumni I know, I’ve heard nothing but praise - other than the workload being heavy but manageable. People claim it’s a scam, a corporate cash-grab, and utterly useless. I’m looking for some fresh opinions on the matter to try to understand where this is from.   
  
TL;DR From what I’ve experienced, Full-Sail is very non-traditional and not for everyone but it does so much to cater to its students to provide everything they need to be successful. So where is all of this negativity coming from when all I've seen from my first-hand experience is positive?   
  
  
I want to address some points I have already seen first, but I'm open to opinions.  
  
Mostly I’ve seen claims that:  
  
1. It’s a for-profit mill that just wants your money.   
  
There are many for-profit colleges. Sure, some can be shady as goes with any business but it’s unfair to judge only on that. Theoretically, a good for-profit college would strategically strive to create quality education to appeal to shareholders. It can seem intimidating at first but the business moto allows for more out of the box approaches and fewer limitations.  
  
The money being made also goes to the students. Tours of Full Sail have shown that they provide top-quality resources. The campus is beautiful and has mind-blowing equipment and full film sets the size of a shopping district. The money being made is really being put into use for the students and alumni.  
  
2. The tuition is way too high and the Financial Aid services are only there to get you loans so they can take your money.   
  
After some simple research, it seems Florida’s average tuition for 4-year colleges is about $14k which would be roughly $56k for all 4 years.  
  
Full Sail’s average total paid tuition for a bachelor’s is about $55k. This is on-par with the average. For comparison, UCF’s average tuition for 4-years is in the $60k range.   
  
In my personal experience, the Financial Aid program did whatever they could to help me. They didn’t shove loans down my throat and, instead, guided me to scholarships. The qualifications for these scholarships were reasonable and weren’t very demanding. The only thing I needed to do was write one 500 word essay about creativity. After everything, I - a semi-decent student who absolutely hated school and struggled to keep up - got enough for a full ride and then some, all without loans. It felt too easy.  
  
Another note, they even offer monthly aid for students to comfortably live off of while in class. If you play your cards right and do your research, you can get paid to attend.  
  
3. The workload is too crammed, you’re getting less education.  
  
From what I understand, Full Sail is very non-traditional. Over a 20 - 28 month span, students are taking about 1 to 2 (maybe 3 at \*most\*) classes per month. To many, this seems unreasonable and many would wonder how anyone is getting anything useful out of it.   
  
After doing workshops, speaking with alumni, and talking with counselors, what I understand is that it’s more or less streamlined. Traditional colleges have semesters that are 12 - 15 weeks where students take usually 4 - 6 classes. In the same timeframe, Full Sail students will have taken 4 - 8 classes. In addition, there are fewer breaks. The total number of classes attended and hours spent learning are generously much higher for students at Full Sail.  
  
It can be argued that you can’t learn much from one month of taking a class. To that, I say that it’s circumstantial. Professors recommend that students do not work during their time enrolled unless they want to get burnt out. So you’d be giving your undivided attention to the coursework. Also, I’d say that taking one or two classes at a time is actually a much better system for absorbing information.   
  
Full Sail is very different in it’s approach to education. Most of us are used to growing up and going to school taking 6 - 8 classes (depending on the school system) each year. This is what we’re used to. However, it can be argued that switching between so many different subjects so frequently is distracting and can be overwhelming. For many, it is better to focus on a few things than jump from Math to History to Art to Foreign Language.   
  
As a personal anecdote: during the end of high school, I had started struggling to keep up with the courses and my GPA was dropping. My parents made the call to enroll me in virtual school online. At first, I did the same thing, balancing many classes at once. That was until I decided to try taking one class at a time and going through it in a month or so. It was one of the best decisions I made and everything started to become easier. I absorbed the information much faster and retained it for longer.   
  
To be fair, this learning style is not for everyone. Many people would do much better in the traditional setting. However, Full Sail seems to want to attract passionate and eccentric students who aren't the norm. For learning disabilities like ADHD, strategically hyper-focusing on one class is a blessing.   
  
On another note, there really aren’t filler classes. I know many people who have gone to college and wound up taking a lot of basic core classes that didn't benefit their major at all. While that isn’t always true, it definitely isn’t true for Full Sail. The core classes are developed for the student’s course so that every class is going to end up being beneficial.  
  
4. The dropout rate is high.   
  
43% doesn’t look very good. Touching back on the previous point: the course regiment isn’t for everyone. Those without experience in the unique setting could find that they don’t fare very well with that type of learning.   
  
With that being said, the acceptance rate is 100%. Generally, colleges with higher graduation rates also have a very low acceptance rate. Most universities are trying to get the best students to make themselves look better. Colleges with a 70% graduation rate are accepting only 50% of students.   
  
5. Courses like Game Design are worthless credentials. Employers are looking for experience, not a degree.   
  
Unlike many colleges, Full Sail is designed to give real-world experience and to build up an expanded portfolio. You’re not going to be thrown information and then released into the real world, you’re going to work on real projects so that you’re immediately ready to take charge. The professors are equipping students with the tools and experience that employers are looking for and there will be a lot of evidence to show for it. Isn't that important?

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](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/2ugjg7/my_life_is_a_mess_and_i_think_i_might_want_to/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: My life is a mess, and I think I might want to drop out of school, but I've never been so scared in my life. I need some advice.

\*\*I'm not super familiar with reddit and I'm sure I am breaking some sort of etiquette or rule, so please let me know calmly instead of blowing up at me, and let me know where you think this post would better belong. Thank you.\*\*  
  
I'm on the verge of my 20th birthday, currently in school in Chicago studying something I'm only honestly mildly interested in. I chose this path because in high school, I convinced myself I wasn't good at anything but the extra curricular I was doing after school, which was working tech crew for the theatre department, so now I'm in school studying to be a set designer. Honestly, theatre is not for me. I don't really enjoy plays and musicals like my peers, I can't rattle off lists of my favorites and I don't sing showtunes, the persona of actors and directors disgusts me, and I don't know how to read a script and put the idea on a stage. I don't think these are things I want to deal with in my life. That's a shitty career plan.  
  
But I went and convinced myself that I was going to be a set designer and that I was going to love it, so that's what I focused on and I thought it was going to be great, but as I've been in school the past year and a half (I'm a sophomore now), I realize I don't think this is right for me.  
Honestly, I think I want to be a tattoo artist. I've got the artistic talent, I could just use to better my skills. That, in itself, could be an option to just switch my major since I'm already in an art school, change from a theatre design major to a fine arts major, develop my skills, then go out for a tattoo apprenticeship. That sounds like it might be a solid plan.  
  
The major issue is, I don't want to be in Chicago anymore. For a lot of reasons. I'm from here, and staying here to go to school was not my first choice. In fact, it was worst case scenario, and here I am. I wanted to go to school in Seattle since high school. A school there was my top choice (albeit for the same major I'm studying now in Chicago) and I was accepted with flying colors, but my parents ultimately made the decision for me to stay at home. I'm an only child and I guess they were selfish and wanted to keep me around as long as possible.  
During my miserable freshman year of college, I made the effort to apply transfer to the school in Seattle, who reaccepted me basically on the spot. I felt like I was really going to go and live my dream, and then I let insignificant things stand in my way and keep me from going.  
  
This past fall semester, school was going fine for me after choosing to stay in Chicago. I thought, alright, this is how it will be, maybe I'll choose to move after I've graduated. But recently, my personal life took a huge turn for the worst. I, foolishly, thought I had gotten myself involved in a potentially serious relationship over the past year, and was suddenly told differently when he decided I wasn't what he was looking for, and he didn't love me, despite stringing me along for nearly a year. This was very, very recent, and I'm still reeling from this situation, which is honestly really devastating for me. I just feel like I can't even be around him anymore. I don't want him in my life and I don't want to go to the same school as him, I don't want to be in the same city as him, I want to be as far away from him as possible. I wish I'd never even met him but because that's not humanly an option, the next best thing is dropping my entire life and leaving. Part of me always wanted to, but now I feel like the flame has really been lit. This was my last straw. There is absolutely no way I can ever be happy here. I need to make myself happy somewhere else.  
  
Part of me just wants to drop out and move and not even bother trying to transfer schools and rack up more student debt. Tattoo apprenticeships are not cheap, and do not count as educational institutions, so I would have to save money or take out a private loan.  
  
I fear disappointing my family by leaving school and moving away. My dad's family is very old school and would not really approve of what I'd be doing. But I have to think about how much that matters to me, because it's important that I make myself happy while I'm still young enough to do it. I feel like I'd be disappointing my faculty advisor, who is the professor for the majority of my classes relating to my major. She sees a lot of potential in me and I don't want to disappoint her, although I'm sure she'd rather see me succeed at something that makes me happy than to continue pretending to do something that doesn't. I'm also not the most important or groundbreaking student she's ever seen. It wouldn't be that big of a deal for her. She's not new to this.  
I also fear I'd be making a huge, huge mistake if I go and can't find a job, hate school (if I end up transferring), or not be able to even find a tattoo artist to take me in as an apprentice. I'm not sure how to lay these things out and decide which is most important to me.  
  
Adding to that, I was selected to go on a trip to Prague during this upcoming summer with other students in my department to attend a quadrennial exhibition on theatrical design. I was so excited, it sounded like the experience of a lifetime, but now I'm feeling I don't want to continue in the program, which would make the trip obsolete and a missed opportunity, but if I do go and decide after to not keep going with school, it would be a waste of my time and money, and someone who deserved more than I to go on the trip would get my spot.  
  
I feel like I should continue out the semester, but that's another $5,000 in student loans plus interest I have to pay back on a degree I don't even know if I want. I thought I had everything figured out, and now everything is upside down. I'm not even sure how to start figuring it out. I don't know how to bring it up to my parents.  
  
TL;DR: I think I want to drop out or transfer but fear the repercussions it might have.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ir9444/considering_dropping_out_advice/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Considering dropping out.. Advice?

Hello,  
This is a bit long so if you take the time to read this I seriously thank you. Just for context, I've been thinking about this for a while now. Its a shame because I'm very fortunate in having 100% of my college paid for. I dont pay for tuition, housing, books, none of it. I've earned enough in scholarships (most of these are smaller but they add up) and my dad is considered a 100% disabled veteran, which qualifies me for chapter 35 (basically a monthly check while i attend school) on top of my tuition being paid for by the military.  
  
In all honesty I don't believe I was prepared to attend college. I went through high school like it was nothing. I never had to study because I just understood everything so easily. I graduated top 5% of my class never studying for any class outside of physics. I suppose, as egotistical as it sounds, this made me believe I was just smart and I assumed college wouldn't be that big of a step.  
  
I tried to get in to a 4 year university of my choice, actually my dream school. I didnt even have to write the entry essay because of my SAT scores. I moved down to my dorm and classes began the next week. Im a computer science major, just realized I didnt mention that. First week of college was ridiculously easy. 2 of my classes didnt even have class because of covid, and the rest of them were online. My only assignment was to right a 100 word paragraph introducing myself (this took like a minute or two).   
  
The next week, I couldn't even keep up. I had to take trigonometry my first year, and during our first lecture I was keeping up with the professor just fine, understanding everything. Then he brought up cosine and sine and how they made relations to the arc of a circle, and he completely lost me. Everyone around me seemed to understand completely. Everything after that point in the lecture, everything went over my head. After the lecture I asked the processor if he could briefly cover that small section again with me, and he told me the lecture was recorded and is online if i need to rewatch it, asking me to leave the room, when I asked him where online I could find it, he just said "On... Line..." proceeding to close the door between us. So I went all over the processors website, clicking every link possible trying to figure out where the lecture was. And it wasnt there. Turns out he waited 2 days before even posting the video of the lecture. The audio was awful. I could barely hear the professor, and trying to actually understand what words he was saying was a different story. The video was also pointed at an empty wall, only making it harder to follow along. I picked up a textbook to try to keep up but at the pace I was catching up it seemed so hopeless. This is only one class. I have 4 other classes. I'd spent days, trying to figure out this first assignment, for one class.  
  
This started negatively affecting my health. I found myself eating less. There have been times in the past weeks that i have gone 3 or 4 days without eating anything. As of now I'm maybe eating once a day, sometimes skipping a day. Depressed isnt a word I like to use, just because I feel like people will say I'm being dramatic, or theres people out there who have it worse, but I dont know what else to call it. I feel trapped. My girlfriend is getting worried for me assuming I'll do something regrettable. I cant drop out of college because I'll lose financial aid (obviously). If i lose financial aid I wont be able to afford my dorm. I have the option to break my lease if i drop out, but id be required to pay for the next 3 months of rent even though I'm not staying there. I've considered just not showing up for college and working full time but excessive absences could lead to an "unofficial withdrawl".  
  
I know the "right answer" is to suck it up, study my life away, and magically become successful in all my classes. This is a big decision, and I wont ever have an opportunity again to have college all expenses covered. I feel like my past few weeks of struggling cost me a life time of success. If i fail even one of my classes this semester then my financial aid is revoked and right now im still 2 weeks behind in trig. In all honesty im afraid of what the world has in store for me. I dont know if I'll be able to provide for my girlfriend, and in the future if i have a family. Im considering other options, but it almost feels like my only options are somehow barely pass all my classes, or be forced to join the military (I am not saying the military is a bad option for those who choose to do it. But in my situation, I don't want to be sent away when theres people here who need me). I feel like dropping out of college would only make me a failure. I dont know what the odds of me actually being able to take care of myself are.  
  
Please be 100% honest with any advice. I am not easily offended, and I'd prefer brute honesty over sugar coated lies. Thank you if you've made it this far.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/11tykr/no_hot_water_or_heat_in_my_house_for_over_a_year/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: no hot water or heat in my house for over a year - what can I do to help/ get through to my parents about fixing this? Long - lots of problems with our house

Hi reddit,  
  
I also posted this in /r/advice, but was hoping to get more replies. I hope it's okay that I post it here. If not, feel free to remove.  
  
I desperately need your advice.  
  
My family has been living without hot water or heat since August 2011. I live with my mom, dad, and younger brother (21). I'm 23 (f) and I'm at a loss as to what to do.  
  
My parents rent our side of a 2 family house. I've lived here my whole life. The rent is expensive for what it is... My landlord raised the rent by hundreds of dollars a few years ago just because we got a used SUV. She's pretty much a slum lord and does illegal things. My parents are afraid of her and don't know their rights.  
  
In MA, as I now understand it because of some links on rental laws that my boyfriend sent me, my landlord is responsible for providing us with heat and hot water. However, my parents are worried that my landlord will make them pay for some of it. She (illegally) made us pay half of the cost of a furnace when it broke in the middle of winter before, but they didn't know any better and didn't want to create conflict. They're terrified she'll evict us.  
  
My dad keeps completely refuse to tell my landlord that we have no hot water or heat, for fear that she'll come in the house and see the condition it's in. He's worried she'll make us pay for it, which they can't afford. He's worried that she'll evict us, which she can't do, I don't think? I'm really confused as to what our rights our, but I don't think she'd be allowed to evict us. If she did, we don't have the money to move out, so I have no idea what we'd do, except maybe move in with my grandma. However, there isn't much space there. It's impossible to talk to my parents about this. Every time I do, they shut down. It's like they're children and put their hands over their ears and won't hear any of it. They want to ignore that we have any problems. They are not being adults. Every time I try to talk to my dad about talking to my landlord, he either passively says "okay, I'll fix it" until I shut up, or he'll completely blow up at me, screaming, and won't listen to me at all or be rational. He will usually then kick my mom out of their room and go to sleep, and then my family blames all our problems on me because I "start fights."  
  
Our house is in bad shape in general. Our landlord has done the bare minimum to keep our house sound. She hired someone to replace the floor in our kitchen a few years back, for example, but now the tiles are crumbling because they were so cheap. We have a rug over it, but it's falling apart.  
  
The ceiling in the kitchen underneath the toilet completely crumbled and collapsed with sewage all over the floor. My parents went months without replacing it.  
  
Our walls are made of horsehair plaster, and there are multiple, large holes in my room because it's just crumbling. It's an old house. The wallpaper is beyond peeling off my walls and it's disgusting to live like this.  
  
We live in filth... no one cleans up after themselves except my mom and me. My brother and dad leave their trash out and expect my mom to clean it up. It's disgusting.  
  
My brother sleeps on the couch because there's too much junk in his room for him to live in it. Our porch is completely unusable for the same reason.  
  
I have no drawers to put my clothes in because they broke. My parents keep saying that they'll replace them, but money apparently is an object, or something, because over 2 years later and they're still not fixed. I have my clothes in bags on the floor. However, it's gross, because moth larvae get into them. They crawl underneath all the clothes on my floor.  
  
I have no room in my bedroom, partly because of this. I have a large amount of artwork and art supplies from when I went to art school for two years, that needs to be moved to the attic, but my dad will never help me move it there when I ask him.  
  
So, reddit, how the hell can I improve my living situation???? It's a total drain to be stressing about all of this all the time. I don't know how I function with all of this on my mind.  
  
I go to college full time. I don't have my driver's license and it's been hard affording driving lessons. I want to get a job, but as it is, it's my first semester back and I'm swamped with work all the time. Additionally, I'm saddled with around 70k of debt from going to art college for two years, previously. My aunt stopped cosigning my loans, so I had to leave and had no way of going back until my parents were able to cosign for me, 3 years later. I developed psychotic depression and have struggled functioning  
  
I don't know what to do.  
  
My therapist thinks I should move out and move into the dorms, but that would mean taking out additional loans. I can't afford any more debt.  
  
We could move in with my grandma, but my mom has refused to talk to her about any of our problems.  
  
I'm at a complete loss as to what to do. I feel so helpless.  
  
Someone help me? Any advice? :(

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/uy53s/preparing_to_be_homeless_what_route_should_we_take/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Preparing to be homeless. What route should we take?

\*\*I'm sorry this is super long. I tried to give as much detail as possible. Please read before commenting.\*\*  
  
My boyfriend and I (23/21) have been struggling for over a year now, having to move 6+ times (his parents kept 'helping' us (young with no credit) and it kept ending up putting us in bad situations because we had no say), I've had 4+ jobs, including one that I moved to a different city for and after they wrongfully terminated me (have a case open with the EEOC), I have yet to find a job that is worth a crap/isn't screwing me over. We have sold everything we own (that's worth anything) and everyday isanother battle with waiting for a craigslist email to see if we will eat that day. After selling our cell phones in November for food/gas money, he surprised me with one last week because the job I had had a broken phone, so I had no way in getting in contact with anyone once at work, including the police (it was a convenience store). The computer we have was bought by his mom with credit that I have been trying to pay off as well. The computer and now cell phone is more valuable to us that any of our other possessions (clothes, unsellable furniture, other crap in boxes marked 'garage sale' (we have 4 garage sales a month, when possible (this town has a place set aside for garage sales)). I now have an ebay account again and have been trying that avenue. The start of this downhill battle was my boyfriend's disabling medical issues that have gotten so severe, he can't leave the house sometimes. He has applied for disability twice on his own and now we have a lawyer who says she thinks she can make it happen (as soon as they see someone under 25 years old applying, apparently it's almost impossible). His (physical) medical problems get worse under stress (significantly) and now that we have moved out of the 'perfect little house' we had because the landlord was committing fraud/overstepping his boundaries, we have to live with his parents (which is the worst thing for him and his health) until we have enough money to go somewhere. I moved out asap and now 3 years later I'm living with someone else's parents.  
  
I have no family that I have anything to do with (and for good reason) and if they were around they wouldn't/couldn't help. I moved out at 18 and finished high school online, working a full time job with only my bicycle. Several obstacles/fucked up relationships later, I'm in the best relationship ever and we can't afford to eat/have nowhere to go. We have no friends (no one wants to hang out with you at your empty apartment and star at the walls/help you figure out how to make money for that day) and I've recently confessed to my boyfriend that I feel I have started suffering from a mental disorder that I have no control over and am scared to death of hurting our amazing relationship. I've thought about exploiting the fact that I weigh near nothing now and have the 'desired model body' to see if I can make any money that way, but the risks involved with 'modeling' and the fact that I won't do anything nude (not thought out and not artistic) for some dude off craigslist. prevents that from being worth looking into. But I now have the 'make money off your looks' option open, but within reason and respect for my boyfriend.   
  
We have weighed several options in the past year:  
  
\* Trucking (2 people can share a cab, drive across the country and be making money while having a 'home base' (truck).   
Living in a white panel van: he mentioned this the other day and asked what we would need to convert it to as living friendly as possible.  
  
\* Small basic RV: Large start-up cost, but wouldn't mind this idea. I'm very familiar to camping and have stayed in campers and RV's recreationally, in the past. But this would also be our vehicle, so when I would go to work, my house would be coming with me (unknown to everyone else in the parking lot, but it's kinda weird)  
  
\* Buying a really crappy trailer and sticking it on his parents land somewhere. Also gotta figure out how to turn a random spot of land into an RV-like full hook-up spot.  
Driving a motorcycle across the country and figuring it out as we go, trying to start somewhere new. This is one we thought long and hard about last year. But it obviously has the most risks.   
  
We have nothing keeping us here. And have nowhere to go but up.  
  
To make matter worse/more fuck up, I received a phone call from the old HR manager at the company I have an claim against and she tells me that they are about to write me a 100k+ check because my claim was correct. I have been blowing my case worker's phone up and every other number I can get for the past 2 weeks and NO ONE will call me back/answer their phones. I don't think my case worker knows a lot of what I was told, and she probably doesn't think this case will go anywhere. The HR manager initially told this to my boyfriend's mom (works for the same company and are friends) and now all his mom does is "have you called anyone yet?" "I really hope you'd call someone and get something done" even before I ever had spoken to the old HR manager for her to tell me that opening a case did something. So knowing that I'm seen as the 'will receive a check and take all the stress away from him and his family' person, I am not comfortable here and am tired of that 'imaginary check' being relied upon. If it comes it comes. But right now, we need a home away from this stress.   
  
Sorry about all the random details/story telling. It's hard to explain a year+ of everyday struggling to the internet. I have tried asking reddit for advice on multiple occasions and usually end up regretting it or getting no responses, which sucks when you have no one else to ask for help. I'm looking for suggestions. Avenue's we haven't thought of/are not aware of. We are very intelligent, I am physically capable and when his issues aren't bad, he doesn't care and will push through any manual labor and deal with the repercussions later (within reason). I have a hard time believing we have tried everything/have run out of options.   
  
\*\*TL;DR With no money and help from family/friends we have run out of options of surviving and need suggestions/advice on what to do and where to go. We are not above anything (except for illegal activities).\*\*  
  
EDIT: Formatting   
  
EDIT: Once again, read before you start going out of your way to be a dick to me. Being a dick doesn't help me. Stop wasting your time.   
  
EDIT2: Apparently, the 'I have a job' part is getting looked over. I have a job, but they keep cutting my hours and not giving me the position I applied for. (yes, I'm in contact with corporate) I need a place to live while I am working this crappy job.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/131cts/reddit_when_have_you_been_friends_with_a/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, when have you been friends with a celebrity or very wealthy individual, and how is your relationship with him/her today?

Just wanted to share a slice of my life with people and hear some stories. I’m a college sophomore, 19 year old average joe.  
  
Let’s begin with how I met this person: I was at my college apartment on the internet fucking bored to tears since school wasn’t to start until a few days later. I log on to my school email and realize that I have been dropped from all my classes due to college fees not paid in time. (Not my fault, don’t ask me why please)  
  
I panic and decide to go to my school counselor that day for help. I was then waiting anxiously in line for the office, until I bump into this random person. I like to compliment people, especially whenever they have nice sunglasses, and his looked either super expensive or super cheap. I decided to anyway. He proceeds to thank me and then we sign-up for counseling. After he asking me where the transfer center is, we introduce ourselves and began talking about where we came from, what major, blah blah blah. He seemed like a really nice guy, so I invited him to have dinner at my place.  
  
I call him up at the time we agreed to meet, and we have a casual conversation. I never expected anything, especially since he did not drive a super-fancy car or wear extremely expensive clothes. We then talked about entrepreneurship, one of my great passions.  
  
Then \*\*BANG.\*\*  
  
It turns out he is a major celebrity and son of one of China’s wealthiest families. A private yacht is worth pennies to him. He has more luxury suits alone than I have clothes combined. He is literally everything a girl could ask for; rich, talented, smart; funny, fun to hang out with. The mind boggling question exploded in my mind: What in the fuck are you doing in my apartment eating dinner with ME? It was my first time meeting a celebrity, and I was surprised as how he never flaunted his wealth or acted snobbish. When I went shopping with him he would even buy the cheapest brands ironically. I just continued to act normal around him.   
  
A few more times we hang out and then I notice some bad qualities about him; he is a cheating bastard. He has had so many past girlfriends it makes my head spin, and he continuously cheats for the “better” girl. By this point I’m pretty good friends with him, so I ask him why he does it. “He responds, “Because I’m a guy and I like hot girls.” This makes my stomach cringe. I just naturally shrug and say “oh.” =/ I also noticed he blames mistakes on other people and never takes responsibility; his arrogance with money also slowly shows itself over time.  
  
As school starts we hang out less…and less. Until he stopped responded to my texts to hang out or grab lunch. I then bump into him a couple days ago after weeks, and he says “I’m not ignoring you, I’m just busy.” (With a fraternity of course) I never expected to see him after the dinner alone, so I wasn’t too hurt or surprised by the silence. I never wanted to be friends with him because of his money or fame…I simply liked hanging out with him since he was nice. I viewed him as a human being; not a celebrity, not a god, just a human. I am still FB friends with him, but I feel we have completely lost connection. I just don’t think he gives a shit anymore. I mean, why would he? He’s super rich and doesn’t need a guy like me I guess, I don’t think I can blame him. What truly makes me sad is that I thought he was a good person who liked me for who I am, and I feel I have lost a good friend. My past relationships with people have never been exactly too good, so it was just a familiar pain I suppose. He kept telling me I should join a fraternity, but I feel that a fraternity is buying your friends. It just isn’t for me.   
  
Overall, he was a fun, cool person to hang out with at first. Then I realized he was just another person, and people change over time. It was one of the biggest disappointments in my life, but also one of the most valuable lessons I've learned. I’m still young, so I have a lot more to learn and experience. The question I ask myself is whether if I was lucky or not to have lost contact him.  
  
  
\*\*Tl:dr\*\* I met one the son of one of China’s wealthiest families. Was a normal and modest guy at first, then I notice some stereotypical “rich kid” characteristics about him and lose connection as school starts.  
  
What are some of your friendships with celebrities like?  
  
Srry if it sounds like a rant or is one, I'm not really good expressing myself virtually.  
  
\*\*EDIT 1\*\* I am not generalizing that all fraternities are bad, I only meant that it's something not meant for me. If a fraternity you're in allows you to build friendship and values, good for you. It's only my opinion I feel it's buying friends for ME alone. I have hung out with some fraternities before blindly accepting the "movie" stereotypes about them. Check out a frat or sorority at your school before making judgements though.