Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/qo6vdw/should_i_try_to_withdraw_from_this_class_or_push/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Should I try to withdraw from this class or push through to the end and possibly fail? Either way, I’ll likely have to retake it.

So I’m pulling a C (75) in an Intro to PR course right now that is online asynchronous, or basically a “no class meetings, here’s the work, get it done” class. I’m taking four four-credit courses right now (16 credits) and one zero-credit course that’s needed for my degree, so technically 5 classes but 16 credits.  
  
Now, 3/5 of those classes are online asynchronous, including the PR course that I’m struggling in. The difference is that with the other 2 asynchronous classes, the teachers always reach out and email their students weekly, announce their office hours, give multiple extra-credit opportunities, etcetera. The way the assignments are set up is clear-cut and explained thoroughly to where I always am able to understand what I’m being asked to do, and if not then my questions get cleared up through an email to the professor(s). Therefore, aside from that one PR class, my lowest grade currently otherwise is a 97.   
  
Now, with the PR course, I’m not at all familiar with the subject or the material, but every assignment the professor gives makes it seem as though the professor almost \*expects\* us to know exactly what to do every time (she has 20+ years of professional experience in the PR field, after all). I’ve tried to read the chapters but again, it’s like the book expects you to already be familiar with its topics. I can read a chapter multiple times from the readings and \*still\* not understand what I’m being asked to do for the assignments; I just go off of what the book shows me, but I don’t really retain any of the information afterwards.   
  
I’ve already met on Zoom with this teacher. She’s very nice and has been very accommodating in situations where I’ve needed assistance (such as not getting access to the book on-time, and giving me extra time to do assignments and not even counting them late). She means well, I’m sure, but I don’t think an online asynchronous format works well with the class or the way she teaches it. Plus, she teaches at a different university and has a 1-star rating with that university, and is apparently notorious for being nitpicky with grading and takes \*forever\* to grade assignments, so you never really know what your grade is (ex. I’ve handed in 5 assignments for her class this semester, and only gotten a grade on the \*first one\* that I handed in \*2 months ago\*). I don’t want to disappoint her, but I don’t think I’m the right fit with her teaching format.   
  
The fact that I can’t wrap my head around the material and how it’s being delivered is starting to burn me out with this class, and I’m considering withdrawing and retaking it in a future semester in a face-to-face format, as the class is a major component of my degree. There’s a teacher I have another online class with (and an A in) that will be teaching Intro to PR on-campus next semester, so if I could get in a class with her with a different teaching method, I think it would really benefit me.   
  
The 60% completion of the term is marked as being November 7th, the day my PR midterm is due. The deadline at my college to withdraw from full-term courses with a W on your transcript is the 15th, so I’m thinking of half-assedly completing the midterm, handing it in, then going to campus on the 8th or 9th and seeing if I can withdraw and retake the course face-to-face at a later date.   
  
Withdrawing will put me at 12 credits (from 16 attempted) which is still full-time status, so I have no idea if any aid would be affected. If I were to stick it out and try to pass the class, I would need a C \*minimum\*, so anything lower and I’d have to retake it anyway, plus with a major kick in the groin to my GPA.   
  
My questions are:   
1. Should I even do the PR midterm?   
2. Should I try to withdraw and retake the course later, or should I try to pass it and risk failing?   
  
I’m already 2 assignments behind in PR, too. My major worry with withdrawing from that one class is that I’d owe the school money from the financial aid that paid for it (which I don’t have). My school does flat-rate tuition though for 12-20 credits I think, so would it matter? If there’s no academic or financial consequences to withdrawing then I will literally leap to the opportunity.   
  
From college-student to college-students, any advice?  
  
TL;DR: A class that is a core requirement for my degree is being taken online asynchronously, and I’m really struggling with it. Minimum grade needed to pass is a C, which I currently \*just barely\* have, and I’m feeling burnt out from doing a bunch of assignments \*hoping\* that I’m doing them correctly. I have A’s in all of my other classes. Withdrawing would take me from 16 credits down to 12, so I’d still be considered full-time. Not passing the class would be a big hit to my GPA. Either way, I’d likely have to retake the class again, and I think face-to-face for this class specifically would be better for me. I’m just worried that financial aid may be affected, or that the school would want their money back or something. Thoughts?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/m41cmx/how_to_overcome_feeling_like_youre_stuck_and_out/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How to overcome feeling like you're stuck and out of time to change degrees/career paths??

I'm currently pursuing a bachelor's degree in Digital Forensics and planning to go for a master's in Cyber Security after this. The thing is, I don't really have much of a passion for computer science and all that. I like using them, but the inner workings of them just don't interest me much and computer/information systems and programming aren't super exciting either. I went with this major and career path because I knew there would always be job security and plenty of money to make in the field, but often find myself looking at my school's list of majors and wondering what it'd be like to do something else. I've looked into a lot of different things, from Pharmacy to Law (my current interest), and other things just seem more interesting to me and seem like they'd be more fulfilling. My problem though is that I just feel like I'm out of time and I feel stuck with this choice. I'm 25, 26 in a few months. I know that's not very old but it FEELS old when you're still stuck at home with parents working part time and still will be for quite a while, can't afford much of anything nice like a new, let alone my own place to live, and still have just under 2 years left before I can start a career and do something with my life. I also think about things like how I won't have any health insurance when I turn 26 since I'll be removed off my parent's insurance, and whenever I mention to one of my parents about having some new ideas for what to do, they usually remind me of my age and far I still have to go on this degree and how I need to finish so I can do something with my life (my other parent tends to be more supportive). It's not really so much that this one parent isn't supportive or doesn't care or anything, they're just looking at the future and trying to look at it from a logical standpoint so I can make a smart move on whatever I choose to do and that that choice will be in my best interest  
  
I started getting interested in being a lawyer and I've been doing some research here and there on law schools near me and what the curriculum and tuition and all that good stuff will be, but I end up getting discouraged when I think about how I'd still need to finish a bachelor's (I'd probably change to a Criminal Justice bachelor's which would take the same amount of time to finish as my current degree which is just under 2 years) and then it'll still take another 3 years to finish law school so I'd basically be 30 or 31 depending on when I could start it, and I've read that it's tough to work full time through most of law school and nigh impossible to do it during the first year (or even part time work for that matter, judging by the course load of the first year). I start thinking about how I'm already stuck at home as it is and can't afford to move out or anything like that and doing something like this I'd REALLY be stuck at home then, and it wouldn't feel good to be 30 still stuck at home and never having moved out a single time. All those feelings get coupled with what my parent says about looking ahead and finishing and pretty much not sticking myself in that very situation I think about being stuck in and I just get discouraged from pursuing anything else. I basically feel stuck with what I chose and with my age and how long I still have left until I finish this degree, I just feel like I'm out of time to do anything else, and I could always go back in the future but I'd like to get it right the first time and not have to do that, you know?? It's really my fault that I'm in this situation anyway because I didn't take school seriously enough in my earlier adult years and I valued leisure (like video games) over education and really looking ahead. I mean I have an associate's degree so I've already been in school for years but I regret not being more aggressive with school and planning my future years ago or else I might be doing one of these other things I've looked at doing. Slacking off on it and not really putting a lot of thought into it is something I'll always regret but hopefully I end up feeling happy and fulfilled and satisfied by the field I'm going into  
  
Regardless, I'm sure all this research on law school won't be the last time I go looking at what all other opportunities are out there and wishing I could actually consider them and do them before it really is too late because of how I get closer and closer each semester to earning this degree  
  
But like the topic says, how can I overcome these feelings of feeling stuck on this path that I'm unsure that I want to do and being out of time to consider other options?? That includes the option of just sticking with this one and going for it too, if that's the best option then how could I get past these modes I get into of looking at other things and just look forward to the career path I've chosen??

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/flbpt9/im_failing_my_freshman_year_of_college_what_do_i/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I’m failing my freshman year of college. What do I do?

I’m just going to jump straight into some context.  
  
I had no friends growing up. None. I’ve gone my entire life up till my freshman year of college not knowing the true feeling of having friends, primarily due to my selective mutism as a young kid and later my non-verbalism throughout high school. Because of my terrible social anxiety, I grew to loathe myself. I often let my grades plummet throughout my childhood. It’s not that I wasn’t capable; school was a breeze if I actually gave two shits about paying attention or turning work in. I wouldn’t say I’m inherently stupid. It’s just that I lacked the motivation to do literally anything. I procrastinated to the utmost degree and never gave anything my all. I grew up in a constant depressed state and was prepared to end my life during my college years because I only ever saw myself as a failure of a person. For a long time I couldn’t imagine myself improving, and I’d convinced myself that I was destined to be that way for the rest of my sad life.  
  
However, I miraculously proved myself wrong. I actually made a friend. By pure chance, I somehow actually managed to become close with a single person (let’s call her Elle) at my university. She’s fantastic, and spending so much time with her and becoming close with one another has really opened my eyes to how exciting having friends can be. However, I let my fears get the better of me these past two quarters. I was (and still am, admittedly) so terrified of losing Elle that I accepted every one of her invites to her dorm, during which we would always stay up till 4 AM. This was on a several-times-per-week basis. I went to every house party and every recreational event I was invited to by her. It’s not that Elle is a poor student in any regard; she’s actually incredibly on top of things. However, thus far she’s taken far easier and less demanding courses than I have, and I’d say I spend generally more time on my large-scale projects than she does. Regardless, I spend all of my time with her. I go to all of these things with her, not only to make myself happy, but also because I have a deep rooted fear that I’m going to lose her as a friend if I spend too little time with her, which is why I spend the most time possible with her. Maybe anyone would understand if this was their only experience with having and maintaining a friendship, but I can understand how most people would think of me as simply idiotic. From a logical view, I know that she wouldn’t mind if I took some time to actually focus on school, but I just can’t shake that fear and I don’t know how to.  
  
Because of these time-wasting tendencies, I failed a single course my first quarter. I passed the other two with A’s, but the F really took a blow to my GPA. Second quarter, I’m fairly positive I failed all three courses. I haven’t received my grades yet, but I have a feeling I didn’t do well in any of them. First quarter was pretty bad since I couldn’t manage keeping up with all of my classes with my friend-invested schedule, so instead I put all my efforts into two classes while letting the third slip. Second quarter was an even bigger disaster, however. I’m usually a very punctual person, and being late to or missing anything has always been out of the question for me, unlike my friend, Elle. She‘s skipped a couple classes here and there for the sake of taking more time to complete work outside of class. One day, her own tendency rubbed off on me. I boldly skipped one of my design classes because I desperately needed more time to finish work for another. This turned into a habit. I began skipping more classes, and until two of my professors reached out to me about it, I had already skipped 2-3 classes per each of their courses. I had drastically fallen behind in all three courses, and it was nearly the end of the quarter. Because my stupid ass thought it best to spend all my free time hanging out with Elle during my final few weeks rather than catching up in my classes, I ended up staying behind in all of those courses. Second quarter ended a week ago, and I am so utterly terrified of what I’ve done, not only because I always manage to gradually ruin my life, but also because I now have to explain this to my parents.  
  
My parents know that I’m capable. They expect big things from me. I was ecstatic during my first quarter and would constantly tell them how pumped I was to excel in my courses and finally get a strong start on life from here. I lied to them when I got my grades back for first quarter. I lied to them when I was struggling during second quarter. I told them I was okay. I wanted to appear responsible, ironically I suppose. My dad wants my first quarter grades back and has been pressing about it for months. I always tell him I’ll get back to him with them, don’t, and then tell him I forgot next time he questions me about it. I purposefully avoided calling my parents nearly as much as I did during first quarter because I feared my dad would ask for my grades again. Now that I’m stuck at home, I can’t avoid it. I’m going to have to spill the beans within the coming days and I’m mortified. I’m scared of disappointing my parents, and I know how much my success means to them. How do I go about telling them?  
  
I know that I’ve effectively wasted a quarter’s worth of tuition, and I have nobody but myself to blame. I know that I’m clearly not prepared for college life and that I should’ve taken a gap year, like my parents had initially insisted, even though I hated (and still hate) that prospect. I started cutting again. I can’t stand myself right now. How does everyone else seem to balance their outside of school life and their school life? Why is it so fucking difficult for me to find that medium?  
  
I don’t want to leave Elle. I don’t want to be alone again. I want this feeling to stay, but I think I already blew my chances. There’s only one quarter left, and my GPA is already down the gutter. I don’t think I can save myself. Either I’ll get booted from school if I can’t maintain a perfect A average this coming quarter or my parents will force me out. Deep down I want to stay, but I worry that I may not have that option.  
  
The whole coronavirus outbreak led to my college dismissing the entire school for spring quarter. We’re doing online classes from home, and I’m confident that this could be my saving turnaround. I won’t have to worry about spending excessive amounts of time with Elle in person. I’m prepared to bust my ass off working hard. I want to achieve good grades. I really do. I want to do well in life. But simultaneously, there’s something deep down telling me that I’m lying to myself. I tell myself the same shit often, but I never come through. But I know that I have to come through this time, because the consequences for not doing so are too immense.  
  
But what should I really do at this point? Where do I go from here? Do I accept failure, learn from it and continue to pass my courses with flying colors? Is it even possible for someone to bounce back from such failure during their freshman year? Should I transfer and sink into an even deeper depression? Should I give up on college? Or should I just give up entirely? Because at this point, I don’t see myself ever becoming a better person. No matter how much I want to be successful, I always end up screwing myself over and failing. I want nothing more than to die right now and I have no idea how to express that adequately with words.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/azopb5/should_i_transfer_to_another_college_closer_to/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Should I transfer to another college closer to home?

TLDR: I go to a commuter school far from home and I feel lonely. Should I give up the good program I'm in to go back home for school?  
  
Sorry for the wall of text.  
  
I am a Freshman in an accelerated Pharmacy Program on the East Coast. I've been wrestling with this idea for a lot of time recently and would like some advice for what I should do.  
  
For starters, I am originally from California. Most of my extended family lives around the same area as me, so I tend to associate the two. When I was applying for colleges, I felt that I wanted something beyond California. I didn't want to feel like I never tried to explore beyond my home. Also, I considered my talents and influences, and figured that I wanted to become a Pharmacist.  
  
So, once the acceptances and rejections came in, I decided that I would go to this university in New York with an accelerated Pharmacy program. Not only did it provide a direct path to a career, but it was also a big change from my normal settings. Further, I received more scholarships for that school than any others I applied to, making it essentially the same price I would pay to attend a UC. So, with a set career, big change that I wanted, and (relatively) a lot of money, what more could I ask for?  
  
Well, now that I am in my second semester of Freshman, as well as the power of hindsight, I recognize some of the issues with my situation.  
  
For one, the school I go to is a commuter school. I failed to take this into account when I applied, but now I realize the issues this causes. Namely, it is much more difficult to create a social circle. I don't think that it's because it's a commuter school, but because it is a commuter school in another state. Beyond school hours, campus is practically dead, with little to no events besides the introductory freshman events and the like. It feels like everyone who goes here went to the same high schools or were even in the same friend groups before they went to college, and trying to join in on these groups feels awkward at best, and downright rude at worst. Further, any sense of party atmosphere is dominated by the frats which, frankly, I'm not into. There is the sense of exclusivity where you need to know the right people to go to these events. Also, because of the commuter environment, a lot of people who do live on campus tend to go home on the weekends, increasing the lonely atmosphere that campus has.  
  
I tried to remedy this by joining clubs, but I failed to get to know anyone beyond other freshmen who joined the club at the same time. I've made a couple of friends along the way, mostly through virtue of being in the same program or club, but nothing feels substantially close for me.  
  
But, most of all, I feel homesick. I love New York and being able to explore it on a vastly superior public transportation system is a nice bonus. But, the more I try to explore, the more alone I feel. It feels awkward trying to get to explore a place with someone who has lived there their whole life and is not even particularly close to you. I start to think more about home and all the friends and family I left to "Do my own thing."  
  
From here, I feel that I have two choices:  
  
1. Stick it out and hope the situation gets better  
2. Transfer out to another college  
  
I have reason to believe in Option 1 because it is the same thing that happened to me in High School. I didn't truly have a reliable friend group until late into my Junior Year. I still talk with them and make the effort to hang out whenever I come back home. But, I still remember the first two and a half years of loneliness and fake-feeling friendships I had to deal with until I made it to that point. Also, who's to say it'll work out like that again?  
  
Option 2 is a much riskier path, but the rewards I might reap are also much higher. If I do transfer out, I feel that my best option might be one of the UCs. From what I observed during my college visits, the UCs tended to have more active campuses overall. Further, with a greater number of people coming from within the state, I have much more in common with the other students.  
  
The greatest loss out of this option is transferring out of the accelerated Pharmacy Program. One of the benefits of being within the program is that I do not have to take the PCAT. If I were to transfer out, I would first have to apply to another major, graduate, and then take the PCAT and apply into another Pharmacy School. All this taking \~8 years, whereas the current program is 6.  
  
Another option is to attend UoP in Stockton, which also has multiple Pre-Pharmacy Programs. However, I am unsure of the exact details of how my credits would transfer (UoP has 2+3, 3+3, and 4+3 programs, whereas my current college is 0-6) or if I would even be allowed to apply to those programs. Further, UoP is also quite expensive, and I chose not to attend as I originally felt that I did not receive enough scholarships to justify attendance.  
  
Perhaps I could do a little of both - stick it out for my sophomore year and, if it still doesn't work out, transfer.  
  
However, I can't help but hear this nagging notion that I'm simply conflating California and Comfort. As a transfer, I feel that I would have just as hard a time with creating my social circle as I do now, simply because most friendships would have already been established. I feel this sense of awkwardness would be even greater if I tried to apply as a Junior for the same reasons. Further, perhaps it is not the environment I am in that is making it difficult, but my own shyness and personality.

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

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

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/w8ets/as_a_23yearold_college_sophomore_i_have_been/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: As a 23-year-old College Sophomore, I have been continually screwed over financially by my family, and may now have to drop out. What are my options, Reddit?

Not entirely sure this belongs in AskReddit, but it's a question that I would like to ask a large base of people... so here goes:  
  
So in 2006 I dropped out of HS about 4 months from graduation because my family was verbally abusive and otherwise absent from my life.  
  
I moved away from home, found a job, and worked for a while before deciding that I wanted to do more with my life. So I got my GED, and got into college. I started my first semester in January 2010, and everything was great. But it wasn't meant to last.  
  
The first time I filed my FAFSA I went back home to my grandparents' (My 53 year old father lives with his 68 year old mother) and basically \*forced\* my father to sign the paperwork. I filled everything out for him because he wasn't going to. All he had to do was sign it, and it still took me about 3 weeks to get him to do it.  
  
But all was well, because the information was in on time, my EFC (Estimated Familial Contribution... or how much the college expects my family to pay) was $0. Financial Aid + Loans was enough to cover my living expenses + school. I had a 3.0GPA after my first semester of college. I was happy.  
  
That's where the good times ended. Every single year since then (I now live about 6 hours away from my Grandparents/Dad) my financial paperwork has gotten later, and later. And each time I get less and less aid. I remind him months in advance, email/fax him paperwork that's all filled out and just waiting for a signature. They need his tax information, which he doesn't file until early April if at all.  
  
He makes less than $5,000 a year because he doesn't work real jobs, and when he is working he either quits, or doesn't get paid by his sketchy employers. So I can't expect anything from him, and my grandparents are living on retirement.  
  
Ever since that first golden semester I've had at least 50% less money from the government to go to school meaning that I've been working at least 30 hours a week to maintain a \*barely\* full-time schedule. It's taken a toll on my grades so far, dropping me down to a 2.1 overall GPA.  
  
This last semester I ended up working 70 hours a week just to pay for my living expenses and bare necessities, including sparing money for my family when I could. My mother is constantly asking for money which she always promises to pay back but never does. Back on topic though, working 70 hours a week, and trying to take 12+ semester hours (That's ~60 hours of school work per week, according to the school expectations) is killing me.  
  
I'm now deep in loan debt, and my grades continue to suffer. I owe my roommate $3,000 because he kept me afloat when I was down. I owe my ex girlfriend $3,000 because she was helping me when I couldn't afford to eat and pay for classes.  
  
I want to finish my degree more than anything, but right now I'm in a situation where I can't file my own FAFSA without at least one parent, and my mother is trying to avoid it since she owes the IRS money. So it's relying on my King-of-procrastination father to get me the aid I need since I can't file as an independent until I'm 24 (next April).  
  
What do I do?   
  
\* Working and trying to go to school is killing my grades.  
  
\* Cutting my school hours to part-time cuts my already low Aid in half  
  
\* Cutting my school hours to less-than-full-time means I have to start paying loans back (something I'd have to work even more to do)  
  
\* Relying on my parents to fill out their part of the FAFSA is absolutely useless. And I can't file as an Independent until I'm 24 (April 2013)  
  
\* I can't afford to drop out, because it'll mean I have to start paying back loans, but I can't afford to stay in school because I don't have enough money.  
  
\* I need a degree to do what I want to do (Run a large scale Convention, build life-size above ground "Dungeons" and create a functional D&amp;D/LARP system that works, hire actors to be monsters, etc etc... I need a business degree and to make the right contacts)  
  
\* I'm in a really bad bind right now because I owe my friends money for supporting me the past year and a half, but all of my money is getting poured into trying to stay afloat, and in school.  
  
  
Everything would be fine if I could just get my financial aid information in on time. My EFC is $0, I would be completely clear to just focus on school... but I can't do that until I file for next year's aid.  
  
Just looking for advice/options. Tanking my grades means spending even longer in school just retaking classes, and destroys my GPA. Dropping out will destroy me financially, but staying in is doing the same.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/k4yxeh/this_semester_grades_handling_of_covid_effects_on/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: This Semester (Grades, handling of COVID, Effects on Mental Health)

So I'm currently a sophomore attending a very rigorous, top 25 US university. Basically, I had found myself going down a dark path when COVID/Lockdowns first started. As I am sure it did to most, being in a lockdown/isolated from the normal life that we have all grown accustomed to really had a negative impact on my mental health. My family has a history of depression on both sides and I could not admit it to myself at the time, but I was becoming depressed. I started smoking weed everyday, multiple times per day and stayed in bed constantly. I would just smoke, go on my laptop, xbox, or phone and numb myself from the feelings I was experiencing.  
  
Once the lockdown started to ease up in the summer, I was 20 pounds heavier (in 2 months) and disgusted with myself whenever I was sober and looked in the mirror. Without any motivation, I continued my way down this dark spiraling path. I kept telling myself it would get better once I returned to college, but I got myself into more bad habits in the mean time. My "friend" became an illegal "online bookie" and I would spend my days just gambling and smoking. My concept of realness would get so numbed from the constant high, that I would be irrational with my gambling and not have any concept of how much I was actually losing (these sites use credits, so there are no up front deposits needed. Just a final payout/collection at the end of the week.). This newfound gambling addiction was a way for me to create excitement in a time I felt there was not much to do.  
  
Luckily for me my college did decide to open up in the fall, and I felt some non drug/gambling related excitement for the first time in awhile. I had just finished pledging a fraternity before COVID had impacted that semester, and could not wait to see my friends. Part of me had no confidence in some regards, as my subtle transformation to a degenerate left me feeling so uncomfortable in my own skin. I dealt with this for the beginning of the semester when I got back, but then something cool happened. I started to find motivation. I was able to workout with friends in our dorms which made it a lot more fun and we were able to hold each other accountable, and they helped me go on a t break. I had lost 10 pounds and was feeling the best I had in a long time.  
  
But then I got Covid. I hadn't gone to a single party. We hungout in our dorms and kept low, but everyone on campus was seemingly getting it. The school threw me in a Best Western Motel for 12 days and I completely regressed back to my old ways. All I had for the next 12 days was weed I had brought (Even with the tbreak there was no way at that time I was going to get through 12 days of isolation with no weed at all. Call it dumb, but other people brought alcohol to keep them company, so to each their own) and the TV in my room. As well as the gambling that I decided to take up again, which resulted in me risking a total of $700 in those 12 days and pretty much breaking even at -$12. I was not allowed to go outside once. I had entered into that Best Western when it was around 75-80 degrees in the beginning of October, to 60-65 when I came out, but I didnt realize the gradual shift in temperature til the day I left.   
  
The isolation and experience of that was horrible. I didnt have any symptoms of Covid besides a slight fever and loss of smell which I regained after a few days. These slight symptoms goes for any college student I have personally met that has contracted the disease, which is around 75-100. The symptoms of Covid werent the bad part for me, it was the complete tear of my mental health. I came out of that isolation in the same position I had started in before college started: Depressed, addicted to pot and gambling, and overweight.   
  
The campus I returned to was the most restrictive place I could ever imagine. I got written up for throwing a football on the quad, and being in a 4 person hall when there were 5 people there at the time within the first few weeks. There was nothing to do and I felt completely lost about how I could turn my life around.   
  
This had such a huge toll on me and my habits got worse and worse. I started smoking the most I had ever in my entire life. I would wake up and get high and immediately start placing bets. I had met some guys who were big spenders and I would start to match their spending habits while I was completely fried and not involved in the reality of it all. I knew it was really getting bad when I had to call my parents for $1.3k out of my savings account. I admitted my issues gambling and they told me to get help from someone at school, but wired me the money too. I had thought that by calling them they would take me out of this place and tell me to come home. A few weeks later I was feeling so shit that I was throwing down the most expensive bets ever cause in the back of my head it was "well, you're either gonna be making some nice money or definitely going home this time". Obviously that was foolish and dumb, but thats the way Ive looked back and assessed my thought process during that time and my therapist agrees.   
  
Upon coming home, my family had been supportive and I have never felt better. Hitting a personal rock bottom has shifted my perspective on life and I can gladly say I have been seeing a therapist for the first time in my life these past 6 weeks I have been home, and I also have not bet or smoked once. I am happy to say that I also have been going to the gym 6 times a week, and have never been in better shape before.   
  
With this all being said (sorry for such a long post XD), how do these schools expect us students to be okay in the conditions they have set up for us? I know I am not the only one who has experienced these sort of things this semester, yet might be one of the only ones to admit these problems I have dealt with. Although I am doing great now, I really feel this whole situation is fucked and that these schools should be exposed for the non-caring businesses they truthfully are. They only care about the money we pay them regardless of the experience they provide, and for me thats 38k (76k a year!) for a 2.6 GPA (haven't even told my parents yet), deepened mental health issues, and unneeded stress.   
  
I guess I wanted this to be more of a place for people to share their opinions on the COVID effected semester and share their own experiences. Thanks guys.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/psychology/comments/14xbbt/thoughts_from_a_therapist_on_mental_health/), Subreddit: r/psychology, Title: Thoughts From A Therapist On Mental Health Promotion In The Wake Of The Connecticut Tragedy

(Before reading this, please be aware of my qualifications. I graduated in 2011 with and Educational Specialist degree in Counselor Education from the University of South Carolina. I have spent most of my career working at my University’s counseling center and working within Medicaid-funded programs with Seriously Emotional Disturbed adolescents, both within the client’s home and within the school system. I have recently moved to Moscow, Russia where I am working as a professor at a local university. My opinions are inherently biased by my experiences and will undoubtedly retain a “sophomore” quality due to my age and experience level. That said, my frustrations are genuine and my hope is to inspire constructive dialogue on the issue of mental-health promotion).  
  
Upon seeing the recent news of the shootings in Connecticut, I was unsurprised to see yet another examination of the availability of mental health services to Americans. “Mental health professionals are hard to find!” “Privatized counseling services are too expensive!” “Too few qualify for strictly regulated Medicaid-funded mental-health service!” “There are too few hospital beds for the mentally-ill!” Indeed, individuals that commit such acts are not “evil” (in whatever sense you choose to use that word); rather, they are the victims of their own biologies and environments, which, ultimately, lead them to the horrible conclusion that murdering innocents is a viable solution to whatever they have been stricken with. It is unfortunate, however, that the United States often gets stuck on the aforementioned questions, never really considering viable solutions for the promotion of mental health care. So, as we stand at the end of what has been another banner year for mass-shootings, let us instead consider some viable options that could promote the improvement of mental health care in the United States.  
  
Improvement in licensure standards throughout the United States.  
  
Upon the completion of my degree in Counselor Education, I was immediately met with the challenge of finding a supervisor and a job that would meet the standards of the state I was attempting to gain my license within (at the time it was Virginia). It took approximately six months for the paperwork to process, by which time I had achieved a new position within a new company, sending me back to square one. Four months after refilling my paperwork, it was expressed to me that my position did not qualify for licensure supervision due to “assessment” not being an explicit aspect of my job description. The obvious solution would be to find a new job that did provide such an activity. This proved to be extraordinarily difficulty as most jobs that did provide the opportunity for assessment and diagnoses were unavailable to me as they preferred licensed candidates. The only job that DID appear to allow me to engage in the needed activities to qualify for licensing (throughout the United States) were what are called “In-Home Therapy” jobs. So, let’s just make this clear, In-Home Therapy IS as horrible as it sounds. I have been attacked, spit on, threatened (verbally and with weapons) which is topped off by my employers shrugging and the declaration of the fact that, “that is just what comes with the territory.”  
  
All of that said, I did it. I took a second job working as an In-Home Therapist and Clinical Assessor, driving around after my 8 hour work day at a school to complete assessments and engage clients in therapy (at their homes). Why was I doing this? It sure as hell wasn’t for the money. Between both jobs, I made approximately $45,000 and had a crappy HMO insurance plan. Frankly, I did it to begin counting my work hours towards my LPC license; however, my paperwork was never processed by the Virginia Board of Counseling (at least I don’t think it was, I moved to Russia before they had a chance to get back to me on their decision to approve my job, 4 months after I had applied). So let us recap, I’m working 70 hours a week, getting paid a crappy salary for it, and because of the hang ups at the Virginia Board of Counseling, I was never even able to count a single hour of my work experience towards my LPC. Why is it so hard for a graduate of an accredited university (who graduated with a perfect 4.0 GPA, mind you) to begin achieving his license? If I had been able to begin my license, more jobs would have been available to me and my skills would have been available to a wider range of individuals. I may have even stayed in the counseling field if I didn’t have to jump through a series of ridiculous hoops to obtain my LPC. Who would want to do this?  
  
Standardizing licensing requirements for individuals educated in Counseling would inevitably smooth this process out. At this moment, there is not a national standard for professional licensure within the field of counseling (this excludes social work, psychiatry, and psychology).   
  
Each state has its own rules for licensure, bogging down the system in a variety of ways. In the case of Virginia, each applicant must be considered by a board (which consisted of about two, yes, TWO people who meet once a month) to see if their application meets Virginia’s standards for the LPC or LPC-eligibility. Wouldn’t this just be easier if all states had the same standards? Not to mention, if I want to move to another state I then have to deal with issues of reciprocity, which may cause me to have to spend a considerable amount of money on licensing exams, extra coursework (outside of expected Continuing Education Units you must accumulate). Is all of this time and money (did I mention that graduate school is a nice $80,000 financial set back) worth it for a crappy $45,000 a year salary? Hell No.  
  
Improve support for employees.  
  
 Counseling is a field that focuses entirely on supporting people. From day one of graduate school, you are told all the different ways you can help others and why it is so vital to their well being. Surprisingly, when it comes to counselors themselves, there is little or no support offered. For example, there are some ethical standards that state that if you feel unsafe, you do not have to work with a client. However, when your client pulls a knife on you in the second session and threatens your life alone in their home (yes, this happened), it is almost impossible to gain some protection and there is always a ready answer. Have another counselor come with you? We don’t have enough people. Meet outside the client’s home? We don’t have the space. Meet with the client with other family members present? Great, if you can get them to come. Stop seeing the client? You can try, but then you will not meet your weekly hour requirements and will receive a citation at work and a pay cut. But really, it’s up to you, we support you.  
  
The hypocrisy that has been built around the pay structure of Medicaid-funded counseling often leads to the abuse of the therapists themselves. What talented and educated individual would want to work within this framework? Yet all therapists are forced into these positions, putting themselves at-risk as a means of fulfilling productivity hours. This is an inherent problem of the entire outpatient structure that has flowed from de-institutionalization: therapists are being put in more dangerous positions due to the demands of their employers. Employees of PACT (a psycho-pharmaceutical oriented outpatient program) and In-Home are required to meet with seriously emotional disturbed individuals within their homes. Again, what talented mental health professionals would want to put themselves in this position? Where is the emphasis on security precautions for the therapist? Could bringing back institutional care improve this situation? Could it improve the availability of properly trained individuals (as they would now be practicing under the umbrella of a secure institution)? Undoubtedly, all mental health professionals know the risks of working with these populations; but, could we maybe be pushing it a little too far?  
  
Increasing Funding to Mental Health Care   
  
Let me tell you about VICAP. The Virginia Independent Clinical Assessment Program is the wolf in sheep’s clothing. On the surface, it is a measure to improve diagnoses and referrals for needed care. In reality, it is a cost saving technique that is designed to weed out individuals that “do not meet qualifications for mental health care.” What does a person need to do to receive Medicaid-funded services from qualified providers? Well, first they must schedule a VICAP assessment (due to backlogs, this may take up to a month). IF they are approved for services, they must then face ANOTHER assessment from their qualified provider. Once this assessment is completed, Medicaid assessors scrutinize the assessment to see if the individual meets the qualifications for treatment. All in all, an individual is looking at two assessments (lasting around and hour and a half each), scrutiny from a variety of sources, and at least a month waiting time. Now, of course, they could go seek their own therapy and pay out of pocket ($60-$130 dollars per session, and around $200 dollars per session with a psychiatrist). Or, they can take their HMO to their primary care physician, where they will have to receive a referral for mental health services (if there are any in their area). Best case-scenario, an individual with his own private insurance is able to self-refer to a mental health professional. Depending on the backlog of their local psychiatrist’s office, they could be looking at a 2-3 month waiting time to see their chosen psychiatrist. The wait for a psychologist may be slightly shorter but the client will not be receiving the comprehensive healthcare they may require (e.g. psychotropic medication).  
  
So let’s recap. Mental health care is damn near impossible to get if you lack insurance. If you have Medicaid, it is rather difficult to receive care, requiring a multitude of assessments that must be redone on a regular basis. If you have private insurance, it is STILL difficult to receive the care you need due to mental health funding caps on private insurance AND the sheer lack of availability of mental health workers! So, what should be done? Medicaid is failing the poor of the United States and increasing our country’s unmitigated mentally ill populations. Insurance has made it difficult for individuals to receive the care they need due to funding caps and their inconsistent payouts to mental health workers (certain diagnoses can be denied by insurance companies). And, frankly, the mental health industry is failing the mentally ill due to poor licensing standards and the lack of proper financial compensation for talented workers.  
  
Going back to the thing that started this conversation – sadly, nothing can be done. We cannot undo the shooting and save people who were lost. The only thing we can do is try to bring about a positive change. The tragedy cannot be stopped once the shooter walks in a school, it has to be prevented long before that. After so many recent instances of such tragedies, it is deeply saddening that nothing seems to be changing, but perhaps this terrible tragedy can at least serve as a much needed wake up call.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ah8lln/how_do_you_go_into_college_and_still_thrive_under/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How do you go into college and still thrive under the crippling fear and debt?

TL;DR will be at the bottom.  
  
Preface: I swear I'm not a weeb. Language has always interested me and it was a tossup between Russian and Japanese because I wanted a challenge. Picked Japanese because they made my childhood games and I dig the culture and always thought I'd be a dope as fuck teacher, so it all kinda fits. Something about leaving your homeland and making a sustainable life for yourself in a completely alien country appeals to me; I feel like if I could do that I could do anything in the world if I put my heart towards it.  
  
This is gonna be a wordy story because the basis of my issue with college is depression and anxiety, so if I bum you out then leave. I try my best to chill with the digressions.  
  
I got into the University of Arizona with like a fuckin 2.7 GPA or something. I'm not stupid, just suddenly got lazy once puberty hit, and depressed by the time I was out of highschool. But I digress. Kek.  
  
I went there for basically a semester and stopped going to class a few weeks into the second one. I'd made the dumbest decision ever to pick a major immediately just because my buddy did. I picked Computer Science because I've always kinda been interested in computers and programming and games and shit, and so did he for the same reasons. Immediately half my classes are math and I hated myself already at this point but my grades were absolute dogshit and I realized I hated the impending math class more than I could ever dig computers. I end up dropping a math class, but too late so it counted as an F I'm pretty sure.  
  
I switch majors to East Asian Studies. Japanese 101 was the first class I'd ever taken in my entire life that actually had me WANTING to go to school, I really was interested as fuck in doing this and was down with doing the English Teacher in Japan thing. But with the already F on my record I was beating myself up and gave up and stoppes doing most homework which is something I could get away with in highschool but not there. I did great on tests and quizzes, but that ain't enough so it seems.  
  
After the first semester I had a 1.8 GPA. If I fucked up again I was going to lose my loans and pretty much have to drop out. The stress huge. I was already depressed and comparing myself to all these other people I see and thinking I don't deserve to be there and I'm a piece of shit wasting an opportunity while also putting myself in debt without getting anything out of it. I'd fully succumb to my procrastination and self hatred and just kinda hermitted out in my apartment. I stopped going to Biology, then I was skipping Nutrition, then I finally hated myself enough to stop kidding myself and just stopped going to the other two.  
  
If I recall currectly I should have withdrawn in a way that won't count towards my GPA when I go back, but I'm still in debt for two semesters and have like 8k to go and can hardly make the payments even living with my parents and working 32ish hours a week.  
  
My 22nd birthday is Monday. Having a bit of an existential crisis. I'm the only one from the "smart" nerdy group of kids from highschool that isn't going to school and isn't working towards any plans and is on track to being a total waste of air.  
  
When I think back, I really did like college. If I had just done well in my classes, I'd not have to be so fucking stressed, but the blow that the Computer Science choice did to my GPA sent me into hardcore self-loathing mode and I gave up. But other than that, I had and have Japanese friends who are fantastic and would genuinely do everything in their power to help me pursue a life in Japan. I was part of the radio club and had my own metal show on the station on Fridays where I got to jam all my favorite songs (I love music), and I had music classes I was sorta planning to take along side everything because I'm a hobby musician.  
  
That being said, I feel like the only way I'm ever going to be happy is if I try this again. Or even a trade school or some shit but I'd be hard pressed to find anything tooly I'd be interested in, mechanical shit never got me. But I'm already fucking 8k in debt and it fucking irks my soul hard.  
  
I can't imagine going back there, getting a job (oh yeah did I mention I wasn't even fucking working at the time? I've held a job for over a year since so I've at least built a shred of discipline since then) that I'll probably hate that probably won't pay near enough for me to comfortably live there without parent carepackages (that eat my fucking soul. Makes me feel worthless), AND just be all like "oh that 8k you were crying about? Its 14k now." and be fucking OKAY with it and be able to function.  
  
So how do you do it? How do you go to college with depression? How do you do it with anxiety over your debt and the years and years of payments you're burying yourself under, let alone what if you graduate and can't find a job right away or even a job in your field, let alone if worse happens and you struggle to make payments which in turn make you struggle just in day to day life, worse case scenario?  
  
I've never understood the people in college that seemed super happy and just stoked on life. Like what if you fuck up yo? What if something goes wrong? The debt can potentially pin you down for life. Why am I the only one that seems to be petrified by this? Is it because I didn't get in with scholarships and shit and just got the standard little grants everybody gets?  
  
TL;DR: If you have depression and anxiety issues, how do you keep the looming debt from stressing you out and still function well enough to both work a job and go to college while still excelling academically?

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/hpe7w/swimming_in_debt_from_school_loans_and_cant_get/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Swimming in debt from school loans and can't get anymore to finish school. What do I do?

I'll start right off saying I'm an idiot for doing all this, but it's over and done with so now I'm just trying to start up again with what I have.   
  
I'm currently a 22 year old chick trying to go to college. When I was 18, I went to school immediately and did alright, but decided half way through the school year I wanted to go to a different school closer to home. There starts my first mistake. However, being so young and impetuous, I saw no downside to this. I lived at home with my dad for 6 months while going to this second school closer to home, but then decided to move out with a friend to actually live in the college town so I wouldn't have to commute every day.   
  
At this point I was still going full-time and loving school. Loving moving out. Had plenty of money for what I needed. Doing fine. At some point...the Ohio weather and my roommate and my boyfriend at the time and whatever else...just sent me into a downward spiral that I absolutely quit going to classes, I called off constantly from work, I just sat in my apartment watching television shows on DVD. It was pretty pathetic, but in the end, I came out of it, but not in time to recover my classes. I got kicked out of school due to academic performance.   
  
It was at that time that my lease was almost up, my roommate and I weren't on great terms anymore, a close friend of mine was moving to Columbus to be with her girlfriend and asked if I wanted to take off from the Cleveland area as well. Being bored and just needing a change and no longer being tied to school, I jumped at the opportunity. The whole move was the best thing I've ever done.   
  
Sorry this is so long and drawn out, this is my first post to Reddit to seek out assistance. But after the move, I slowly started to weed through my life and get things in order. Now it's a year and a half after I first moved to Columbus and I'm finally ready mentally to tackle school. I love the job I have right now, but I don't want to be doing it indefinitely. Here's where all the technical stuff from my loans and school crap comes in.   
  
This past quarter I paid for a class at the local community college out of my own pocket. Unfortunately, I simply can't afford to pay out of pocket for me to go full time to school. I can only afford a few hundred and that gets me only half-time. Now, because I took so much time off in between schools and figuring out what I want to do with my life, all of my loans are in repayment. My federal loans are great because I can get all kinds of deferments from them, so they aren't an issue. I do, however, have a loan from Sallie Mae for $8,000 and they want there money. Period. My dad was a co-signer for that loan, so even if I were to not care about my credit...I'd be bashing his if I didn't pay. I've been having so much trouble paying the $200/mo bill for them that I've fallen way behind and hurt both our credit scores. The option that seemed viable was to just apply for another loan through them so I could go back to school full-time. Once in school full-time, my loan from Sallie Mae (and everyone else) would go into automatic in-school deferment. Therefore I would only have one $50/mo payment to Sallie Mae for interest accrued on the loan. That I can manage.   
  
I put in for that new school loan yesterday and had my dad fill all the paperwork out to co-sign for it again. Got the whole lecture I deserved on how I need to really go through with this all the way this time...the whole thing. At this point...I just want to finish school and I'll do just about anything. The huge downside is that about 45 minutes after my dad submitted his paperwork, I checked online and the status of my new loan application had been changed from "in-progress" to "cancelled." I have no idea what this means and I am going to call tomorrow to check it out and talk to someone.  
  
If I can't get this loan...I have no idea what I'm going to do. I'm just going to be sitting in Ohio, working, with no real direction. To give a small idea of my financial situation currently, I make roughly $1300/ mo between my two jobs. It's not great, though it's not terrible. I have a $153/ mo credit card bill just due to long story, but had to put tuition for a semester on my credit card... (I know, worst mistake.) It looks like I'm going to have a $200/mo bill for Sallie Mae unfortunately...unless I can find some way to get back into school full-time and get it down to $50. I also have rent which is $310, utilities which combined are about $80-$100/ mo. Then there's food, gas, and leisure activities (which I know I can cut down on, but lets face it, I don't do much that actually costs much, so what little funds I have put towards stuff like that, I'd like to keep them...)   
  
My point in posting this is I have absolutely no idea where to go next. I am going to call Sallie Mae tomorrow and try to talk to a representative to see what's going on with my loan. On the off, but slightly more likely, chance I can't get this loan...what do I do? I know I can apply for scholarships, but under the certain circumstances I've put myself in, not many people would give someone who's flopped around to so many schools a scholarship. I also write well, but not nearly well enough to get actually get a scholarship that way. I know there is also FAFSA, but because I'm under 25 and still have to put my parents on my application, their incomes are still counted. Due to some unfortunate family circumstances when I was a teenager, my dad is digging himself out of a world of debt, He also remarried about two years ago and her douche ex-husband left her completely high and dry and with piles of debt too. So, on paper, my dad and his wife make wayyy too much money for me to actually qualify for any substantial, if any, federal assistance such as loans or work study. Are there other options? What has everyone else done? And to tell you the truth, I'm not completely dead set on going to school. I want to just because I want to move up in my life, but having a degree isn't the most important thing in my life and I have a whole bunch of friends that are graduating now with piles of debt and no job...something I don't necessarily want.   
  
My goals in life are just to get somewhere coastal in the near future. I was going to put that off for another three years until I was completely done with school...but if there's no school...there's really no reason to wait three years other than to build finances. I want to be stable. I don't have to make a whole hell of a lot or have really nice things, I'm extremely simple. I just need to know what options I actually have if anyone has absolutely ANY advice, I'll take it.   
  
Thanks, Reddit. :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/hciw5/im_subletting_with_friends_this_summer_but_they/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I'm subletting with friends this summer, but they don't want to split the rooms evenly. Help!

I thought I'd get a couple opinions on this one, so let's give it a go.  
  
About a month ago, me and two friends decided that we would get a place for the summer, since we would all be in the same city doing undergraduate research with our school.  
  
After two near confirmations on Craiglist, which led to two failures (you wouldn't believe how fast sublets get taken), we finally were able to submit a sublet form and confirm our housing with a nice three-bedroom apartment.  
  
Now the backstory is that I've done about 90% of the work, emailing, calling, and checking out every single apartment we were interested in. Besides talking about the places over email or occasionally coming along with me to check out the place, I've been handling most of the conversations with potentials. We were originally going to be finding a three-bedroom and split it evenly three ways, utilities and all.  
  
Now flash forward to the place we have now, and the people we're renting from have the bedrooms priced differently. We're supposed to pay each person separately as well. They're priced at about 750, 800, and 850 per month, for two and a half months.  
  
Roommate B is automatically assigned the 800 room. He'll be staying for a couple extra days since Roommate A and I have early return housing to campus, and the 800 room is the only one open for a couple days extra.  
  
Now Roommate A takes the 750 room. I let him choose that room, since he's been complaining he might not be able to get a paid research position this summer and thus siphoning his summer funds off his parents to pay for his part of the sublet.   
  
Now this leads to me to take the 850 room, obviously the largest room (but not by much). Disgruntled as I was at the time, I chose not to complain because - hey, what's a $250 difference (between the 750 and the 850 for 2.5 months) between poor college students? So we signed the contracts and confirmed out housing for the summer.  
  
But obviously I wouldn't be here asking this question is $250 is a lot for someone like me. My parents can't afford to pay for any part of my summer costs, so I'm thankful I'm getting paid a couple thousand for the summer. Honestly, $250 can practically buy me groceries for several weeks here.   
  
So I approached my friends about this but obviously they seemed content to pay less than me and are basically saying no. Every time I approach the subject, Roommate A complains he's not getting paid and that splitting things between us evenly and then paying off the people we're subletting is too much of a roundabout way to do things. Roommate B does his best to do as little work as possible as well as shirk the question every time.  
  
I've done pretty much all the work in finding the apartment, and I don't want to stir up trouble too much because money shouldn't have to get between friends. But when Roommate A said, "In the real world, people don't give a shit about how much you work. You think Google interns get as much as the Google CEO?" I was very much tempted to hold his head underwater for a couple minutes. (god I hope none of them read this).  
  
I guess my mistake was in letting Roommate A choose which room he wanted instead of me jumping on the cheapest one, but he kept complaining about price and so I let it go and I hate being confrontation anyhow. And everytime I approach the situation, he tries to deflect it by saying we should be both be going after Roommate B for doing even less work and being less responsive.   
  
We'll still be splitting everything else evenly like utilities, but it pains me to have done all the work in acquiring the apartment, only to be paying the most out of my friends. I'm lost how to approach this now since it seems both my friends don't want to back down.  
  
(sorry for the long post, but you have to read it to understand the whole story properly)  
  
Do you think this is fair, and if not, what should I do!? This is stressing me out a lot actually, especially since they're both friends who just happen to piss me off at the moment.  
  
TL;DR My roommates are paying less than me because of differently priced rooms, but I did most of the work and somehow got stuck with the most expensive one.  
  
EDIT  
Originally before signing the contracts, I talked to them about splitting it evenly, and they pretty called me out on making it more expensive for them so I backed down ("yes" to anything you'll say about this part. I was retarded)  
  
Techinically, Roommate B is making about three times what I am paying, and I'm making just enough to pay for sublet and food for the summer.   
  
So far I guess the consensus is that I was dumb and did it to myself. I wish I knew that I was going to be making tons of money down the road and looking back it wasn't going to matter, but architect majors end up poor D: Ah well... thanks for the advice everyone.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/hxwxw/has_anyone_else_concluded_that_college_was_a/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Has anyone else concluded that college was a complete waste of time and money?

I'm basically looking to start a discussion here. I keep seeing these articles on the internet questioning, "Is college worth it?" or some permutation thereof. Often it's grounded in the fact that there are so few jobs at the moment, while college is very expensive. Invariably there's a bunch of people in the "Comments" section talking about how the real purpose is an education, and it's very valuable, blah blah fuckin' blah.  
  
Although that was the original purpose of universities, how many students are ACTUALLY attending college with "learning" as the primary motivation at this point? (And are colleges even needed for that in this day and age?) As I see it, people in the U.S. (my country) go to college for 1 of 2 reasons: (1) they've been brainwashed into viewing it as something of a requirement and they just kind of regard it as "the thing that happens next" and they drift straight from high school into 13th grade. (I was one of those.) OR, (2) they are using it as job-training to get a good job and hopefully have a good life. (In a sense I was one of these, too; although I majored in useless English, there were so many Guidance Counselors and the like squawking at me that ANY degree was an advantage in the workforce that I still thought I was doing something good.)  
  
Let's be clear: this country is a fucking shark-tank. Competition in the workplace is ruthless and there is virtually no middle class, so even reasonably successful people like myself and my wife have to work like dogs just to get by and TRY to scrimp and save enough over time so that when The Calamity comes (as it always does, in some form) they're at least somewhat prepared and don't have to die penniless in the street. Consequently, unless you were born into wealth, you CANNOT afford to shell out the many, many thousands of dollars that college costs just for "a well-rounded education". Practicality has GOT to enter into it at this point; given the dog-eat-dog nature of our professional system and the absence of any satisfactory social safety net, regular people simply CANNOT afford to invest all of this money and time in college without a tangible return of some sort. And if it's not effective job training, then we need to get that word out to our young people to stop wasting small fortunes or going into insurmountable debt to attend these places.  
  
And, of course, it IS NOT effective job training at all; even if you choose a profession for which college is essentially a requirement--law, medicine, engineering, accounting, etc.--you still have to take DOZENS of useless courses in order to attain that degree in your actual field of study. Why does an accountant or an engineer need to have 3 Philosophy credits? Ostensible Answer: So that their education is well-rounded. Real Answer: Because the university can charge $1,000 for those credits! At the end of the day, it's just a sophisticated form of extortion, with your degree being held hostage. So you go to the Intro class, pay your thousand bucks, do your accounting homework during the lectures, piss some nonsense onto a page as your final paper, and skate out with a B or C on a grade transcript that no one will ever read, but the college got their money! It's all such bullshit; plumbers don't have to take a Philosophy course or a Writing course. Why do accountants? Why do people in specialist trades HAVE to be well-rounded?  
  
The most damning fact of all is that the entire alleged purpose of college is bullshit. "A well-rounded education?" Well-stocked public libraries have for decades been a pretty good argument for the fact that you can attain a well-rounded education without shelling out thousands upon thousands of dollars to universities. But now, with the internet? I can summon up dozens of expert-level treatises on everything from programming in Java to analyzing Shakespeare's Sonnets to how to install a garbage disposal, all without even leaving the house. Our technological infrastructure today is such that not only is college unnecessary as a means of bringing diverse thoughts and information to people, it's actually INEFFICIENT-- and from a "cost" standpoint, it is appallingly so.  
  
However, at least in the case of the "Accountant" example, he/she actually DOES have a viable profession at the end of it all, even if there WERE a lot of unnecessary courses and dollars wasted in getting there. The REAL tragedy is that most of the degree programs offered at colleges--even practical-seeming things like computer training or mathematics--usually have no outlet whatsoever in the job market. Our 17-year-olds who aren't worldly enough to know better are being completely misled by the entire system about the viability of college as a path to getting what they need in life.  
  
When I was 17, I worked on computers at NSA as part of a work-study program. I could've stayed on full-time after high school if I'd wanted to. Had I done so, I would probably be a millionaire now. I'd have 18 years in the government and I could probably retire with full benefits and a swollen retirement fund in less than 10 years from today. The health care for myself and my family would cost peanuts and cover EVERYTHING. I didn't understand the value of what I had, and nobody counseled me about it. Everyone just said to go to college, so I did, and now--instead of retiring from full-time work in my 40s--I'll probably be working like a dog until I'm 80 and I'll be lucky if I even HAVE a retirement.  
  
Almost everyone I know who went to college doesn't use their degree. There is NOTHING I learned in college--no facts, no organizational habits, NOTHING--that I couldn't have learned just as well without college. And my degree has NEVER gotten me a job or had any bearing in my career. (To be fair, I knew at the time that an English degree wasn't the most practical choice, but I didn't expect it to be what it turned out to be: completely, 100% USELESS.) I don't mean to come off as cynical, and I'm ultimately happy with my life, but I really feel like myself and so many others have been royally rooked with this shit.  
  
If nothing else, I'm encouraged to see these articles questioning college popping up in places. If anything good can come of these hard economic times, maybe it'll be a critical eye being turned toward this costly, universally-accepted scam that is financially raping our young people.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/t77wl5/i_have_to_make_a_very_important_life_decision/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I have to make a very important life decision.

Hello everyone, I hope you're doing well, I don't know where to post this so I'm posting it here. In a few days, I have to make a very important decision regarding higher education which will directly affect the next 10 years of my life and I wanted to ask for advice from someone who has been in the real world. I will try to be as detailed as possible, any advice would be greatly appreciated.  
  
First and foremost, I live in the middle east, so life here is a bit different from western and eastern countries. I studied mechanical engineering in high school and I was really good at it. Upon graduating I was encouraged to enroll in a 2-year community college for a practical engineering degree. I am now 19 and almost done with my first year and I didn't like it very much because I realized that it isn't what I wanted to do. I graduated on an honors roll and know that I can do more with my life than an associate's degree. I tried to transfer to a different major but got rejected multiple times. In a few days, I will have to decide if I will continue to the second year of a degree or drop out and go to the military for 3 years. My family and teachers want me to stay but I don't know that I don't want to do this profession for the rest of my life. There will be massive consequences to this decision for there are pros and cons to getting this degree:  
  
The pros of getting the degree:  
  
1) As a practical engineer I will earn a higher salary in the military and will be able to save most of it because I don't need to pay for food and housing. After my service, I will be able to afford to study in a good university without getting into debt (hopefully) or even studying abroad and getting citizenship in a different country which I might do in the future.  
  
2) Because of the saved money I won't need to work (or at least work as much) meaningless college jobs like fast food or retail while studying to earn money and can focus fully on my education.  
  
3) If I will end up having a change of heart and decide to major in this specific field, I will be able to shorten my higher education by a year, and with possible scholarships, reduce my expenses even further. In addition, the work experience in the military will help me stand out in the job market, but currently, this is the least of my concerns.  
  
The cons of getting the degree:  
  
1) If I finish the degree I will need to serve an additional 1.5 years in the military. This is a problem because I won't be able to leave. Most people end up doing something they dislike in there, and if that's the case I will be doing it for longer. In addition to this, I'm afraid that I will be finishing the degree and working purely for the money, and I know how soul-sucking and miserable these jobs can be.  
  
2) When I'm going to finish my service I will likely be 24 by then. Even in my country, most people get a bachelor's at 24-25, I will get it at 28 if I go immediately after I finish serving which makes me feel behind in life, especially to the average person who has gotten their degree at 22. I will be spending most of my 20s in academia and the military which doesn't give me a lot of spare time due to opportunity costs.  
  
3) On its own the practical engineering degree isn't worth much even with the work experience, especially the mechanical engineering one which encourages those who have it to go to university regardless. Because I will most likely end up majoring in a different field, I feel like all of those extra years spent would be wasted for nothing.  
  
4) This is my personal problem. Getting an associate's degree in my country is only good for those who can't or don't want to get a bachelor's for academic reasons (or those who want a mundane government job). Most of my class is filled with underachievers and the material is taught accordingly. I barely managed to get through the first year due to the absolute boredom and thought that I was wasting my life. This damages my straight-A student ego knowing that I could leave this place and go to a normal college to get a more valuable degree that would make me more money in the future like EE or CS, but the thought of getting into debt and working overtime while studying already challenging curriculum doesn't bring me comfort either.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
To conclude: I am still not sure what I want to do in the future but I won't have a lot of money to spare. In addition, I keep reading online that mechanical engineering is a dead-end field with few opportunities and that all capable people should go into tech. I also keep reading that you should be doing something that you're good at even if you don't like it instead of following your passion. If anyone can offer a real-world perspective on this situation i would be very grateful. Thank you very much.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/3llwkg/borrow_money_from_sister_keep_buying_myself_time/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Borrow money from sister, keep buying myself time, or confess? Need some serious advice quickly, please

So I am in crushed between a rock and a hard place, I have such a sinking feeling of despair right now, I feel like I just want to disappear forever. Well, this is the situation:   
I am a college sophomore, last year I fucked up big time failing a few classes. I knew I was doing horrible, but I didn't think I would have to pay for it like this, not to this magnitude of stress and shit. Man, I wish I could just go back in time and beat the shit out of myself for being a fucking idiot loser. Anyways, this first semester of my second year (it's week 5 now), I've lose financial aid, and have only $180 in my bank account. I have gotten myself into such a web of lies to protect myself and fool my parents, mostly my dad. I have to pay $100 a month on the 15th for a care credit loan for a past surgery, but I can choose to not do payments and I can pay however much more in the future. I also have to pay $30 for my phone bill around the same time to my dad. I also need to come up with $80 to pay for a book I need for math.   
  
So, I have told my parents that I have $3000 in financial aid money in a different bank account that "the school made and deposited it into." Now my dad wants me to withdraw about $500 to my normal bank account since I only have $180 right now. He was trying to get me to do it today, but I may be able to do it tomorrow. This is where I'm at right now and I feel like I'm finally cornered and everything is unraveling, falling apart. I obviously don't have $500 to withdraw. I don't have a job yet, I've been trying, but nobody calla back, so today I'm applying a lot and going to hope I luck out soon. I have an appointment with a therapist on campus on Monday to explain how I was mentally last year when I fucked up so hopefully he can write a letter explaining this since I need proof to back up my explanation for my financial aid petition form and letter. So if all goes well, I may get a couple or few thousand in financial aid again on about October 10th when the next financial aid disbursement is.   
  
So my options are:   
  
1.) Ask my older sister who lives in the house for about $300 to borrow so I can deposit it to my bank account and "buy off" my dad so he is appeased and sees I have done this and that I "really have" the financial aid money. With this option, I would pay back my sister when I get a job soon or if I get my financial aid back in October. If I only get a job, I would stop "withdrawing money from the other account (that I lied about)" and tell my dad I want to keep it there and I'll pay what I need to with the money from my job. Bad thing about this is it's weird and my sister would know how bad of a position I'm in.   
  
2.) Desperately try to buy more time until I get a job or hopefully get my financial aid again. What I would do is pretend to get mad and say how my dad is always trying to control everything and that I would pay what I need to and he needs to just leave me alone with my finances already because school is already stressing me out. I already have been acting more depressed and they believe I'm stressed from school, I am, but the stress is coming mostly from this whole situation that I've been lying myself through for weeks. I am banking that I'll have a job by the time I need to pay my phone bill next month on the 15th or hopefully even get my financial aid right before my phone and loan payment are due. If not, I can still pay the phone since I have $180 to myself right now and the loan payments are flexible so I don't have to pay next month without a penalty.   
  
3.) I finally cut all the webs and come clean. This is the hardest option for me to pick and I honestly don't know if I can at all. My parents, especially my dad, will go insane on me, I probably deserve all they'll do to me, but I'm trying to do what I can to avoid this option. What would happen is I tell my parents that I have fucked up giganticlly. I would tell them how I failed a few classes last year from being depressed and stressed out, which I really was, and because of that, I had my financial aid money taken away and have lost eligibility for this semester, and that I know I need a job and am really trying, which I do and am. I would also say how I might get my financial aid back once I talk to a therapist and explain how I was last year when I did so poorly, and when they can write a letter to support my appeal. I don't know what my parents would do, they're not really ones to do this but I really believe they would get physical with me or lose all hope for me or something catastrophic. First of all, because of how much I have lied to get through this and fool them to save myself so far, and because of how I did poorly and fucked up to get to this low of a point. I can't believe I've done this to myself. I don't know how I would look at them the same after this. This is the absolute last option for me that I would have to resort to.   
  
I really don't know what to do. I wish this was all just over and I was never in this to begin with, but the only thing keeping me going is that this can all be over soon when I get a job and HOPEFULLY get my financial aid again. I have very much definitely learned my lesson. I never will let myself to this to myself again at all. I already am doing well in school with a strong effort to not do the same.   
  
Sorry for this massive post, but the backstory and my situation is very dense and just fucked up. Please, please, I need help choosing what to do. Time is running out for me. Please and thank you in advance!

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/pz1fe/i_need_help_now_i_dont_know_whats_wrong_with_me/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I need help now, I don't know what's wrong with me

I don't know if reddit is the place for this but it's all I have right now.  
  
I have a pretty good life. I live with my dad and stepmom in a suburban area, I have friends, I go to a pretty good high school. I'm not really bullied or anything, and nothing that terrible has happened to me in my life. My sister attempted suicide in in 2007 and 2009, and I have possibly been [sexually assaulted](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/po4u4/can\_the\_human\_brain\_really\_black\_out\_disturbing/) in the past, but aside from that, trauma in my life has been minor.   
  
I have seen many different counselors and therapists throughout my life, from 2006 to early January this year. I was diagnosed with ADHD around 2006 and also diagnosed with depression in 2007. I took ritalin for a while for the ADHD, but other than that I haven't received medication.  
  
I feel like I'm insane. I can be so normal and upbeat and happy and then I'm suddenly just so depressed and suicidal. I've never attempted suicide, but I think about it daily. I talk myself out of it because I love my family and friends and could never do that to them and after watching what happened with my sister, I know better than to resort to a "permanent solution to a temporary problem". I've heard it all. Like I said, I've had all this counseling and stuff in the past and I get it.  
  
I don't know how to describe how I feel when I'm down. I feel like no one can even understand what's going on in my head no matter how hard I try or desperate I get. I feel like all my parents and counselors see is an emotional teenager. When I become depressed, it just happens. Not suddenly out of nowhere, but gradually becoming worse and worse without anything to really have brought it on. My whole body feels depressed and all I want to do is curl into a ball and sleep. Even if I try to sleep, I'll lay awake for hours just thinking about everything that's wrong with me: my personality, my looks, my priorities, my brain, etc. I was just sitting on the couch today after having a great time hanging out with my friends and I thought about how much I'd like to stick a gun in my mouth and just blow my brains out, or maybe jump off a bridge so there's less of a mess. I wake up in the middle of the night screaming into my pillow and sobbing and I have to lay down and cry for an hour until I'm too tired and have to go back to sleep. I want to tear my skin off my flesh and pull my hair out of my head. I eat so much sometimes and suddenly I can't eat at all. I feel like I'm screaming on the inside and my throat closes up to stop from screaming on the outside. I feel like I'm literally insane and I don't know what to do with myself and I don't know who to tell, because I don't want people to think I'm crazy. I care more about how people see me than anything else and I have to punish myself when I feel that I've embarrassed myself; I'll dig my nails into my arm until I bleed, bang my head against the wall, or bite into my fist until my nerves are begging me to stop.   
  
Nobody knows any of this because, like I said, I don't want people to think I'm insane. I think I have bipolar disorder and I've shared this with my parents. My grandmother had bipolar disorder and I've heard it's genetic. They don't see any of my bipolar or whatever it is that's wrong with me; they only ever see me in my good moods. I think they think that I just get down sometimes, as everybody does, but I over-think it and the more people deny it the more I think I'm right. I guess it's easy to think that I'm being an over-dramatic teenager that self-diagnosed and wants to be different and unique and have people care about me. Maybe that's what I am.   
  
I need help. I talk myself out of suicide every day but I don't think I can do it much longer. I've been calling the crisis hotline more and more frequently, and all they ever do is tell me to see a counselor. I've seen counselors and sometimes they're good, sometimes not. It doesn't matter. My parents don't really believe in mental disorders, they just think it's society putting labels on everything so they can sell more drugs. I've gone through this before. I've tried to get help. They just won't go for the medication and they've started to use money as an excuse. I'm too scared to press for it because I feel like they think I'm being selfish because I really am a selfish person. Instead, they tell me to exercise and eat healthy and do a bunch of other stuff like that. My therapists always recommend stuff like that, though my last good therapist really did try to get me professionally diagnosed. Apparently it's a long, tedious, expensive process, and I just don't want to be that sort of burden. But I really don't know what to do now because I feel like one day I'm gonna have a really bad down and I'm just going to kill myself.   
  
I don't know if I'm explaining any of this right at all, it's really hard to put everything into words because I'm having a pretty huge down right now. Please comment with feedback or questions to better understand what I'm trying to say.  
I just need some advice on what I should do right now because I feel really hopeless.  
  
I know there are going to be people who feel inclined to comment saying "suck it up" or "kill yourself" or tell me how a lot of other people in the world have it much worse than I do, but honestly if you could just resist that urge it would be wonderful... I'm literally begging. If you don't have any advice that you legitimately think will help me, don't give it. I'm in a bit of a dangerous state right now and I guess it's stupid of me to post on a site like this asking for help but I don't know where else to go.  
  
TL;DR: Possibly bipolar or insane, parents don't believe in medication. Counseling doesn't help. What do I do?  
  
\*\*Update:\*\* I wound up talking to my stepmom about it this morning. She's arranged for me to see a doctor on Friday so we can all talk to him and see what our options are. She seems to sort of understand because she says she went through a time in her life where she had an anxiety disorder and could barely leave the house, along with depression after her mom died. While it's not entirely the same situation as mine, I guess it just helps understand what I'm going through a little better and feel a bit more empathy. My dad, however, doesn't really understand it and as much as she'd like to cover up, I've gotta say he's being a pretty huge dick about it. But that's okay. I just wanted to thank you all for talking to me last night and I don't know if I would've finally worked up the courage to talk to her about it if it weren't for you guys. Now things are finally being done about it and that's all I can ask for.  
Also, there's a community athletic center a few blocks from my house, and my stepmom is purchasing a key so I can go there to get some exercise. I guess that'd be good for me and might help improve my mood, plus I've been needing some exercise anyway. I might be skinny but I'm not healthy.   
Thank you all very much for your kind words, I really do appreciate all the advice and support reddit has given me.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/33ua3n/as_a_former_student_at_pensacola_christian_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: As a former student at Pensacola Christian College.....

Yes. I did go to Pensacola Christian College. After my experience of one semester there, I will never go back. And since I don't go there anymore, I figured I might as well share my experience of what really goes on from the inside.  
  
When I first arrived there, it was big. . It's pretty big for a christian college. Anyway, the first few days were basically registration and getting things in order. Not to also mention a church service every night until classes began. But I'll discuss that in a little bit.   
  
Anyway, the first thing I want to share with you is there " Work Assistance" program. You can go to this link- http://www.pcci.edu/financialinfo/workassistance.aspx  
  
It will tell you about the "wonderful opportunities" they have and Student Testimonies about how they got through college just by working there. Guys, it's all a scam. It's not going to help pay for even less that HALF of your tuition. As a student working there, they pay less than 25% of your tuition, and you have to pay the rest yourself. Yes, they pay minimum wage for hard labor and work to students who are in deep financial need. I won't tell you where i worked at, since I'm going to remain anonymous, but I can tell you that where I worked at, they treat you like they would in the real world. Crap. You get to work. And let me tell you, I almost didn't make it. I was telling myself it wasn't worth waking up early to do this job, and then have to go to classes with barely enough time to shower and get something to eat. Then I had to do the make-up chapel service, since I was one of many students who had to work. If we didn't, then we would get demerits. To sum it up, it sucked big time.  
  
  
  
Classes, they were OK. I really didn't have a problem with it at the start. Aside from the christian principles they had, It was fine with me. Most teachers there are very smart and wise. They seem to know what they were doing. Some teachers, however, were new grads and they didn't have a clue on how to run a class. That's all I'm going to say about that.  
  
Chapel is pretty much just like Campus Church. Only it's shorter, with announcements. Yep. We pretty much had Church everyday except for Wednesdays, which we had night service. Sometimes Chapel can be fun, but most of the time it was just like church.  
  
Church services on Wednesday night and Sunday was like attending a funeral almost every time. It's too repetitive. When we go in, the church band would play the same thing over and over again. Then someone would come up, and conduct the church body like a choir with his hand. It was silly, and it still is. There's no real worship, no emotion. It seems like a job they wanted to do just to get over with. They looked like they were happy to be there, but I wondered if they just wanted to go home. And most of the time as I observed it, most people really didn't want to be there as well. The only thing that seem excited by the student body is the fact that they can sit next to each other. That's one of the only freedom the students had and they didn't take advantage of that. I remember groups of 20 people going into a row of two, just to sit together. Most didn't care about church, as I've observed. They just wanted to socialize. And at the same time, they looked like they wanted to go leave as well. But we didn't have a choice. We were forced to go to Church. Sometimes we would have special guests, but most of the time it was either Pastor McBride, or Mullenix. Mullenix is someone who would put many, many people to sleep as I observed. He put me to sleep sometimes as well. Yes, he does speak on important topics, but the way he does it doesn't make it effective. I even asked one of my friends if he was ever like this and they told me that you will get used to it. I never did, so whenever he speaks, I just didn't care. Even I just wanted to go to bed. Pastor McBride was cool. Everybody pretty much likes him. But I feel that there's only so much he can do as a pastor, since the system controls what he can and can't do. One more thing. We had to dress up for every service. We couldn't leave the halls without someone spotting you for wearing the wrong thing. To me, they feel like dressing up makes you better than everyone else in the world.  
  
Residence hall life. Now, since I was older, it really wasn't much of a problem. Yeah, we had floor leaders, but they were cool. As far as my roommates go, I can't reveal much information as I want to keep them anonymous as well. But what I can say is that for myself, I didn't care about the rules after a while. For instance, they are tight on no headphones. At first I complied, but after making some friends who knew the system and broke that rule, I bought headphones and listened to anything I wanted. I was careful about where to use them and didn't get caught. Even when I walked off campus sometimes, I would slip them on and listen to my music. Oh yeah, the music rules. You can read it here- https://www.pcci.edu/pathway/StudentResponsibilities/CollegeStandards2.aspx  
  
Yeah. They are tight about that as well. But, from what I learned, most of my friends listened to music that wasn't allowed. I even had incidents where I would walk into one of my friends rooms and they would be listening to artists like Imagine Dragons, or Bruno Mars. So, I did the same. Even for movies. I would go to an undisclosed location and use the internet to get movies or TV shows that I missed. To sum it all up, you can beat the system, but you have to be careful. Fortunate for me, I never got caught because I was.   
  
Dress code. It wasn't a problem for me, but they are strict on what you wear. They want you to be an example as a christian and to the world. In fact, you can read everything here- https://www.pcci.edu/pathway/  
  
The segregation of males and females. Yes, they are serious about that as well. When I was there, most people told me that things changed, but some things stayed the same. There's a separate elevator and stairwell so that we can't walk together. There's no dating, unless we are older. At the commons they would watch people who are sitting together. There's no touching or hugging, which I've done a few times and didn't get caught. But it seems to me that people do it anyway, if they are careful. I heard a story from one of my friends that a guy and a girl had sex on campus and got caught by a security guard. Yes, they got expelled, but because of what the college stands for, that's why people do what they want. They love to enforce the rules, that it gets to a point where people just don't care anymore and do what they want. I knew people who were there for a few years and I was surprised at what they did. Some people make those choices, and whatever happens, it's on them.  
  
The food there is good until it gets to the point where it gets sick to your stomach. That's all I'm going to say about that.  
  
The Student Court is just ridiculous. You have to check on your computer to see if you have to go to student court. If you do, you have to wait in a long line full of students who most of them are there for no apparent reason. For example, since I was working, I couldn't go to some events. They actually have attendance cards that you have to give when you go in. If you don't, then you have to go to student court. Then you have to waste your time and tell whosoever "judging" you that you are working. Then you are on your merry way. I had to tell my boss that I was getting these notices and they should know that I was working. So they had to actually tell the office that I was working, and yet again I had to go down there again! Seriously...  
  
  
But one thing bothered me a lot even before going to the college was that they really don't care about victims of rape. You can read the story here- http://www.xojane.com/issues/samantha-field-pensacola-christian-college-rape-stalking  
  
After what I read, I couldn't believe that a christian college who claimed to be caring would expel people because they were in a situation that they had no control of. As I read more stories of the victim, and the more time I was on the campus, I was beginning to understand that the administration has no heart. They only care about enforcing the rules, no matter what. They stick to their code, and get a paycheck at the end of the day. They don't have compassion and reach out their hand, like Jesus would and comfort them. They don't want the police involved because obviously they are a private school and don't want to ruin their reputation. They brush them off like dirt and take their money. And then the people who are responsible for doing it walk away with a degree.It's just sicking. Now, I know that some stories may not be what it seems, but is it hard to believe that PCC would turn their backs on their students? Is it?  
  
In all, I wouldn't encourage anyone to go to this school. It's like a occult. A daily routine with no change. Even with the friendly people and some people who care, it's just not worth it. Even the most of the education there is not accredited. That means all of your hard work and money spent just goes to waste, because you can't' get a job in most places. And that's bad. I won't take anything from that college except for the friends I've made there. Like I said before, I'm not going there anymore and don't plan to. So, I decided to write about it, and I did.  
  
  
UPDATE- Anyone can ask me anything on here about Pensacola Christian College. Like a AMA of whatever they do on here.  
  
UPDATE 2- Look, I'm not bashing this school and telling everyone not to go there. I'm just sharing my own thoughts and experiences after what I've been through. I wouldn't encourage anyone to go there. But hey, if you feel that it's the right place for you, it's fine. Whatever knocks your boat, I don't care. At the end of the day, it's your choice.  
  
UPDATE 3- There's plenty more things that I could share, but i'm going to wait until their school year is finished. Why, because no one at the school will really care and some of my friends I know will be graduating. Then they won't get in any trouble. I don't want to risk their graduation if someone shares this post to people who would be interested in it. I will share stories about them when the time is right. I will also share why I had to leave Pensacola in a more detailed post when the school year is over . Stay tuned......

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/tert2/i_have_severed_my_relationship_with_my_parents/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I have severed my relationship with my parents. They mistreated me all my life, but my Mother is a sweet lady who is passive. I hate her for allowing her ignorance to hurt me and my family. My Wife thinks she is sweet and wants me to consider re-initiating contact. What should I do?

I don't want this situation to hurt my marriage or my kids. Please read if you're interested in commenting. Sorry it's so long.  
  
When I was 5, my single Mother married a guy (stepfather, I'll call him SD) and brought my older Sister and myself into a new family. He did well for himself, but was not a Father at all. He regularly beat us, but he provided us with a nice house and food on the table. He was a condescending prick (still is) who has no concept of family and only really got married because that's what good Italian Catholics are supposed to do.  
  
They had 2 more kids (my younger Brothers). They were raised with love and affection from both parents. Their colleges were paid for (one of them took 7 years to get through), while I had to drop out in my second year because I could not afford to pay my own way. My Sister never went to college.  
  
I was kicked out of the house at 17. My Sister was kicked out when she was 16. My Brothers enjoyed my Parents' big home and nice neighborhood through college, and then got apartments paid for when they wanted to move out.  
  
I'm no angel, but I have always owned my problems. I had bad grades in High school, I dopped out of my University, and I had 2 kids in my early 20's with 2 different Moms. I never did drugs, or even smoked. No run-ins with the law either. I just lived my life on my own and never asked for anything. My Sister, on the other hand, asked for a lot and squandered several offerings from my parents (about $30,000 total). I trained myself in my field and built my own career. I'm very self-sufficient. Not rich, but I pay my bills.  
  
My SD became very rich, becoming a partner in his company. I estimate he is worth around $100 Million. When the time came, my younger Brothers inherited about 20 Million each from the people that I was told to call Grandpa and Grandma (SD's parents). SD was in charge of their finances and essentially saw this as an opportunity to let them cash in.   
  
I went to counseling with my Mother about a year ago to try to get over the feelings of resentment I have for my parents. The counselor (My Mom's regular counselor) pretty much told me that I'm suffering from abuse anxiety and that I should not feel like less of a person just because my SD promoted that all my life. My Mother felt uncomfortable with us talking about him without him there and wanted him to attend, but the sessions ended before that happened.   
  
My Mother is not a "bad" person. She is just ignorant. I often describe her as "paving the road to hell"; she always has the best of intentions, but fails to understand the implications of her so-called goodwill.   
  
About 2 years ago, my Mother offered me $100,000 to buy a house. I live in an expensive area (California) and that's barely a down payment. I did not ask for this, but I accepted because I figured I'd never have a house any other way. My Wife and I bought a small, run-down place in an OK neighborhood with good schools. We are likely in the bottom 5% of the homes for our elementary school district. Within 2 years, my Brothers bought insanely nice homes (like, REALLY nice). And one of them bought himself a new SUV and a new 5-series for his wife. Neither of them work. My other Brother bought a 3,500 sq ft home at the top of a hill overlooking San Francisco Bay near Marin.   
  
This was a "last straw" for me. When I saw that house, I just couldn't take it anymore and I stopped contact with my parents. I have not spoken to them in about 8 months. I do not answer when they call, and I do not appear at family functions if they are there. I still have contact with my Brothers because they did not cause this situation and I don't feel like it's their fault. My Sister stopped talking to my parents years ago.  
  
I lost my job, and my wife was just laid off. We have a meager savings and we are not in danger of losing the home, at least for now. We do not ask for, and were not offered, any assistance from anyone except for unemployment insurance. My Wife's parents offer to help often, but they are not wealthy and we refuse to share our burden with them. They are wonderful people, and they taught me what parents really can be.  
  
My wife wants me to get back into contact with my parents. Not for money, and not for any kind of support. She thinks that our 2 kids are missing out on a relationship with their Grandparents because of my issues. I just don't want my kids to go through what I went through. They already have a relationship with my parents (from before I "left"), but that has pretty much ceased to exist in the last 8 months. The kids don't really miss my parents, as my parents were always traveling and rarely spent time with the kids.   
  
My Wife wants me to up-front tell my parents that it's over and that I am essentially leaving the family. I don't want to do that right before Mother's day (I feel like that's kind of a dick move), but I have no problem with doing it after. From what I hear my Mom cries a lot, just like she always has when things are sad, but nothing has changed. Shit - I don't know what I'd even ask for if a change was offered. I don't want the money, I just want respect from them and that's something I know I'll never have.  
  
Am I out of line here? Should I allow my kids to know my parents? Should I re-initiate contact with them? I don't feel like I should, but perhaps my anger and sadness are clouding my judgement.   
  
I appreciate all constructive replies.  
  
tl;dr - It's too complicated to summarize IMHO. Please read if you want to comment. Sorry it's so long.

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/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/5otaha/25_year_old_starting_college_back_up_after_25/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: 25 Year old starting college back up after 2.5 years away, extremely afraid...

Very long wall of text...  
  
I suffered from severe depression and just lost myself these past few years, I was nothing but a shell. Stayed with a mentally abusive girlfriend for almost 2 of those years and just forgot who I was. I technically dropped out after spring semester of 2014. I'm majoring in Biology traditional track at a County College and hopefully going for my bachelor's after that. I left school because there was simply too much going on for me to deal with, family fighting all the time when I got home, money problems to pay rent constantly, my ex-gf and I also fighting and I just gained a boatload of weight and felt like I had nothing to live for.  
  
 The part I'm kicking myself the most about is that that spring semester was one of my best, I only had maybe 3 more classes left after that but I got a D in one class(Chemistry 2 Lecture) and just gave up. I originally was a pretty bad student, after my first year I got a 2.0 and was having trouble keeping up but then I said "Fuck it, what do I have to lose if I try my hardest and fake it till I make it" and eventually my grades started to go back up and ended up with a 3.0 my spring semester. That spring semester I was part of the executive staff for the student gov, part of college council, head chair for al clubs in my school and everyone came to me for questions, I felt like I was on top of the world. I was on a scholarship and getting that meant that I would be on academic probation. Then fall semester came around, I started to focus more on my gf at the time because she had mental health issues(abused, problems with physcially abusive mom/ex bf) that she had to deal with and just got scared to apply for fall semester then since I saw all of my friends transferring and I just felt like the biggest failure out of anyone I know.   
  
 Then spring 15 came around and I still didn't apply again... I stopped emailing my scholarship guy even though he emailed me, I never checked my emails out of fear and severe anxiety didn't bother keeping in touch with him since I was afraid of knowing whether or not I'd lose my scholarship over it. I'm usually that big guy with a big smile always on his face who likes to joke around with his friends and is always ready to help, I didn't want anyone to feel bad for me so I pretty much faked that smile for 2.5 years. I love motivating people and getting them to feel better about themselves, it's one of the few things that truly make me happy. I just couldn't motivate myself to get past that anxiety and depression though, I was stuck.  
  
Fall 15 comes and goes by, then spring 16(finally broke up with my ex) and then finally Fall 16, I think about it and the days for registering comes so I finally gather up the courage to go register for classes on the first day of school but apparently after the first day of classes happen you can't pick them up anymore and you can only drop them( previous policy allowed to pick up classes up to 10 days after classes start) I just had a panic attack and left. I was depressed and anxious for a week, my life was in shambles.   
  
By this time I'm dating another girl who's 22 extremely supportive, intelligent and very happy and is almost done with her psych degree from a very difficult school. We're both from the east coast and she's going to school in the west, she inspired me so much when she let me visit her at her school and I just got a little spark under my ass. I can't wait around any longer, I want a life with her and I want a life for myself. I need to be successful, I need to be the old me, but the best version of me again. I want to have a family, have a career in medicine and buy my mom a house where she can retire to, take care of my older brother if he ever loses a job or is going through something tough. I feel like a failure right now, at my rock bottom but I needed to get my ass up and go apply for spring 17, I got in contact with my scholarship guy( extremely hesitant to speak to me again) but eventually met with me. I told him everything that was going on and has been nothing but a positive influence to me this whole time and I'm extremely grateful for that.   
  
My gf is working hard and motivates me to do better too, I decided to finally give it a try again and found out that I'm only 3-4 FUCKING CLASSES AWAY FROM GRADUATING WITH MY ASSOCIATES IN BIO. I was ecstatic, I couldn't believe it so I finally applied. I work full-time so decided to go and take 2 classes(technically 3 with lab) only since I'm moving out this may and needed money still. I finally went back to class this morning for the first time and got destroyed with all of this new information. I have to take genetics and genetics lab as well as chem 2 lecture and it's so much information, I used to be great at bio and remember some stuff but we had to take a quiz to see where we're at and I'm sure I got a 20 on it today. I felt miserable after, disgusted with myself and now I don't know what to do. The professors are awesome but I feel bad bothering them for help, I don't have a car so it's difficult coming to their hours as well. I just needed to share this with someone since I'm terrible at sharing my problems with people out of fear of disappointment and people just leaving me.  
  
Where do I start? I used to be awesome at studying but this is truly scaring me. It's a whole lot of information until my next monday class... Thanks for reading if you managed to get this far.

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.   
  
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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/9hnq5a/dropping_out_of_college_indefinitely/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Dropping out of college indefinitely?

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

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8z5vww/i_am_ruining_my_potential_because_i_dont_even/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I am ruining my potential because..... I don't even know why.

Hey guys,  
  
bit of a sad rant here because I feel embarassed to tell my friends or family and just want to tell someone.  
  
I live in Germany where there are 3 school systems, Hauptschule, Realschule and Gymnasium. The best is Gymnasium, you can only study at a University with a degree of a Gymnasium, the worst is Hauptschule. After the first 4 grades you advance to one of them depending on how smart/good in class you are. I always had really good grades so I advanced on to the Gymnasium.   
  
At around 7th grade computer games came into my life. I spent hours and hours playing Counterstrike and World of Warcraft and my grades were really suffering under it. I didn't study for any exam ever (like seriously I can't think of any exam except my A-Levels that I studied for), but thanks to my Mom I always went to class, so that and the fact that I am not dumb (probably also thanks to my parents) guaranteed me that I pass all my exams with okay grades, so that I was able to stay at the Gymnasium, I also never did homework which really pissed my teachers off.   
  
So all went fine, until 9th grade, my grades have gotten so bad that my teacher adviced me to leave the school and join a Realschule, at the time I was really fed up with the Gymnasium, I only stayed there up until this point because I didn't want to disappoint my parents.   
  
My parents are the two most wonderful people in my life, they never put me under pressure, they only wanted me to have all the choices later on in life, and that I could study at a University if I wanted to. My dad is a Doctor and my Mom a nurse, they are both extremely bright people.   
  
So my Mom accepted that Gymnasium was maybe not the right thing for me, but it was, I was just a lazy idiot that wanted to game all day. So I switched to a Realschule where the level of education is so much lower that I knew everything they taught since 2 years. I easily outdid everyone else in the class and got my degree with really good grades, which only supported my lazy gaming addiction.  
  
I wanted to do my A-Levels though, so I swapped back to a Gymnasium and finished them..... with terrible grades. I hadn't learned anything and barely passed my A-Levels. The worst grade you can get is a 4,0. I had a 3,5 which puts me in the worst 5&amp;#37; in my state.   
  
Even though its a terrible grade it allows me to study at a University, so I am currently studying Economics at a University no one wants to study at because its in East Germany, but thats okay, because College reputation is not that big of a deal in Germany, this was my chance to turn everything around, good grades could get me an awesome job with high pay.  
  
Aaaaaaand I didn't turn my life around (of course), I am currently in my 4th semester and my grade average is at 3,0 (4,0 is the worst, different from America) I failed a lot of my classes multiple times, so those aren't even calculated in there.   
  
Now to the reason I write this post:  
  
The rule at my Uni is, if you fail a class 3 times you have to quit your studies, and are not allowed to study the same subject ever again in Germany. Yesterday I wrote one of the exams for the third time, I actually studied for once (not enough but still), and I knew my stuff. I went into the exam feeling a bit nervous but still okay. I nailed the two first question and felt good, the third question was tricky and I spent a lot of time on it because it gave a lot of points, I managed the first part of it but was stuck at the second, I panicked and did something really dumb. I crossed through several tries of the second part and accidentially crossed through the first part which I already had solved. Now I panicked out of control, I couldn't get the question I already solved solved again and I panicked more and more, my heart was pounding at this point.  
  
 I don't have the grade yet, but I might barely fail. I wrote my professor begging for points, but I don't know if that will help.  
  
What do I do if I actually have to quit, I would have wasted 2 years of my life, and I couldn't study econ again, a subject that I actually like. It would break my heart to disappoint my parents, knowing that they will be very supportive makes it even worse.   
  
I am just unhappy with my life, every year I tell myself I will turn everything around, but I just don't, even though I have all the chances one can imagine. If I pass the exam I want to study super hard next semester, but will I actually or is it just like all the other times?  
  
I want to turn my life around, I stopped gaming 3 months ago completely, and haven't touched it since, but now I just piss off all my time on Netflix or Youtube.   
  
I just don't know what to do about the fact that I am lazy, overweight and generally without perspective.  
  
Thanks for reading this far if anyone did.....  
  
I don't really know what I am writing this for, but I just wanted to get it off my chest.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/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/wkjis/my_family_members_have_low_iq_trying_not_to_be/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My family members have low IQ (trying not to be rude) and I am having trouble dealing with it, anybody else in my shoes?

I've noticed it since I was very young, and I'm trying not to be rude about it, nor do I want to seem like one of those immature people that whine about their parents' intelligence. I think it might actually be some sort of medical condition that's just gone unchecked for quite some time.  
  
Here's the thing: \*\*they can't take care of themselves\*\* most of the time and it's starting to worry me. For the most part, it has always been like this. Now that I am paying my own bills, I simply don't have the financial resources to take care of them. They have \*always\* been slow, but as they age I feel it's getting worse. They haven't been diagnosed with anything.   
  
Stuff that's been constant in the 25 years of my life:  
  
\* My dad can't spell simple three-letter-words, and it took him until I was in high-school to spell my name correctly. He can only write his name correctly and two-letter-words. He seems to be semi-illiterate but has a high-school education.  
  
\* He and my mother have had their identities stolen on separate occasions, and my father has had a woman take advantage of him and steal $10,000. It happens every couple years. My brother and I usually have to bail them out of it. They also fall for pyramid scams and "get rich quick" schemes. It seems endless.  
  
\* My mother, father and maternal grandmother do not understand sarcasm, or jokes. If I turn on comedy central, instead of laughing at a non-offensive joke, they get frustrated and angry and repeatedly ask why they are being stupid.  
  
\* If I talk to them and give them a new piece of information about my life, they will forget it and ask me about details over and over. (For example, I'm going to get a used car from a relative in December. They keep calling me obsessively every day asking if I'm going to get it today or maybe this week, even though they know for a fact that it's still July. When I tell them that the guy won't give it to me until December they get frustrated and act like they don't understand why he won't give it to me \*now.\* It doesn't seem to be a memory issue, though I have had to re-explain when I am getting the car and under what circumstances about ten times already.)   
  
\* They don't understand the concept of money, billing for services and the value of things. Dad told me that he was willing to pay for my \*entire\* college education when I graduated high-school and wrote me a check for $1,000. It turns out, he thought that's what an entire four-year education costs. When I gave him the correct information, he threw a tantrum, got physically violent and refused to pay for anything. He told me I was too stupid for school anyway, and should get a job at wal-mart. He also refused to co-sign for student loans or give me tax information for a FAFSA, and kicked me off of his health-insurance plan because he convinced himself that the government would make him pay all of my bills, forever.   
  
When I was younger, he had kicked me off his health insurance a few times before because I ended up in the hospital with pneumonia (I had an IV because it was at the point where I couldn't swallow) and he told me that the hospital and I were plotting against him to waste his money because they charged him for water.  
  
\* On the money note, my mother and grandmother will spend most of their money on their hobbies or impulse buys and they will not have any reasonable amount of food in the house for weeks until the next payday. I went weeks just eating at school because I had nothing at home. We had to declare bankruptcy a number of times.  
  
Stuff that is new:  
  
\* Dad is becoming very clumsy and seriously injures himself doing ridiculous things. He has nearly cut off his hand building something in the basement, overdosed on his blood-pressure medication (fainted and hit his head) and overdosed on several different medications because he can't figure out dosages. I have to leave my phone on the charger at all times in case I get a call from the hospital again.   
  
\* Grandma can't take care of her pets. She lets them get infested with fleas/get gravely ill/overfeeds them to the point where she has no choice but to put them down. Either that, or somebody has to call her and remind her to buy them some medicine. I have been calling her daily to try to get her to buy flea medicine for four months, and I have offered to pay but she keeps putting it off. Her last dog died about 6 months after she decided she should probably put it down and she waited until the poor thing was leaking mysterious fluids out of the bottom of it's chest and stomach. Most shockingly, she told me that it wasn't a problem and she'd just wipe it up. It had been going on for quite some time. She told me "If she had been in pain, she would be crying."   
  
\* Dad and Grandma have changed political identities for no reason even though it's not in their best interest and they have donated money they can't afford to spend. My best guess they have been watching a lot of Fox News/CNN and can't differentiate what is being spinned and what is actual information.   
  
\* Dad has suddenly gotten incredibly racist even though several members of my family (my husband for example) are minorities. He also has several friends of just about every race. The racism just developed almost overnight. He no longer has a filter around my young nephews. He recently started screaming at some black kids while he was driving in the ghetto and I'm pretty afraid he's going to get himself hurt.   
  
My mother isn't actually so bad in comparison, but she and her four siblings can't deal with grandma alone. My brother and I can't take care of our parents either. I was thinking it might be dementia or something, but they have been low-functioning since I have known them. It \*is\* getting worse though.  
  
What can I do, and what exactly is going on?  
  
Does anybody have any similar experiences? What should I be expecting in the future?  
  
\*Edit:\* Obviously I'm not saying that they are mentally retarded, nor am I making fun of the mentally handicapped. They just have always had issues with reasoning and taking care of themselves and my friends have made comments about it in the past, so I'm just not the only person seeing it. My husband refuses to go over and visit because he says it's "depressing." It's a very big problem.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8g5xio/practically_stuck_committing_to_college_i_hate/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Practically stuck committing to college I hate (and I don’t know if it was the right decision/ how to cope with it)

I’m posting here because I don’t really know what to do and I don’t really know how to cope with the situation (and theres a good chance I’ll delete this later) I am tired and upset so there’s gonna be a lot of rambling. At the time of writing this it is 11:57pm on the night before decision have to be made and I’m practically stuck going to a college I really don’t like. So I went through the college process as normal however I made the mistake of applying to way too many safety’s and way to to many reaches and not enough target schools. Of the safety schools, I forced to apply to UMaine Orono by my mom despite my disliking . Well acceptance letters time came around and unsurprisingly I get waitlisted/ rejected from all the reaches, got into my safety’s , and got into the couple targets applied to. I narrowed down my list to about three colleges, Wentworth, Florida Tech, and UMaine, (two targets, one safety, didn’t consider anymore safety’s because they were expensive and not good schools) Umaine ended up in that group because it was so cheap and as backup. Eventually i visited Wentworth, and I’m a small school/city type person so of course I liked it a lot as well as I enjoyed the program, I’m also from Boston so being in the middle of the city was a big +. When I went to visit UMaine, I absolutely hated it. The campus felt so isolated being all the way up north, I didn’t really enjoy the type of people who go there (mostly but not all party kids, I don’t really mix in with that crowd) and I was less than impressed with their engineering program (I would be going for mechanical, and that’s the branch that had the worst facilities as well as of the only engineerings that weren’t guaranteed Co-op/rarely got it)(also most of their job placement is in northern Maine, and I don’t think I would be able to mentally handle living up there for more than a week). I eventually had to rule out Florida tech as I did not have time to visit/too expensive to fly down. Fast forward a little bit later when Financial aid packets start to role in. Wentworth is almost twice as expensive as Maine and they gave me little no aid. I tried appealing for more aid but they gave only $2000. This made the Wentworth net cost $39,000, making it almost half of my parents income and 11,000 more that Maine (which is 28,000 a year). On top of that with my brother currently in college, we would have to $5000 a month, which is insane. So in the end, I am stuck with these two options: Go to an overpriced college that I enjoy(but can barely afford), or a cheap college that I hate. Wentworth pros: nice facilities, good campus, strong co-op, a college I like Cons: overpriced for what you get, hard to transfer if I didn’t like it. Maine Pros: cheap, easier to transfer cons: the campus, the people, the program. My biggest issue was although i liked Wentworth a lot, money just can’t be ignored as well as I don’t know if it’s worth the money (it’s a good school, not a great school). However my other biggest issue was I honestly really don’t like Maine as well as there’s no guarantee I’d be able to transfer and if I couldn’t I’d be stuck. After talking it out with my friend and siblings, although it’s a really tough one for me, I think I’m going to have to put my deposit down for Maine because I really don’t want to be a financial burden on my family and I’d feel really guilty if I put down for wentworth (although my parents keep telling me it’s still an option). It just seems like the most logical course of action even though it doesn’t really help me personally and any way. I know at the end of the day it’s just college and it sounds like I’m being dramatic. but it’s really taking a toll on me emotionally for some reason. I can’t help but start crying whenever I think about my fait (and Im not normally the emotional type). Anyone experience anything similar? Is my decision the right one? Any coping advice for now/the future?   
  
TL;DR-I was forced to apply a college that I wasn’t interested in (Umaine). Got in, visited it, hated it. Fast forward and I’m stuck between deciding to go to an Overpriced college I like a lot but would barely be able to afford (wentworth) or going to a cheap college that I honestly really dislike (Umaine). Because I didn’t want to be a severe financial burden, I am choosing Umaine, but it’s really taking a toll on me mentally/emotionally for some reason and I don’t know how to cope with it.   
  
Anyone experience anything similar? Is my decision the right one? Any coping advice for now/the future?  
  
Thanks, thoughts are appreciated

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/11ps9j/am_i_too_violent_how_could_i_control_this_or/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Am I too violent? How could I control this or shape the situation?

Are there days you are really angry or frustrated because of what someone is doing is bothering you? And that you'd imagine a scenario where you would beat the complete shit out of him with a bat or some other very gruesome manner?  
  
Well, I can get into that situation from time to time... I do not know why, but I am easily irritated by people who bother me. For instance, like what happened just now. I study in a university on campus, with about 15 other students in my dorm. It's a relatively small house, with small corridors, where I am on the first level. On that same level, there is one guy I particularly hate because he's a disgusting hooligan with no decency and just loves to bother me because he gets gratification from seeing my reaction (telling him off). What he loves to do, with another flatmate, is kick a soccer ball up and down the stairs, which is right beside my room. The noise it makes as it goes down, as well as the ball bouncing off a wall and hitting my door, annoys me so much I want to scream at them from the top of my lungs. To make it worse, the hooligan purposely kicks the ball at my door, scaring me, disrupting my studies(or surfing reddit) and consequently, getting me real mad to the point where I'd want take the ball, break a glass window, and taking the shard to stab his leg. I also have been violent when people enter my personal space such as my room, and not get out when I tell them too because I'm busy. I would always state "I'm going to punch you if you don't get out", which I do, from time to time on the arm. In high school, if a friend of mine would use some racial joke towards me (I am Chinese), I would punch his arm too. There have been other past events where I would get mad with other people, but I can't remember it right now, maybe later.  
  
In all honesty, without wanting to seem like the angel (which I am not, clearly from what I just said earlier), I am a nice guy. I do things to help the community, always be genuinely nice to people, minimize talking about small details behind people's back because I realize that I shouldn't say anything (e.g. "Look at that stupid Obey cap" \*I'm sorry if it may offend someone here). Also, I am polite not because it's some rule I have to abide to, but it's the right thing to do. I don't like seeing trash when someone just leaves it there, so from time to time, I pick it up and throw it away without saying anything.   
  
I guess, if you redditors want to find the problem about me, I should give you a little bit more details that can be relevant.  
  
\* I hate noise. When everything is quiet and someone disrupts it because they are ignorant of what's going on like in a library or in class, I get angry.  
\* I need my own private space, where I can be alone and concentrate.  
\* I have a rather large imaginative personal bubble.   
\* BUT I am very social and friendly person, willing to hang out with them and have fun. I just like a lot of alone time.  
\* For some reason, I would get frustrated when my dad asks me to do things in the house. For my mom I would do it without complaining, but when my dad does, I get frustrated. They are not bad parents, they are great. It's just because I can be irrational and I'm closer with my mom than my dad, even if I see the former less (parents divorced) and the latter pays for everything such as my expensive university fees. I guess it's because I can joke about a lot more things with my mom than my dad. He's a very serious man, but always preparing me for the future.   
\* I don't like it when people touch my things, or use it without asking and not even showing some form of gratitude.  
\* Weird thing about me, I can get mad but when I lash it out such as yelling at people, I start to smile because they think it's a joke, or I just can't seem to stay mad in a very serious way. It actually happened yesterday because some friends came back late at night from a club, they had a little drink, and I offered them bread with Nutella or a box of cereal, however, none of them showed any signs of gratitude and then dirtied my floor with all the crumbs and the friend with the smelly feet wouldn't get off my bed, so I had to use my memory foam pillow and smack him repetitively with it.  
  
I am always aware of what I do, bad or good things, and I try to change the bad things but I have difficulty, such as my anger. I do not lash out regularly, but I do get irritated and calmly tell them what it does to me, however that only makes it much worse. So, what do I do? :\ Ask me any other questions that could help you determine my problem.  
  
\*\*tl;dr I get irritated at very small things and get imaginatively violent and cruel, as well as somewhat physically violent. What can I do to calm myself? \*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/v7ama/have_you_ever_been_positive_a_teacher_really/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Have you ever been positive a teacher really didn't like you? (My story inside)

When I was in the fourth grade, I had a teacher that, now looking back on it, I'm pretty sure disliked me greatly. I was a pretty good kid, albeit a bit quiet in class discussion and if I was with my friends I would talk some (but seriously, what kid didn't). But the thing is, I had that teacher for one class section of the day, and the rest of my classes I went across the hall.   
  
  
My elementary school had this 'time-out' time (called something else), and you basically went across the hall to the other room to fill out a form on what you did wrong, and how you'll change your behaviors, etc. I got sent to 'time-out' 50-some times in that year ALONE. Only 2 of those times were from the teacher whose classroom I spent most of the day in. The rest were from my homeroom teacher. Now, if I had like a record of having bunches of 'time-outs', I wouldn't be complaining. But I didn't. I had 3 the previous year, and 1 the year following my fourth grade year. The first time she sent me, was the first day. There was this kid who wouldn't shut-up, and I told him to be quiet. He said make me, and I said 'maybe I will'. And honestly, this kid was probably the most annoying little shit you've ever met. I was thinking the fourth grader version of this on the first day I met him. And I was a pretty nice and quiet kid. This little shit walks up to my homeroom teacher and says "She said that if I didn't shut-up, she'd shove her fist down my throat." I remind you, this is the first day, so the teacher doesn't know me, doesn't know how I act, etc. But she believed him and sent me anyways.   
  
  
It kind of went off from there. I was sent 2-3 times a week, and I remember if you were sent more than 3 times, you went to the principle. I worked so hard not to be sent more than three times. Plus, it was hard for her to send me so much, because I only had one class with her. But the days she didn't send me out, she made examples of me, scolded me for random things (such as 'smelling bad'. I had pretty good hygiene, so I don't even know), and finding reasons to exclude me from fun activities. Such as the health day, when she made me sit out in the hall for 'being impatient on making a snack' (I asked my friend when we were going to make them). One thing I remember vividly, is that she gave out candy to everyone. We were in a weird building set-up, so she even threw them over the fucking wall. But did I ever get one? No. Not even once. She even went as far as to yell at my friend who offered to share her candy with me. She was also friends with this lady who chaperoned the kids to lunch and back, and I remember this lady seemed to dislike me too. We were assigned numbers each lunch hour and 1 went first in line and 50 went last. I always got high numbers, and one of the only times I got a one, the teacher saw me up front and declared it was opposite number day (no joke) and I had to go to the back of the line.   
  
  
But sometimes, my teacher stepped wayyyy over the line. It's one thing to not be a favorite, but it's another to berate a kid down to their family. Me and my friend got in a scuffle because she thought my parents were alcoholics because she came over once and they were drinking a glass of wine (her parents never drank). I started crying and I got pulled out into the hall with my friend. She made us discuss it and apologize, and all the time I was insisting my parents weren't alcoholics, and she was just kinda like 'uh huh, uh huh'. But then she went as far to contact my mom and inform her about it, and basically went as far as to hint at there may be a problem, or that my parents were alcoholics. With the lunch lady I mentioned earlier, the second (and last) time I got a one for the lunch line, it was a windy day, and on the way up the note with the number on it slipped out of my hand and into the sewer. The lady acted mad, and then said "maybe we should hang you by your ankles and have you grab it down there with all the raccoons". Just little shit like this happened way too often. I know most of the stuff I mentioned before was just stuff that matters to a 4th grader and kind of bummed me out, but these two examples stick out of my mind as being really unprofessional.   
  
  
When I finally got out of that hellhole of a class (getting not one but 2 'time-outs' on the last day) I was relieved. But I was just a little ways from being done with that teacher. The last incident was in the fifth grade, when I brought a bit of my rock collection to science upon science teachers request (I was a bit of a nerd). I brought this semi-expensive 'starter collection' thing that you can get from a catalog that I had gotten for Christmas. On the way up the stairs to my class, it got knocked out of my hands by accident and spilled all over the floor shattering some of the rocks. I start freaking out because there is a small piece of lead in this collection and I'm convinced I'm going to poison everyone, and I'm sniffling. Whatever, teachers assure me it's no big deal, and they help me clean it up. I'm bummed because I broke this collection thing I got for Christmas. Then, my old fourth grade teacher comes up, and she's wondering what's going on. I told her, whilst sniffling, that my rock collection I brought for science broke. She kinda rolled her eyes at me and says, "it's fine" all exasperated.   
Later that day I go into the nurse because my arm hurt and I was dizzy (I had fallen during recess, that's why my arm hurt) and I was laying down. My old teacher walks in for her medication or something, and she sees me, and asks the nurse why I'm here. She tells her what I came in for, and my old teacher leans in and whisper-talks (while I'm laying down maybe 6 feet away), telling her that it's because I "dropped my rocks." Insinuating that I was playing hooky or something. Ugh, it just makes me angry just typing about it. Soon, I was out of elementary school. I was, needless to say, very thankful.  
  
TL;DR: 4th grade teacher sends me to 'time-out' 50-some times in a year, when the rest of my record is at most 3 in a year. Insinuates my parents are alcoholics and that I was some no good kid. Continues to spread her dislike of me even when I'm no longer in her class.  
  
Reddit, did/do you have any teachers that really didn't like you?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/4wh1zp/8_websites_you_should_know_if_youre_applying_to/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: 8 Websites You Should Know if You're Applying to College This Year

(x-post I made to /r/ApplyingToCollege)  
  
Hey guys! I've compiled this handy little list for you and weighed out their pros and cons. Some of these websites have overlap with the sidebar links, so check those out too!  
  
\*\*1. [The Common App](http://www.commonapp.org/):\*\* Obviously. But what isn't so obvious is this site's helpfulness beyond the "Apply Now" button. The site is \*jam-packed\* with videos answering tons of questions that have crossed every applicant's mind. If you don't find content that answers your questions - you can tweet to their highly responsive [virtual counselor](http://www.commonapp.org/virtual-counselor). Clicking literally anywhere else besides the "Apply Now" button can actually be extremely helpful - and it's something most applicants miss.   
  
\*\*2. [The College Navigator](https://nces.ed.gov/collegenavigator/):\*\* Now look, I know the site may not be the prettiest on the \*outside\*, but I beg of you to give it a shot, and you will definitely change your mind. This site is absolutely golden if you're struggling to find universities which suit you. It has an easily accessible [database of statistics](https://nces.ed.gov/surveys/SurveyGroups.asp?group=2) to help guide you through the first stage of applying: choosing your university. And let me tell you, it really isn't always Harvard, Stanford, Princeton, Yale, or MIT - even though they may come to mind at first.  
  
\*\*3. [IvyApps](http://www.ivyapps.org):\*\* Alright, alright. Let's say you're a big shot and want to apply to one of these top universities. One of the most helpful resources I found during the application process was a database of full applications and essays that were accepted from previous years. IvyApps has a database of over 20 full applications and over 60 essays accepted to top schools. [Here](http://ivyapps.org/essay-got-into-5-ivy-leagues/) is one of their essays which was accepted to \*\*FIVE\*\* Ivy League Universities. Reading essays isn’t for everyone, and if you think it isn’t for you, I still recommend you take 5 minutes out of your schedule to give it a shot!   
\*Payment Warning\*: Their other content does cost money to access ($14).   
  
\*\*4. [Federal Student Aid](https://fafsa.ed.gov/):\*\* So as most Redditors know, US university is expensive. Like, [REALLY](https://trends.collegeboard.org/college-pricing/figures-tables/tuition-and-fees-and-room-and-board-over-time-1975-76-2015-16-selected-years) expensive. And since not all of us are heirs to cottages in Martha's Vineyard, we all have to find a way to save money. FAFSA is a really good website which can tell you what scholarships and aid you are eligible for. The first thing you should do, before you even put pen to paper and draft your essay, is sit down with your parents and have a talk about money. After the talk is over and they develop ulcers over tuition prices, show them FAFSA, and be their financial hero of the day. You may be surprised at how much financial aid you are eligible for.  
  
\*\*5. [Good 'Ol Sal Khan](https://www.khanacademy.org/test-prep/sat):\*\* By now, everyone should recognize the soothing and supple voice of the one and only Sal Khan. I mean, he's probably the only reason why any of us got grades good enough to even be \*eligible\* for college. But it turns out Mr. Khan now teaches just a little more than algebra and economics; he's teamed up with the College Board to produce lessons specifically designed for the SAT. So sit back, relax, and press play as you learn how to ace the SAT. I highly recommend Khan Academy, and as I like to say: a video a day keeps the anxiety away!  
  
\*\*6. [CollegeExpress](http://www.collegexpress.com/):\*\* It's all about the money. And beyond financial aid, it turns out you can save even more money - yeah you heard me - MORE. Just by having hobbies and being good at school. CollegeExpress has been the best search engine for scholarships in the USA that I have found so far. A little clacking of the keyboard and \*voila!\* Thousands of dollars at your fingertips. I really do recommend you check this out, because way too few people actually make use of the free money, all because they were too lazy to write a few hundred words. I can assure you that if you've survived high school you sure as hell can survive a few extra hours on the computer.  
  
\*\*7. [yconic.](https://yconic.com/):\*\* Simply put - this is the Canadian version of CollegeExpress, but in my view, it is much more easy to navigate and use. The landing page says it all - over a hundred million dollars are available to you if you spend a few minutes on the site. Few minutes on site --&gt; few thousand in savings, now that is some return on investment a hedge fund manager would beg for.  
\*Side Note\*: I'm literally not exaggerating when I say you only need to spend a few minuted on the computer - some of these scholarships only require you to put in your name and email. Now that's cool!  
  
\*\*8. [The College Board](https://collegereadiness.collegeboard.org/sat?navId=gh-sat):\*\* If you’ve made it all the way down my post - congratulations, you’ve earned the reward of the most stressful yet helpful website on the list. The College Board is the hub of \*ALL\* relevant standardized tests: from APs to SATs to SAT IIs (yes those exist). What I recommend you do on this website is the following: make a checklist for yourself. Research all the standardized tests they offer and make a list of all the ones you need. Add registration dates to your calendar, and if you haven’t done so already, \*\*MAKE A CALENDAR\*\*. You don’t know how many kids wait until the last minute to study or register - make this your first move in setting yourself apart.  
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\*  
  
1. [The Common App](http://www.Commonapp.org)  
  
2. [Find out what University Suits You](https://nces.ed.gov/collegenavigator/)  
  
3. [Read Successful Essays and Applications](http://www.ivyapps.org)  
  
4. [Free Money for College](https://fafsa.ed.gov/)  
  
5. [Hundreds of Videos to Help You Prepare for the SAT](https://www.khanacademy.org/test-prep/sat)  
  
6. [Save \*More\* Money](http://www.collegexpress.com/)  
  
7. [S(eh!)ve \*Even More\* Money](https://yconic.com/)  
   
8. [Organize! Organize! Organize!](https://collegereadiness.collegeboard.org/sat?navId=gh-sat)  
  
  
\*Don't\* be me and think you can coast through the application process like you did the rest of high school, because you can't. I've given you the content, now find that commitment within you, and I can assure you you'll do fine.  
  
Good luck applying!!

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/zusf8/im_pretty_sure_my_boss_is_screwing_me_and_i_dont/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I'm pretty sure my boss is screwing me and I don't know what to do .. help?

Okay - excuse the novel of details, but I feel like this is all really complicated and I need to explain everything for it to make sense.  
  
So I worked all last year as a classroom assistant at a one-room primary (preschool &amp; kindergarten) montessori school. Because there are so many montessori schools and a lot of them have ridiculous names, lets call this one Guacamole Montessori.   
  
Guacamole Montessori was started by a woman - let's call her Mary - who has 20 years of teaching experience; 10 or so in Montessori. 7 years ago she was approached by a family who wanted to sponsor her to start her own primary school. It's not uncommon for primary montessori schools to be "children's houses" - and that's what Guacamole montessori became. Mary and her family live on the second floor of a nice house and the school exists on the first floor.  
  
When I was hired in October of 2011, I didn't have training. I didn't have any experience in montessori. Retrospectively, I was so unqualified that I don't think she should have even hired me. But thats beside the point. Mary hired me to replace her previous assistant who was leaving to have a baby, and I was desperate for employment.  
  
Typically, a classroom assistant is supposed to observe the classroom and facilitate concentration and learning. Mary obviously thought she could teach me how to do this while still maintaining an environment in which the children could learn.  
  
I did my best, but eventually my role became the person she directed around the classroom. She didn't let me make any decisions about how to conduct myself and often yelled across the room - braking the fragile concentration of preschoolers - just to tell me something I already knew.   
  
Because Guacamole Montessori and Mary's house were the same place, my job began incorporating managing other aspects of her personal life. I walked her daughter to and from school every day. Did the dishes daily. She sent me almost daily to Starbucks to get her scones. She doesn't know how to operate a computer (im not even kidding) and she would have me manage her emails for her. It was my job to make sure her daughter was ready for ballet every afternoon. Occasionally (one a week or so) I did her personal laundry and started dinner for her family. A few times she even asked me to discipline her daughters for her.  
  
Mary would also provide misinformation (lie) about me parents, presumably to make me look better? I have no idea. Example: I told her I was interested in volunteering in a hospital this summer and she announced in front of all the parents at the end of school brunch that I had decided to become a pediatrician.   
  
For a while, I went back and forth about whether I wanted to get my montessori training and become a teacher, but I always settled on no. By the end of the year, I was more than eager to GTFO and not see Mary until September.  
  
When I was hired, Mary told me she would give me a raise (my starting salary was $10.50/hr) within a few months of October 2011, and that she would give me a summer bonus for committing to work the 2012-2013 school year. Being a broke 24 year old girl, I totally committed to working the next school year, hoping that I might find something better before the school year started. But when I approached Mary in June about giving me a raise the next year and the bonus (both of which she never mentioned after my hiring interview), she told me she could do neither because enrollment was so down. She assured me she would do open houses all summer and we could talk about it again at the beginning of the year.  
  
So August approached and Mary called me in for a meeting - just a few weeks before school was to begin. Mary told me she didn't get a single student to enroll; we had 7 students for the whole year - as opposed to the 14 we had last year (the intended class size for the school). Mary told me she couldn't hire me back full time, and instead could offer me 15/hrs a week.  
  
\*\*Here's where it gets confusing to me\*\*  
  
Mary told me then that she wanted to hire me as an independent contractor \*\*(I still have no idea what this means)\*\*. She told me she still had to pay taxes (but not my social security, right?) but by hiring me as an independent contractor, she didn't have to pay unemployment insurance because she would no longer have the right to fire me. She told me that I would no longer be her employee and we would be "two adults working together in the same environment." I remember that quote so well because I was so surprised. She never treated me like an adult.   
  
So Mary explained that my job would be 3 hours a day and I would not be in the classroom at all. She said my only job would be to manage the school garden and give gardening lessons for half the time and during the other half I would give baking lessons. I was kind of pumped when I heard this, because I really hated working in the classroom with her and getting bossed around instead of her trusting I could - after months of her direction - make something close to a wise decision in the classroom. She told me I would have total freedom in the garden with the understanding that we could use one element from the garden to cook with each week.  
  
But when school started last week, nothing was how she explained. She had me doing odd-jobs for her right away. Writing emails, going into her daughter's room and using the printer to print out the parent handbook in which she had \*\*a)\*\* written my bio (falsely) and \*\*b)\*\* listed me as "assistant to the directress."   
  
Last week, when we talked about my daily schedule, she gave me (of three hours) 45 minutes of gardening lessons with kids and \*\*10 minutes\*\* by myself to manage the garden. Now god bless these kids, but theres no way they can even effectively plant a plant let alone assist me on keeping the garden fruitful. 10 minutes is a laughable amount of time for me to do all the watering, weeding, and pruning that needs to get done. Let alone her unrealistic expectations for making another raised bed. At this rate, we will never fulfill the expectation of eating from our garden once a week, and she will just get mad at me again. She also clearly has no faith that I can do my job (and it should be said that I have experience in gardening). While I am in their presence, she says to parents "(Me) needs help planning the garden," or "(Me) needs advice on how to get rid of slugs," etc. etc. "NO. I actually don't," I want to scream.  
  
Next she factored in 30 minutes of my schedule for baking and that left 95 extra minutes. I was shocked that she told me she wanted to make that time general odd-job time. She told me matter-of-factly that she "needed help" and that, in addition to whatever little tasks she has for me to do each day, I should be prepared to make and set up art projects, clean the kitchen, assist with outdoor playtime.  
  
She told me she wanted this schedule to be rigid. 8:45 - 8:55, prepare the garden. 8:55 - 9:40, gardening lessons, etc. But last week she made it clear she didn't give a fuck. She had me cleaning up for her until 9:40, I asked her what I should do if she wants me to honor the schedule but also wants me to do shit for her. She got so angry she asked me if I even wanted to work that day. Yes. I did. I don't want to work there on a larger level, but I wanted to work there that day because I need the money. Every day we don't follow the schedule and every day she gets frustrated. And I do too, because I have no idea what she expects of me, and no idea how to stand up for myself in front of her.  
  
I am not an independent contractor. I am her employee. I am her little slave girl. This week she referred to me as though I was a child in front of all the students and today, when she left me alone with them to take a personal phone call, they would not listen to me and did not honor me as an authority figure, because they learned not to from her behavior. (She also kept me 30 minutes late as she was talking and I was late to my meeting with my career counselor. Oh, the irony.)  
  
The more I've started looking for things, the more I've noticed funny signs that things are not right at the school. Here is a list of things I've come up with:   
  
\*\*1.\*\* I have not signed a damned thing. Neither she nor I have written a contract for this. Given, I am young and have never done this before, and I have no idea what I'm doing (why I'm asking reddit), but does't being an independent \*contractor\* require a \*contract\*? Also, doesn't that mean I have to pay double taxes or something?  
\*\*2.\*\* I asked Mary when I was getting paid. After convincing her NOT to decrease my pay-rate this year (she wanted to take it down $.50/hr), Mary told me she would pay me monthly on the 15th. So when I asked her if she would pay me Sept. 15 for the month of September, she said "I don't know, probably not. I haven't yet received all of the tuition checks." As if that were my problem, right?  
\*\*3.\*\* Tuition checks are made out to Mary, and not to Guacamole Montessori.  
\*\*4.\*\* When Mary gave me the school's card to go buy garden supplies at the nursery, the name on the card was not Guacamole or Mary; it was her husbands name .. ? Does she no separate Guacamole's money from her own personal money?  
\*\*5.\*\* This week the state inspector came (as she does annually) and Mary had me running around frantically to make safety things up to date. She had me updating emergency kits (every kid has one) that clearly had not been updated since the year before last. It was also clear that much safety and hygiene protocol has been ignored until the inspector's visit.  
  
\*\*Something is not right here and I don't know what to do.\*\* Mary is unprofessional and degrading, and I don't think she even knows it. I'm afraid if I confront her about these issues she will fire me and find someone else and I can't afford to lose my job, no matter how shitty it is.  
  
I am working with a career counselor who, in the coming weeks, will help me build a plan to get out of this job and find another "survival job" that will just help me with money until I figure out what my true calling is. But in the meantime, \*\*I need to know how to cope with this horrible work environment.\*\*   
  
\*\*Please, any advice is appreciated. Even explaining what a business relationship with an independent contractor should look like would be extremely helpful.\*\*  
  
\*\*TL/DR\*\* I was hired as an independent contractor, have never signed a contract, am being treated like an underling. Help.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/uou6z/update_i_was_requested_to_compile_all_of_the/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: [UPDATE] I was requested to compile all of the real-life cheats into an easy to read list.

###Here is a compilation of the top 80 real life cheat codes written by reddit community.   
   
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\*\*PLEASE NOTE THAT THE FOLLOWING LIST IS COMPLETELY BASED OF THE COMMENTS ON REDDIT, COMMENTS (INCLUDING ADDITIONAL EDITS TO THEM) HAVE BEEN COPIED AND PASTED VERBATIM (INCLUDING "EDITS"). PLEASE LOOK AT THE COMMENTS OF THIS POST FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION REGARDING THESE TIPS AND REALISE THAT THEY MAY NOT BE ACCURATE, HAVE NEGATIVE CONSEQUENCES, OR ARE COMPLETELY RIDICULOUS.\*\*   
   
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[The original submission](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/) created 2 years ago by [Lurial](http://www.reddit.com/user/Lurial)   
   
|Number|Cheat|   
|-------:|:------|   
|\*\*#0\*\*|This is a compilation of tips from the internet and although everything on the internet is true, check the comments below and do you're own research before attempting them.|   
|\*\*#1\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Stop: Stop: Play. Skip advertisements in movies and go straight to the movie.|   
|\*\*#2\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Dial 0 during most automatic menu phone systems to be taken to operator to route your call. also, mashing buttons may work as well. Whenever you have a voice automated phone system, typically saying "representative" gets you someone right away. \*\*Update\*\* In regards to Cheat Code # 2 I recommend this site: http://gethuman.com/|   
|\*\*#3\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|keep a spare car key in your wallet/purse. If you have a bulky Key that won't fit in your wallet, get a key made that doesn't have the electronic chip on it. It will still unlock the car, it just won't start it. \*\*changed by popular request Risk Update:\*\* if your wallet is stolen they have your car key. All they need to do is go to your house some time later and take your car out of your driveway.|   
|\*\*#4\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Riding a bicycle will save you lots of money on gas, parking, medical bills, and gym memberships.|   
|\*\*#5\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|If you are speeding and suddenly up ahead see a cop that clearly just tagged you, slow down and wave to him/her. Your odds of being pulled over are quite a bit reduced.|   
|\*\*#6\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Don't be rude, but NEVER answer any cops questions when they call you in for questioning.|   
|\*\*#7\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|when getting lectured into voice mail, hit 1, pause momentarily. If you aren't put through immediately, hit \*, pause. Finally, hit # if neither 1 or \* worked. It is called the 1-star-pound technique, and it works for all cell carriers.|   
|\*\*#8\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|If your credit card magnetic stripe starts to get worn from use and being in your wallet, and doesn't always read in the card reader, you can use the plastic bag trick. Put the card in a plastic grocery bag and then swipe it. Not sure why it works, but it does.Taking it further though, you can simply apply a piece of quality cellophane tape over the mag stripe for a "permanent" plastic bag trick.|   
|\*\*#9\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|At the end of your shower turn the water really (or all the way) cold. This will wake you up and get blood flowing. \*\*Update 9:\*\* It also closes your pores to allow for less dirt and bacteria to get in to help reduce acne problems.|   
|\*\*#10\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Macy's credit cards usually have a 20% discount on purchases. I pay with the Macy's card, then while still at the register, I immediately pay off the charge with my debit card. I just got 20% off my purchase and I never get a credit card bill. - this also works with JCP and kohl's cards.|   
|\*\*#11\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|When you buy something online, you usually get a chance to enter a promo code before you purchase. Google the promo codes. They're out there - you can get anything from free shipping to 25% off the purchase.|   
|\*\*#12\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Turn it off, then on again.|   
|\*\*#13\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Buy things out of season, this can save you money. Unless its food, then buy it in season.|   
|\*\*#14\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|When you have forgotten someones name, simply say : "I'm sorry, but what was your name one more time." They may act offended, but when they give you there first name you simply reply "No, I meant your last name." (more socially acceptable to forget). Bingo. First and last names.|   
|\*\*#15\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|When eating buffalo wings, the flat portions. You can detach the smaller bone on one end very easily, then twist it a bit and it will just slide out. You're now left with a big hunk of meat and only 1 bone, you can just bite it off into your mouth in one piece, flintstones-style. http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BRcOY-PvOC8|   
|\*\*#16\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Gently work an orange in your hands to loosen the peel from the fruit. This makes it easy enough to get the whole peel in one shot.|   
|\*\*#17\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Can't find your car in a parking lot? hitting the lock button trying to get it to beep? Extend the distance of key-less entry by putting the key under your chin. The signal will resonate in your skull increasing the range dramatically. I swear to god this works, and I'm told it's safe because the radiation is non-ionizing. \*\*verification notice\*\* from ddrt via AskReddit sent 20 hours ago 9 is called the scottish shower. Just sayin' EDIT: I just tried #17 holy shit it works!|   
|\*\*#18\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|If you get a ticket on the windshield of your car, you can potentially get away with parking illegally in the same lot for the rest of the day by keeping the ticket on your windshield. \*\*edited\*\* reduced from a few days for a single day.|   
|\*\*#19\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Most tinfoil and saran wrap boxes have little push-in tabs on the sides. If you push them in, the roll won't fall out when you try to rip out a sheet of it.|   
|\*\*#20\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Keep a list of all of the credit card phone numbers (1-800) in your cell phone. This way, if your wallet is ever lost, you can call them immediately to have them disabled. It's also a good idea to place all of the cards in your wallet on a copier and print a page to keep at home. This will give you access to your License #, etc. \*\*Update:\*\* You should update 20. If you lose your wallet.. as in misplace it.. put a hold on your credit cards. Do NOT cancel. If you cancel it can later show up on your credit report. If you believe you are going to find it later, placing a hold saves you the red mark on your report.|   
|\*\*#21\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|If you are driving an unfamiliar car and you don't know which side the gas tank is on, just look at the little pump icon next to the gas gauge on the dashboard. The pump handle on the icon will be on the side of the tank. \*\*Update:\*\* saw the gas tank one on an older reddit, turns out the handle thing is not consistant. But there IS usually a little arrow next to the icon. \*\*Second Update\*\* 99% of the time the gas door is opposite of the tailpipe. So far, I have only found that early-mid 2000 Pontiac Vibes break this trend. \*\*Third update\*\* if there is no arrow, then it most likely is on the passenger's side. I've yet to see one without an arrow that wasn't on the passenger's side|   
|\*\*#22\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|\*\*this tip was unpopular, so im changing it\*\* This one changed my life. If you're at home/work/party or GOD forbid your girlfriend's house and the toilet starts to overflow, take the lid off the back reservoir part and lift the long handle as far up as it will go. The water will stop rising and then you can quietly mutter curses at it till it goes back down (which it does, more often than not...) link to a Diagram: http://superhomeideas.com/images/toilet.gif|   
|\*\*#23\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|to peel a boiled egg, roll it around on your plate for a while until all of the eggshell is cracked evenly. Then it's easy to remove the complete shell at once. After you boil eggs immediately place them in ice cold water for a few minutes. No vinegar or salt or oil or whatever people use. Shells slip right off|   
|\*\*#24\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|you spill any liquid that will stain on your carpet (red wine, juice, etc), pour some salt on it. Work it into the carpet - just rub it in with your hands. Leave it there for a few hours (for serious stains, up to a day) and vacuum it out. Voila, stain gone.|   
|\*\*#25\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|If you park in a large parking garage/shopping centre, get out and take a photo on your cell phone of the nearest parking sign (Area B2, etc). You will never lose your car again.|   
|\*\*#26\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|If you drive stick and the battery s dead, get some friends, put the key to the on position, put the car in 2nd and push the clutch down. have your friends push your car. when you get a decent speed going let the clutch up. (this is called "Popping the clutch." your car with start and you can drive around for a while to recharge your battery(provided nothing is wrong with the battery or the alternator). \*\*Update\*\* thanks for the input guys, i switched it from 1st gear to 2nd gear.|   
|\*\*#27\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Tapping on the top of a beer or soda can will make it fizz less! \*\*This has been proven wrong in the comment section but you can tap the side of the can to get rid of the bubbles/fizz as seen [here](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l5xbgNTxApo) so the can doesn't explode.\*\*|   
|\*\*#28\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|Peel a banana from the bottom, which is one of /r/sciences 2nd highest scoring link of all time! http://www.reddit.com/r/science/top/?t=all|   
|\*\*#29\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|4,2,3,1 -- Vending machine cheat code. (As in, the vertical buttons machines, like this one http://i.imgur.com/9jJTG.jpg ). will grant access to vending machine's diagnostic menu. most times the fun features are disabled, but i've gotten a free powerade and a couple cokes in the past.|   
|\*\*#30\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|\*\*use this at your own risk \*Re: #30, I worked as a parking enforcement officer during college and we can tell when it's fake. The fine for this offense (at the university I worked at) was $250, and usually a ban from parking at the university (i.e., booted or towed on sight).\*\*\* College Parking Cheat Code: Anyone who's gone to a college or university knows they usually charge a ridiculous amount of money for parking (usually $300+ for a semester pass or $10+ for the daily passes), a service that should fucking be free for students considering the high cost of education. Fuck them. Buy one daily pass at the beginning of the school year (usually a small paper ticket printed out a machine on the lot), take it home and scan it, photoshop the date for tomorrow, and print. Repeat for the next 4 years. Anyone with even the most rudimentary photoshop skills can pull this off convincingly. Even if your printer is shitty, from behind the tint and glare of a car windshield, it might as well be a 7-11 receipt. I did this for 2 years at a UC and saved hundreds of dollars.|   
   
The new list of real-life cheat codes based on the top scoring comments from both the new list created by [MrCassiBro](http://www.reddit.com/user/MrCassiBro) and the old list   
   
|Number|Cheat|   
|--------:|:-------|   
|\*\*#31\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|When you go to a restaurant where they bring you your drink in a cup/glass, ask for no ice or for ice on the side. Often what they do is load your drink with ice so that it seems as if there's more in there, especially at bars.|   
|\*\*#32\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|When you pour soda, pour it along the side of the cup instead of directly into it - like they do at bars. This keeps alot of the "fizzyness" in the drink and as a result, it keeps a lot of the texture and flavor.|   
|\*\*#33\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/)|If you need to withdraw more money than your limit, if you do it quickly enough, you can withdraw your limit twice from the same ATM and sometimes the one next to it before it stops you from withdrawing any more.|   
|\*\*#34\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvpyt)|If you back up the toilet at work or someones house with no plunger available, look for liquid hand soap. Dump some in the toilet and wait about five minutes and flush again. The soap lubricates the nasties so they'll flush away. If its still clogged, find a way to dump hot water in the toilet, as it can have the same effect. Use the trash can or something. If its still clogged, kick the door open and run like hell. Find a new job or new friends. You just left their toilet full of hot soapy shit soup, you asshole.|   
|\*\*#35\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wwedq)|When I am in a large shopping centre (mall) I take a photo of the information board on my phone so I can look up how to get to stores without having to go back to the board|   
|\*\*#36\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wwgul)|When commenting on something, whether it be reddit, facebook, etc. finish typing your comment, stop, re-read it twice and then ask yourself what you are trying to accomplish with said comment before posting.|   
|\*\*#37\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvgpw)|When you finish showering, use your hand as a squeegee(?) To get excess water off your body. It makes drying much faster and your towel will also be dry sooner.|   
|\*\*#38\*\* ^[Permalink](http://ircimages.nonexiste.net/wp-content/uploads/2012/04/asian-guy-thumbs-up.gif)|Don't be a dick|   
|\*\*#39\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvtfr)|if you gently rock back and forth while pooping it will take significantly less time and make it easier to pass more "troublesome" movements. Best. Lifehack. Ever.|   
|\*\*#40\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvsa6)|Try and get in good with the clerks/secretaries of where ever you work or do business. Those are the people who can most easily cover your ass when you fuck up.|   
|\*\*#50\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qq4sy)|1st Date Cheat Code for MEN: Never tell a girl where you’re going or how to dress. Instead, tell her to "dress for a first date with a guy she really likes". Now, pick three places you'd like to go: someplace fun and active (bowling, pool, mini golf, go-kart racing, ballgame, etc), something romantic and classy (nice restaurant, upscale lounge, art gallery opening) and something in between (nice bar, coffee shop, comedy club). Now, when you pick her up, let the way she's dressed decide which you’re going to do: If she's wearing something sexy and revealing (dress, high heels, low cut top, etc.) than she wants to go somewhere classy and romantic. If she's sporting some jeans, tennis shoes or flip-flops, and a tee, the bowling ally or pool hall may be a good bet. If she's wearing jeans, high heeled boots, and nice top or blouse, than she's not really jonesing for the super romance treatment, and she put in more effort than mini golf deserves (eighteen holes of mini golf in heels... seriously?), so a comedy club or some place with live music is a good choice. And never, EVER, do a movie on the first date! EDIT: Men: You're going to wear a pair of CLEAN, NEAT jeans, a pressed stylish LONG sleeve button down shirt, nice shoes or boots (try to avoid tennis shoes of sneakers). Works for ANY occasion!|   
|\*\*#51\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wva4o)|If you don't know if a baby is a boy or a girl ask the baby "Whats your name?" And the parent will answer. That way no angry mom or dad getting mad because you cant tel because they dress there baby in green.|   
|\*\*#52\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvue0)|Wear a condom|   
|\*\*#53\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wwowo)|On flights, if you are fighting for an arm rest with a stranger. bring your arm (the one thats on the same side the arm rest you want) up to your mouth and sneeze/cough. Then place it by the armrest. The other person will move their arm. Has had 100% success rate.|   
|\*\*#53\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wuiil)|To stop a sneeze, tickle the roof of your mouth with your tongue.|   
|\*\*#55\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wuiil)|Avoid forgetting something in the morning by placing it in your shoes. (works best if you wear the same pair every day.)|   
|\*\*#56\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wuiil)|Give yourself half an hour of downtime in the morning, between being ready to leave and leaving, and your day won't feel so rushed.|   
|\*\*#57\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wxwtw)|Simply put: Don't ever overlay your reality onto someone else's reality. Example: Person A: "Oh man, I'm having a really hard time recently, I can't seem to get along with my mom." Person B: "Yeah, I know how that is, I just talked to my mom yesterday, and she was like...." etc. Let Person A reflect on their moment of hardship, stand back, listen, be there for them, but don't interject with your own thoughts/emotions about your own situation.|   
|\*\*#58\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wuzmd)|When you're talking to someone and can't tell if they are interested in the subject/their mind is elsewhere, cross your arms. If they cross theirs as well, they are truly listening.|   
|\*\*#59\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wszs0)|Men of all shapes and sizes: Wear clothing that fits. Nothing looks trashier than a guy wearing a shirt two sizes too big or a pair of uncomfortable looking pants. This applies to fat guys too, don't try to hide your flub by wearing large t-shirts and jackets as they only make you look bigger! Instead get fitted and wear clothing that fits you.|   
|\*\*#60\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wu5tu)|Listen to music when doing stuff by yourself, it will make the most mundane task feel awesome.|   
|\*\*#61\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvl3g)|If you want to get into a sold out concert simply go to the store and buy two bags of ice. Walk up to the front of the line and say, "I'm the ice guy". Free concert, minus the price of the ice.|   
|\*\*#62\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvabl)|If you are quitting something e.g. smoking, drinking etc. Everytime you feel the urge to do said addiction : Go for a run, do 20 sit ups, 20 push ups etc. This way you can start to associate exercise with quitting and you get fitter the more you quit which can make you feel better|   
|\*\*#63\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qq2ev)|Shut the fuck up. Wait for the lawyer.|   
|\*\*#64\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvmsi)|No matter where you are in public, make it a habit of noting every reflective surface around you. Usually you can find one that gives a decent view of who is behind you. If you're at work, strategically place cds or other reflective objects so you can always see whose standing behind you in your cube.|   
|\*\*#65\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvp06)|↑ ↑ ↓ ↓ ← → ← → B A Start|   
|\*\*#66\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wyudl)|Don't waste money buying expensive binoculars. Simply stand closer to the object you wish to view.|   
|\*\*#67\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wutzt)|Before you take a dookie, throw in a piece or two of toilet paper in the toilet bowl to reduce/avoid splasing and that kerplunk noise.|   
|\*\*#68\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wvgyx)|Women can push the poop out with their fingers properly inserted into their vagina.|   
|\*\*#69\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wxe52)|If you're shaving your balls, try to maintain an erection during the entire shave. The whole job is a lot easier with your penis out of the way.|   
|\*\*#70\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qq2gm)|If you have crushing chest pain, call 911 first. Then chew some aspirin. I work in cardiology.|   
|\*\*#71\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wt1u9)|When you eat hard shell taco's, do it over your nachos. That way when they disintegrate, you can eat the bits you lost with your nachos.|   
|\*\*#72\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wx419)|If you need to store cookies or pastries for a few days in a tupperware or other type of container, to prevent them from getting dry and brittle, put a piece of bread in the container right along with the cookies. It will keep them very soft and moist. Sometimes, if you burn the cookies a little and they seem very tough and crunchy, leaving them in a container with the bread over night will actually soften them up and make them better than when they came out of the oven!|   
|\*\*#73\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/un437/its\_been\_2\_years\_the\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c4wt1nf)|Kill a boner within 30 seconds by squeezing your thighs together really tight. (Guys only).|   
|\*\*#74\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qpziv)|Walk on the sides of stairs to avoid/reduce creaks.|   
|\*\*#75\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qq0ma)|Talk to everyone like you would your best mate, and smile.|   
|\*\*#76\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qq2jq)|Sprinkle some salt on your napkin coaster at the bar.. your beer won't stick to it EVERY FUGGIN TIME....|   
|\*\*#77\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qpypr)|To get through tech support quickly with an ISP, choose the option for becoming a new customer. Then when you get there ask to transfer to tech support. Usually they won't put you on hold because they see the number coming from the new customer line.|   
|\*\*#78\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qpz2y)|Pull on your hair in the shower, if it squeaks you already shampooed it.|   
|\*\*#79\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qq5fv)|Don't announce that you are having a kid till the second trimester.|   
|\*\*#80\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c7wby/ok\_reddit\_lets\_make\_itthe\_list\_of\_real\_life\_cheat/c0qpz79)|When studying arts at university, take notes on your prof's political/philosophical ideologies and worldviews. Regurgitate in essays and on exams for an A grade. Also, margins, font, font size, etc. are incredibly important. Never neglect these.|   
|\*\*#81\*\* ^[Permalink](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/uou6z/update\_i\_was\_requested\_to\_compile\_all\_of\_the/c4xa05p)|Never include #41-#49 in a list of real-life cheat codes on reddit.|  
  
   
\*\*Some things to remember:\*\*   
   
\* If you liked a tip, upvote its original author. It's only fair.   
\* It took me over an hour to complete this so please be polite when suggesting corrections.  
\* Check out other real-life cheats in each thread since I didn't include all of them here.  
\* I don't get karma for this, it's a self-post.   
\* ~~[Reddit Enhancement Suite](http://redditenhancementsuite.com)~~ Reddit has a save feature so that you don't need to comment on this thread to find it later.  
   
^^^Shameless ^^^Plug: ^^^/r/askedreddit ^^^is ^^^a ^^^community ^^^that ^^^posts ^^^updates ^^^to ^^^posts ^^^on ^^^AskReddit ^^^so ^^^you ^^^can ^^^find ^^^out ^^^what ^^^happened ^^^easily.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/7miwi1/10_things_i_learned_during_my_first_semester_of/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: 10 things I learned during my first semester of college!

Hello everyone, I hope everyone is having a good break! I just finished my first semester of college and wanted to share few things I personally learned. Hopefully this can help current and future students!  
  
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\*\*1. College is damn expensive\*\*  
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College is expensive, and I think everyone knows that. Regardless of whether your parent are paying for them or you're getting a loan, do not waste money by not giving 110% effort. You are there to to learn and succeed, not to go out every night and fail classes. I'm not saying you can't have fun, but make sure you set your priorities straight before it's too late. If you're getting a loan, I think you should sacrifice more   
  
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\*\*2. Talk to your parents often\*\*  
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We are probably all enjoying this newly found freedom in college without our parents being on our ass 24/7. Although this might be nice, you will most likely never see them as often as you did in high school. Always make sure to let them know you love them because soon they might not be here anymore.   
  
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\*\*3. Hard work will beat intelligence\*\*   
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Some people are naturally smarter, and it really does suck. But don't let this be an excuse to lowering your expectations. I have met so many people who aren't naturally smart but has worked extremely hard to get A's. Also, if you're smart don't rub it in. It's pretty douchey.   
  
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\*\*4. Find what studying style works for you\*\*  
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Just because your friends study a certain way doesn't mean it will work for you. I wasted the first month of my college frantically taking notes and realized that I'm just spitting the what my professor said onto a paper rather than trying to understand it. And most of them time, the professor will post lecture notes online. Finding what worked for me helped me save a lot of time.  
  
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\*\*5. Don't skip class\*\*  
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Like I said, college is expensive. It might not feel like it, but you're wasting so much money every time you're skipping class. Even if you don't think it's helpful, go. Form new relationships and get to know the teacher. Who knows, you might end up needing to ask for letter of recs from the teacher of the class you always skipped.   
  
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\*\*6. Get out of your room\*\*  
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Do not stay in your room all day. There are so many people in college, there is someone who you can connect with. Make some friends. Find a date. Do something other than being in your room all day. It's not healthy and you will regret it.   
  
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\*\*7. Find some sort of activity that will keep you or get you into shape\*\*  
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Exercising is not only good for looking good but it will help you get better grades and stay healthy. Don't let yourself get out of shape because it's hard to get back in. Plus it's not attractive :P. Stay fit. It's good for you.  
  
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\*\*8. Partying/drinking is not "cool"\*\*  
&amp;nbsp;  
As everyone probably know, partying and drinking is huge in college. I'm not against them, and I personally think they can be fun. But I do have a problem with how they are praised to be "cool". Like some kids think it's "cool" to get plastered and black out and puke. They brag to their friends next morning about how "hard" they went and people praise them. Honestly, this is not the case. Remember if you're only doing things to look "cool", chances are, you're probably not cool lol. Also, everything in moderation.   
  
&amp;nbsp;  
  
\*\*9. Keep your integrity and don't lose yourself\*\*   
&amp;nbsp;  
You will probably change drastically throughout college. I know I did. But make sure you don't lose sight of who you are. Sure you might find new hobbies and interests, but don't be someone who you're not. Don't cheat on homework or test because you didn't study. Don't be an asshole because you think it will make you look cooler. Don't fall under peer pressure. Always make sure you put school on top of the priority list. Just be responsible.   
  
&amp;nbsp;  
  
\*\*10. Have fun! Socialize! Gain new perspective and learn about new cultures!\*\*   
&amp;nbsp;  
These are 4 years of life you will never experience again. If you regret doing or not doing something in high school do it! If you like a guy or a girl, ask her out! Don't be a Pu\*\*y! If you want to be more outgoing, be more outgoing because you are starting fresh. So is everyone else! If you think it's weird to talk to people in class or anywhere, you're wrong. I'm sure you would love if people came to talk to you! Don't only talk to people you are comfortable with. Talk to all kinds of people! It will help you become a more complete person!  
  
&amp;nbsp;  
  
\*\*11. G.P.A. is just a number\*\*  
&amp;nbsp;  
I'm not saying don't get good grades, but make sure you're not killing yourself over a 4.0. Although a good G.P.A. is helpful, recruiters look at your people skills and experience. I managed to get an internship as a freshmen year even thought I don't have a college G.P.A. thanks to my ability to talk to people. Become a well rounded person and don't pull hairs for a silly number! (People seem think I'm saying GPA doesn't matter. Of course it matters. You should always aim to have a high GPA. I'm just saying, don't kill yourself because you got a 3.9 over a 4.0.)   
  
&amp;nbsp;  
  
Thanks for reading guys! I just wanted to share my thoughts about college. This is purely my opinion so please don't think this is what everyone thinks. If you agree or disagree, I would love to talk about them! Feel free to ask any questions! Sorry if there are a lot of mistakes, I didn't proofread lol.   
  
Edit \*\* added to my number 11 about GPA.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/keq6d/should_i_pursue_a_doctor_for_an_adderall/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Should I pursue a doctor for an Adderall prescription? (long explanation)

Alright. A friend of mine gave me adderall to test it out and study with. I took it, expecting to feel super-focused and charged up for studying... but instead, I feel \*normal.\*  
  
Let me explain. Normally, my mind is full of racing thoughts and constantly feels noisy and all over the place. I usually feel pretty antsy and/or stressed to some degree, and I experience a lot of social anxiety. Recently I've also noticed more lapses in memory than normal.  
  
This all has increased dramatically since entering college. And I thought about it- all through elementary, middle, and high school, I was also constantly thinking, thinking, thinking, and I would channel all of my nervous energy into drawing. During class, instead of fidgeting and letting my concentration go all over the place, I would constantly draw. All day, every day. During every single class and every single lesson, I would doodle and create elaborate drawings. Otherwise I would get very antsy. I had to be constantly drawing' either that or I would be creating little objects out of my school supplies and everything became an elaborate story in my imagination. When I'd get home from school, I'd run around the run and holler and sing and I couldn't help but leap around everywhere I went.   
  
Then, when I graduated high school and went to college, I suddenly had no time to draw in class anymore. The occasional doodle, sure, but otherwise it was notes notes notes. This is fine except by the end of every class I was very very restless. So restless that I'd be exhausted. It sounds weird, but it's true. \*sitting\* made me exhausted. Still true. Nowadays, I'm constantly battling my mind for control of thoughts, and I can't sit still or else I begin feeling really stressed and anxious. And, like I said, my mind is constantly noisy. 10 thoughts at once, all of the time. They're usually conflicting thoughts, too. "I should do my essay. No, I should do my math. Maybe my essay will take longer. What's the history of the microchip? Oh my god I forgot to ask off that day of work. I wonder what Lauren is doing. I should do my math homework. What's the history of calculus?"  
  
I also have a lot of social anxiety- I'll lose track of what people are saying, too, which doesn't help. Mix those negative emotions in with my noisy mind and I'm constantly a stressed out mess. I've tried to meditate- I sit down and immediately I think of 10 other things I need to do, then I'll wonder whether meditation works, then I'll try to actually concentrate, then I'll get a headache from frustration. Doesn't help that I often suspect it's worthless and I'm just tricking myself.  
  
  
But anyway. Today, I took adderall and then slowly began feeling more relaxed, and my mind went quiet. QUIET. I can think one thought at a time! I can even multitask(it's a totally unrelated habit that I need to break. common problem for many many people and has little to do with actual disorders), and while switching between tasks I can go back to the previous task (i.e. a calculus problem) and pick up where I left off. Usually if I try multitasking, it just spirals out of control and I lose sight of anything important I was intending to do. It's because my thoughts go too fast, I think. Now I'm multitasking, but each task I switch between gets my full attention.  
  
I know adderall affects normal people in different ways, like some people get shaky and SUPER focused, but I just feel normal. Like, really normal. Not high, not ridiculously focused, not abnormally single-minded. I'm still distracted as ever because that is a discipline issue in every sense of the term, but I dunno... it's hard to describe. I'm comfortable in my own mind for the first time in what feels like years. It probably has been years. I can \*think.\* I can think about what I want to, in depth, and my head is not buzzed with 20 layers of thoughs and emotions smashing together all at the same time. That's how I usually feel...   
  
I dunno. Should I look into getting a prescription (it'll be expensive for an appointment; no insurance), or am I perfectly normal (if undisciplined) and adderall is just doing what it does to normal people? Do people always have racy thoughts and incredibly restless tendencies, or do I actually have a problem that medication would help with?  
  
It's just that I level of peace and quiet I'm experiencing right now is astounding and I want to have this mental clarity all of the time. I've been high before and that doesn't even match how good I feel right now, where my thoughts are one at a time. I mean, even if I'm thinking of a few things at once(like at this moment I also have some calculus problems floating around in my mind, plus the thought that I should get ready to leave for my study group), those multiple thoughts seem ordered and calm. I've still let myself get distracted to come to reddit and ask this, which is totally my fault, but... does anyone understand what I'm trying to describe?  
  
also, my friend said his dosage is a little higher than average. Still, I just feel \*normal.\*  
  
  
tl;dr My mind is constantly screaming, but I just tried a dosage of adderall and I feel normal and calm for once. Not necessarily super-focused, but just peacefully able to concentrate. I still have discipline issues like any lazy college student (read: I snuck onto reddit in the middle of solving a calculus problem b/c I let myself get distracted), but I just feel so calm and collected for once. I feel comfortable in my own mind for the first time in years. It's so unbelievably refreshing. Is this normal, or is it worth pursuing a prescription? Should I just write it off as a placebo affect, or is my brain experiencing a legitimate chemical affect that made me calm down, and gave me clarity?  
  
  
sorry if even the tl;dr is really long. I'm just so astounded by how quiet my mind is, and how I feel like I can concentrate if I really want to, but I'm not so drugged up that I'm obsessed with something. If I could feel like this on a daily basis I bet I'd be much happier overall.  
  
If you read all that, you are a champ and I love you. Back to Calculus now! Feel free to tell me if I'm just experiencing something normal and i'm just too excited about nothing.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/jkzak/engineers_doctors_and_people_with_advice_how_to/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Engineers, doctors, and people with advice: how to choose a profession you're happy with despite family pressure/obligation/guilt?

Hi Reddit,  
  
I'm new to this and my problem is very complicated/long-winded so be warned. Hell, I don’t even know if I’m posting in the right sub-reddit. However, if you manage to sift through the self-involved sludge I'm about to unload and you have some, any, insight or advice, please please let me know because I'm lost and scared.  
  
Here goes:  
  
I’m going into my second year of college. I’m from a traditional Asian family who mean the world to me. My family has been through a lot and has sacrificed a lot for me and I owe them everything. They are pushing me to do pre-med but I’m having a harder and harder time going along with it and I’m finding myself pushing back. I don’t know if it’s because I deep down I know pre-med isn’t right for me (which it very well could be) or simply because I’m being an unappreciative child who wants to rebel and explore before signing my life to single career. I’d like to think I’m more mature than that, but it’s still a possibility.  
  
I’m at a crossroads between choosing engineering or pre-med.   
  
Pre-med: If I do pre-med, I want to do it for me, not for my family because in the end, I will not survive or be successful if my heart isn’t in it. I think that during med school interviews, when they ask probing questions about my motivations, they’ll know if I don’t have a passion for it. Yet my skill set lies in pre-med things (years of lab work, science background, my sibling recently graduated MD/PhD) but what I’ve seen of it so far, I’m not sure I like. I want to change the world and make a difference, as cheesy and naïve as that sounds, but that’s an idealism I don’t want to lose. More and more, I see pre-med and labwork drill it out of people. When I ask the people at lab why they’re doing what they’re doing, I’ve never been able to get a good answer and so many people seem to dislike their job. I for one have had a terrible experience working in labs at the bottom of an unsupportive hierarchy. Maybe I expected/wanted too much as a lowly undergrad and I’m projecting what I want to see and maybe the stereotype of the ultra-competitive serious pre-med isn’t true.   
  
Engineering: I love doing hands on things. I love building, crafts, designing, and generally working with my hands. I still have an idealized view of the culture, people, and environment where the people in CS and engineering are the quirky happy and slightly awkward nerds that I’m most comfortable with. I wish I’d explored engineering more last year before I had to make this choice, but that’s how things go and now I must deal with it. I also think (correct me if I’m wrong) that engineering has more to do with innovation than memorization whereas medicine is the other way around.   
  
This all sounds fine and dandy and writing this, I realize that it seems like engineering is a better fit, at least in terms of my attitude towards it, but the issue gets so much more complicated from here. For one thing, maybe it’s one of those things where the more you know about something, the more you know the faults and I know a lot more about medicine that I do engineering. Which is to say, maybe engineering isn’t as great as I think and maybe once I throw myself into it, I’ll find that it’s just as corrupt and tedious. There’s also the idea that if you see something corrupt, do you quit and leave it to fester as someone else’s problem or should you stay and try to fix/change it?  
  
The more pressing issue though is that should I choose engineering, I would be essentially turning my back on my family and in the moments I’ve tried to probe this question, the conversation always escalates and I end up in tears. My family has already threatened to stop financing my education and let’s face it, college is expensive. I haven’t prepared and I have nothing saved up, but that’s not even the core issue because in the end, I think I can deal with financial isolation. It’s the emotional isolation and guilt that I don’t know if I can handle. My dad says things like “come home if you want, I don’t care” or “you can come home, but can’t stay with me.” He’s already gone as far as to refuse to pick me up for a far lesser infraction. I know these are scare tactics but it still hurts and I know why he worries. He thinks I’m lazy and that I’m taking the easy way out and he doesn’t want to see me miss opportunities, opportunities that he never got and would’ve cherished. I’m still young but to him, that invalidates my opinions and desires because I “don’t understand.” Even my sibling, who as I mentioned before is MD/PhD, who usually backs me up gets angry at me and I end up feeling like I’m being selfish and immature for even questioning. Because yes, people have given up a lot so I could be where I am today, but how much does/should that change what decisions I make for myself? I owe my family everything so what do I do?   
  
Whichever I choose, I want to devote myself to it. Pre-med is a sure thing: I can see how my life will pan out for at least the next ten years, more if I follow my sibling’s footsteps and do MD/PhD. But maybe that’s it, I want an individual career and life, not one that’s a carbon copy of my sibling. Medicine is also more practical: people will always need doctors and if everything tanks again, I’ll probably still have a job. Engineering is unknown: I have no idea what I would even potentially do with a mechE degree besides research/academia. Whatever mistakes, successes, or decisions would be completely my own, which is both terrifying and exhilarating. In the end I might realize engineering isn’t right for me and go back to pre-med, but my education would be set back a few years and I would have still caused my family so much pain.   
  
Yet even if I do pre-med, I don’t want to have my family nipping at my heels all the time. It seems that to gain the independence I want, I have to hurt the people I care about most.   
  
If you’ve made it through this post, I truly appreciate your time. You can probably tell how confused and lost I am.  
  
So should I suck it up and stick with pre-med and try my best to find merit in it, some driving passion, or should I switch to engineering and ostracize myself from my family? If you are in either field, what is it like? Why/how did you decide to do it? And whatever my decision, how can I take control and responsibility of my life without hurting my family more than I have to?   
  
\*\*Edit:\*\* Thanks everyone! Just hearing that things will be ok and that others can sympathize or empathize helps.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/4n1cmg/so_im_not_sure_any_longer_than_i_can_do_this/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: So I'm not sure any longer than I can do this...

Hi all, it's my first time posting here. I'm not sure what I'm looking for, maybe some advice, some support, someone else who feels or felt the way I do? It is a really difficult time in my life. I'm living with my parents again, and I feel that I dove back into grad school because my family kept encouraging me to do so. I come from a family of psychologists/counselors/social workers, so I'm worried that I just did what they said would be best for me without actually thinking about what I wanted out of life. I've realized I would actually like to be an artist, a writer, an actor, or work in creative field. That is neither here nor there, though, as far as this post goes.  
  
I just graduated at the end of April with my MSW degree. I have been looking for a job, but it has been pretty tough. The one organization that keeps calling me back has been a place that pays a flat rate of $15 an hour, which yes is above poverty line, but also is a bit below what I was hoping for after getting a master's degree. I don't know if I should cave and take a job there just so I have someplace to go during the day and get some experience, or if I should hold out for a couple more months and keep searching. The work at this organization would be highly stressful (to me at least), so I think that part of what I'm doing is holding out for fair pay. Unfortunately in this field, low salaries seem like the norm.  
  
Additionally, I am having major doubts about being able to do clinical work. While I was in school, I felt like I had some real clarity about what I wanted. I enjoyed my classes (though in retrospect I'm pissed because the majority of the classes were kind of a joke and did not prepare us enough at all for what it would be like actually working), I liked all my social work friends, and I connected with the mission of the profession as a whole. Multiple professors told me that I was talented and skilled at clinical work, and I don't think they were just saying it to massage my ego. After my second internship working in mental health veterans, however, I really felt my attitude towards this work really shift. I started to feel completely drained by the work, and dreaded going in every day. All these thoughts about making a career change were playing in my head constantly. I didn't feel rewarded by the work I did, I just felt damaged by having to listen to all these awful stories I was hearing from people and helpless with how little I could do with them. I felt very cynical about the organization I worked at, too, where the caseload was extremely high. I've now begun to believe that this is the posture of a lot of organizations. After all, if a place is only going to pay $15 an hour to work with the severely mentally ill, how much do they really value their workers?  
  
Now I don't know what to do. I've realized I really care about helping people, and I think I would make a good counselor, but I don't know that I can handle the stress of it. I really care about the LGBT population, people living with HIV/AIDs, and numerous other social causes, but I don't know how to turn those interests into a job.   
  
As negative as I feel I'm coming off right now, I do not feel like social work is incredibly far off from what I want to do, I just don't know if I want to do the clinical work, or work with the "mentally ill". I mean, I've got my own damn problems, I can't be absorbing every body else's left and right.   
  
In graduate school, there was a social work track that involved policy/leadership, but I don't know how to find those jobs practically speaking. I was encouraged by a professor to look into the social work PhD program, and it is tempting because unlike a doctorate in psychology, a doctorate in social work would probably involve more research and teaching, both of which I really like. But as much as I love being in school, I feel it's the last thing I need right now. I don't want to be four years into a PhD program and realize I can't handle that either. Would it even make sense to get a PhD in social work if I felt like I was too sensitive to handle the actual practice of it?   
  
Ultimately, I'm feeling very scared right now, and I feel like in addition to being bummed out about being unemployed, I'm bummed out because I chose a very high stress career that won't pay off. If you've read any of this, I thank you, and applaud your tenacity for dealing with a boring whiner.   
  
Can anyone offer me any guidance?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/5l5q3v/parents_want_me_to_finish_my_computer_science/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Parents want me to finish my Computer Science degree. I hate it and want to pursue Psychology.

Hey guys, I need some advice. I'm in a pretty shitty situation, and I'm completely lost in where to turn and what to do.   
  
So I'm 20 years old. Should be a Junior at my university, but still classified as a Sophomore because of some failed courses. Freshman year, I didn't really know what I wanted to do. I didn't exactly have a passion for anything, and wasn't sure where I wanted to go in life. I did however, love using my computer, and when I researched Computer Science, the idea of being able to code and create things from nothing using a computer grabbed my attention. Plus, the pay in the field was something I felt my parents would be proud of, so I decided at the end of Freshman year that I'd major in Computer Science.   
  
Come Sophomore year, I started taking some of the required MATH and GEEN courses for the major, and while the information I learned from the GEEN courses interested me enough to look into it, I hated MATH. I've always hated math, whether because I never got a proper understanding of it while I was younger, or I'm just not a mathy type of person, I struggle with it. I failed Calculus I at the end of Sophomore year, and retook it again this semester (what should be me first semester as a Junior) but failed it again. I also failed GEEN 165 for the second time, the second required course for CS.   
  
A few things happened between Sophomore year that threw me into a depression that didn't involve school, but ultimately made me reevaluate my life and where I wanted to be. I knew I wasn't happy with the person I was, and I wanted to improve and grow. I came out with the dream goal that I've always had since I was little, wanting to understand people. How they think, why they behave the way they do, and help/heal them in order to allow them to understand and find themselves. Turns out, this is the blueprint of Psychology. Over the summer of Sophomore year, I really delved into the study of Psychology and turns out I fucking love it. I finally felt like I understand a little of what I want to be, and had the first step to developing my life plan.   
  
My third year came, and as I said, I failed Calculus I and GEEN 165 for the second time, but by that time, I had concluded that CS was not for me, and I wanted to look into changing my major to Psychology. I talked it over with my parents, and at first they were surprisingly supportive. My advisor tried to recommend maybe I try IT since I wasn't too good with math, and not abandon the Technology field all together, but was also ultimately supportive. However, over the past few weeks, my parents have been pressuring me more and more to just finish up with CS, or something else Technology based in order to get my degree on time. Suggesting that I could go back to school and get my Psychology degree later.   
  
This sudden change in heart hurt me, as in the beginning, they were supportive of my change. It wasn't easy for me to come to them and say I wanted to change direction so close to my fourth and final year of school, and they made me feel so much better about my choice when they were there to lend a hand. Now it feels like the pressure got to them, and they're backing out.   
  
The catch with this situation I'm in, is I'm in school under my mothers GI Bill, so my four years of school are paid for by the military. On my mothers side, she says she doesn't want me to have to amass debt and deal with that stress. Whereas my father states that my mother is paying for her school out of pocket while using her GI on me, and changing majors all of a sudden and possibly not graduating on time would be a like a slap to the face towards her.   
  
I'm aware that while I've found what makes me happy, changing majors so late would keep me in school at LEAST an extra year that we'd have to pay for. I understand that getting my degree is ultimately what they want, but I can't help but know that I love isn't in technology. It's an interest at the most, but not something I'd dedicate my life to, and I'm afraid that the lack of passion would only drive me lower in terms of grades as I'm majoring in something I don't like. My Advisor suggests IT, my parents suggest Management Information Systems as it isn't as taxing on math, yet all I can think about is doing Psychology.   
  
What should I do?   
  
TL;DR: Declared computer science major wants to switch to Psychology his third year of university. School is paid for, for four years under mother's GI Bill, and parents want me to graduate on time with a degree in order to avoid having to take out loans and pay debt. They suggest an easy transition into IT or Management Information Systems and don't want me to pursue Psychology for now as I'll be in school a little longer. Please help

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/jmykq/reddit_not_sure_what_to_do_here_my_mom_owes_me/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, not sure what to do here. My mom owes me money.

So a bit of back story. I live with my parents, I'm 24. Going back to school in October (which is why this is bothering me so much).  
  
In March this year I got a large tax return back, told my parents. So I get the cheque and sent a happy "Yay I got my money!" text to my mom. Literally an hour later I get one back, "I have a favour to ask". Now my family has had money issues in the past. I would come home from school and our electricity had been turned off. Or our cable. Or there would be 5 voicemails saying "please call us this is an urgent matter" (ie give us our money). I new right away she wanted to borrow some money. I'd helped out in the past, and usually it was $100 here or there and I'd get my money back next pay cheque. No big deal. I have no issue helping my family out when they need.   
  
So she asked to borrow $1000. Wow that's a lot more than usual. I had been planning on spending my money on some RRSP's, and getting a few things for myself (at this point I didn't have the idea yet to go back to school) but all my bills were paid, so I decided to lend her the money.   
  
About 3 weeks or so later she asks to borrow money for hyrdo. Another $650.   
  
About a month after that, I come home to find the cable is out. Call the company. "Oh you haven't paid your balance in months so we shut that off". So I paid that. Another $650.   
  
So now the total balance that my mom has borrowed is about $2300. All my tax return gone. And I had also spent some of it myself, so I had to put some on my credit card.   
  
So after waiting patiently, and seeing nothing back, I ask her when she thinks she can start to pay me back. "soon" "next week" or no answer at all are the only replies I get. (Let's keep in mind that I HATE confrontation and feel terrible bringing it up in person so all of this is done through texting. The wrong way to do it, I know.)  
  
So in June she pays me back $1000. "Yay!" I think. Looks like she's getting back on track and I can have all my money back soon.   
  
Now it's the middle of August and I haven't seen any more. I ask her every two weeks when she can pay me back. I don't even get answers any more. The last time she answered me, I was in a snippy mood and told her to stop beating around the bush, I would like to know a date of when I can get at least \*some\* of it back. Her reply, "I don't beat around the bush, I have no idea what you're talking about," yet didn't say anything about when she could pay me back.   
  
Reddit, this is starting to cause me a lot of stress. I start school in a month and a half, full time, and will only be working once a week. I need my freaking money back.   
  
Meanwhile, throughout this whole ordeal, she keeps spending. Spending. Spending. I come home and she's bought my cousin some new tshirts. She's buying little nick nack things all the time. Etc Etc. This may sound stupid, but if you owe your child money, would it not make sense to stop buying stupid useless shit that you don't need??   
  
My dad has gone camping 3 times since March. He eats out at the bar at least once a week (drinking there as well) and probably ends up spending $100 a weekend (conservatively) on booze and eating at bars. I don't think that he knows my mom borrowed money from me though. But my dad doesn't have a debit card, my mom gives him money weekly. She would be able to say to him, I'm sorry but we can't afford this right now. (He honestly has no idea about finances. When I was in high school and my mom went away for the weekend, I asked him for a few bucks because I was going out with some friends. He gave a 15 year old $60 for the weekend. I said, "umm yeah thanks" and took it and ran before he realized she usually only gave me $20. Then laughed about it afterwards)  
  
So this is what I'm wondering...what do I do? Can anyone offer me any advice? I'm tired of this. I'm tired of being stressed out. I have no problem helping...but this is getting excessive. If you are running out of money and can't pay your bills, wouldn't it make sense to scale back your spending? So that you \*can\* pay your bills eventually?  
  
Am I being rude for thinking like this? It's put a bit strain on our relationship. I just want things to be happy again.   
  
\*\*TL;DR - my mom owes me $1300 and doesn't want to cash it up.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/f4cqd/reddit_my_mom_is_on_the_brink_and_i_feel_like/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, My mom is on the brink and I feel like there's nothing I can do

Please, I can barely think straight I'm so nervous, and I have no idea how else to begin this. It's 3:30 am right now and I feel like I'm at the end of my rope and I need someone to listen to my pathetic story, even though most of you may not be able to relate to it. I want to apologize because I just realized how long this is getting but I feel like I need to get this off of my chest.   
  
To start, I'm middle eastern and my mom and dad have been married for more than 26 years. Their marriage was a traditional parents pick who they marry type thing. Because of this, my mother's life has been absolute hell because of my father.   
  
Just to give some background on him(I'm trying to show why this is so confusing for me), he moved to the U.S. back when immigration wasn't as strict as it is now, in hopes of providing for his family back home(My mother and her 3 children living with his family). After making it here, he got us all in and naturalized( I wasn't even one year old when I got here). His intentions seemed good.  
  
However his upbringing may have been worse than my own. His mother was controlling and abusive. His father wasn't very influencial even though he says that he respected him and admired him(societal norms: son respects father). He had nine brothers and sisters all under the same third world roof. He grew up on hard work and his own country's idea of what things are and how they should be. Skipping forward, he gets married off to my mom. He was the only one of his family to get out of there and get a steady job to pay for the rest back home.  
  
I'll skip the details but basically, when I first started noticing that my parents were fighting, when I was nine, I tried to keep it secret from anyone else around me. This would later manifest in my excessive nervousness and inability to remain calm under pressure later in life. My mother always tried to stay together with my father for the sake of the children and he would be stuck in his traditional ways of the man should be the authority figure and everyone should listen to him, and would throw that in her face. I should also mention that we are all extremely religious, even now more so than ever to Islam.( I don't blame Islam, I blame the norms behind misconstrued interpretations of it) But anyways, he would scream at the kids and at her and would at the same time express feelings of love. He would buy us things but yell at us. He would be "normal" for a week and then one little thing going wrong would set him into a frenzy. In hindsight, it looks like he's got some sort of psychological condition probably from the stern raising he was given mixed with the culture shock of being in a different society.   
This would ultimately leave my mom regretful of her situation with him but given her upbringing as well, she would always think of the children first. She maxed out credit cards and destroyed her credit to take care of us when he refused to offer even a cent. This is while they are living together too by the way. He would purposely put her in positions of relying on him so he could verbally and psychological abuse her and tell her how worthless she was and how much of a terrible woman she was. How she was "disobedient" to her husband and how her family members were all terrible. The irony is that HIS side of the family ended up being filled with sociopaths and all sorts of fucked up people like him, while hers was the most calm and nice part of my childhood that I can remember. He didn't need a wife, he needed a slave.  
Nevertheless, I am probably about 12 or thirteen when things get out of control, and i can't even begin to fathom whats happening and why. I was too wrapped up in my own selfish life that i never stepped back and looked at what was happening to my mother. She had suicidal thoughts for so long, but because she was extremely religious and that Islam forbids suicide, she could not act on her desires. She was trapped and was spiraling. Her friends offered the typical advice of just leaving him, but the reality was that he would never give her the divorce and that he had her financially stuck. She had no family nearby to go to, she was living paycheck to paycheck and still going deeper into debt just to be part of his sick fucking game of "I'll pay when I want to". And this part really kills me....all the while I kept whining "please don't leave dad, please stay with him." He was so good at turning me into his puppet, and making me feel like he cared, that he knew that I would guilt her into staying. I cried so much every time she stormed out saying she wasn't coming back. I would chase after her and try to keep this disfunctional group that i called a family together because I couldn't bare to see my parents break up....But she would. She would stay because of her kids. Meanwhile my older brother and sister who were in high school at the time were making her life even worse. They were hanging out with the wrong people, getting in trouble, and from a objective standpoint, being teenagers. But it wasn't helping the family troubles. He would throw that in her face and say that his kids were terrible and that he hated them. This would set her off like nothing else, and cause more fights. Things would calm down, then start up again. This continued for years.  
  
One summer when things were looking up for my parents staying together, they decide to go back to Pakistan to visit. That's where this all started by the way, i kept forgetting to mention. Everyone is gritting their teeth and pretending to be normal but soon the fireworks start, and my dad's side of the family begins to fill his head with more lies about how my mom is an awful person. To be frank, these were small petty squabbles that were used to start a fight for no reason.....Okay I've trailed off much to far. I really do apologize, but I feel like you can't understand without knowing the backstory.  
  
By the time I got to the age that I was aware of everything, I was sick of all of this shit. I am a very skinny guy and I would often wonder what would happen if I had to physically try to stop my father from going over the top. It scared me.  
  
My brother and sister are both with my mother about what is happening, but they are living two seperate lives. My brother is now engaged to a girl he found and truly loves while he has his own career( USMC), but my sister was married off the same way as my mother was. I don't know the details of why this was allowed, I know that my dad would want it but I don't know why my mom let it happen. This was three years ago.  
  
The real problem starts here. My father was and still is in my opinion, insane. He is genuinely happy and tries to be kind sometimes but othertimes, to be fair, i think in his head he sees what he does as righteous and still psychologically ends up torturing my mom and sister. He picked a man that was a high ranking officer in the Pakistani military and married her to him.   
  
She lived with him for two years and had a daughter. While this happened, my father went over for some more "traditional" faux visiting and niceties. While he was there, after having another petty argument with my sister, he tells her husband everything that he shouldn't have told him.   
  
As I mentioned, her husband is living by his society's norms, and is suddenly finding out that when my sister was younger she dated guys(WHORE!) and went out at night( DISOBEDIENT WRETCH!) etc etc. Since that day, he made her life a living hell. He would probe her with this and say that she's a whore because her father said so. He goes on and on and tortures her everyday with things like this. This year my mother bought her a plane ticket to come back for a bit.   
  
Out of left field, my little brother is born. He is now two years old and my mother is worried about his future as well now. As I mentioned before, she would die before putting him up for adoption, its out of the question of any of you are thinking that. He's not the burden, my father is.  
  
Reddit, I come to you in my hour of need. I am nineteen and my mother has just told me all of this and more and I refuse to let this go on any longer. I have watched and remained silent for too long. I never want to see her break down like that again. After hearing her I wanted strangle the life out of that bastard. You have no idea of how much hate I have harbored for him, how much he's taken from us. At the same time my conscience reminds me that I don't know everything and that he did provide for us as well, even though to me it looked like he was throwing money at his problems, and no matter how fucked up he is, a part of him is still the father that loved his kids and his wife for the first five years of his marriage.   
  
I am trying to stay rational about this and think of what's best for everybody. He isn't psychotic all the time, only when he gets into a fight and you don't back down. I know my brother is coming home in a week and then the whole family will be together. We live in my mom's house which, because of her credit she had to have my brother co-sign for. The reason we can't immediately kick him out is because the cars that me and my mom drive were both taken out under loans by him. Like I said, either moments of genuine compassion or opportunities for leverage. I know for a fact(he's done it in the past), if we tell him to leave, he'll take the cars and then we'll be fucked. My mom needs to drive to work and I need to drive to college and work. My credit score was like 730ish the last time i checked, since I only had one credit card and hardly a year's worth of credit history. The last time he took the keys for his car, i tried to go with my mom to a dealership but we couldn't get approved because of it. One guy even symathized and told me to start up like 4 lines of credit so that there would be a better chance of getting approved sooner. I have yet to do that and may have to, because I am afraid if I buy a cheap car for a few hundred bucks, which is all i can truly afford, I will drown in repair bills.   
  
Meanwhile my sister's husband is berating her through email and saying that if any harm comes to his daughter, he will murder her relatives in Pakistan. And to be honest, with the amount of authority he commands, its not out of the question. She got through security at the airport there practically on a red carpet because of a few phone calls he made. I remember before her wedding when I drove around with him for a bit. He did whatever the hell he wanted and would simply throw out his rank and name and get a salute to continue on. The truth is that he wants her to come back there so he can hurt her, which I'll be damned is going to happen. And seeing as how the country is so corrupt that not even the court system is safe from the military, pressing charges isn't exactly the best option. This is just one big mess for her and her daughter. She shouldn't go back but is almost thinking of it because she knows that he is still a good father to her daughter. She even said that he reminded him of our father in his shifting attitude which scared me the most.  
  
I don't know what to do. My grades are impeccable and whether or not anyone believes it, after witnessing many different topics on reddit, my eyes opened to the fact that i didn't want to continue pursuing my current degree, so i switched to engineering. This means that I will now require an additonal 2 years to get my associate's for that and then another 2 for my bachelors. Basically I'm so focused on school i feel like I am shirking my responsibilities as a son. I don't want my mother living with this man anymore and i don't want my sister living with her husband. I want for them to be able to start again and this time, choose what they want. But as of now, my mom has terrible credit history, not to mention that she is about to let the house go and my brother's credit history is going to get destroyed in the process. He already knows this and is entirely supportive of it, because he knows she needs to do this and cannot make payments on this house while supporting everyone else. I hear her praying everynight and asking for this to be resolved. I do as well. I'm not going to get into a religious discussion but the only reason any sane member of my family is still here is because of hope, and even now I still hope that someone may be able to help.  
  
If there's anything I left out that you want to know, I'll do my best to answer it.   
  
So please, to anyone still out there who may be able to offer some realistic advice, please tell me. I don't know what to do and I feel like if I don't do something now, my mother may finally snap.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/4wh1zp/8_websites_you_should_know_if_youre_applying_to/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: 8 Websites You Should Know if You're Applying to College This Year

(x-post I made to /r/ApplyingToCollege)  
  
Hey guys! I've compiled this handy little list for you and weighed out their pros and cons. Some of these websites have overlap with the sidebar links, so check those out too!  
  
\*\*1. [The Common App](http://www.commonapp.org/):\*\* Obviously. But what isn't so obvious is this site's helpfulness beyond the "Apply Now" button. The site is \*jam-packed\* with videos answering tons of questions that have crossed every applicant's mind. If you don't find content that answers your questions - you can tweet to their highly responsive [virtual counselor](http://www.commonapp.org/virtual-counselor). Clicking literally anywhere else besides the "Apply Now" button can actually be extremely helpful - and it's something most applicants miss.   
  
\*\*2. [The College Navigator](https://nces.ed.gov/collegenavigator/):\*\* Now look, I know the site may not be the prettiest on the \*outside\*, but I beg of you to give it a shot, and you will definitely change your mind. This site is absolutely golden if you're struggling to find universities which suit you. It has an easily accessible [database of statistics](https://nces.ed.gov/surveys/SurveyGroups.asp?group=2) to help guide you through the first stage of applying: choosing your university. And let me tell you, it really isn't always Harvard, Stanford, Princeton, Yale, or MIT - even though they may come to mind at first.  
  
\*\*3. [IvyApps](http://www.ivyapps.org):\*\* Alright, alright. Let's say you're a big shot and want to apply to one of these top universities. One of the most helpful resources I found during the application process was a database of full applications and essays that were accepted from previous years. IvyApps has a database of over 20 full applications and over 60 essays accepted to top schools. [Here](http://ivyapps.org/essay-got-into-5-ivy-leagues/) is one of their essays which was accepted to \*\*FIVE\*\* Ivy League Universities. Reading essays isn’t for everyone, and if you think it isn’t for you, I still recommend you take 5 minutes out of your schedule to give it a shot!   
\*Payment Warning\*: Their other content does cost money to access ($14).   
  
\*\*4. [Federal Student Aid](https://fafsa.ed.gov/):\*\* So as most Redditors know, US university is expensive. Like, [REALLY](https://trends.collegeboard.org/college-pricing/figures-tables/tuition-and-fees-and-room-and-board-over-time-1975-76-2015-16-selected-years) expensive. And since not all of us are heirs to cottages in Martha's Vineyard, we all have to find a way to save money. FAFSA is a really good website which can tell you what scholarships and aid you are eligible for. The first thing you should do, before you even put pen to paper and draft your essay, is sit down with your parents and have a talk about money. After the talk is over and they develop ulcers over tuition prices, show them FAFSA, and be their financial hero of the day. You may be surprised at how much financial aid you are eligible for.  
  
\*\*5. [Good 'Ol Sal Khan](https://www.khanacademy.org/test-prep/sat):\*\* By now, everyone should recognize the soothing and supple voice of the one and only Sal Khan. I mean, he's probably the only reason why any of us got grades good enough to even be \*eligible\* for college. But it turns out Mr. Khan now teaches just a little more than algebra and economics; he's teamed up with the College Board to produce lessons specifically designed for the SAT. So sit back, relax, and press play as you learn how to ace the SAT. I highly recommend Khan Academy, and as I like to say: a video a day keeps the anxiety away!  
  
\*\*6. [CollegeExpress](http://www.collegexpress.com/):\*\* It's all about the money. And beyond financial aid, it turns out you can save even more money - yeah you heard me - MORE. Just by having hobbies and being good at school. CollegeExpress has been the best search engine for scholarships in the USA that I have found so far. A little clacking of the keyboard and \*voila!\* Thousands of dollars at your fingertips. I really do recommend you check this out, because way too few people actually make use of the free money, all because they were too lazy to write a few hundred words. I can assure you that if you've survived high school you sure as hell can survive a few extra hours on the computer.  
  
\*\*7. [yconic.](https://yconic.com/):\*\* Simply put - this is the Canadian version of CollegeExpress, but in my view, it is much more easy to navigate and use. The landing page says it all - over a hundred million dollars are available to you if you spend a few minutes on the site. Few minutes on site --&gt; few thousand in savings, now that is some return on investment a hedge fund manager would beg for.  
\*Side Note\*: I'm literally not exaggerating when I say you only need to spend a few minuted on the computer - some of these scholarships only require you to put in your name and email. Now that's cool!  
  
\*\*8. [The College Board](https://collegereadiness.collegeboard.org/sat?navId=gh-sat):\*\* If you’ve made it all the way down my post - congratulations, you’ve earned the reward of the most stressful yet helpful website on the list. The College Board is the hub of \*ALL\* relevant standardized tests: from APs to SATs to SAT IIs (yes those exist). What I recommend you do on this website is the following: make a checklist for yourself. Research all the standardized tests they offer and make a list of all the ones you need. Add registration dates to your calendar, and if you haven’t done so already, \*\*MAKE A CALENDAR\*\*. You don’t know how many kids wait until the last minute to study or register - make this your first move in setting yourself apart.  
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\*  
  
1. [The Common App](http://www.Commonapp.org)  
  
2. [Find out what University Suits You](https://nces.ed.gov/collegenavigator/)  
  
3. [Read Successful Essays and Applications](http://www.ivyapps.org)  
  
4. [Free Money for College](https://fafsa.ed.gov/)  
  
5. [Hundreds of Videos to Help You Prepare for the SAT](https://www.khanacademy.org/test-prep/sat)  
  
6. [Save \*More\* Money](http://www.collegexpress.com/)  
  
7. [S(eh!)ve \*Even More\* Money](https://yconic.com/)  
   
8. [Organize! Organize! Organize!](https://collegereadiness.collegeboard.org/sat?navId=gh-sat)  
  
  
\*Don't\* be me and think you can coast through the application process like you did the rest of high school, because you can't. I've given you the content, now find that commitment within you, and I can assure you you'll do fine.  
  
Good luck applying!!

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/r61yk/today_i_honestly_did_not_care_if_i_lived_or_died/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Today I honestly did not care if I lived or died. I'm seeking help but I can't wait until next week to see a therapist.

Please help me askreddit. Two weeks ago on my main account I made a huge cathartic post about my dysfunctional family and how it made me an emotionally unstable and detached person. I wanted tips and strategies to help me deal with my issues so I could move on with my life. Now things are much worse because of the drama happening in my family.  
  
First I tried to post in in r/relationships (I wanted a way to heal the relationship between myself and my parents) but their mods took it down. Second I took it r/askreddit but the mods told me to move it to r/IHaveIssues. I posted it in r/IHaveIssues where it sat for days without a single response. After Reddit failed me I called the National Suicide Hotline, the lady on the other end gave me another phone number to call. The other number led me to counseling service in my city but the person on the other end was adamant about me walking in to schedule an appointment. When all else failed I opened my contact list in my phone to see who I could call to basically pour my heart out, when I realized I wasn't emotionally attached to any of my friends I broke down in tears. It was at that moment that I realized that no one cares; here I was with my back against the wall in the most emotionally vulnerable state I've been in my life and I literally had no one to turn to for support.   
  
In real life I am an incredibly charismatic person, but deep down I am self-deprecating, emotionally lonely, and destructive towards my relationships. I've been able to suppress these 3 neuroses for several years but recent events in my family have caused them to bubble up again.   
  
At the heart of the issue, I believe, is that the only emotion I am familiar with is loneliness and the emotional pain of being the crutch of your family's really fucked up problems (my mom and dad try to play me to take their side). I've never experienced love (hedonic, blissful, laughing-all-day kind of love I've only fantasized about) and the only times in my life I have been 'content' was when I drinking with my friends. Consequently because the only emotions I've ever experienced are painful ones, it is very hard for me to get past them. They may be painful but they're the only emotions I have ever been able feel since I was 14. I would rather feel something than nothing.   
  
This is dangerous behavior for me though. I've already begun to isolate myself from my circle of friends in order to exacerbate my loneliness. I've destroyed one relationship already. And I was walking back to my apartment from college I stayed edge of the highway facing away from traffic silently hoping a vehicle would hit me. I've scheduled an appointment with my first ever therapist but they won't be able to see me until next week, I can't wait that long. I've been in this state several times before and it's only going to become much worse very soon before I begin suppressing these emotions (which take me about 6 months to do).   
  
As of right now I've begun sleeping as much as I can, which I know is a sure-fire sign of depression, but I could care less right now. Sleep and alcohol and pretty much the only thing that numbs the pain.   
  
\*\*At the very least I just want to know that people are listening. At the most I need any kind of help to help me cope with my problems until I can see my therapist. And I'm begging the r/askreddit mods to at least humor this post for a few hours, waiting for a reply is pretty much the only thing keeping me from taking another nap.\*\*   
  
Edit 1: There's alot of really worried people here that I may potentially and purposefully kill myself. I just want to ease anxieties and say that I am absolutely not selfish enough to do that. What I was seriously alluding to was that I became indifferent to death, I really love life it's fun an exhilarating (maybe not now, but making plans to travel overseas gets my heart racing) but with the amount of bullshit happening right now in my life death doesn't sound too bad if the endless stream of negativity would just stop (the death would have be completely accidental though the idea of amplifying the sadness in the world by purposefully taking my own life breaks my heart just thinking about it). Simply put I would never harm myself, whatever happens was meant to happen, probably the greatest danger to myself right now is that my survival instincts have been blunted.   
  
\*\*Update:\*\* I want to thank everyone for their support. I sent a text message to my mom and dad basically poring my heart out about how I can't deal with their negativity anymore. I would be more than willing to talk to them individually about their lives. But I cannot talk to them if they want to talk about the other parent. I also told them that if they love me they will wait until Saturday to call or text me until I can work things out.   
  
Anyways I'm coping until I can speak to a real therapist. My goal everyday is to not to go to bed sad or angry. I'm talking to friends on facebook who I don't go to school with to help me with this, this really helps because they can't see my obvious terrible body language.   
  
We'll see what happens Saturday and Tuesday though. In the end I know I'll come out this as a more emotionally mature person capable of experiencing happy emotions. Right now though I just have to push through the anxiety in my chest and general lack of will to do anything productive. I just need to reignite the passion that I had in my life earlier, it's there I just have to find it again.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/goc3g/what_can_i_dofamily_member_not_caring_properly/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: What can I do--family member not caring properly for kids

I've been informed about a situation involving some of my extended family, and their children not being properly cared for. I feel like there has to be something I can do, but I don't know what to do. I've never dealt with anything like this and I would truly appreciate some words of wisdom.  
  
Everything I've heard has been through Facebook updates of the parents or children involved, or what the mom has told my mother. I do not doubt any of what I will be sharing here.  
  
The mom, "Joan," has two children from a previous marriage. Son1 currently lives with his father, Daughter1 currently lives with Joan and her husband John. Son1 (16) and Daughter1 (14) both have some issues, although I'm not real sure specifically what they are. Joan and John have 3 children together as well, Son2 (6), Daughter2 (4), and Daughter3 (1.5). Joan and John both have some special needs/issues as well. John can't work because he "has ADD and the mind of an 8 year old" (that is what Joan told us when explaining how they were getting a bunch of social security backpay). Joan can't work because she has too much anxiety about it, and because John can't be left alone to watch the kids because "he'll get too busy playing on the computer or something and doesn't pay attention to what they are doing." S2, D2, and D3 all have special needs as well.  
  
They had been living in Joan's mom's old house, but somebody at the children's school had reported them to CPS because the kids smelled so bad and never had clean clothes. The county stepped in and moved the family from the run-down, dirty home they had been living in (the house wasn't even 10 years old, but was never cleaned or taken care of) into some transitional housing. They then rented a house. The rental house is a pigsty. They have multiple dogs and cats and all have fleas, so the house is full of fleas. There is mold in the house but Joan wouldn't clean it because "that's the job of the landlord, not my job." They didn't have a vacuum until my mom found a used one for them. They don't use it. They don't have a washer or dryer, and they supposedly cannot afford to go to the laundromat. They will sometimes go visit Joan's mom to do laundry, but oftentimes they are walking around in dirty, smelly clothes. Even when they do laundry, they are just bringing them back to a house that smells, and the animals sleep on the piles of "clean" clothes. My mom would only go visit them in the summer when they could sit outside. They don't bother using sheets, and just sleep on bare mattresses. The flea-infested animals sleep on the beds with them. Supposedly the county has a worker that goes and checks on them once a month, but I often wonder about that.  
  
The family stinks. Literally. I cannot stand being in the same room as them. Even at outdoor functions, you can smell them. At Christmas time, they sat at a corner of a large room and I couldn't even go near that corner after they left because it smelled so horribly. When they bring food to potluck things, the food always has dog and/or cat hair in it (not just a little either).  
  
I honestly do not know how the children are still in the home. S2 poops the bed (even though he's potty trained). My mom noticed at one point last summer that S2's stomach had a nasty red rash all around his waistband. Upon mentioning it to Joan, she just brushed it off as nothing.  
  
Evidently Joan had heard that the county was going to come take the kids. So two weeks ago, she abruptly posted on facebook that they were moving. A week later I was visiting my parents when my mom came home from the local gas station (very small town) to say that the cops had been trying to find the owner of the rental house so they could get in the house to let the dogs out. They had just left all their dogs in the house when they left. Daughter1 posted on facebook about how she had to say goodbye to all her friends in the small town because they were moving.  
  
Joan told my mom that they thought the house just wasn't safe anymore, so they couldn't be there anymore. When my mom asked what they were doing, Joan said they were finding things to do during the day and then just sleeping at the house at night (sleeping there, even though she said the house was unsafe...). Supposedly they are now renting a house in a different county for a month and who knows after that. The kids haven't been to school in a couple weeks. Even though Joan and John have some issues, they are obviously smart enough to be able to keep their kids away from CPS. Joan has told my mom in the past that she would just keep moving around before she would let the state/county get her kids.  
  
To top it all off, Joan is pregnant once again. Joan and John decided to "let God decide how many children they should have." Although I don't personally believe in that, it's not something I would argue about in any other situation. They can't take care of the kids they have now, how can they keep having more?!  
  
So to summarize, family member has multiple children, all which issues/special needs, and it is the opinion of me, my parents, and many members of their small community that the children are not being well taken care of. I have no doubt that they love their children. They really do. However, sometimes love just isn't enough. The children don't live in a safe and clean environment, and they are not given the help and support they need to thrive. I am not a fan of children being taken from their parents, but in this situation I can not support the children staying with the parents.  
  
What, if anything, can I do? My heart feels so heavy knowing that these kids have mental and probably medical issues that should be addressed but won't be by Joan and John. I'm not familiar with my state's laws regarding child welfare, but I plan on spending my evening researching and seeing what I can find. I would appreciate any advice, ideas, thoughts, or anything else you could provide.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/9o7hnd/does_anybody_else_feel_like_their_friend_group/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Does anybody else feel like their "friend group" disbanded and now can't find a new one? (Sophomore).

I'm a sophomore in college right now, and I feel like I'm in a very weird position. Allow me to explain.  
  
Back in highschool, I was in a number of "friend groups", I guess you could say. Freshman year, I had that small core group of friends who didn't really split up right at the beginning who I'd eat lunch with. That group disbanded, and I was alone for a while. Eventually, I found myself in a new friend group my junior / senior year, with a couple of dudes (only one of which I'm still friends with for a long number of reasons), that's done now too. My freshman year of college, I found myself in a new friend group: I made a new friend who I went to HS with by running into him at a lunch hall, I made friends with some people who lived on my dorm hall, I met some people through them, etc. But now, I don't feel like I'm part of any "friend group" anymore.  
  
The group that I had from last year is pretty much gone. Some of my old friends had to move far away to live with family because they couldn't afford dorming anymore. One of them (a girl I was pretty close friends with) ended up getting an apartment off campus and now lives with 3 other girls and has pretty much forgotten I exist. Some of them were closer to my ex than they were to me, so they're out of the picture. Some of them left the "group" before the year was even over.  
  
Now I still feel like I'm friends with some of these people on an individual basis. I eat breakfast with my friend from HS a few times a week, because we just so happen to be on the same campus at that time of day for classes. I've hung out with one of the other girls who had to move away a few times, but it's rare because of the distance. I don't have any ill will towards any of the people that I don't talk to anymore, they're just living with their new friends and doing their thing, and I just didn't fit in anymore... I guess.  
  
Now I've made a few new friends through classes this year, but I feel like it's becoming more and more apparent just how much I'm not part of a "group" anymore. One of my friends (who seemingly has way more connections than me), we'll call him Z, has invited me out to hang out at this person's house party, or this person's apartment kickback, etc, and it's making me realize just how not part of any "clique" I am anymore. I tried to make friends with the people that he's gotten involved with recently, and it doesn't seem like they want anything to do with me (they leave my messages on read, say they're busy, don't invite me out to things that I know Z is going to with them, etc.), but he's dating one of the girls in the middle of the whole clique so I figure before long he's just going to get wrapped up more and more with her and her life / friend group (since they'll include him if she wants them to), and less and less with me, because having me around his new group of buds would throw a wrench in the middle of everything if they don't want me around, and there's no way he's going to choose me over pussy and a cohesive social circle of people who are already close... that seems to be the way these things just sort of, happen.  
  
Another friend, we'll call him X, lives with his friends / bandmates and hangs out with me to eat / study sometimes, and we've played video games and drank / smoked together and all that, but I still feel like I'm not part of his "inner circle" and I never will be. He's older and he lives on the other side of town, so it's no wonder he's already found his people, it's just weird feeling like when he's brought me around, I'm just the "kid" who he knows from here, not actually a member of the unit.  
  
It's a strange feeling. It's like, I know a bunch of these people, I feel like we're all on good terms. I figure if they didn't like me, our relationships wouldn't have gone as far as they have. But when these people bring me to meet the people they know, I always feel like I'm "the outsider" since I haven't been there from the beginning, and there's no way I'll ever have that depth that they have with eachother. I tried to break my way into one of these friend groups to no avail, and now I actually feel like I'm losing one of my friends to them. I don't like how it feels like I'm on the outside of everything now. It's not that it's a bad thing that the friendships I have with the few people I still do keep in contact with are based solely on the fact that we get along 1 on 1, but it feels \*wrong\* in some way that I don't know how to put my finger on. It's like I'm peripheral. I'm always the one trying to make plans, I don't get invited out to much, if anything. Maybe my friends don't do much as it is, but not ever being invited to things makes me feel like I'm just "tolerated", or these people hang out with me out of a feeling of obligation or just because they know we have a class together and don't want to make it awkward. I don't want to lose all of my new friends after classes change next semester but I feel like it might happen and I'm worried I'm finally about to have like, 0 close friends.  
  
I still live in the dorms because I work as an RA but it's not the same as freshman year. I feel like I took the job out of this misplaced hope that I could re-create the magic of moving out and living among a group of freshman, but as a sophomore, it gets old real fucking quick living on campus where we can't drink or throw parties, and it's not like the people on my hall view me as a potential friend, more like someone who "works for them", and they're not wrong, and I don't blame them. All of the "groups" that I've run into this year are all people who decided to move into a house together off campus, and it's made me realize just how key that is to the whole "having a life" thing, or at least feeling like you belong somewhere. I've always wanted to, and still plan on moving in with my best friend, but he's in a shitty financial rut right now and he won't be ready to move in with me until at least next year, which is when I'll have to decide to keep this RA job or try something else, and I'm definitely leaning towards getting the fuck out of here.  
  
I know I need to "put myself out there" more. I definitely could have done a better job talking to people in my classes at the beginning of the year, but people choose their seats and it becomes "taboo" to switch it up and make people move around. I need to look for some interesting clubs that I could meet people in, although that could be a crap shoot (it definitely has been so far, of all of things I've shown up to). I just don't know what to do at this point. I feel like the further I go into my college years, the more and more behind I'm getting in terms of "finding my people". By this summer I'll essentially be halfway done, it doesn't even feel real saying that, the time has flown by so fast.  
  
I know it's stupid to compare myself to others, and I should be thankful for the experiences that I have had since I've gotten here. I know that some people never make any friends in college, I'm happy I'm not in that boat. I got with some cool girls for a night here, few weeks there, couple months with one of em'. I had a lot of great experiences so far. I just don't want it to suck shit from here on out because I feel like all of my bridges have either began to fall apart, or have been burnt entirely.  
  
Did any of you guys find your "real friends" later in your college career? Do you have any tips for me to get to know people in my classes / community on a deeper level than just acquaintances? How do I "break into" a friend group when I find one? How do I stop being "the initiator" and get people to invite me out instead?  
  
I've contemplated that maybe I'm just not an exciting person to be around. Who really knows. I figure even if that's the case, it's not like I can change that. I've tried my best to become a "better person" - started working out, stopped playing video games, I dress well, the whole nine yards. I had a 4.0 my first two semesters. On paper I'm not a "loser". I'm not prudish or straightedge or anything though. I just wish I knew how people perceived me from the outside.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/812o6a/changing_majors_and_havent_been_going_to_class/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Changing majors and havent been going to class

Okay so this might be a long one, so let me start.  
  
Im currently a student at RIT, in the physics major curriculum. I chose physics as far back as 8th grade, through a combination of reading "a brief history of space and time" and religiously watching "through the worm hole " I really really was interested in astrophysics. This interest wained over time, and eventually when my high school counselors said "so are you still interested in astrophysics" I'd just say yes to get done with the meeting. When I got to high school physics, I hated it. It was boring, uninteresting, and all around just awful. This should have been a warning, but I just thought "oh this is basic stuff I'll get done with in a year and go to what I really want to do".  
  
Fast forward to this semester and I'm failing UP 1. I don't go to the class, I hate everything about it. I hate the topics, I hate the people, I hate the atmosphere of the classroom, I hate physics. The other math and science classes (such as chem and calc) I deal with and get and can enjoy sometimes, but physics I just can't stand. I haven't gone to a class in 3 weeks. My academic advisor told me to give career services a call, which I will tomorrow. I'm seriously considering changing majors.  
  
The problem? There are three  
  
1.) I have no idea what I want to do in life. I want to enjoy my career to the point where I never want to retire, but I also want to make decent money (nothing extravagant like a million dollars or something, I don't want to be wickedly rich, if I can get 6 figures, I'd be happy). I cannot think of anything, I've never really had a passion for anything. I was fairly smart in school and really had a passion for learning new things. I was good at the sciences and maths, but I really think I excelled I'm history, it was very enjoyable to me and I was able to pass the APUSH test with a 5 without really studying (I'm not bragging, I did awful on the Calc and Chem AP test, and got a 4 on the English).  
  
2. I don't want to leave my school. I love the area, I'm starting to make friends, I have really nice scholarships and grants, and I am considering rushing a fraternity next year. I commute so the price also reduces from their, and this leads me into my third point  
  
3. Emotionally abusive father. My father, to anyone looking at what he's done for me, would call him a saint. He's paid for my two semesters of college (about $18k so far) and is letting me live with him rent free. He's a very seasoned project manager so he makes about $110k a year, so it's not crippling him financially, but I was raised by my mom and we were dirt poor my early life so that amount of money boggles me and I appreciate it dearly. The downside? He treats me like he's a loan shark rather than a father, and he is an extreme alcoholic of 30 years, destroying his mental state. A typical day, hes drunk by 4 pm to the point where he can barely stand and he shouts everything he says. If I forgot to do something (put dishes in dishwasher, put clothes away, etc) he shouts at me, saying I'm a fuck up or even calling me the n- word (I am 100% white). Whenever i say something to him while he's drunk, he immeadiatly forgets, and when he has to tell me something, he forgets he told me and tells me again 10 minutes later, by 8 pm he's asked me the same question about 6 times, getting angrier each time he ask. He accuses me of lying and being lazy, he accused me of taking his pain meds one time, and I thought he was going to hit me because I swore I didn't take them (I literally said "I've never taken your pills, why would I take your fucking pain meds"). He's 50 and I honestly think he's showing signs of early dimentia I'm 18 close to 19, an adult who works and goes to college, and it's all very demeaning. If I bring up anything about college (say he asks me about a class, and I say "it's difficult, I think I'm having problems with it") he will over exageratingly slam his head into his hands, shake his head back and forth, and Huff very loudly, like I'm 5 years old. He will them ask "you have any idea how much fucking money I'm spending on this? You better" and then brings up how I better have a paid internship by my third year because he isn't helping past that point. His attitude and abuse stresses me out to the point where I lie about how I'm doing, and will stay on campus or in my room to avoid him. I can't live on campus (don't have the money, especially if he doesn't pay). I came close to vomiting the other day when I saw my failing grade because I worried what he would say (got all A's last semester except for one D in another physics class and he was very mad, saying I was wasting money). If I change majors, especially to something he might not like, not only would I possibly lose his financial support, but a place to live, a mode of transportation (he let's me drive his car, but I pay for the gas and upkeep) and I might be forced to go to a smaller college back home, which would honestly make me just not want to go to college.   
  
Adding to this, when I was 10 my mom met my future step dad. He and my father are alike in many ways, he would provide me with cash and things like a good parent would if I earned it or was good. However, he was very emotionally abusive, leading to a weird relationship between us 8 years later. A day would not go by where we wouldn't argue, he would always been my ass about something, and never would geniuenly just talk to me. It got better as I got older, but it's really left me with no real male figure I've been able to look up to in my life. Everyone we've ever been around would say "he treats that kid like shit" and even my mother acknowledge that she feels sick to her stomach for letting him treat me the way he did. This leads me to believe I'm not being over dramatic about my biological father   
  
  
This whole thing is stressing me out, I hate my major and feel trapped. I don't know what I want to do, and I feel like the only person who would really support me is my mother, but she's not financially well off right now and can only provide moral support. Please help

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ml10n/im_an_art_school_graduate_and_ive_been_made_a_job/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I'm an art school graduate, and I've been made a job offer to work in my field for a not unreasonable salary. Am I an idiot for turning it down?

\*\*TL;DR: I have an art degree, live in NYC, offered a full-time job as a retoucher for what amounts to $10/hr. I make that much at Starbucks. Low office morale, didn't feel welcome, 4-hour commute. Possibly have the chance to work in NYC in a non-art position for $17+/hr. Love the office and people. Might not be able to get that job unless I firmly turn down the art job--might not get it then, anyway.\*\*  
  
Here's the situation. I have a four-year art degree for photography and graphic design and 30k in student loan debt. I live in NYC and currently work as a barista at Starbucks. I don't make enough money to pay my bills, and if I don't get a good job soon, I'll have to move, which I really don't want to do.  
  
Last week, in a series of incredibly fortunate events, I met a woman who works as a pretty-high-up at a tech startup. I don't want to get too detailed, so that's all I am going to tell you about the company, besides the fact that they have a photo studio.  
  
The woman I met (I'll call her Rachel) took an immediate liking to me, and I went to the NY office to do some freelance retouching. I got along amazingly with everyone else working there, I love the location, the vibe, etc. It's super-crowded because they're hiring new people before getting a new office, but it's bustling and exciting.  
  
She said she wanted me to work with the company, full-time. But the photo studio is in [location far away]. It's a two-hour commute one-way from my apartment, so four hours total. It's a 1.5-hour commute total to the NY office. So she wanted to see if there was a way I could do retouching from the NY office, maybe visiting the faraway office once or twice a week to do styling. We went to the faraway office together to meet the photo team.  
  
The head of the photo studio is awesome. A couple of the photographers are much older guys, and they were friendly and welcoming. It's a small sector of the company, there are about 10 people working there (vs. the 50 or so I saw in NY). The girls? Yeah. Not so friendly. They weren't unkind, but they didn't make me feel welcome. They're all under 5 feet tall and adorable and stylish, while I'm 5' 5", chubby and only own one cute outfit (clothes are expensive and I'm broke). They're overworked and underpaid and the morale there isn't very good, though the studio head is a great boss and does his best.  
  
I went there, and in a completely unexpected move, they offered me a job.  
  
Here's where the situation gets shitty. Rachel told me that if the NY office can't find a position for me, she'll hire me in her department. I'd be making 35k with hella sweet overtime. She thought I would be a good stylist for the photo studio, and I would, but the studio people, I believe, judged me for my outfit that day (I didn't know it was an interviewish situation so I dressed casually) and I was offered a retouching position--33k with no overtime.  
  
Here's where it gets shittier. It's 4 hours total commuting, right? A monthly train pass will run me a gross $350/month. The photo studio regularly puts in more than 40 hours/week. Working from 8 to 6 or 7 is not unusual for them. With no overtime.  
  
So I'm looking at waking up at 4:30/5:00 AM, leaving my apartment at 6AM and getting home at 8-9PM IF all my trains run on time, and come on, we know how that goes. So 8:30 at the earliest, I would say.  
  
Let's do the math: Working 50-57 hrs/wk (I'll average to 55), paying for my train pass, getting 33k, I'm looking at making, oh, 10/hr. That's about what I make at Starbucks, with tips.  
  
Working in the NY office under Rachel, not doing anything relevant to my degree BUT having the opportunity to do any photo-related stuff they need, PLUS being in the same room as the creative department? 40 hrs/wk. 35k. Comes out to about $17. Yeah. That's a bit better. Did I mention overtime is almost $30/hr and there's usually a lot of it?  
  
If I take the faraway job, I will barely be able to pay my bills and I will have quite literally NO free time. Once I take care of my cats, shower, do necessary things like grocery shopping, laundry, etc, I won't even have time for a good night's sleep during the week. I'll have weekends and that's it.  
  
But am I a tool for even considering saying no to this? The store manager at my Starbucks has a GRADUATE art degree. Half the people I graduated with are in totally non-art-related jobs. This is a chance for me to get my foot in the door.  
  
But it will also make me miserable. It will eat up all my time, and there are lots of people in the photo studio in line to be "promoted" before me. Retouching isn't even what I want to do for the rest of my life. I want to work for an advertising agency as a photographer, designer, or creative director.  
  
I need to give them my answer tomorrow. Help me, reddit. What do I do?  
  
Edit: Forgot to mention that it's possible that because of in-office politics, Rachel might no longer be able to offer me the job in her dept because the photo studio will feel that she "stole" me. The two offices don't have a good relationship with each other. If I flat-out turn down this offer, there's a chance she can offer me the other position. However, if she can't, then I get no job at all.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/10wgnl/what_is_a_reasonably_compelling_reason_for_voting/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: What is a reasonably compelling reason for voting in the federal election in the USA this year?

\*\*Short background\*\*: I am registered Independent, and have had the chance to vote in the last 2 federal elections. I apparently hold both "extremely" left AND right ideals, as well as sprinklings from Libertarian, Green Party, and Anarcho-Syndicalist leanings. I was very active in various political action groups both in school (high-school and university) and out of it, as well as working for the state senate for a while in my home state. \*\*I also vote in local elections, as they seem to have less of the problems that I list below, as I've learned from personal experience.\*\*  
  
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When it comes to the elections themselves, I see disenfranchisement on 3 major levels:  
  
1. \*\*Illusory disenfranchisement (Political Superbowl, or The Illusion of Choice)\*\* - The illusion that somehow 2 candidates (or parties) can succinctly represent the wide spectrum of ethical, moral, economic, and other issues. This is an illusion that the media tells us to hold very dear, and has been perpetuated for so long that many people really do boil all of their beliefs into Democrat/Republican platforms. The inefficacy of third-parties, or the lack of a desirable candidate, further aggravate this point. See: [Manufacturing Consent](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PQhEBCWMe44)  
  
2. \*\*Corporate disenfranchisement (the Strings Being Pulled)\*\* - The fact that much (if not most) policy on the federal level is made for economic reasons, and is mostly controlled by a small number of lobbying groups, economic policy "thinktanks", and corporations. That much of the perceived platform of a politican is severely undermined by the control that these organizations exhibit on the policy makers themselves. See: Chris Dodd, Tom Vilsack, Dick Cheney, Michael Taylor, Elena Kagan, John Ashcroft, Lamar Smith, Tom DeLay, etc. (And those are just a few picks from the past 10 years) See also: [The Corporation](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SnE8D3tgZ5c)  
  
3. \*\*Technical disenfranchisement (the Scam of The System)\*\* - Voting fraud, voter scamming, the Electoral College as a whole, voting district gerrymandering, voter blackout, Super-/PACs and spending limit loopholes, and the blatant rigging of the stakes by various voting centers and the technologies they employ. This further cements the idea that your vote is really controlled by someone else. See: [American Blackout](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vjupTHsynec)  
  
All of these make it very difficult to trust in the voting and electoral system, much less the candidates themselves. And so we are brought to specifics of the current election.  
  
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This year I have a ("real") choice between two candidates: Barack Obama and Mitt Romney. The 2 other, major third-party candidates don't have anything extra to offer: Jill Stein is rather narrow in her focus, leaving much to be desired in her other policies, and Gary Johnson's policies seem to be extremely destructive and anti-human, and too narrow (again), as I don't feel that "Free Market" is the answer to every question.  
  
Mitt Romney is an educated individual who doesn't seem to know how even the basics of income tax or foreign policy work, so that's not a good choice either.  
  
The incumbent, Barack Obama, is a man who has gone against nearly every important political promise that he made in the 2008 election: we're still in 2 extortionately expensive ground occupations in the Middle-East/Asia (not to mention Indonesia, Africa, and nearly every corner of the globe), Guantanamo is still open and still horrifying, The Defense of Marriage Act still stands (he promised to abolish it), he still hasn't worked to end no-bid government contracts, he has supported in a large way economic bailouts of companies that he claimed he would work to fight, and has actively fought unions and worker's rights when he promised (over and over) to support them. And that's just the promises he's renegged on.  
  
Under Obama's watch: more Americans were subjected to federal warrentless surveillance in the past 2 years than in the entire previous decade, America has carried out magnitudes more drone strikes and killed thousands more innocent civilians than under the watch of nearly any other president, authorized the murder of American civilians abroad, and has worked harder than any president in history to prosecute, harass, detain, and quash whistleblowers and political dissidents. He has passed executive orders to censor public reports on the War on Terror, to give his office immunity from prosecution for domestic spying and torture allegations, supported mercenaries with more money than any president ever, helped censor any information on CIA and military black sites around the world, and worked very hard at preventing any sort of environmental protections legislation to pass - most notably blocking use of the ESA.   
  
He's increased troop presence overseas to untenable levels. Obama is knee deep in the Monsanto mire: his USDA head (Tom Vilsack) is a former Monsanto lobbyist, as are Michael Taylor, his Food Safety Czar, Islam Siddiqui, his US Agricultural Trade Rep, and Elena Kagan, his pick for associate justice of the SCOTUS. And even as he says "I support gay rights", he doesn't support gay marriage, and has actively worked against legislation to give anyone the right to marriage - as president AND senator.  
  
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So the few arguments that come up again and again are as follows:  
  
\* "Your vote counts." - Other than for funsies and statistics, Citation please.  
\* "Choose the lesser of two evils." - Choosing between murder and the squashing of even the most basic civil rights (and probably murder) is not really a choice.  
\* "This time things will truly be different." - History begs to differ.  
\* "Choose the best candidate for your ideology." - It's weird. There doesn't seem to be a candidate that is against corporate control of everything, pro-environment, pro-civil-liberties, anti-war (real, terror, drug, or otherwise), pro-transparency and "democracy", and other pro-human policies - and has proven it through action and policy.  
  
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\*\*TLDR; Can you give me a compelling reason, with evidence to back it up, that my vote counts against all odds; that a candidate I root for could actually change things for the better, and that it is in my best interest to vote in the current Federal Election in the USA?\*\*  
  
You can disprove any single points of your choosing, and I would love to discuss any of the points I bring up, but I feel that the overwhelming weight of the sum total kind of outweighs any one link of the chain you could disprove or change my mind on. I have great hope for the future, however, and await the time that the government and its leaders can accurately reflect the will of the people (separate from media and corporate control). It's just history that gives me a feeling of ill omen.  
  
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\*\*Some sources\*\*:  
  
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Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/y8k0o/reddit_can_you_help_me_move_forward_to_the_next/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, Can you help me move forward to the next stage in my life?

Reddit,   
  
I have no idea what happend. I woke up this morning and now I am going to start going through a divorce.   
  
Let me give you a backstory/life story:   
  
Growing up I was always a \*fat\* kid. I was always teased at school and my self esteem was always low. In 5th grade I moved to a different part of the state that was higher income and less poverty. This was the turning point to my life, it seems like kids were better behaved, but the teasing was still there. In 8th grade we moved again to a lower income part of the state again (not the same one as previously mentioned). It was not as bad but considering I had to make new friends my middle school years were pretty horribly. Highschool came and I decided to go to the same highschool that I was going to attend before we moved in 8th grade. I got to befriend all my friends again. The only problem was that my self esteem was still really low. I was always a \*Charles Barkley" type athelete, loved playing basketball and was usually the top 5 players in the school, but I was never selected to a basketball team because "i was too out of shape." No one understands the love I have for basketball and this just contributed to my low self esteem. I decided to join the football team but the coach didn't really seem to "care" and my concerns were validated when he transferred to a school with a bigger football budget. That was 10th and 11th grade.   
  
\*\*Senior Year\*\*  
  
We had a new coach that cared for his players. I rejoined the football team. When I joined the football team in 12th grade I was about 270ish pounds. Like I said, for my size I was always atheletic and could outrun many smaller folk on the team and every linemen on the team. I decided that I really had to change my lifestyle and was at 185 a couple months into my senior year. I got my first job as a cashier making minimum wage. 100% of my money went towards rewarding myself. I bought close, nice shoes, and $100 cologne. By this time I was extremely popular with the ladies. I was tall,dark, and hansome. 6'2 185 and lean. The problem was that my self esteem was still pretty low and I still had a hard time with girls. I quit the football team because they wanted me to be a linemen when I felt more of a tightend and the coach wouldn't have it. I started focusing in school and at work. One day at work a coworker mentions why I dont speak to girls, I lie to him and tell him that I do but no around people. We start talking and decide to have a competition to see who can get the most numbers by the end of the week. We bet $100, and since we were making 7.25 this was a big deal and i was taking it VERY seriously. I was up to about 12numbers when a girl comes by me, we talk and I ask for her number which she gives it to me. I had to interest in her but it was another tally. A week later she calls me and it so happend to be on my day off. I didnt know this until later but the girl gave my number to her friend and we hit it off. Her friend gave the okay and we started dating.   
  
\*\*The dating\*\*  
  
This was my first real date and we really hit it off. Stupid things happend 3 months into the relationship and we were pregnant. She comes from an extremely christian household and if i wanted to be with my kids we \*\*had\*\* to marry. So anyways I didn't mind marrying her because deep down I knew that's what I always wanted. With my garbage pay I furnashed my bedroom at my parents house (keep in mind i'm still 17) and we got married and she moved in. Things took a turn for the worst at this point because I started to know her personality more. I always wanted a women just like my mom, a true "stay at home" mom. I told her this and she got mad and said "Go fuck your mom then". She is didnt want to do anything and just stayed in bed all day and watched tv. She could have taken this opportunity to learn how to cook &amp; clean properley. I talked to her about my dislike of lazy people but she said she was not lazy she was just shy doing stuff because it was not her house. We decided to move to her parents house, but guess what, same issues but this time I wasnt only living with my lazy wife. I was living with her crazy Christian mom, and my crazy sister in law. To make things worst I quit my cashier job because I had enough of that place, and I couldnt find another job for months on end. So now I was a lazy bum living off of her parents. After about 6 months I found a job at a call center and we moved back to my parents. At this point she became better but still was lazy. I would come home some days and ask her for a back massage and she would respond with a variety of no's "Because it's not like i'm working in construction". She always took it too far but I kept my mouth shut. She always degraded me, i felt worthless. She said I wasnt a man because I couldnt provide a house for my family. Keep in mind that she never could hold a job, since we have been together she has had two jobs in childcare which she could only keep for 2 days exactly before she was fired and I never forced her to work again. So we were living off my $10 an hour job and she expected me to buy her a home. She never took into consideration all the OT and hard work I put into that place.   
  
\*\*Fights\*\*  
  
Over the last couple of years we got into 3 major fights. Each of the fights I was the aggresser telling her how I felt. In EVERYone of the fights she agreed that I was in the right. The first fight was because I told her I wanted her to be more like my mom. The 2nd fight was me telling her that she needed to grow up and if she was not going to work, she needed to start learning how to be a stay at home mom. And the 3rd fight from a few months ago ... well ill explain later. After each of the fights everything would be good for about a week and then she started slowly going back into her old habits.   
  
\*\*2nd Baby\*\*  
  
About 3 months into my job we got pregnant again. We were on the pill and this was a miracle baby, and yes he is mine. I worked hard and exactly a year into the job, I was promoted to manager. She cared, not much. What no one realises is that this company is huge. We have 40 locations and nearly 20,000 associates worldwide. At age 19 I became the youngest manager by a couple of days in company history. I also only had less then a year of being on the job. There are about 12 other managers in my location and each one is at least 9 years older then me and had worked here 5yrs before being promoted. I bought her a home and I fully furnished it. This would solve the problems right? She now has no excuses because we have our own home and she has no excuses. WRONG, she was still extremely lazy and it got to a point where the only way I could stand being with her is to start smoking pot. I started smoking pot really heavily because I was able to be happy, even when I was angry. But things never go my way and we got into our \*\*3rd fight.\*\* In this fight i TOLD her everything that was on my mind to the point where I was crying like a little bitch. She acknowledged everything I said and claimed I was in the right. That fight worked wonders and she started cleaning and cooking and just in a better mood every day. This fight was about two months ago and again after about a week she started being lazy again. But this time it would flucuate, she would be lazy some days and good other days. I quit smoking pot about a month ago because i felt that was in the best interest of my kids.   
  
\*\*Countdown to today, the breakup\*\*  
  
Don't want to go to much into our sex life, Let me just say it was HORRIBLE. We never did anything fun, she grew up in a christian household and only wants vaginal penetration. It's frustrating when you want to have a fun sex life and the other person wants none of it. I started lurking /r/sex and was really jealous of how some women treated their husbands.   
  
I went to my friends house from highschool that I havnt seen forever. He is also married and that's when I realized something needed to change. I can't wait, as my wife claims, for my wife to change. I'm not going to sit around and be misserably until my wife decides she is ready to make something of her self. SHE HAS NO DRIVE, no dreams, no hopes. We're living paycheck to paycheck and thats not how I want to live my life. I would have loved for her to study and get a degree while I worked my ass of for her. But I love my kids and decided I would not mention anything and I would stay with her until she made the changes she claims take time.   
  
\*\*2 days ago\*\*  
I wake up and she is up with the kids watching TV in the living room. For some reason she is in a pissed off mood and starts saying crap. She put me in a horrible mood, then she notices i'm mad and starts to be nice but i guess she expected me to be nice back? Anyways at night she starts bitching that I was an asshole all day and this and that, and then I mentioned she started it from the start of the day and put me in a bad mood for the rest of the day. She appologizes and we went to sleep.   
  
\*\*Today\*\*   
I wake up, she's folding some clothes and first thing I hear is "I slept really unconfortable you kept \*@$@#$@#$!" I said okay whatever I'll sleep in the living room tommorow and this apperently made her angry and started being a bitch. I told her that she is going to put me in a bad mood like yesterday but she didnt give a shit and stated that I'm only in a bad mood because i want to be (Yes i enjoy being in a bad mood). I had to pickup my transcript and a haircut so i just showered and left. I come back and I'm still upset, i sit down and start watching TV. She sits down next to me and I scoot over a little. Then she says wow this and that and whatever but we just sit there any watch TV. 5 minutes later I get over being mad from the morning but then she touches me and I jokingly move my arm as if I dont want to touch her with a grin on my face. She gets up without a word and lays down in the bedroom. Half an hour later I go into the room and tell her to get up and do something. She doesnt say anything. I tell her to move or scoot over so I can lay down before work (always lay down an hour before work) she calls me a motherfucker and goes to the living room and just starts watching TV. I go to the living room and tell her what a worthless piece of shit she is and then she says "I'm leaving you asshole". I was actually happy when she said this, although she always does this, she always threatens to leave me, and it was a habbit because she would threaten her parents before we got married. She called her family to pick her up and at this point i started feeling regret because I LOVE MY KIDS. I told her if she wanted to try to work it out and she said she was done, I asked if she could play stay and that I would move into the extra room. She refused. I got ready and came to work (where i am now) I was holding back tears the whole time just thinking of my kids. After eating breakfast of Mcdonalds (At 4PM since the bitch cant even cook for me) and started thinking of the feature I started to feel better. I dont feel like crying, i still miss my kids a lot though and dont know how i'm going to feel apart from them. Typing this out made me realize that it's not worth it for me or the kids to live around an unhappy relationship. I still love the bitch to dead, she's the mother of my two kids. It's not that easy to get over someone even if you are not compatable. I just dont know what to do moving forward and if anyone, at least one person read this I would be so greatful. Am I in the wrong? Where do I go from here? I Cant stand being alone, i feel i need to start dating to get over the relationship. Someone give me advice!  
  
\*\*MY Problem\*\*   
My self esteem is even worse then when I was 15. Since I have been married i have gained around 200LBS!!! I tore a ligament and was unable to afford surgery on it (Before i worked) and was in bed resting it for a long time. My wife was pregnant at the time and needless to say that along with my new job at a call center it just got too bad. I'm 6'2 380lbs and who would want to date a fatass with two kids? I'm only 19 my birthday is in a week. I never liked clubs and I know my relationship is OVER today and there is no turning back, for the better. My kids will always be my kids and I will always support them.  
  
\*\*TL;DR I married the first girl that showed me love because I was volnurable. We had are HIGHS and our LOWS but it is time to end our relationship. We have two kids together and I have no money to my name, no starting point, and don't know how to move forward.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/mkiqi/terrible_roommates_worst_experience/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Terrible roommates, worst experience?

Hey Reddit.  
I actually made this post, partly to get my own story of my chest. It's not that bad compared to what others go through i'm sure! But i'm still affected by this one experience i had with a girl, who rented out a room in her parent bought apartment. Important note, i was and still am suffering from a depression, so yeah, i'm not the easiest person to live with. But she made me worse, and made feel like i was nothing but a terrible, thoughtless, heartless and lazy cynical human being.   
  
I met her at this 6month stay at a course thingy (hard to explain, not important) Never really got to know her, she didn't seem my type. But so after this ended, i was planning on moving away from home, my first time and everything. She had a room in her flat, that she needed to rent out, otherwise it'd be too expensive. So by a coincidence we found each other, and i had a room.   
  
It seemed fine at first, i had school the first couple of months i followed, but eventually i dropped out. I couldn't handle it, couldn't handle most things, and was trying to get into some kind of therapy (took a year before i got any) From the time i moved in and until things got really bad between us, she thought of me living there, as a constant friend she could do stuff with, and talk to whenever she felt like it. Like a social bunny really.  
It was fine for a while, but eventually stressed me out. I felt like i didn't have any space of my own, and that i was slowly being consumed by this "friendship" thing she had going on.. it started to look and feel like a friggin relationship.  
As a depressed person, i couldn't overcome anything, it was kept at an absolute minimum. My energy was close to non existant, so taking up her way of behaving with me, was just a little too much. I just decided to let it slide, and hoped it would pass.  
It just got worse though, she was a cleaning maniac on top of everything. So when i finally did use the kitchen, i cleared every last bit of evidence of me being there, otherwise she would hassel me the very next morning for not having removed cleaned dishes or whatever. Dealing with her, was more stressfull than just sweaping away evidence. She also liked to hover behind me, talking, looking at what i did whilst making myself something to eat or whatever. Always a little judgmental, me making some sort eatable shit that i could survieve on, while she always made all sorts of amazing dinners every night. I did on occassion get the subtle you're-so-unhealthy-and-also-you-drink-too-much-coffee, i mean cmon.. like i wasn't aware of this already.  
  
From the start she knew how bad i was, and that i was trying to get help etc. I had told her alot about myself, trying to make her understand my situation a little better (always difficult with people, who has never been or been close to someone who was depressed)  
She never understood it.  
  
I got a boyfriend (over an mmo :P) It was longdistance, but fantastic otherwise. With him i felt human, and like i could cope with things better. I felt less like an ill person, and could put it behind me easier. Usually i would go to see him, since he lived in a bigger place and it was nicer there.   
Meanwhile my roommate had changed job, and she had been diagnosed with gluten allergy, which hit her hard, having to change her diet and stuff. The work part wasn't going very well either. She always stroke me as a person who had difficulties socially, and i figured that was why she was so focused and hung up on me.  
My friends started asking about him, and so did the roommate. The roommate was all, oh you can bring him here, that's fine, and he can stay as long as you two want blabla.   
So eventually i had him over, throughly discussing with her for long it would be okay, having him there aswell. We decided 3 weeks, i though it was long, but hey, she agreed on it, and i would get to be with my bf for 3 bloody weeks. I didn't argue.  
  
So he came over, had time to ourselves and my roommate finally left me alone, i loved it. During the time he was there, the course thingy we had gone to earlier, did this reunion thing. I did say i would be going, but same evening.. eh.. yeah me and my bf decided and empty flat should be taken advantage of instead. So my roommate had a friend over, who had also attended the course, and they were going together. She kept knocking on my door asking when i was going, and if we should go together etc. i just postponing it, saying i'd come later and stuff. I did the same to my friends going to the party aswell.   
I never showed, but got some calls from friends, they understood my choice completely :P The roommate however didn't, she first wanted to talk to me on the phone, when i explained her why and what i was doing, what i was doing, she just went: oh, and hung up. Then continued to ignore me completely for 3 days after that.   
Some time later, still while my bf was there, she had that friend over again. So i was standing in the kitchen making some tea or whatever, and she started asking me questions, about my depression, and telling her friend who was standing next to her, how i wasn't doing anything at the moment, talked about some very personal stuff, i had shared with her, as i said above, in order to make her understand a little.   
I was both confused, furious and i felt very ashamed.  
Not long after that, she wanted to have a serious talk with me. About how she felt it was unfair that she had to work everyday and come home to me, who wasn't doing anything, and she would like if i could atleast be a little more active. I never understood what she meant. But i was crushed, and cried. Truely felt lousy, useless and inconvenient.  
Up untill a very few days before my bf was going back home, she had been ignoring him, never said a word to him. Unless he had said hey to her, she would mutter a hey back. He just generally stayed out of shared space in flat, to avoid those awkward moments with her.  
  
After he left, she came and asked for 70 quid, for him staying. She felt that would cover his expenses for heat and water. I got furious with her.  
I told her to fuck off basically, refused to pay her. She continued to try and get that money, i continued to refuse, unless she could come up with legitimate proof of him having cost that much extra. She obviously couldn't, especially since all costs of the flat were determined, and wouldn't change from month to month.   
  
Eventually she said she thought it would be best if i moved out, she felt we had lost a connection between each other, and that we hadn't really spoken much for the past month (no shit sherlock, i had my boyfriend on visit) I said, i agreed. After that i got a months notice, and i completely ignored her, and didn't do my chores, because i felt like i finally didn't have to give a shit about her anymore. At this point i was sick and tired of her, and i was very very bad. She flipped because of this, and i finally had to take the confrontation with her, that led to her fleeing her own apartment, and never showed until i had moved out. And no i didn't use any violence or threats, i just told her how i felt about her, and how i had felt for the past 6 months, and that i was fucking happy about never having to see her face again.  
  
So yeah, that's my story. I know i was a bitch too, i do know that. But since that time, i've been afraid of living with anyone i know, even the slightest, i even have issues living with complete strangers. I get stressed when they're around, wondering if they're expecting anything of me, wondering if i'm doing anything wrong, afraid of sleeping in during weekends or days where i don't have school, affraid they might think i'm a lazy piece of shit really.   
She just complicated stuff a lot.  
  
After that i did find a new place to live, a private owned dorm room, where the owner eventually ran off with all our money, and i'm currently waiting on the lawyers who run the whole case, to sort out the place, so i can atleast get my deposit back.  
  
All in all, i don't have great housing experiences. Will change hopefully.  
I'm sorry this is long, and i kinda expect noone to read it. Just feels really good to get out of my system, sadly reddit you have been chosen to load off place.  
  
Anyway, give your stories!   
  
Edit: Fuck i'm sorry it's that long!

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/kf66lo/uni_changed_roommate_rules_between_semesters_help/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Uni Changed Roommate Rules Between Semesters: Help!

Hey Reddit!   
This issue is a bit on the strange side, and it's not a direct issue with my roommate, but moreso the school and last-minute changes involving roommates. It takes some explanation but I will add a TL:DR at the bottom.   
Note that this is for a university in the state of Washington (but I won't list the specific school as I'm not sure what the consequences would be).   
Currently a Freshman.   
  
\*\*Background:\*\*   
Early July I was in a car accident that had me in a boot for five months. I couldn't walk properly and needed a lot of help getting around and accessing things. I also have pretty severe anxiety. At the same time, my roommate has some mental health issues that are better handled when not alone. As of our application for the Fall Semester, the school was allowing some exceptions for roommates, however, most people were placed into single dorms due to COVID. We both agreed that not having a roommate or someone around would be detrimental to our health, and accepted the terms that should either of us get COVID, we would both quarantine. We also either dined in the provided spaces in the dining hall or in our rooms to prevent further spread. If we hung out with friends outside of our dorms, we took all precautions not to get each other sick (which was good, because I'm immunocompromised). We only ever visited our dorm supervisor and one other friend a couple of floors down, but even then it was 6ft/2m away in the hall. Neither of us got COVID for the entirety of the semester, and our campus peaked at 14 (I think) cases for the entire semester despite plenty of parties taking place on other floors (none of which we attended).   
  
  
My roommate is genuinely awesome too. Personal issues aside, we'd figured out a cleaning schedule for the room within 3 days, and became very dependent on each other. We both have issues remembering to eat/sleep/take care of ourselves, but we can take advantage of that fun anxiety loophole where we feel the urge to remind the other to do those things. We have an established schedule where I leave to go study in the library/shower during her therapy sessions, and we both watch our fav show on Thursdays on the TV. On top of that, we share a LOT of things, including but not limited to:   
\-TV   
\-Scent diffusers/air fresheners   
\-Nintendo Switch   
\-Humidifier   
\-Curtains   
\-Rug   
\-Clothes drying rack   
\-Mirror   
\-Watering can for plants   
\-Heating pads for ladies week   
\-Microwave splash screen   
\-Cleaning supplies   
\-Trash bags   
\-Milk, cheese, veggies, candy, most leftovers   
\-Study supplies  
  
As of yesterday, my roommate called the housing department to get specifics on how moving back in would work. We had flights back into the state planned for the same day, planned to share an uber/lyft, and help each other with luggage and she wanted to make sure we didn't mess anything up.   
Later she calls me crying upon being told that everyone was now being moved to single dorms upon the Dean's request. The Housing Department doesn't like this decision and is trying to fight it, but if that fight is lost, that puts us (and the few others who have roommates for similar reasons) in a really bad position. One of us will be required to move down the hall, which for either of us includes several lbs of books, sheets, shelving units, clothes, luggage, shoes, and those major shared items that we own (me owning the TV, Curtians, Air Fresheners, Rug, Drying Rack, Cleaning Supplies and most Study Supplies, leaving her needing to purchase those) while I'm still doing intense physical therapy for my leg/foot. On top of that, either one of us frequently forgets keys and tends to sit outside for 30+ minutes out of fear of interrupting a class. I also don't know if either of us can afford a single dorm (if the school is changing rooming prices).   
Oh, and also, my folks won't even let me go back to campus without a roommate.   
  
I want to be able to have a somewhat normal and healthy college experience. I respect the precautions the school is taking against COVID, but with our previous arrangement, neither of us ever got it and if anything we were better holding each other accountable for both being aware of COVID and for other things- like eating, sleeping, starting class/studying, getting out of our pajamas, etc. This change feels super last minute, as the official email from the school was only sent out today and we had to plan way in advance to afford flights into the state and appointments to get COVID tests within a reasonable time before our arrival. When we signed up to have a roommate, we both signed a roommate agreement and were under the impression that things would remain this way for the entirety of the school year, as we were worried about having to move rooms in the first place. As far as I understand, the CDC isn't requiring or even recommending students to be strictly single dormed anyway... I'm just very confused and shaken up.   
  
Parents on both ends have tried calling in and were promised calls from housing withing 24 hours (they're all upset as well). No one has called back and it's getting close to the employee's winter break.   
  
  
\*\*TL:DR\*\*   
Beginning of school year, roommate and I were one of a few pairs permitted to room together due to COVID. We needed roommates due to physical and mental health issues in which being alone would be detrimental to our health. We were told that we wouldn't have to worry about later changing rooms. We both share 15+ major expensive items and those mental health issues are still prevalent. W   
We agreed to quarantine if one of us got COVID and hold each other responsible for COVID related health precautions. We've both developed a good relationship and depend on each other for a lot, and we feel like the other is the only normalcy we have left. We both had to sign up for appointments for COVID testing and flights back into Washington weeks in advance to afford them/have them at reasonable times.   
As of today, the school has officially stated that all students are being moved into single dorms, despite the state not requiring it. Neither of us can afford that and my own parents will not allow me to return to the school without a roommate. I feel my own mental health would suffer if I went back, and I'd also struggle to move everything to another room with the still persisting injury to my foot.   
Both sets of parents and ourselves have tried contacting the school for specifics or alternatives or at least to put in our two cents. We were promised calls back within 24 hours... and have yet to receive any calls.   
  
Can the school do this? Is there anywhere in WA law that states they can't, as we've already signed our roommate agreement and were given verbal confirmation that we would not have to move rooms previously? Does anyone have any advice? What can I do?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/11w8tn/can_reddit_help_me_understand_what_i_need_to_do/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Can Reddit help me understand what I need to do to turn my life around?

First off I would like to say that this is my first reddit post. I have been lurking for a couple years and I finally decided to buck up and create an account...so here goes nothing. This might be a little bit of a read, so sorry for that in advance.  
  
I went to a small private school for most of my life, like a less than 500 student kind of school. I was there from second grade until I graduated and got to grow up with some amazing people. Early on it was rough, I was made fun of a lot, only had maybe a handful of friends, the usual woe is me type school story. Through lower, middle, and high school, I had probably 2-3 friends that I really bonded with.   
  
Fast forward to high school. I seemed pretty universally liked, got along great with all of the faculty and basically everyone seemed happy to see me whenever. I wasn't exactly a bully, but no one messed with me; ever. I was the big guy, 6'3'' 300 lbs. Not hugely fat I had plenty of muscle to back it up, but all in all I was just a big dude. Since I was so tall, everything got distributed pretty normally.   
  
So my best friend of whom I have known since third grade through all of high school, gets accepted to the same college as me. He was a sweet dude, nicest guy you'd ever meet. He was king of all mooches but we got along good. We both thought, that we'd room together, it'll be great. Well I was the typical christian 'do no drugs', 'smoke no tobacco', good hearted, clean, dude. Not christian as overly in your face or anything, but that gives some context as to the environment that I was raised in. Anyhow, my best friend is the polar opposite of me, does lots of drugs, smokes, polar opposite politically, but he was a good guy at the core. Opposites attract, who knew. Well I don't want to say it was his fault for exposing me to that type of culture, but he defiantly had something to do with it. Through college I drink, smoke, and do drugs heavily. Make note because of this, college for me lasts all of 6 months. I get done half of a semester, fail out, and go home.  
  
Slightly depressed from pissing away 40 grand (yeah I went to a fucking expensive school) of my family's money, my drinking/drug/partying pretty much goes into a downward spiral for the next 3 years. I become addicted to painkillers pretty bad, and basically end up doing every drug under the sun a LOT. I feel terrible, every day gets harder. I needed something to bring me up out of my funk, but little did I know it kept digging me deeper and deeper into depression.   
  
Summer of last year I was diagnosed with some weird kind of Fistualizing Chron's Disease. The bad kind, the kind that from what my doctors tell me only 3%-8% of Chron's patients have. The medicines they give me, I get horrific reactions to (and almost kicked the bucket from) leave me taking some pretty heavy doses of steroids and other blah blah blah bad things that destroy my immune system. Needless to say I was pretty bummed out on THAT news. I had unbearable pain for over a year. Constant, biting, stabbing pain. I was self medicating with drugs, to try and trying to stay positive, but it was hard. I try and come off as cheerful to my family, but honestly I am pretty much broken. I had to have surgery maybe 4 months ago and get 1/2 my colon and almost 2 feet of small intestine taken out, and was in the hospital for 18 days. I had 1 visitor the entire time. With my previous addiction to pain killers, the IV dilaudid, oxycotin, vicodin, tramadol, percocet, smorgasbord that they had me on kept my depression pretty well subdued for my time in the hospital.  
  
Fast forward to maybe a week after my release. I was given dilaudid pills for the pain post surgery, and I'm not gonna lie, they took me to a pretty dark place. I started having uncontrollable urges to off myself. My brain would just tell me to kill myself over and over, and my rational side would say no brain, that's silly, don't do that. I would see evil looking demonic images when I closed my eyes and when I slept. Whenever I would dream they would be horrific painful (I had never experienced actual pain in a dream before until now), and absolutely terrifying experiences. Some nights I would be constantly stabbed, and cut, and tortured for hours on end. Some nights I would be in hell, some nights I was too scared to sleep at all and would just lie awake hoping that the next day I could put my 'everything is ok' mask back on so I didn't have to think about it anymore, no way out, I'm talking like really dark unpleasant stuff here folks.   
  
Anyhow, I stopped taking the pain meds, quit all drug use, most of my smoking, the whole lot, and have started to get a hold of my life again. I relized though that throughout this whole experience, none of my friends have been there for me. Which as the go to guy for all of them for literally my entire life, had me starting to get that sinking feeling in my stomach again. I was there for them during their darkest times. Through drug addiction, being kicked out of the military, accidental pregnancies, you name it; but none of them had been there for me when I needed them most. They were there for the parties, the drugs, they were there for my money, and for my inebriated company. But no one wants to be around me sober; and honestly I don't know if I want to stay sober.   
  
Fast forward to maybe a month ago. I am going to visit one of my friends at a bar, she's the bartender there, so I get loaded pretty quick. End up driving home, getting pulled over, and receive a DUI, DWI, possession of cdc / paraphernalia to top off my already shitty year. I am now stuck at home on a suspended license, have lost my job as a cook in a fine dining restaurant, have no money / no means to get anywhere, and to top all of that off my best 'friend' who earlier I talked about knowing from third grade through my brief stint in college, is moving to Florida.   
  
I am alone, can go no where, have no money to spend, am trying to fight a debilitating disease, trying to recover from surgery and a pretty hefty drug addition, I'm trying to quit smoking (though I still sneak one here and there), have no desire to go back to school, no friends i can really confide in, my last girlfriend cheated on me and I still have never really gotten over it, and generally feel like I've hit rock bottom.  
  
What do I have to do to bring some hope back into my life?  
  
Tl;Dr - Life has gone from being not too bad, to bad to worse, to rock bottom. How do I un-fuck what I have spent the better part of almost 4 years fucking up?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/5b8z1z/i_need_help_and_advice_badly/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I need help and advice badly.

I am currently a freshman at a school I do not want to be attending. This is mostly the fault of the family I was born into and the family I was brought up in and how both were extremely parts of my life that I was forced to live in.  
  
I grew up in a large suburban town (population 250,000+) and my early years of schooling were great. I was a straight A student throughout all of elementary and middle school. I excelled in the advanced programs I had been put into and was very good at basketball and most sports as I was a natural at all of them.  
  
High school was where it all ultimately changed for the worse despite my efforts to continue to be a contributing factor to society. When I was least expecting my academic career (the only career I had anymore) to go downhill, it did, and it wasn't even my fault. I continued to take advanced classes by enrolling in many AP courses in high school, most of which I did well in and passed the exams, saving myself about a year in time and money of college coursework. However, I could have certainly done better if it were not for my extremely detrimental domestic situation. To put a long story short, my father "cheated" on my mom for about 9 months before she found out. Once she found out, it was around the beginning of my sophomore year. Since that period, there were non-stop arguments, fights, and bickering between the 2 of them. This went on for about 2 years (so from early sophomore year to early senior year) and has since come to a halt for all intensive purposes. To be honest with you, I truly do not know whether or not my father cheated but at the end of the day, I say that his actions (infidel or not) had crippling detrimental effects on myself that I still live with.  
  
Since this whole domestic instability, I have never been the same and I do not ever think I will be the same. I retracted involvement in sports partially due to not having my parents afford a car for me and because I no longer had the natural athletic build that I had in my childhood; instead, I was extremely skinny and I tried working out to an appropriate extent for my age but I never got back to where I should have been. My mother and father continued to be overprotective of me and refused to allow me to participate in contact sports, so I couldn't play football for example. As for my academics, it was so hard to stay focused but I did my best which was ok. I had no problem getting into any university that I applied to and received admission offers and scholarships from all but one. However, the scholarships I received were all partial and I was unable to afford the difference, so I was forced to stay in-state and I decided to go to a school about 3 hours away from home.  
  
Life away from home has been very difficult for me. I don't know anybody here and I really don't even want to put myself out there because of my depressing and lonely personality. I don't have any family anywhere away from home because everyone on my mom's side died and we don't talk to anyone on my dad's side (they live in another country anyways). Life away from home is also more expensive than I expected it to be in both money and time costs. Therefore, I applied to another in-state institution that is commutable from my original home and I intend on going there for the remaining years of my study.  
  
My domestic/home life has really crippled me and it's hard to talk about because I think a lot of people will think I am making it out to be worse than it is or because nobody else seems to have any of these issues. I was pretty much an oddball at my high school because I didn't do any sports for reasons previously explained, I was involved in extracurriculuar activities that were underfunded and unappreciated at my school, and I really didn't have many friends. I wasn't really into having too much fun either because... life wasn't very fun for me anymore.  
  
It makes me feel so worthless that I was such a top notch student in almost all aspects and to think that my father (who had virtually no involvement in my education other than me giving him my report cards when the time came around) would think to do this. \*\*It just sucks.\*\* And I cannot put it any other way. \*\*It makes me feel worthless.\*\* To a point where I just stopped doing my best in some classes back in high school at times. \*I could NOT cope anymore.\* It was too much to say "get over it" and move on that fast because I had worked so hard from a little child being promised such great rewards and this is what I get... lovely. I no longer could take the curriculum in AP English because every book we read during the school year was about cheating, infidelity, or extramarital affairs. \*\*I kid you NOT.\*\* I couldn't do Calc BC anymore because I just counldn't find the environment or the motivation in myself anymore to study. And it felt so bad getting F's on every exam for something that wasn't all my fault. AP Chemistry and AP Physics weren't any better! I had tried so hard and this whole family corruption never went away in my mind despite all my attempts to set myself free.  
  
I have been doing pretty good in college, mostly because I am not pursuing a STEM degree like I guess I originally intended to. I am studying Radio/TV with hopes of one day being a successful sports commentator or a political commentator.  
  
I'm making the decision to go to school back home next year simply because I cannot afford to live away from home after this year and I think there are better opportunities in broadcasting back home where I come from. I will buy a car so that I can escape my house.  
  
What made me write this is that I've missed class the past 2 days and it wasn't anything mandatory/important. However, these were the last classes before my exams in each class for next week. I was very depressed after having some betrayal and racist comments directed towards me by some friends. I stayed up very late on Wednesday night and missed class by about an hour on Thursday morning. However, Thursday night was a very depressing night for me as its my parents anniversary which is trash now obviously. They still celebrate it but it haunts me bad. I went to sleep at about 3 AM, woke up around 12:00 PM (20 minutes into my only class of the day) then went back to sleep \*\*until 5 PM!!!!\*\* I was so depressed and sleep to me is where everything goes away.  
  
I wish I got out more, but to be honest, I hate alcohol, drugs, and partying because I just never have done it as I've never had a real group of people to call friends. Whenever I think about doing something outside my dorm, I just pull a typical chickening out and then continue to play video games for the next few hours because its free. I'd like to think that this is just a matter of not having enough to do that interests me. I truly wish I was working already and was doing something I was passionate about. Then, I'd think everything else would come naturally and maybe I could escape this dark, dark place I am in.  
  
Help me and I hope your respective football team wins today.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/v5x4z9/what_to_do_in_this_case/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: what to do in this case ?

So after a 4 month overthinkinf and stressing myself out I ended up in a situation being paralyzed by my worries and thoughts . I've rushed to make an easy choice regarding choosing a study without knowing what's going on with jobs , what career exist and what would he good for me . I've never was good with maths , did some biology and never did any cs or accounting and stuff . I enjoyed learning about health and the human and I'm now sitting exams for psych sorry speech path and teaching since were the only available options in my community uni ( no financial support) . Yet ; I'm burnt our an dmentakky exhausted not even studying to pass in uni right now.   
  
 I realize that I really don't know what I want to do with my life . My priorities are to learn because I know nothing, gain skills, fix my damn social anxiety and excessively introversion, expand my circle because I've remained like without friends at all with my negative attitude and strees and be abke to enter the Jon market , be able to make a work make money and a family that's my biggest value in life. My family has been struggling financially mentally and with health problems and cancer history a lot and my parents are not able to assist me regarding tuition so they hope for me to pass in a local uni and have at least a degree to be more employable at whatever. It sucks not knowing what to do , everyone tells fins your interests your passion etc .  
  
 But I have none I just value the importance of making it in life more than doind something ahh wow and get fucked in my personal life . I've never did something exciting or had any hobbies and the last 2 years I've been severky isolated that I feel awkward even going to the grocery shop . Now I'm ashamed i don't even want to go to my hs graduation and I'm not even going to pass in uni since I knkw nothing. I'm 19 often told that I'm way to young to worry and that I have time to figure my life out . However; I feel so much oresure and the need to succeed saying the situation of my home and I really don't know how I have no goal I didn't even get in psych and I already want tk make it in something more employable and really with all my heart I feel that apart from the health section I have nothing else to like even a little bit and I think I'm messing up my values the need to make it and make money and the thing with finding a job as well and the financial issue idk what to pick really . I was thinking of becoming a clinical psychologist bur seeing how mentally exhausted I'm now idk if I'm the right person to do so I'm exhausted I live a hell I'm my home and I'm so unable to help myself .   
  
I've Been living under the control and protectuin of my parents and their controlling and pushing behavior and now that I turned 19 they left me to take responsibility of my self and I know how to do nothing . Yes fuck I messed up a switch a field in hs I was afraid and feeling useless and stayed without many options I'm not dump I see wtf is going around this world but I have no idea the situation would turn our like that I didn't tknkw I wouldn't have an option for a private school at all . I don't want to be ruined for life I have no strength to do 1000 things and try out shits and lost my energy totally I just want something safe and promising idk .. this local uni offers so few shit things I even though of pharm despite being shit at Chem but it's at a private college .. I though that working at a kharm selling drugs would be good but idk . I'm just burnt out I can't focus on one think I can't know what I like u just want to be benefited in the future instead of just having fun now because I know it's hard to make it and idk psych it's like a lost case .   
  
Sorry if that's way too pathetic I don't want to throw my problems o anyone I'm just experiencing an existence shock the phase were you realise that you can't actually just pick whatever you like and be successful and that actually this world is evil and shit and you got to fins way to make it in life . I mean yeah some people enjoy life and become wealthy af but how ?? I mean I'm just trying to do something to avoid becoming a slave just to be able to buy bread . Idk I'm highly dilapidated in myself and find pleasure to anything and 4 months it's been a lot I feel sick and no therapist can help me I just need to figure our what would be a good choice and how to do it to just get a proffesion and love out of my bedroom .

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/131b2e/my_family_has_taken_very_poor_care_of_their_pets/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My family has taken very poor care of their pets over the years. Just recently they failed to follow vet instructions and we may be losing another animal because of it. Reddit, in what ways have people you know neglected their pets and have you ever done anything to stop it?

Here are my stories.  
  
As a general disclaimer, I am not abdicating my responsibility in all this. There were places where I could have done certain things differently, but I didn't.  
  
When I was around eight, my parents decided to buy a pure-bred German Shepherd from a local breeder. A year later, they decided to get a second from another breeder and breed a few litters for themselves. These animals were gorgeous, very well bred, and certified with the city as pure-breeds. Our female was a direct descendant of a line of police dogs that had served the police department all their lives. These were not some mutts (not that I think that makes a difference, but think about how much they invested in these animals to begin with! Breeders are only marginally less expensive than pet shops).   
  
They started to breed the dogs. The female had her first litter at just under two years old- any breeder worth their salt will tell you to wait until the mother is at least three, but that's a minor abuse based on what comes next. She gave birth in a kiddy pool filled with old sheets. It was winter in Southern California (mild though it may be) and the only shelter the new puppies had was a single heating pad hidden under the sheet that had not been changed after the female gave birth. By the by, of 10 pups, four survived that first litter.  
  
When the pups were one month old, the backyard was in total disarray. Swarms of biting flies made the dogs' ears bleed. There was shit everywhere, and I was young enough at the time that it didn't occur to me to go out and clean up without being harassed to do so. (I doubt any of us were that self motivated to shovel dog shit at ten years old, but I could have helped and I didn't.)  
  
The dogs were sold indiscriminately to whoever could afford their price. We got a letter from one owner and the dog looked happy, healthy, and loved. He also looked nothing like the two dirty, fly-bitten dogs in the back that we continued to breed. The second litter fared better and we managed to keep 8 of 11 alive, but the fly problem persisted.  
  
Just a few months later we were forced to move into an apartment and had to give the dogs to someone else. To this day I don’t know if either of them were fixed or if our lady was forced to breed until she died. I don’t know if they’re happy or healthy but I hope they’re in a better place than our shitty backyard.   
  
Years later, we finally move back into a house. It backs up to a wall, so my parents decided they needed a dog in the backyard to deter people from climbing over. They purchased a Rottweiler from a pet store and stuck him in the backyard. To my knowledge the only interaction he got was from feeding time. We’ll get back to him.   
  
This was right around the time that my cat, which I’d had since I was five, started to get sick. She frequently urinated and went through water by the gallon, and had trouble sitting. They took her to the vet and treated her for a UTI, and she got better for a little while. However, when she developed another infection, they chose not to act. They moved the cat into my room and no matter what I did I could not keep her litter box clean, she was pissing so often. My room stank of ammonia and they blamed me for it. I had to pry ingrown nails out of her paws because she didn’t leave her cat-cave often enough to shed them. I think I was about thirteen years old.   
  
She eventually died of kidney failure at 12 years old, after being locked in the garage for years because she stank so bad and stopped cleaning herself. They only took her to the vet when she stopped eating entirely, and by then it was already too late. As for my part, I could have pushed harder to have her taken care of, and we may have caught it if we’d taken her in when she stopped cleaning herself, but I didn’t. I didn’t push hard enough to have her properly taken care of, even though I was in the best position to know about it.  
  
Back to the Rottweiler- there were no biting flies this time, but the dog tore his ear on a bit of ragged fencing in the backyard. His head was in a cone when the neighbor kid came over and started messing with the sides of the cone. She was off to the side so he couldn’t see her, and he lunged at her. He didn’t even lay a single tooth on her, but since he scared the neighbor kid so badly, my parents were persuaded into calling animal services and sending the dog away to be put down. He’d never hurt anyone in his life.  
  
We replaced him with a chocolate lab who is dumber than a fencepost, and she doesn’t see anyone except for when she gets fed. I’m not around to give her the care she needs, even though I know better now.   
  
Shortly after high school, my best friend had to move into an apartment that would not accept dogs, and so we inherited her miniature daschund. The dog had been emotionally and physically abused in his prior home due to his excessive barking and involuntary urination, but he seemed to fare better in our home. Plus, we have tile floors. This little dog was probably the first dog that I’ve ever really enjoyed, as I am thoroughly a cat person. He was a lap dog through and through, and was only ever happy when he could sleep on someone’s lap.  
  
The first incident happened a year or so ago. My parents came home from a business trip and forgot about several luxury chocolates ( 3 packages of 3, so 9 total) they’d left in their bags. The dog, of course, found them and ate all of them. These were dark chocolate truffles containing chocolate cake and chocolate liqueur, enough cocoa to kill a 90 pound dog. I had not been in the room when he got into the chocolates, as he has free rein of the house, but they noticed the packaging when they got home. When they told me what happened, I immediately told them to take him to the vet, and not wait.  
  
They insisted on calling the restaurant to find out ‘how bad’ the chocolates were for the dog.  
  
Half an hour later, about 45 minutes after he ingested the chocolate, they took him to the vet and they had to pump his stomach. His blood pressure had quadrupled and the vets said they were twenty minutes away from losing the dog entirely. Sadly, this was the first time that it occurred to me that my parents had absolutely no idea how to care for their animals.  
  
Fast forward to this week. The daschund had been yelping randomly, something he used to do whenever he thought someone was going to hurt him. As I mentioned, he was abused in his former home. We couldn’t discern the cause, and he would yelp at extremely odd times, even when no one was touching him. Finally they took him to the vet after 3 weeks of this kind of random pain. Turns out the dog had inexplicably herniated 2 discs in his neck.  
  
The vet gave them muscle relaxants and pain killers to give the dog, with explicit instructions to keep him quiet and immobile. The next day my mother has a house full of guests and lets the dog run free among them, up and down stairs and jumping onto couches.  
  
Today, they decided that the dog is beyond saving and to ‘end his suffering’ they are going to put him down. I have tried to tell them to crate the dog, to keep him in a quiet, calm environment like the vet asked, but they do not listen to me, as they have not listened to me all along.  
  
I am not sad about the dog. Daschunds have skeletal issues as a breed and we expected it. It can’t be helped that his deformed little body hurt itself without our helping it. What I am livid about is their utter lack of care for this animal, and all the others that came before it. I have yet to impress upon my parents that they should not own pets if they cannot care for them, but again, they don’t listen to me.  
  
\*\*TL;DR: My family has contributed to the deaths of 3 animals, and has severely neglected three others. The don’t see it as a problem.\*\*

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/4pwxst/im_at_a_deadend_need_help_and_advice/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm at a dead-end, need help and advice

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/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/AskReddit/comments/qpwz9/reddit_i_dont_know_what_to_do_anymore/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I don't know what to do anymore

I've read stories before here of people that have gotten fucked over by their partners or others, and I never thought the same thing could happen to me. I couldn't understand how their partners could turn out so bad and crazy after so many years of faithfulness etc. Let me tell you something, it does happen though, and you won't comprehend the speed it goes from perfectly fine to what in the fucking hell just happened.  
  
My girlfriend of 2½ years, tells me she just had an STD check and it was positive. I get worried but she keeps on telling me that it's curable and it will go away really soon, (this happened via phone). I meet her the next day at her place and notice she had been crying before I got there. I am confused at this point, she told me the day before that it wasn't such a big deal and she sounded pretty relaxed. I even told her that she might have gotten it from sitting in a public toilet since I hear people can get std's from that. Anyway, I ask her why she has been crying, and the words that come out are still stuch in my head, (this happened 2 weeks ago).  
  
Now you should know we are both studying at the moment, I am 23 while she is 21, everything has been great, I met her at my summerjob and we fell in love 2 and a half years ago and I've trusted her with pretty much everything. A little info about me is that I'm a foreigner, we live in northern europe and times are tough when your parents can't speak the language properly and can't get the jobs they used to have back home because of the language problems. We didn't choose to move here, we were forced to flee over a decade ago because of war. Not going to go into much detail about it. My parents haven't been doing too well lately, they feel lonely, people here are cold, colder than back home. They miss that, but can't move back yet and have lost their passports on the way out of the country. They have been saving up money as much as they could over the years, while buying us kids everything we have ever needed. I have a little brother who is 6 years younger than me, he is in school aswell. Anyway, this money they have saved over the last 13 years, my dad doesn't even have a car because he wants to save up money to finally be able to build a house back home where he can grow old with my mom. They have been very accepting of my girlfriend even though she isn't from my home country, they like her a lot. Before her it was really hard to bring girls home since they have this image of women in Europe being very cruel and selfish, (if you marry them and have kids, a little misstake will lead to them leaving you and taking the kids with her, you can't trust these women) that's basically what they have been telling me all this time.   
  
So now here I am, I don't want my parents to know what my girlfriend, or should I say, ex, has done. Since that will lead to them never accepting me to date any women that are foreign, or even start a future with them.  
Going back to the actual problem, my girlfriend told me that she has been, for the last 3 months, seeing other people. All the times she told me she was visiting her parents? Nightclubs. All the time she was studying late at school? Getting fucked by some random guys. Turns out she had gotten addicted to sex but didn't want to tell me, or maybe that was just an excuse, I don't know. This isn't even the worst part. She doesn't know who gave her the std, plus she says that I probably may have gotten it myself now, since she doesn't know how long she has had it. I end up taking a test (let me tell you they are expensive as fuck), the results are clean, and I'm glad. Disgusted with her behaviour, that she has been cheating on me, having sex with what she said were only 3-4 others, which I still don't know if it's true or not, and then almost giving me the std she got from someone she cheated with. So many thoughts were going through my head, disgusting ones.. Have I ever come home to her just after she was done fucking someone? Fuck man.. I really felt like someone had thrown a punch to my stomach and I had the feeling of not being able to breathe properly plus wanting to puke at the same time. Now here comes the kicker, after everything she had told me in 2-3 sentences, this last one pretty much topped it all. She tells me that she is pregnant, and she has NO FUCKING IDEA who the father might be. I don't even remember my own reaction when she told me all that, all I did was walk out of there and run home, I ran as fast as I could while it hurt everywhere. After a day of depression and acceptance, I pick up the phone and asnwer her calls. She wants to do a DNA test, wants me to give some blood to see if the child is mine. A week later tests come back and the child is indeed mine. Me not being ready to be a father, with school and everything, and she SURE AS FUCKING HELL not being ready either, I ask her if she is going to abort it. She tells me that she won't. Why? Because she doesn't have any money to pay for it, insurance and all that shit that come with it. This is where I lose my cool for the first time in a long time. I start punching a wall as hard as I can, 8-9 times maybe, I can't feel my right hand anymore. It's alright now, nothing broken just needs some rest, not the real issue here. Now I need to get a hold of 6275,50 euroes to pay for the dna tests, her abortion and hospital fees, a lot of shit that comes with that, and I sure don't have the money for it and neither does she. She isn't planning on telling her parents what a whore she is, and I don't want either. What do I do? I steal the fucking money my parents have saved up, 6300 euroes, it was almost half of it. I felt so shit that day, and I can't look my parents in the eyes ever since, their hopes and dreams of building a house back home where they can stay with family and enjoy themselves a bit again. I took it. It's a matter of time til they will notice it's gone, or notice that something clearly is wrong with me lately. I don't know what to do. The bills are paid, she is up and gone. Left me. Told me she has to get over this situation and that's the reason she doesn't want to see me cause I remind her of it, and that it was my fault she got pregnant...  
  
What can I do? Seriously, is there anything? I need to put that money back, before they realize it's gone. I took another 200 to try and win it back by gambling, but never having done that shit before I lost everything in one night. I've gone over a lot of stuff, asked friends if they want to borrow me money which I will pay back once I start working. But it's a lot of money to just lend to someone. I know I wouldn't give it to any of my friends if they asked.  
I really don't know what to do, this is a really dark time for me right now. I can't get any sleep, my studies are getting fucked up over this, and worst of all, what will my parents do once they find out it's gone. I really don't want that happening.  
  
If anyone can give me any advice that would help me further, it would be really amazing. Thank you.   
  
  
And thank you for reading, the ones that did. Sorry for the bad english.  
  
  
tldr: gf fucked me over, told me she had been cheating on me for over 3 months, almost gave me an std, got pregnant with my kid during that time and didn't want to take an abortion because she didn't have the money for it. Had to pay for everything with money I took from my parents that they had saved up for over 13 years.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/wx1hiq/why_all_student_loans_should_be_cancelled/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Why ALL student loans should be cancelled

Hey guys, this is going to be a little long but I'd appreciate it if you stuck around and read the whole thing. Spoilers, this is about student loans and student loan forgiveness but I think this story is important to tell. For those who don't know me or know much about me, I am a mechanical engineer and I graduated from the University of Florida after 5 years of school there. Right now, I definitely have a great and very comfortable life, this has a lot to do with my career path as well as many other factors. I currently have 10 Professional Engineering licenses, have currently applied for my license in 4 more states and plan on applying for more, and I also have a Certified Safety Professional license. For most people the qualifications I have are like "end game" stuff, like pinnacle of their career and most people stop after getting any one of what I have which of course is not my style. All of that said obviously it was not easy getting here but, save for some of my closer friends most people probably don't know how hard it really was.   
  
  
Originally I had gotten early admissions into Virginia Techs Mechanical Engineering program when I was a senior in high school, of course like most HS students I was excited especially because the deal I had been told since elementary school was "you get good grades and get into Virginia Techs engineering program and you will go there and go far" and obviously I held up my end of the deal and got in, not only in but in early like before most of my friends even had the opportunity to apply anywhere. Fast forward to orientation, I was visiting the school with my mom and I was IN LINE to get my student ID. It was a dream come true, at that point I called to sort out the financial end of this journey and that's more or less when I learned that there was no money to pay for this and because I was out of state 4 years would be roughly $200,000 dollars with classes, books, rent, food, etc. I didn't even get my student ID what was the point. But more dreadfully I didn't apply anywhere else because why would I? I mean like I said... I HELD UP MY END OF THE DEAL. I knew that I got in the November of my senior year and you couldn't apply to FL schools until like Jan/Feb so I didn't need to. Granted most people would have probably taken a year off or given up or whatever I don't know I don't think that way, so I IMMEDIATLY set up a meeting at UWF who, at the time, DID NOT HAVE ANY ENGINEERING PROGRAM. I applied with literally 2 weeks before classes started, and thankfully I had a 4.28 GPA so the doors were swung open for me. I decided to "create" an AA degree that focused on Engineering pre-requisites (Calculus 1-3, Physics 1-2, Chemistry, ect.) and did it, I applied to UF and UCF and got into both (my GPA was like 3.8 or something so I was favorable) I of course chose UF as they are known for their stellar Engineering program. But, rewind to what started this situation, lack of money. I had been paying for UWF out of my own pocket entirely (no student loans) not in short due to the fact I could stay home and live rent and food free. But now there is the challenge of UF with rent, food, and a more expensive school. This is what my next 3 years was. I would serve tables/work at marinas/generally bust my ass EVERY summer. 3 months of getting as much money as I could. Then I would go to Gainesville in the fall and first thing was to pay THE ENTIRE YEARS worth of rent, then I would go to the student affairs office and pay for THE ENTIRE YEARS worth of classes. This way I would know exactly how much money I had left to survive for the rest of the year. 95% of my days were the same meals (save for special occasions/friends chipping in for a fun house meal) but those were, 2 eggs, 1 piece of white toast, and 2-3 sausage links for breakfast (most days), Nature Valley bar for lunch, Plain Peanutbutter sandwhich w/ pretzel sticks and red Gatorade made from powder for dinner. For 3 years. I rarely went out and when we did it was usually something cheap like $1 burger night at Mother's. I am glad I don't drink at all because I couldn't afford it, which also means I didn't really party in college (not that I cared) but the big whammy was I got through all 5 years of Engineering School with NO TEXTBOOKS. THAT FUCKING SUCKED, do you know how hard that is? DO YOU KNOW WHAT A FUCKING DIFERENTIAL EQUATION IS? DO YOU KNOW THE LAWS OF THERMODYNAMICS? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUCKIN AWESOME TO BE ABLE TO STUDY WITHOUT NEEDING OTHER PEOPLE? YEA FUCK I'M MAD THINKING ABOUT IT. I would see people fail a class and all I could think is "how the fuck can you afford to do that?". But I did it, I went through all 5 years and you know what. I toughed it out, I "pulled myself up by my bootstraps" or whatever bullshit people like to say. I paid for ALL OF IT MYSELF. I had NO BOOKS, I ate A METRIC FUCK TON OF PEANUT BUTTER, and I have NO DEBT, NO STUDENT LOANS, and I'm not going to lie...I have a GREAT appreciation for my degree and what I had to do to get it.   
  
  
Fast forward to now, like I said I am successful, have a great house, make good money, and am very very comfortable. And it did it all with no help financially, and worked very hard, and went through an ASS TON of struggles but I did it and would do it again. Blood, sweat, tears, pain, all of it, I know I could do it again if I had to and I know it CAN be done since well... I did it.   
  
  
So what about that guy who didn't work as hard as I did every year? The kids who just took loans and could concentrate purely on studies and not worry about all the shit I had to worry about? The ones who got do have a crazy fun time and have a carefree college experience before entering the real world? Do I think they should get that money just GIVEN BACK, no issues? Where I worked like a dog and stressed out?   
  
  
Do I think student loans should be forgiven when I had it so bad? ABSO-FUCKING-LUTLY. I swear to god, I would pay ANY amount of extra taxes to make sure that NO FUCKING BODY has to go through what I went through. Your college years should be spent not only learning and guiding your life toward a career, but it should also be your "last stop" of pure carefree life before you start the real deal. And schools tuitions and books and all of that nonsense ROBS you of that. It robbed me of it. That isn't to say, I didn't have fun in college and made great friends and had good experiences. But god.... I cant even imagine how great it would have been if I had NO FINANCIAL STRESS.   
  
  
I will end this story with a quick counter argument to something I have read a lot in regards to Student Loan Forgiveness or Free College. And that is "if its too expensive don't go to college do \\_\\_\\_\\_\\_\\_\\_\\_\\_" and you know what that argument is BS, I love math, I love engineering, THIS IS WHAT I WANTED TO DO. and I DESERVE TO HAVE THE ABILITY TO DO THIS. As far as "you don't need a degree though" Like I said currently I have 10 Professional Engineering Licenses and have applied for it in MANY more states and you know what the first question after your name is? "Where did you go to school, which engineering did you study, when did you graduate"   
  
  
So ya, for my life I absolutely needed a college degree, and yea even though I never had student loans, I absolutely think not only should ALL loans be forgiven, but all future tuition and books should be free. If we can bail out decrepit billionaires we can pay for our future citizens.   
  
  
Thanks for joining my ted talk.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/bk19b/i_had_a_bad_day_would_you_like_to_sort_it_out_for/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I had a bad day. Would you like to sort it out for me?

Hi Reddit community,   
this is a throwaway account. I have been a member since more than a year by now and I never felt so bad in my life.  
  
I'm 26, I broke up in october with my ex-gf for 3 years. In Jan I went to a convention and I met a really pretty girl, there to represent her company. I gave her my number but I was convinced that I could meet her again during the 3 days of the convention. I didn't.  
I got back to my city (NY) and I just kept chatting with her, only workrelated.  
One day we chatted a bit more. This time she is answering right away and we finally chat for good: we find out we have so many things in common. I gave her again my number and she gave me hers. We kept the conversation via text and at the end SHE told me we should meet "to discuss movies".   
By this point, I just remembered she was pretty, nothing more.   
On the follow friday she tells me she was in Manhattan (she lives in Queens), out with friends. I was out with a friend and we decided to join. Long story short, we ended up spending all night(till the bar closed) with her on my side and knowing each other.  
As soon as we saparated, she sent me a text saying to do it again.  
Saturday she was tired. On sunday, out of the blue, she tells me she is in the city with a friend (at 2 pm). I just tell her that if she wants to meet, I'd be free.   
We ended up with her coming to my place to drop the shopping bags (including a facemask, stored in the fridge...), drinking a beer, taking my two dogs out to central park, walking and laughing for two hours, eating out at an outside sushi (with the dogs), walking back to my place, drop the dog, drinking other few beers in a bar and watching a movie in the theater!  
From what was supposed to be a short meeting, ended up being a 12 hour long date. No one of us pushed, I could feel we were both surprised of how well the day was passing.  
She gets a cab and then she calls me, maliciously telling me she forgot her facemask. I take the chance and I told her that is she wanted it, we had to meet again. She agreed!   
  
monday: we chat a bit at work. She tells me that she wants to wait and don't rush things because she just met me, etc etc. I totally agree, telling her just that I liked the days we had and I'd like to have more of them. Nothing more, nothing less. She agrees and also agree on meeting Thursday. When she was over, she surprised me with a call. We spoke a bit. In the evening we texted witty and then goodnight.  
  
Tuesday: she really loves her job and cares about it. And it's though for her because it's a man-only field. Yet, she sent me a message ("I'm crying at work"). I felt horrible, i wanted to help her but i was stuck in school.  
I manage to text her and comfort her a bit. When she finishes the job, she called me right away (2 mins later) and we had a hone our long conversation, with she "breaking down" about the job, of why she cried etc. I want to think that I helped her. I'm pretty much sure i did.  
  
Wed: at 9 pm i called her. We had a brief conversation and she told me she had to call me back soon. I waited but she didn't. So at 11:30 pm I was about to get pissed but she surprised me with a text: "Sorry i felt asleep! Wanna talk now?"  
I called her and we spent 40 minutes talking about everything, discovering each other in the process. She had a sleepy voice and I could tell that, with the passing of the time, her voice was sleepier and sleepier. I told her and I basically "put her to bed". It was almost romantic, and she knew it and felt it.  
  
Thu: the day of the second date. I prepare everything: cut my hair, clean the house (loooong process), wash the dogs, wash me, buy food, buy expensive white wine, buy second wine in case the first is a bad choice, start to cook, wait...  
The idea was to cook her a nice meal (to show her I can do something for her, not just buy it..), then head out to bowling+drinks or pool+drinks. I told her i didn't want to make her feel like i wanted to spend the night at my place just to fuck her.  
She arrived and we had dinner. She enjoyed it. We start to talk about pretty much everything and then we reach the "What are we?" dialog. She stops me, telling me again she just want to wait etc. I use it as an excuse to "joke" on the fact that she is not even giving me a chance. She just said that she never said she is not giving a chance...  
We spent the night in my place at the end, on her choice. We got drunk and we just didn't feel like going out. I could make a move at this point, and I would have probably even succeded, but I felt it wrong. I would have abused of her, and that's not what i want. I really feel something for this girl and I don't want just to fuck her.  
I took a cab with her to bring her back to her place because she was too drunk. In the cab she explains me (after me pushing about it) the real situation: she doesn't want anyone now. She spent the last years always in a serious relationship and now she just want to be alone to discover herself. I know, it sound like the usual bullshit girls say, but I understood she meant it. I walk her to her house and she spent some time finding the keys, then talking a bit, etc. I know that the dating-book says that I should have kissed her then, but it sounded again as wrong. I knew she would have taken the kiss (drunk horniness?) but it would have been wrong after what she said.  
She opens the door, salutes me with the two chick-kisses and then we just stare at each other for 5 seconds. Again, dating-book 101. I was also drunk...  
  
Friday: no meeting, just a bit textin.  
Saturday: I remembered (I was drunk...) that on Thu she told me to listen to the song she put on the stereo: "Skinny Love" by Bon Iver, pointing at the "I told you to be patient" line. I looked for the lyrics and started to make a sense of it. Did she meant only that or the whole meaning? Is she actually over her ex?  
She calls me. I knew she had a farewell party to go to and we coudlnt' meet. On the phone I asked her about the song and, more directly, "are you over your ex?". Answer: "I think so, yes". Then, after 2 mins of talking about other subjects, and telling me she would be in the city the day after, she told me she had to go and she would call me later. She never did. All night. I tried to call her from internet (no number) and she wasn't really answering. Strange, she is really always close to her phone..  
I freak out but I don't write anything, fortunately.   
In the meanwhile, I discover that my dog in italy, Birba, a 14 yr old poodle, is now really sick. Nice..  
  
Sunday: we were supposed to meet (didn't plan it, but just suggested it) but she still didn't answer. At 4, she texts me that her phone died, she was sorry and she was feeling sick after the night, so we wouldn't meet.  
I asked her if everything was fine and she told me that I asked her those weird questions and that's why she closed the phone. She didn't want to think about that on the farewell party. Fair enough , I excuse myself and she ends the conversation with a "good night" (at 5.30 pm...). Few ours later she texts me saying that she hopes my dog feels better...  
  
I knew was the last night of Birba. She was too weak. So i knew today would have been a bad day. I wasn't wrong.  
  
Today:  
I wake up, call home in italy and ... Birba had to be put down, and died few ours before. I close the phone and start sobbing. I wrote her "Birba died" and she answered right away, trying to cheer me up.  
Later, hell broke loose.  
During the day she texts me about a job offer she had in LA. I sweetly tell her that she can't go away... She answer me: "Will talk" and then "No way I'm moving". It sounded like she was also being "malicious with me".  
At 6 pm, I answer her text she left in a chat (i was out).   
She was asking if she could still take the offer i gave her to teach her HTML+PHP (Nerd power...). I smoothly told her "If that's what it takes to see you, yeah :)"  
From that point she started to say that we are not on the same page, because i should make any plan on her since she doesn't want ANYONE, she doesn't want any ties, specially not during this summer, even if she consider me a "cool guy" and "we get along well". So, she basically closed everything (this closing "chat" was 30 minute long, we went back and forth on the subject a lot. It wasn't just ONE text, that's what i mean).  
Out of resources, I told her that, since we are just friends (as she asked, by respecting her "don't want anyone"), "I was still up for the lessons, if you want". She answered only with a "Ok".  
  
So, now I'm here, crying about my dog, my friends (i called them with "some shit happened, i need to drink") are now gone, and the girl i really found different, sexy, interesting, compatible, funny, lovely is now not an option anymore.  
I know I threw myself too fast into this "relationship" but that's only because I needed it. I needed/need to feel love again. And, objectively, I would have "felt in love" with this girl even in another time. I know she is a really great match, a probable serious and long relationship. I know also she felt the same.  
And we are now wasting it... GRRRRRRR  
  
The question is now: out of a stupid romantic moment, today (before the storm) i ordered flower to be delivered tomorrow at her workplace. The initial idea was to send her a bucket of flowers every week anonymously (only a smily face on the card), until we eventually would have kissed. Then, I would have sent a nice bucket with a sentence about our "kissing night" so she would understand it was me.  
  
Now, i have the option to:  
A) Stop the flowers. Wasting almost 100 bucks and that's it.  
B) remove the smily face and just send them with no card and deny i sent them (in case she asks)  
C) change the card with something else.  
D) leave them this way.  
  
Reddit, what do you think would be the best actions to take in this situation, considering I would love to improve my chances? I don't wanna give up on her... unless, I really have no chances

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/3xbdck/i_22f_am_a_junior_level_psychology_major_doing/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I [22f] am a junior level psychology major doing undergrad. I want very much to do well and make it into a grad program. I do not want to work anymore while studying but I am terrified of debt. Advice?

Tl;dr : I [22f] am in my junior year of undergrad pursuing my psychology degree. So far I have not had to take out loans because I have prepaid college credits and have worked fulltime since I was 18. University is harder than community college was and I see I cannot continue working like this and hope to do well. I am very scared of student loans. Advice please!  
  
......  
  
So I am currently a junior level psychology student and have realized I can't do fulltime work and hope to do well in University (transferred after I got my AA). While I love art and writing, my deepest desire has always been to be in the mental health field, perhaps as a therapist or counselor but I want to be able to have freedom within the field to change my job in case I get burnt out as a therapist, since many people do. I am serious about going to grad school, after many years of considering the pros and cons. So I want to do AWESOME now that I'm at University. I want to do well in my classes, hopefully get a part time job or internship related to mental health, join clubs and organizations (I have no interest in going Greek though) and I want to make it into the psychology honors society, as I think it would be good to have these experiences in my background and to network with others who will be in my field.   
  
But I am terrified of taking out student loans (and many tell me, with good reason). My roommate currently has $30,000 in debt after he graduated, and seems very calm about it, and has told me most people at college have to take out loans. But if I am looking at grad school, I know that I'm going to have to take out loans in the future too, and the idea of all this debt is overwhelming. If I can make it through undergrad without going to debt, I would feel much better about taking out loans for grad school. I don't know how these kids can be so calm about these huge piles of debt and I feel that they don't look at the reality of how much money that is and that it will probably be more to pay back with interest. I don't want loans to ruin my life, and have read many stories where they did ruin the person's life.  
  
All that being said, I always file my FAFSA. I have not gotten very much at all from FAFSA in the past, usually only about $1000 - $1500, due to my age, my job, my grandparents income (they legally adopted me as a baby), etc. This month my grandpa retired meaning that both of my grandparents are now retired, and they cannot help me at all monetarily and I wouldn't want them to anyway. I also quit my job due to a bunch of personal health issues and life problems I have been going through that I won't go into, but that job sucked my happiness from me, and I am glad I quit. FAFSA has gotten me only $1500 for the upcoming spring semester even though I filed as an independent (not sure I did this properly, as I did have to give my grandparents income information), and with my own savings and the possibility of a part time job (as long as it does not mess with my grades) I think I can make it through this semester. But I need a financial plan for the semesters after that, I definitely want to take summer courses, and I am not sure that the Prepaid college program is going to stretch all the way to the end of undergrad because I wasted some of the credits as a freshman.  
  
I have wondered if I would be able to get any disability financial aid since I am diagnosed Bipolar and have several years history of medical visits, one baker act, and it definitely effects my quality of life and ability to do well in school. I have researched some mental health scholarships and do plan on applying. I have not filed for any kind of disability with the government and am not sure if that's the right thing to do.  
  
I am most concerned with the FAFSA. I feel like I have not been filing it true to my situation and that is why I receive so little aid. Also since all of these income changes happened at the end of this year, when I file in January, it's going to show that my grandparents and I had an income and thus result in a higher EFC. I want to sit with someone knowledgeable about the FAFSA, tell them my situation and see if they'll babystep me through the one I have to file in January, but I don't know who to turn to, as the financial aid office at my university can be difficult to deal with.  
  
I have promised myself to see this degree through and take out loans if I have to, but I definitely don't want to do that. Can you guys give me any advice or information that might help me? I am located in Florida.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/g9twm9/im_graduating_with_a_bachelors_and_a_40_in_two/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm graduating with a Bachelor's and a 4.0 in two weeks—this is my advice

So I'll start off by saying that a 4.0 goal GPA isn't going to be worth it to you unless you want to go to a top-20 law school or graduate program (in which cases you can still get in with 3.8 and lower). Law school has been my goal, and now that I'm in the thick of prep I do not regret any of it at all. Law schools count A+s toward GPA, so my law school apps will list my GPA as 4.07: this is well above even the 75th percentile GPA for admitted students at Harvard, Yale and Stanford; in other words, because I worked so hard, all I need is a great LSAT score and I can go to the best law schools with major scholarships, perhaps even some full-rides at some schools. Sometimes it pays! But again, don't shoot for a 4.0 unless you have the highest goals.   
  
  
That said, don't blow off your GPA either. I've gotten really good scholarship money and named awards such as a faculty endowed scholarship that's really nice to have on a resume (I was the one person at my CC to receive the award). But you have to apply—most people don't make the effort and miss out big time.  
  
  
There was also one instance when DegreeWorks was not displaying my classes correctly and my advisor was telling me I needed more classes than I had thought. I insisted something was wrong and she figured it out manually. She said for most students she would have probably blown off those claims, but because my grades were perfect she knew I wasn't pulling stuff out of thin air. You really never know in what ways it might help you.  
  
  
  
Okay! Enough with that. Onto the general stuff.  
  
  
  
Community college  
  
Start at CC if your parents aren't paying your way. Some are better than others, but most CCs are the exact same education. A lot of my CC profs also worked at the university I transferred to. Don't get hung up on "the college experience." It's not completely bullshit but it's mostly bullshit. It's what convinces you to live on campus for 4 years and pay 4 years of tuition. The savings are significant and will shorten/lower your student loan payments. If you're at college/going to college to socialize, you're in the wrong place. There's plenty of ways to make friends without spends tens of thousands in extra money.  
  
  
Quick note on loans: many students don't understand that unsubsidized loans start accruing interest immediately. Borrow carefully.  
  
  
Be Aware of Benefits  
  
Make sure that if you have a parent who is a veteran that you have fully explored benefits. I'm in Texas and part of a big family. Our first two college grads didn't know that Hazelwood could exempt their tuition. So only one sister and I have used the exemption. We both paid CC out of pocket so between the two of us we didn't even used all the exempted hours in the benefit. My little brother is at CC now and will use the rest of the credits when he transfers. Between the 3 of us we will have collectively spent around 15K for 3 associate's and bachelor's degrees. That's before you count the scholarships and grants. Because my family is not wealthy (good grant $), and because of my dad's military benefits, and because of my scholarships, I've actually been PAID TO GO TO SCHOOL. This isn't going to be the situation for most people—my point is that you shouldn't be like my two older siblings who didn't know what they were entitled to.   
  
  
  
  
Gen Ed's/Core Curriculum  
  
These are generally hated and blown off. I get it, you think you know all this stuff already. The truth is that you don't. Being smart isn't knowing everything, it's knowing when you don't know something and then doing what you can to learn more. What I think really helped me was how open I was to all the gen eds. I would always find a way to connect the content of each class (1) to my life and (2) to all the classes I'm taking and often those I've taken before. Not only does this help you make sense of the world but it also helps you remember the content of each class—this will help you in life and help you ace future courses as you build your knowledge. Doing this helps your brain form connections, and knowledge that has multiple connections is easiest to access. In short, view gen eds as opportunities. There's always something you don't know or a connection you haven't made.  
  
  
Majors and Careers  
  
You'll hear a lot that you don't need to know everything before you start, and that's true. That first year is a time to explore your options. I went in as a Psych major and came out an English major who now loves books and writing. However, the rubber meets the road your second year. You don't have to know your exact job yet, but you need to settle on a major ASAP to avoid taking fall through classes, paying extra money for school, and delaying your graduation. It's not a good time. And to that end, you should figure out your exact career as a senior and shape class projects around your career specialties. For example this semester I've been doing a legal-based project.  
  
  
Study Abroad  
  
If you are remotely interested in study abroad, do it in your first year and a half. You won't have too much of your degree plan filled in, which allows you to fill gen eds abroad or take on some electives. I did study abroad my last semester of CC. I had to take one fall through class to get to go because my plan was too full. They're also different lengths—mine was only 2 weeks abroad. I had a scholarship pay most of the costs and my CC had a program that gave people free summer tuition for being full time the previous two semesters. I paid almost nothing to go because I used that faculty endowed scholarship to cover almost all the ~$1000 leftover to pay. Look into it! There's a lot of scholarship money available for it and especially at CC it isn't costly at all.  
  
  
  
Studying  
  
I don't think I'm smarter than my average classmates. I just wanted it enough to genuinely make an effort for every assignment. This means \*doing the reading\*.Make a schedule that works for you. You might have to sacrifice some things here and there, but that's a cost/benefit calculation for you to make. Just give everything a real effort and make the connections I already talked about. For really tough classes, I'd always read the optional texts and sometimes seek out extra books to help me understand (Spanish was a real bitch). I personally found group study distracting and unproductive for me, but do what helps you.  
  
  
  
Classes Everyone Should Take  
  
1. Technical Writing/Business Writing: no matter your major, this class teaches important skills such as cover letters, \*good\* resumes, business reports, and other types of documents you WILL need to write effectively. I honestly think this class should be listed as a gen ed.  
  
  
  
2. Business Applications/MS Office  
A lot of people know this stuff. But this is your chance to learn more about MS Excel/spreadsheets. Basically everything job these days requires spreadsheet knowledge.  
  
  
Non-liberal arts majors: take some kind of writing-intensive course. Everyone needs to write better. Most people do not write well at all. This is especially important if your major doesn't usually allow for professor interaction. Professors who read your writing typically get to know you better than a professor who doesn't. These classes are great networking opportunities to build relationships with professors who can write great letters of recommendation for you and might even reach out to you with jobs (they both know you and are highly skilled writers). If you can't bring yourself to take one, show up to office hours whether you need help or not. I've had multiple professors come to me with job opportunities, and I'm close to enough of them that I'm having a hard time choosing which ones to write my LORs for law school. They're major resources for you. Don't waste it! I had a personal rule of \*at minimum\* making sure every single Prof knew me by name.  
  
  
  
Make Friends  
  
I made a lot of friends in my classes, but I wish I'd made even more. They can help you get through this experience in one piece and remain friends long after (I still talk to friends who graduated before me). Make friends in your major classes especially because you need to start making professional connections right away. Clubs and other volunteering options are also good for this: I wish I were able to do these things more, but between school and working to live I just didn't have the time to do very often.  
  
  
  
Working  
  
Everyone's situation is different, but I ended up with a really flexible driving job for an incredible company. It paid great for the type of work and didn't drain my mental energy. I'd also often use podcasts and audio books to make up for missed study time. It's definitely beneficial to work in your career field, but often these positions are mentally draining and do not pay well and are not flexible.  
  
  
  
Internships  
  
Work at least one of these before you graduate. Unpaid work sucks, but when the hiring choice is you with no internship vs. another student with an internship, that other student is getting the job 9/10 times  
  
  
  
Research and Publishing  
  
Try to undertake at least one MAJOR project. It doesn't have to be a thesis, but make something at some point that is significant work that you can add to your portfolio. You can also submit this work or other work to journals. Being published is huge to have on a resume, especially for grad school or professional school. I researched and wrote this huge project about my school, but its contents were way too sensitive to publish anywhere. Oh well. You can also submit your work to your school's or a nearby school's research conference. I ended up winning 1st place prize for work that I submitted on a whim.  
  
  
  
That's about all I can think of right now. Feel free to ask questions if there's something I didn't cover.  
  
  
All in all, college has been a truly life changing experience, and my confidence has gone from the lowest lows to the highest highs. Enjoy the experience, socialize (if you want to) make friends, and have fun. Just don't forget that you're there to learn and to advance your career.  
  
  
  
PS I'll add that liberal arts gets a lot of hate, but it's mostly founded on job outcomes. There's so much that I've learned in these courses and so much that I've read that has totally changed the way I look at the world and life in general. Keep in mind that there's plenty of stuff worth learning even if it isn't relevant to your career.  
  
I'll also recognize that not all of this will be helpful to everyone. I've been incredibly fortunate these 4 years. As much as I'd like to say it was all hard work, I think have had some good strokes of luck.

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.   
  
Work Cited  
   
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Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/etm9fz/had_really_good_highschool_scores_and_a_first/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Had really good highschool scores and a first good college semester, but my last two were awful, am I screwed?

NY state if it matters. So I graduated #10 in a class of 80 in highschool, I came out with a GPA of like 94/100 I think? Idk its been a while. I had an SAT of 1410 and an ACT of 28, but the ACT I only took once. I had AP classes throughout highschool, but only took test for 4, the APUSH, which I got a 5 on, the AP English, which I got a 4 on, The AP BC Calculus, which I got a 2 on with a subscore of 3 for the AB test (so I failed the main one but just passed the part of the test that was graded on AB content, which didn't include series and sequences and polar functions), and a 2 in the AP chem test. Technically, I did get the best scores in my grade on the calculus and chem, because I was the only one in my graduating class who took them that year. Needless to say the teachers for those classes didn't prepare as well for just one kid.   
  
My point is, I worked hard in high school and I thought I did pretty okay. I got into a nice school and at like 20% of the cost. I went for physics, and had a pretty good first semester, a couple A's, a few B's, and a D, in my one physics course. I had a 3.2 gpa I think  
  
Then it started to go downhill. There was a whole mix of problems, my home life with an alcoholic, my lack of interest in my major, constant personal money issues that I had to work two part time jobs over for a while, and ultimately my gf breaking up with me during finals of my second semester. My second semester I got a B in one class, a C in another, then all F's. My third semester I got all F's, didn't show up to a single final. Eventually I just stopped coming to classes.   
  
  
Here's a bit of back story about my mental state at the time and the impact it had on my performance in school, skip this paragraph to get to my question:  
  
My mental state at the time was wrecked. A bit on my situation, I grew up from 10 years old until I moved out with an verbally and sometimes physically abusive step dad, who isolated me emotionally from my family, and my mother who had let it go on so long I didn't really trust or love her anymore. I had no love in the world except my girlfriend at the time, who I dated for a year and a half. Still, I wanted a family connection, so much went to live with my dad, who made more than enough money to pay the remainder of my tuition ($15k at a $60k school), but was a mean, vindictive, and mentally unstable alcoholic. I knew he was bad, I lived with him on weekends before, but living in the same house permanently was hell. He drunkenly accused me of taking his pain meds during my first semester mid terms. He called me vile names I won't type out. Anyways, he was as bad as my stepfather, I was crushed and depressed. Eventually, my girlfriend broke up with me. It was my fault, I had cheated on her at some point early in our relationship, and then lied a lot after that about partying. I loved her, I really did, cheating on her was a disgusting thing I did in a drunken blackout that I just can't live with myself for doing.She stayed with me for a year after that, I didn't cheat again, but she didn't want me out partying, and even tho I didn't often, every once in a while I'd sneak off and lie. Eventually sheeft and that was it, I had no contact with her anymore and when I tried to establish a friendship I could feel her lack of love or care towards what I had to say. Watching her face light up when I talked about something was the one thing of any worth I had left and I really didn't realize how bad depression could be until she was gone. I went into my third semester destroyed and unmotivated, and I just stopped showing up, got literal straight F's. I spent the entirety of 2019 on academic suspension, getting high and working odd jobs.   
  
  
  
Anyways, my question is, will college's give a fuck. If I have high school scores from 2016-2017 that show I'm not a fuck up, will they give my troubles any merit, or will they just see the two awful semesters and turn me down?I want to apply to film school, even if everything was emotionally fine with me I still would have not liked physics, it was just work I wasn't interested in doing, not so much that it was hard and I struggled. But I've also had a passion for film and have recently been writing a screenplay and exploring photography. I even have an A in an intro to film class from my college first semester, which may be my best evidence of being able to do well in a film corriculum.   
  
My goal for now is to apply to a school I could get at like $10-$15k a year, which I think I could do for a lot of SUNY schools, I'm back living with my mom and her husband, who make less than $90k a year combined, my mom is actually unemployed, so I'd probably get a lot of financial aid benefits. I also want to go live on campus housing, I can't take it living here anymore, even if I have to pay a lot more a year for a dorm or something I'm fine with it. I want to get my gpa back up and get to 60 credits, I have 30 now at most, then apply to a nicer school I know won't accept me now, like a school in LA or NYC (I live in upstate), if I was freshly graduating I think I may have had a decent shot, but I'll be more realistic about my situation until I get my GPA up.  
  
  
That's about it, thanks for reading my ramblings and I appreciate any and all help.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/13pkt4/at_a_party_with_old_classmates_i_found_out_one_of/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: At a party with old classmates, I found out one of my closest high school friends is now homeless. Tracked him down on the street. He is starving. What can/should I do?

My friend has always been a troubled person. Terrible home life. Abusive dad, broken mother. Minor-ish drug problems. But when we were in high school, he still managed to take care of himself, get decent grades, and maintain a normal social life. He was and is smart as a whip; we attended one of the most prestigious college prep schools in the country (certainly the most prestigious in Los Angeles).   
  
But for some reason, when he went to university, he stopped caring. He smoked weed all day, every day, in his dorm instead of going to classes. He was asked to leave the school before the first semester even finished out.  
  
Things got worse when he went back home. His home life deteriorated further, to the point where he was placed in a psych ward at UCLA following a fight in which he hospitalized his father with a serious concussion. His parents divorced soon after, and his father cut off contact with him completely.   
  
By this point, my friend was smoking so much pot that he could no longer support his habit with the modest allowance he was still, incredibly, receiving from his mother. He began to steal, first from his house and then from his job. He was fired. His mother put him into a rehab program. He was ejected from that as well, after being caught selling drugs to the other patients.  
  
A few years ago, when this was happening, I attempted to step up and help my friend. I called him a few times a week to check up on him, told him he needed to quit smoking so much fucking weed, and called in some favors to get him another job. However, again and again, he fucked it up. Eventually, feeling used, I stopped checking in. I got fed up.  
  
It's been a few years since then. I'm 21 and about to graduate college. I came home this week for thanksgiving break, and earlier tonight attended a party with some old high school classmates. One of them informed me that my friend is now homeless, living next to a gas station near his old house. His mother and the rest of his family have given up on him, and won't speak to him.   
  
I was heartbroken to hear this, but it didn't compare to how I felt once I tracked him down. I found him asleep, right where I was told he'd been living. He looked like a skeleton. I woke him up; he thought he was hallucinating, and it took him a few minutes to become convinced that I was, in fact, there in front of him. He hadn't eaten in four days. I went into the gas station and bought him about twenty dollars worth of food. He was crying when I handed it to him. I gave him my phone number and told him to get some rest and call me in the morning.  
  
Reddit, what the fuck can I do? Where do I start? Nobody but me cares about this person. His family has left him for dead. He's a fucking kid like me, 21 years old, and at this rate he'll be a corpse within six months. He's in Los Angeles; in two days, I'll be flying back to my job and school in New York. What do I tell him tomorrow morning when he calls? How can I help? I don't want to get totally sucked into his problems, but goddammit if I'm going to stand by and let my friend die when I know I can do something for him.  
  
\*\*UPDATE:\*\* Talked to him this morning. He called me on a phone that his mother is apparently still paying for (either she still cares about him at least somewhat or she cares so little that she hasn't bothered to cancel the contract). I told him how bad his situation looked from the outside, and he acknowledged that he thinks this is rock bottom. He has, unfortunately, been supporting himself as of late by selling weed for a local dealer who pays him in checks every two weeks. I told him to cut that shit off immediately, and to stop smoking right the fuck away (not from a health perspective, but from a what-the-fuck-you-can't-afford-that perspective). He is also already on food stamps, but he says they only give him about $200 every 62 days, which he spends right away on dumb, unhealthy meals like Shakey's and Burger King...   
  
As per the suggestions here, I called up the local Salvation Army and they assured me that they would help him if he came in. Hopefully he's there now. Unfortunately, I leave for NY in the morning, so I feel there's little more that I can do. I gave him a pep talk, my email address and contact info, and told him to send me his resume as soon as he can so that I can edit it for him and give him suggestions (he really needs that help; he was gonna put the last job that he stole from down as a referral). I also told him to tell me the second he was unable to get food, because I can get my parents/friends to help him there.  
  
Is there anything more I can do? Any outreach programs I should know about? I'm so new to this kind of thing I feel like I'm pretty much stumbling in the dark. I don't even care if a successful life is beyond the kid at this point. I just want him to be happy, and alive.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8vhy02/ultimate_college_money_saving_guide/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: ULTIMATE COLLEGE MONEY SAVING GUIDE

Hi just a bit of a background check on who I am, I'm a college student in the final year of my masters. I'm going to breakdown how I saved close to $14,000 over my last 3 years, keeping in mind I'm talking about life expenses, not college tuition fees.  
  
Coffee:  
  
College and coffee go hand in hand, most of our daily routines consists of a quick Starbucks run. However most of these coffee stores overcharge big time for coffee. The average coffee will cost around 20 cents to make in a chain franchise, but you pay $3.50. So if you have a cup of coffee 5 times a week. That's around $900 you spend in a year provided you only have 5 cups a week. However what you should do is make your own coffee at home every morning, buy some high quality coffee powder and for around 25 cups you pay around 20 dollars(provided you use something high end, cheaper obviously if you use those crappy 3-in-1's or some no name which equates to around $0.80 per cup of coffee. So if you were to use your at home coffee powder you would save close to $700 per year/ 5 cups of coffee per week.  
  
Clothes:  
  
Ok now during my early days in college I used to be big into jackets, like as a college student I would wear jackets and sweatpants everywhere I go, literally EVERYWHERE, whether that be to the mall, to meet my parents even to sleep. However in my head, spending $250 on a Nike Tech Fleece Combo was absurd at the time and what I did was end up buying about 4 jackets from Target and 4 sweatpants from Walmart, however I found that these clothes were often tearing on me and that after a few washes they felt like sandpaper. In total, over the span of my Freshman year I spent close to $1000 on jackets and sweatpants from different brands due to the fact that after just about two-three weeks of spending I would end up refusing to wear it because it just felt rubbish and used to LITERALLY tear my skin up. So what I did during my sophomore and junior year was, I bought three sets of Nike Tech Fleece, two from outlet stores for around $120 each and one set for $250 because it was brand new all-black color, and until today I am still using that, so I saved close to around $1500 on just sweatpants and jackets alone, and I used this same mentality for every other piece of clothing I bought ranging from t-shirts to socks, so I would estimate on clothes alone I would have saved at a minimum, $4000. And not to say I only buy quick fashion brands like Nike, you can still afford to buy the nice designer stuff and SAVE money for example, instead of buying ten pairs of jeans like most people do from True Religion or Uniqlo I just bought two pairs of YSL jeans off Grailed and saved a lot there and those jeans are perfect.   
  
Transport:  
  
God gave you legs use them as much as you can. I'm being serious, okay if your house is a 20 minute walk from your college just WALK it. Seriously, a bus fair ticket or train ticket will cost you around $1.50. Now $1.50 there and another $1.50 back costs around $750 per year. Try your level best to walk and if it's really really far then walk as far as you can THEN take a bus or train so you can save as much as you can because now you're in college your income is limited. And on the days you go out with your friends try your best to ask for a carpool. Over the span of 3 years I would say I saved at a minimum $1500  
  
Books:  
  
NEVER buy new books and NEVER rent books too. If you can't find a free copy of your book online just find a used copy of it even if it has a bit of scribbles in it and if a PDF edition costs much less then I suggest you save for an iPad or something and bring that iPad everywhere you go since you can store your textbooks on that. I saved close to $3500 on textbooks, and that includes getting myself an iPad which also benefits me in other ways so it's a win-win  
  
Recreational fun:  
  
If you do what to have fun with your friends, NEVER bring a credit card. In fact try your best to never own a credit card, debit cards are safer because you have a limit. Whenever you are out with your friends, bring cash and cash only, and that's not too say bring all your cash, make sure you budget yourself based on your financial situation. If you receive only $300 from your parents monthly, don't be stupid and bring $150 in one serving with your friends. I myself have a tendency of spending like there's no tomorrow when I'm not given a limit so doing this probably saved me a lot more then I would like to comfortably admit.  
  
Healthcare:  
  
Get insurance. PERIOD, it will benefit you if anything happens and although it may cost a fair amount try your best to go for the BEST insurance possible as you really could potentially save tens of thousands just by doing that, seriously I have a friend who because she did not have insurance had to pay close to $50,000 for surgery that a simple $200 monthly insurance would have covered.  
  
Haircuts, Tattoos and Piercings:  
  
Before I came to college I was perfectly clean, had a decent haircut, no piercings and no tattoos. By the time I left I had 4 stomach tattoos, one leg tattoo and one chest tattoo. And two piercings, overall this cost me a lot of money because I went to some of the most established tattoo artists all across the US such as Romeo Lacoste and etc. Because a one time high investment for something that will be on me until I die will costs a lot less then getting it from a shady tattoo artists and paying about $3000 for laser surgery when I regret it in two months time.   
  
Overall that's a guideline, I can always do a part 2. Just remember, more for less isn't always better than less for more.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/financialaid/comments/fw4yxk/need_some_help_navigating_if_im_completely_out_of/), Subreddit: r/financialaid, Title: Need some help navigating if I'm completely out of options or not

Hi all, I'll try to keep this as short as possible but my situation is complicated so I'll do what I can. I'll put it into bullet points so hopefully that will help.  
  
\* I'm 29 years old and have been going to college on and off since I graduated high school in 2009. I wanted to take time off before I started college to figure out exactly what I wanted to do. However, I had to attend in order to keep living with my sister so I essentially had no choice but to go.  
\* I started at a local community college and have gone there on and off since starting. In between those times, I went to various four years schools which were mostly online. I'm one credit away from an associates here but it is a class that can only be taken on campus and I live 2 states away now.  
\* Pretty much all of my early 20s had been all over the place which lead to issues attending college and doing the work. There were times when I couldn't get to class because I didn't have enough money for gas and nobody to bring me so I had to drop out. I lost my job at one point and had to drop out from one of the online schools during the first week to start my job hunt. I was engaged and when that broke off I had to withdraw again because I had to find somewhere to live and figure out my next steps. I have multiple chronic health issues that would flair up and I ended having to withdraw for certain semesters due to that. I also had untreated and undiagnosed ADHD which only exacerbated things more. There were also times where I would withdraw from online classes and schools entirely because I didn't end up doing well in their classroom structure/it wasn't for me.  
\* The semesters I was able to finish I was an A-B student who made Deans List one of the terms. I only mention this to show that when things do work out, I can do well and pass my classes.  
\* During this whole time I was using federal financial aid, there is absolutely no way I could have attended otherwise. Like a moron, I didn't trim my financial aid awards down because I didn't really understand why it would be a problem down the road.  
\* I can't remember the first time it happened exactly but I was eventually flagged for unusual enrollment history. With hindsight, that makes total sense but at the time I was totally blindsided. I was able to provide explanations for the times I didn't get credit but it was difficult because I didn't have access to any supporting documentation. Thankfully, the school was lenient with me about it and took a statement from someone attesting to what happened.  
\* Since that first time I've had to drop a few more times and took a decent period of time off afterward to figure everything out. Once I was in a good spot, I attempted to go back last year (2019) and was asked again to do verification. No problem, unfortunately the issues I had don't really have documentation or I have no access to them. How do you document a diagnosis that you didn't have at the time? How do you document a relationship ending? My employer that let me go no longer has on file that I was ever an employee there because they didn't hold on to the record. Basically, I'm in a position where I can't prove anything and it is my word only. The school essentially told me that was the end of the road.  
\* One of the previous schools won't release an official transcript to me because I owe them money. Even after trying to set up a payment arrangement that would have probably put me in the poorhouse they wouldn't release it. The school mentioned in the previous bullet ended up waiving it for me and took a grade report instead.  
\* I was still technically enrolled but not attending classes at another school that I did really enjoy but didn't offer my specific major. I chose to go back there to get some transfer courses done and wait things out for the unusual enrollment. Well, after getting myself reinstated with them and going through a SAP appeal from my previous term, I found out I was close to hitting my aggregate student loan cap. Due to this they were reducing my per term financial aid to a point where I was going to need to pay \~$500 out of pocket every 10 weeks in order to attend school for the next year or two. That is not feasible for me so I ended up calling it quits.  
\* I've since been making payments on my student loans using income driven repayment since September 2019.  
  
After all of the above, I recently decided that I wanted to go back and get my AAPC certification for work. I do like my job doing medical billing &amp; coding but I want to increase my job prospects and possibly be able to work from home which an AAPC certification would let me do. I've found some potential programs that take financial aid and won't require much financial aid because I have transfer credits and this is something that I know about because it's what I do for work everyday.  
  
I'm worried because of the unusual enrollment history flag and inability to get one transcript means I'm SOL on ever going to school again. I looked into scholarships but I'm not sure how they would work with an online school that has rolling 8-10 week terms instead of the usual Fall/Spring set up. My GPA is 2.4 so I'm precluded from about 99% of scholarships anyway. Private loans aren't possible because of credit score, lack of cosigner, and I wouldn't have the money to pay them back monthly while also paying for my federal loans. My employer does offer tuition assistance but I'm required to pay out of pocket up front first. I can't afford to pay up-front and then be reimbursed later on.  
  
I need help and I'm not sure where to get it. I can't get help from a school without applying and I'm not going to waste my time and the admissions department's time if I can't attend in the first place. Is there any agency or person/type of person that can help me navigate this? I've tried myself but there are way too many moving parts for me to understand. I don't know where to turn to get the final answer about my situation.  
  
tl;dr I need helping finding an agency or person to help me navigate financial aid after being flagged for unusual enrollment and inability to get a transcript from one college. I'm trying to figure out if my academic career is over or if I have some chance of salvaging it to get my AAPC certification.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/cp55q/more_info_about_my_wifes_teeth_that_are_causing/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: More info about my wife's teeth that are causing her pain, and how I plan to deal with our day to day finances, thanks to Reddit

well reddit, the [other thread](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/corqg/im\_at\_the\_end\_of\_my\_rope\_i\_cant\_take\_it\_anymore/) became too long to share any further information there, so I decided to start this one. I'll jist the other thread  
  
  
Financially, I'm barely able to make ends meet. I have 3 kids. They never go hungry, but bills keep adding up and we can't get caught up. If that were the extent of my problems, I never would have mentioned them. 95% of America is in the same boat. But my beautiful wife, my high school sweetheart, has severe dental issues and we can't afford to fix them. For the past 3 or 4 years, her teeth have been getting worse day by day. (It all started from her second pregnancy where the baby was basically stealing all her calcium) and now she sits up most nights and cries from the pain.   
  
  
We get no help from any one, even though her grandma keeps helping her loser sister. The other thread taught me to not be concerned with granny and who she gives money to, and I'm going to take that to heart. More power to granny and asshole sister in law.  
  
  
We've cut bills down as much as we can. We only drink casually. We dont smoke or do drugs. We don't go out much. We don't eat out much. My only vice is World of Warcraft, which I play after she goes to sleep. I dont pay for it. I had 6 months (about to run out) and i wont be renewing. I'm already saddened at the thought of my one escape no longer being an option for me, but such is life.   
  
  
Anyway, the other thread convinced me to open a paypal account for donations. [Donate here](https://www.paypal.com/cgi-bin/webscr?cmd=\_donations&amp;business=loogielv%40gmail%2ecom&amp;lc=US&amp;item\_name=Restoring%20my%20wife%27s%20beautiful%20smile&amp;item\_number=reddit&amp;currency\_code=USD&amp;bn=PP%2dDonationsBF%3abtn\_donate\_SM%2egif%3aNonHosted) I did not ask for this and you can read the other thread and see that it was never my intention. Now you can say i had it planned all along. I can't change your mind, but I assure you, that's not the case. I never in a million years would dream there was a place on the internet where people would come together like this.and offer help and support. I'm relatively new to reddit, so I'm still in shock.   
  
  
Anyway, the back story out of the way, the other thread insisted that I prove my wife's problems so they know I'm legit. I offered my [facebook](http://facebook.com/bbelikove) up as well . Getting pictures of her mouth is going to be tough. She wont even let ME see her teeth and hasn't in years. but I will try.   
  
  
more importantly than trying to get more donations, I want to prove to the people that were concerned (and more so the people that already donated) that i'm legit. That my wonderful wife suffers from pain daily and theres NOTHING I can do about it.   
  
  
Many people threw a fit when they found out I have 2 cell phones (my wife and I) and also we're pissed off I pay over $400/mo for a Van payment. Their response was to goto a land line and ditch the van. It's just not that simple.   
  
  
For starters, I'm upside down in the van, so selling it will get me nothing but debt. I'll never be able to sell it for what I owe on it. Secondly, we need the space for 3 kids. Many redditors said get a $10k van. How in the hell am I supposed to do that? Even if I push the current van off a cliff, and have no upside debt, I still dont have the money for another van and now I have no vehicle for my kids. Yes we have 2 cars, but the other car is paid in full and a sub compact. It's a toyota echo and our 3 kids will not fit in the backseat with a car seat. There's NOTHING I can do about the van unless I had some way to get a $10k van.   
  
  
Many other redditors lost their mind when they found out I have $100/mo in cell phone bills. Again all I heard was "ditch the cell phones" throw the wife onto a land line etc etc. That is also not an option. I have 3 kids. 2 of them goto friends houses after school or during the weekends (playing with friends is free) and we need to be able to get a call in an emergency. The only other form of income is a side business I run repairing computers. My customers call me, and if they dont get a call back within a few hours, guess what their next action is? Calling someone out of the yellowpages. Losing the cell phone would end up costing me more money than it would save. Ditching the vans or the cell phone are not an option, or I would have already.   
  
  
many of you attacked me for this line of thinking in the other thread, which I feel is horribly unfair. Yes $500 between a van and cell phones is alot, but I'm stuck with them. Why didn't people say "quit paying rent" or "sell your kids, they're the biggest burdens" surely that sounds crazy and counter productive right? Well the cell phones are a necessity and I'm stuck with the van payment unless I get some way to lose the $7,000 I'm upside down and then get another $10,000 to buy another van. I'd love to do this, but it's not possible.  
  
  
We didn't always have these financial problems. We've been cutting back expenses for over a year and due to that, we've been able to make ends meet, but now, its just not the case. The other thread gave me some very good ideas on ways to save money, so I'd like to list those here.  
  
  
1) We have an electric dryer which is probably destroying our power bill. It never dawned on me to air dry our clothes, until Reddit brought it up. This is brilliant and even if it saves $20/mo (i bet it saves $40 or more) it's well worth it.   
  
  
2) Coupons. I've already started doing this and reddit reassured me it's one of the best ways to cut immediate costs. I purchased $195 worth of stuff for $72 the other day and before that $87 in diapers, wipes and paper products for only $23. That helped us immensely.  
  
  
3) Charging sister more per hr to baby sit. Currently she makes about $50-60 per week and babysits about 3 days a week. We're going to try to get this amount up to about $80-100 per week. Will keep you posted on this  
  
  
This thread is just to reiterate how we are trying to make ends meet and I plan to document and blog everything I can so reddit sees we're legit. I will be making another thread that will focus solely on my wife's dental issues, because people showed the most concern for that, and those that donated wanted proof.   
  
  
Also I took alot of flak for not looking into dental school prior to my previous thread. People didn't read my replies. We did look into dental schools but none of them take our insurance. Obviously we can't do any of this without our insurance helping. The problem is our insurance is shit anyway. They pay up to $1500 every year, but we have to pay $1500 too, and since none of the dental schools take our insurance, we'd have to foot the entire bill of $3,000. $3,000 doesn't even fix her smile either, it just stops the pain. Most likely she'll have to have all of her teeth pulled and get dentures. Implants, bridges and shit that makes her smile pretty again puts the cost horribly out of reach (around $8,000)  
  
  
At any rate, people attacked me and my family values, my genuineness, my sincere cry for someone to vent to, and my general motives in the previous thread. This thread is a rebuttal to that and a promise that I will provide all proof for those that have donated.   
  
  
I asked my wife to call some dental schools and make appointments so we can get an idea of what they would cost (last year it was estimated around $3250) [HERE'S A SCREENSHOT OF OUR CONVO](http://imgur.com/jVgQS.png). I call her "momma" At the end she states she's "not happy with me" and then goes into something about a personal friend. Its important to note, that it's 11:03 as I type this, nearly 1 hr since she said she's not happy with me, and she's STILL not talking to me, because she wants to know what the plan is. If i was to tell her I need to take a picture of her mouth for reddit, she'd run screaming...  
  
  
To all that are concerned, to all the kind words, and to all that have donated, I thank you, from the very fiber of all that I am.   
  
\*\*EDIT: SCREENSHOT OF CONVERSATION WITH WIFE [LINK](http://imgur.com/jVgQS.png)\*\*  
  
\*\*2nd edit: fixed screenshots.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/wam721/college_is_no_longer_about_learning/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: College is No Longer About Learning

I was optimistic. I chose the cheapest school I could find that supported my major. I had received two scholarships from my school. I qualified for federal aid. Perhaps it would all be enough to cover the cost of my first year. But it wasn’t. I received the bill, and to my dismay, came short by $12,000. I had never liked the idea of loans, having heard countless horror stories over the years, but I asked my parents to co-sign anyway. They refused and I’m inclined to believe that’s a good thing, as it made me reconsider wether college was really necessary, even if it would be easier than other options. (For my major it’s not, but I acknowledge that for some it is.)  
 I did a bit of research and a lot of calculating, curious to know what kind of outlook would await me had I been able to borrow loans for school. In the worst case scenario I would NEVER, ever be able to pay off the debt because the interest would outpace what I could contribute. In the best case scenario, it would take me 17 years to pay it off, if, and only if, I spent every single dollar I had on my loan. That would mean almost two decades barely scraping by, forced to give up any small joys in life. That would mean no fun trips and outings, no new video games or other personal items, no gifts for loved ones, not even so much as a movie ticket.  
 But realistically it would be much harder than that to pay off because there would be necessities I would have no choice but to spend money on. Most household appliances and essential devices (such as a phone) are designed not to last longer than 5-7 years. I would have to replace something at least twice in that time frame. And a set of clothes lasts about 1-3 years depending on quality and how often it’s worn. That would mean I would have to pay for a new wardrobe at least 3 or 4 times. Each one of these purchases would push the time it takes to be debt free further and further. It would be quite possible, even, to find myself under the hand of the law if I simply couldn’t pay.   
 With these facts in mind, it’s safe to say that education is no longer about teaching the youth, passing knowledge to the next generation, nor empowering people with better career options. it’s about marketing, profits, and most importantly, lining the coffers of those who sit at the top. The only person benefiting is someone you’ll likely never meet, someone who certainly doesn’t care about you.   
 Yet people talk about student loans so flippantly, as if it isn’t completely disastrous for a nation to enslave the majority of its young with unplayable debt. From an early age we’re pushed in this direction. At first we’re asked what we want to be when we grow up. It’s an innocent enough question, but that’s not where it ends. We’re drilled all throughout school to achieve good grades because if you don’t, no college will accept you. In high school we’re told to join clubs because it will look good on college applications. Then we’re presented with aptitude tests to see what career we should pursue and as we get closer to our senior year, we’re hounded to pick one, assured that college is the only way we can obtain it. Afterwards we’re urged to apply to colleges and enter private scholarships we’re not likely to win. We’re sent home with pamphlets for our parents, informing them of all they need to know to fund our success, including loan options. Meanwhile, the whole time we’re being marched right into the gaping maw of a wolf.   
 The whole idea of higher education has become predatory. Why else would there be an entire market dedicated to private student loans? Surely they wouldn’t exist, or be as prominent as they are, if there was no one at the other end reaping in the benefits. Colleges also gain in this process because they know no matter how high their asking price is, students will still attend, enabled to do so by private loans. The schools get paid with no risk to themselves, meanwhile students build their futures overtop sinkholes. This incentivizes them to continue raising the price of tuition and fees year after year. And raise it they shall. Over the past couple years I watched as a few schools I had been prospecting raised their tuition by 10% per year. While other institutions didn’t take such a dramatic price hike, they still make a steady climb of at least a couple thousand per year. I doubt any one of them has a reason to quit anytime soon, and I imagine the same thing is happening in schools all over the United States.  
 In the end, I chose to spare myself the nightmare and walk away, though I’ll be looking for less expensive ways to reach my goals. As a message to anyone reading this, think long and hard before you sign on that loan. Do your research, figure out how much your target career pays vs. the cost of living. Then take into account interest rates and how they’ll affect the overall cost of loans after you graduate. Remember that federal loans add up too. Look at all your alternative options. I wish you the best of luck.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/jfhin/screwed_over_by_hp/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Screwed over by HP?

If this is in the wrong subreddit, I apologize - Please inform me of where to move it and I will do so.   
  
So about two years ago, my sister decided to buy a laptop. Now we are not a rich family, so she has never had anything nice in her life, so this was her first purchase of anything that is actually expensive (She paid roughly $1000 for a laptop). Now a little bit of background, my sister is an incredible artist, has been since she was little. She has always been interested in drawing on the computer so our family tried to afford drawing tablets (Which, inherently, never worked on our computers nor worked at all).   
  
So, she had this idea of a drawing tablet in her head for a long time; which brings me to the second characteristic: she is autistic. Not heavily autistic, but enough to make her a little 'different' and always the subject of harassment from fellow classmates and the target of a lot of anger around the house. So anyway, back to the problem. She wanted to make this purchase by herself because it was her money and she knew what she wanted to do with it. So she looked around for a bit, and she came across the HP Pavillion Touchsmart (I believe it was that one, it's the tablet laptop that had a swivle touchscreen and was small). She fell in love with this laptop the day she bought it, unbeknownst to its flaws. She made TONS of gorgeous drawings and pictures (I'll link to her deviant art if people are really curious enough) and this laptop was her life.   
  
She carried on with this laptop for roughly two years, keeping it in incredible condition. Of all the computer problems I've fixed in this household, her computer was never one of them, unlike my other sister who is far less careful with her laptop (we will get back to that). Now recently, my house has been stricken with a sort of computer problem epidemic. Right before college starts for all of us, my first sister (the one who is less careful with electronics) gets both her laptop and netbook broken, and my second sister (The artistic one who only has this laptop in her life) gets the same problem. This mortifies both my sisters, since we don't have a lot of money as it is right now and we have even less money to spend on electronics. They take it to me and I look over them to make sure it's not a software problem (and it wasn't) before they take it to a professional computer repairman. We have to pay roughly $100 to get them looked over and it was good news and bad news.   
  
Good news: My first sister's laptop only had a corrupt ram slot and worked fine when ram was taken out of that slot (She got lucky).  
  
Bad news: My second sister's laptop had a broken motherboard. Dead.  
  
This was mortifying to my second sister; but she had hope. She heard that this particular laptop had an extended warranty on it because this particular model was a piece of junk and broke easily. She asked me to call HP and see if I could get some sort of a deal or miracle fix out of the company. So I call and apparently this particular model of computer has its own customer service line! I talked to them for a bit, and they told me that it would cost about $329 to repair. We talked about it for a bit and decided that it would be best to get it repaired because it would at least last her for another year until she could scrounge up enough money for a new laptop. So she calls HP today to ask about getting her laptop repaired; turns out it costs around $500 to get it repaired! It was ridiculous! The support guy apparently even recommended not getting it repaired and just buying another laptop since the repairs would only last about 6 months.   
  
This was the worst thing that has ever happened to her and she has been in her room all day crying her heart out. I really feel bad for her; here is this girl that has few good things in her life, sweet as can be, and she has something like this happen to her. We can't pay for those kinds of repairs and we don't really have the money to buy her this kind of laptop again, and she was only barely able to buy it after she saved up an entire years worth of money from her senior year in high school.   
So here it is, does anybody have any suggestions for this? Is there anyone we can go to that can fix her laptop for a cheaper price, or are we doomed? I mean, we could buy her a cheaper laptop, but I think after all these years - she should have at least one nice thing. What do you say reddit?  
  
tl;dr, My autistic and artistic sister's touchscreen laptop broke, after having it for two years and keeping it in pristine condition. Contacted customer support, said it would cost $329 in repairs - turns out to be $500, and was advised against doing so. We aren't a rich family, and that was the one thing she ever really had in her life that was important to her.  
  
edit: made wall of text not a wall but fences.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/vq6ar/reddit_my_friends_dream_was_recently_crushed_when/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, my friend's dream was recently crushed when he was denied entry into Ireland. What can he do to make his dream come true?

His message is as follows:   
  
"I landed in London well enough from Texas, then after a six hour layover I took the short one hour flight to Cork.  
  
When I landed and went to customs they asked what the purpose was, etc. when they asked to see my return ticket I told them I didn't have one, that I was going to just stay for a few weeks at a hostel then go to England by a ferry and stay with my friend for a bit, then go back to cork and meet up with my friend from the states and travel around till she goes to school in late August.  
  
They kept asking more questions like have I ever met these Irish and English friends, how much money did I have on me, in the bank, and kept saying how expensive Ireland is and I didn't have enough, and I kept telling them I'm not here to spend money and I was even looking into couch surfing or getting a little job, and that's when they started asking even more questions like asking where my work visa was but I told them I didn't have one and was hoping to get one from an employer, and most employers are only interested if you're actually in Ireland but they said that's not the legal way of doing it. They searched my bags and kept asking why I had so many rocks, they laughed at my Ireland for dummies book, my pictures from home they just tossed about and just made it seem like I was a criminal. I thought I had Wendy's [name changed] number from when she gave it to me a few months back but I guess I deleted the email. I showed them her info from Facebook so they called her family which I didn't want to bother them with but I think they were trying to get her number. I just told them that I'd be staying at a hostel and not with her but they made it seem like i told them she would be helping me out 100% which wasn't true. Of course she said she wasn't going to support me because I never asked, I kept telling them she was just an online friend who was out of town but when she came back we would hang out and when she had time sorta show me around. why they didn't understand that ill never know.  
  
Now the fun begins. They decided to deny me entry due to insufficient funds, no work visa and no return ticket. They told me in the morning they'd send me on a flight back to London. In the meantime I would be taken to the local jail and put in a holding cell for the night. Two officers came who I have to say were very very nice and wished they didn't have to do that but I understood. They took me over to the small jail, booked me in and I slept on a cold dirty mattress on the floor with a hard blanket and with an open toilet in the corner. Couldn't take anything in the small cell. Again though all the officers were nice and checked on me through out the night. In the next cell though was a drunk who threw up a few times and made noises all night. they said he got drunk off beer, wine and too much whiskey. I couldn't sleep, even with the light off. it was cold, smelled like piss and I had to hear him next door.  
  
So in the morning they took me back to the airport where I had to stay in another temporary cell till boarding back to heathrow. The heartbreaking part was cork was gorgeous. absolutely gorgeous. cool and crisp at night, and foggy wet and the greenest city I'd ever seen. I never got to really see it or even touch the ground. just the sidewalk. I was there and it felt like home. but I couldnt walk around or touch the soil or even breath in the air. It was just to and from the airport. it felt like I was literally living a dream in those 5 minutes in the car. But it wasn't.  
  
So back to heathrow in London where as soon as I got off a customs officer approached me and led me away again. they wanted to know what happened in Ireland and I told them the everything but I did have a friend in western England who was nice enough to offer me a room at his home. again though they kept asking me questions, how much money did I have, did I know this person face to face and again went thru my two bags. this time I noticed my check in which had a bunch of selenite and that little vial of gold flakes I had I noticed they were broken. I covered them well but after they went thru it in Ireland I guess they didn't put it back like I had them so they just were destroyed.  
  
Back to a temporary holding facility in heathrow I had to wait till they came to a decision, and 3 hours later they said I had to go back to the states. same reasons as Ireland but they didnt even care I had a friend in england who said I could stay at his place. they booked me a return flight to Dallas ft worth but because I didn't have a return ticket I had to pay £525 for it. I do have to say again the security officer who guided me around to the gate and all that was very nice and felt bad for me and kept trying to cheer me up. His name was Sandy.  
  
That's it. I'm here in Dallas where I had to pay $350 for a hotel for tonight and tomorrow."  
  
He later writes that he might take a bus to stay with some relatives or hitchhike north. He is very heartbroken.  
  
Reddit, what can my friend do to make his dream come true?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/24hzvv/what_i_want_vs_what_my_parents_want/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: What I want Vs. What my parents want

I apologize beforehand if this is a wall of text. Not sure where to begin. Im really in a stressful conflict right now between me and my parents with this whole college process. Im currently a junior in high school so looking at colleges to apply for is the main topic pretty much this year. My parents know this too. I already know what i want to major in: Fine arts/studio arts , cuz im extremely good at drawing, painting, etc. Im familiar with a number of schools that provide an art program and shit. But i dont wanna go to a school thats all based on art. I wanna go to a university that provides a number of majors so i can interact with people with other interests besides art so i wouldnt be having to talk about art all day everyday day. My life doesnt revolve around art. Im familiar with other stuff as well. My mom on the other hand keeps telling me about colleges for me that i dont wanna go to or dont have an interest in. And these colleges are all art based colleges and thats exactly what i dont want. I told her why i dont like the idea and she seemed ok with it, but days later she keeps shoving them down my throat like she didnt hear me. So im really getting stressed about this shit and worried that my parents are gunna end up picking out schools im gunna apply to and decide my college for me and shit.   
  
Now later they go to another level and sign me up for a pre-college program at Carnegie Mellon University over the summer without even talking to me first about it like wtf. I told them i didnt wanna do it because the thing is 6 weeks over the summer which takes up a month more than half my summer. This starts a really heated argument. Since im coming out of my junior year which is honestly the worst/stressful months of my life i wanted to relax this whole summer and not do shit. But my parents are keeping me on my toes shoving this shit down my throat. So this argument goes on for hours. My parents are EXTREMELY hardheaded and narrowminded. I told them i wanna relax for the summer but they call me lazy -\_\_-. I tell them iv never been more stressed in my entire life and they joke about it and tell me that theyre stressed too cuz their adults and shit -\_\_-. The program means i have to stay there for 6 weeks without going home. I miss 4th of July and i might miss a family vacation which im bummed about. But they dont give a fuck. I applied for the program and got a scholarship. Everyone is happy for me except me.   
  
 They start pressuring me with colleges i dont like, but i dont say anything about it. They think their gunna force me to apply to colleges im not interested in. I told them already of the colleges im interested in and they say ok at first but then they keep shoving these down my throat despite my opinion. I thought since im the one going to college, im the one to choose what i wanna do with my life. Not them. They dont even care about my fuckin opinion about what i want to do with my life. I ask them angrily like "Doesnt my opinion matter? Isnt it my life?" and they tell me straight up "No". i couldnt believe what they said. Its my fuckin life and i go where i wanna fuckin go and do whatever i want with my future. They say their doing whats 'best for me' but they dont realize that i know whats best with my life as well.   
  
All my life teachers and other people tell me that IM the one to choose where i wanna go, And to choose wisely what college i wanna apply to and shit like that. MEE. Not my fuckin parents. Their so controlling and overbearing. I told them in the argument that my guidance counselor (male) keeps telling me to ignore what anyone says and do what you wanna do with your life and where youll be the happiest. And their ignorant ass dad says "Well you tell him that i said no, thats not the way it goes." -\_\_\_\_- . Fucking seriously? They think that since their paying for it that means i have no say in my life whatsoever and my opinion doesnt matter. Shit, their opinion shouldnt matter alot. They think im still a fuckin baby and i cant think for myself and think they can make decisions for me like im their dog instead of their son. My dad always talks to me about when hes gunna die id be nothing and ill have to care of my responsibilities and make adult decisions. He tells me to take care of myself right now like hes already dead and grow the fuck up. College decison-making and applications are the first step of growing up and making adult decisons and hes not even fuckin letting me!!!!!!! such hypocrites.   
  
Now heres whats pissing me off. I research schools im interested in all the time and look up what their campus is like and the social scene is and shit like that. But I never paid attention the tuition price. Now my parents have been in a financial problem lately and cant pay for much and buy much than they used to with my brother and his school. I know that since my parents are paying for my college i gotta watch out for tuition prices. I cant ignore their financial concerns. My older brother went to RPI for engineering. RPI's tuition is 45,000. My parents paid 45,000 which im sure is pretty expensive for a school. (correct me if im wrong). And im sure they arent able. So i looked up the tuitions for each of my schools i was already interested in:  
  
Syracuse University - $36,300  
Quinnipiac University - $38,000  
Pace University - $36,000  
Temple University - $23,000  
Radford University - $20,000  
West Virginia University - $19,000  
  
Yes. Radford and WVU are 20,000 and 19,000 believe it or not. Now the colleges that my mom are pressuring me into are in the fuckin $40,000 - $45,000 zone!!! Even Carnegie Mellon is 43,000 like wtf are they even doing?? I dont even think theyre even checking the tuition prices at all. And some of them require at least a 2000 on my SATs and around a 3.8 GPA which im SURE i cannot achieve. With the schools im looking at i might actually have a decent chance besides the one my moms looking at for me. And Radford and WVUs tuitions are MORE THAN HALF of what the tuition is for the art schools and RPI's. Btw they dont know about some of my schools yet. Idk whats going on thru their heads. They really think im a fuckin dummy and cant think for myself when it comes to decisions for college when i just found a reasonable solution to their expected future financial problem.   
  
Idk wtf to do with them.They dont get that its my fuckin life and my future, not theirs. I cant let them make me miserable for 4 years. I need advice. Sorry for this wall of text. If i sounded retarded and disorganized i apologize. Alot of shits going thru my head right now. Feel free to correct me in things if im totally wrong in the facts i mentioned.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/emtn8/i_admitted_i_was_an_alcoholic_to_myself_and_close/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I admitted I was an alcoholic to myself and close friends today. Here's the entire story, 4 years. Reddit, what do I do now? Warning, very long.

So, here I am, an admitted alcoholic, but I do not think I need to attend AA. I know the underlying issues as to why I drink, and am very self-aware and self-critical. I want to stop drinking, there is no question that I cannot indulge in it anymore as it has hurt me and the people around me. It has ruined so much. You'll see what I mean, but I still need input. Here's the requisite backstory:  
  
I'm 22, Canadian, unemployed, and not in school quite yet. I started drinking relatively late, at 18. This was January 2007. I had a deal with my parents that if I didn't drink or do drugs until 18 they'd compensate me handsomely. Fast forward to 18, I stick to my word and come out with about a grand and a macbook courtesy of mom and pop. I buy a quarter pound of weed and sort of got into selling (more on this later), and hit the sauce with my buds virtually days after I had turned 18. I was in the middle of grade 12 at the time, but I only had one class that last semester and it was english which was no problem. I loved getting drunk. I loved everything about it, it made me sociable, confident, etc, apparently how it starts out for everyone. I didn't have a job through highschool, so drinking wasn't frequent especially because I was one of the first kids to turn 18 and no one went to bars, but it was always heavy when it did occur. I graduated fine, but opted to not return to post secondary due to feeling like I missed out on the party years of highschool, with me not drinking and getting fucked up like my friends did.   
  
My first major fuck up drinking was me getting arrested for graffiti and possession of prohibited dangerous weapon (brass knuckles) while completely hammered. I woke up in a holding cell covered in blood, vomit, and dirt. I had apparently ran from a cop car that caught me bombing this wall right off a main drag (wonderful drunken idea on my part), got tackled by a cop on foot, skinned my knees down to the bone, and called a cop a pig which contributed to a fair degree of brutality on their part and no lenience with the law. I had thrown up on myself in the car ride to the station, and they let me sober up in a cell. I ended up having to pay a $5000 fine and another $500 to a charity of my choice. My mom footed the bill, and that put tremendous strain on our relationship and further provoked me to drink because I was so disappointed with myself.  
  
My parents divorced that summer, and I moved in with my dad because my mom was such a miserable cunt to anything male. The divorce was not pleasant, I saw the ugly sides of my parent's personalities, and that's when I started really drinking to kill emotional pain and murder my memories. My mom and dad used to be my best friends, but when divorce time came they tried to leverage my brother and I against the other parent, so I coped by always being drunk. My weed business supplied me with the money to go boozing, and put me right into the thick of the party. Everyone wanted to go for drinks, everyone wanted me around, and the last place I wanted to be was at my apartment with my dad listening to him tell me how much he hated my mom. I mean, making runs and getting drunk was awesome. It occupied my time, I was popular, but I started finding myself in bars or drinking alone more and more often, just for something to do. My three friends that I used as my support network evaporated from my life; one moved to another city, the other got wrapped up in a boyfriend, and the other went to post-secondary and didn't have the time or inclination to go out drinking and hear me out. I felt very alone, and booze was a good friend.  
  
By that time I was stacking enough paper between selling dope and working part time to move out, and that's when shit went down hill. This was about March 2008. I lived in this house on the opposite side of the town with two girls where virtually all we did was party. Every night, boozing. I was always blue, not knowing why, just ridiculously unhappy. I've always been an introspective person, and kinda suffered from moderate depression, but I had never been that down to that level. I just hated everything, especially myself. I didn't like the person I'd become. I'd abandoned a lot of friends in favour of selling weed and party people, and sacrificed relationships with girls because I didn't have the time. All I had time for was selling and boozing, both of which conveniently went together hand in hand. But I had this deep sense of self-loathing that only seemed to go away when I was wrecked. I blamed others, my friends that I had lost, the girls that I missed, for not understanding or being there for me, which further fuelled my need to get drunk. I didn't realize they weren't there because I was so toxic to be around.   
  
I eventually had a falling out with the girls that I lived with and moved back in with my mom. When she picked me up she nearly cried, when she had helped me move in I was 185 (I'm 6'3), when she picked me up I was 135. Neither parent had seen me much, maybe 3 or 4 times over the entire course of my 8 month stay in that house, due to the divorce and me being preoccupied with my retail jobs, illicit or otherwise. My mom sensed that something was wrong but knew better than to question me because I was so volatile and irritable if I wasn't stoned or drunk. I attempted to continue selling weed, but my mom caught onto that pretty quickly and served me with the ultimatum of quit or leave, and that would mean leaving a place that was rent free, stocked fridge, and my dogs. I said fuck it, changed my number, and was done with selling dope. I had recently quit my job at the skate shop and got a job as a porter at a new bar that was opening, under an operating company where the staff discount was 50% off food and liquor. The tips were great, I had good hours, and booze was diiiiirt cheap. This was the beginning of the end, around November 2008.  
  
I was forced to move out again in March 2009 due to my mother not being able to take my lifestyle. I was legitimately drunk every day. I was mean, belligerent, and abusive to everyone around me. Virtually the only time I wasn't drunk was at the start of shift at the bar, but by the end I'd be fucking wasted. It cost me nothing. Everyone around me drank. I felt awesome. My three rules were this, if I could afford it, it's not affecting my health, and my relationships weren't failing, it wasn't a problem. I was so deep into denial that I couldn't see I had broken every rule long ago. Working in the bar industry, I predictably got into coke and MDMA. I wouldn't say I was addicted to either substance, but they definitely played their parts in my eventual disintegration. I'd start the night off drinking, take a pill, keep drinking, get blackout drunk, and then rip bangers to keep partying.   
  
Late that summer, my dad got married to his new girlfriend of a year that I had barely met, and dropped the bomb on me in front of his side of my extended family. I can't remember the month that followed because I got so wasted every night. I felt so wronged by my father, he barely knew this woman (lo and behold she turned out to be a psycho, but that's beside the point), and she treated my brother and I like such shit. I had lost him, and for a time I did, but not because of his relationship with this woman, because I just spent every waking hour I could getting wasted. I was now at the point where I was not speaking to either parent except for occasional small talk when I so happened to see them in public, and felt very abandoned not realizing I was the one pushing myself away from the people I cared about. At about that same time I split with the girl I was seeing because she had cheated on me for, get this, because I spent too much time getting fucked up than I did fucking her, so she went elsewhere. Shitty move on her part fundamentally, but it takes two to tango and that's how it is. I slipped deeper into depression and self-loathing and things got worse. I was hammered in the bar I worked at when she broke the news to me via text message, and I ended up breaking a mirror in the washroom with my fist in a rage. I cut my hand up really badly and got written up and had to replace the mirror, but was not fired miraculously, partially because I was very good at my job and it would be a pain in the ass them hiring someone else.  
  
It was fall 2009 that I moved into a particularly self-destructive environment filled with primarily drug addicts and dealers. I lived there a month, but I was pretty much high on coke and E, drunk, and stoned for that entire time. This is when my coke habit kicked into high gear. I moved out of that house into what will be known as Bad Haus. Around the same time I met a girl known as Big Red, or BR for short. BR was older than I was at the time by 5 years, and I thought "Score!". Things were good until my birthday at the start of January. The night previous to my actual birthday, I got really drunk and fucked up with my friends, and the hangover was such that I was half an hour late for dinner with my parents, and BR. This was her first time meeting them. She was livid with me, both for being late but by being so visibly hungover. I had done a shitload of drugs the night previous and had no appetite, instead ordering enough booze to get me drunk by the end of dinner. I worked things out with her, but I could tell she was bothered by my habits, and eventually after about 5 months she dumps me because I cared more about getting wasted than hanging out with her. I cared deeply for her, and it hurt, so I did what I always did and got annihilated. The shine of inebriation had worn off long ago, I used it instead to run from the growing emotional pain I felt, my deepening depression, and my ever-mounting self-loathing.  
  
I make a trip out to the olympics immediately after Big Red and I part ways. I spend 5 days in a drunken stupor, picking fights in seedy East Hastings bars, with people on the street, and miraculously coming out unscathed, but putting my friends in very real danger multiple times. Again, I'm a drunken idiot.  
  
My bosses had noticed my attitude and work ethic steadily declining, and I was threatened with termination if I didn't clean up my act. It cost me a promotion, and planted the seeds of me getting fired from that same job months later. Everything kind of went as usual, getting drunk, but keeping my attitude out of work and remaining employed. I was known as a miserable bastard, and was the pariah of the staff. I went to bed and woke up hating everything. Even when I was drunk I hated everything. I added more and more drugs into the mix, eventually getting up to at least 4 or 5 substance nights, most nights. Anything to kill the hate-speak running through my head. In March 2010, my friend and roommate had a massive heart attack after a night of us partying. I had to bring him to the hospital while I was still fucked up too, and that's when gears long rusted started to turn and I finally started realizing how this was killing me and my friends. My friend survived, but at the cost of always being afraid of dropping dead if he ever exerts himself a lot. I moved back into my mom's house a few weeks after. I didn't really touch drugs after the heart attack incident, but I still drank, and I still hated everything.   
  
Fast forward to June, when things really start sucking. The bar I'm working at shuts down, and the company moves me to another location they're opening. They dock my pay, my position, and everything I had worked so hard for over the past year and a half. I'm stuck back at the bottom of the totem pole, and I'm bitter, I couldn't understand why. Of course, now I realize that it was because I was such a degenerate drunken drug addled bastard that I was a liability, but in classic denial I blamed others and never questioned myself. Two days before the opening of the new bar, I'm training 2 of the support staff, and I'm pretty drunk. I had been drunk since before arriving to work, crushing a six pack at 10 am to be at work for 12. One of them asks about drinking on shift. I loudly exclaim that as long as they can still do their jobs, I didn't care if they were drunk, high on acid, or stoned stupid. I then use myself as an example, citing that I was drunk right then and could function fine. What I didn't know was that one of the owners of the entire company was around the corner, and promptly fired me. I had now lost damn near everything, but not quite. I use the next month to recover my ego and get really drunk off the severance I got. I neglected to pay my phone bill and rent to my mother, and more or less said fuck it.   
  
My cousin's wedding is in Seattle, my mother and I fly down. At the wedding dinner, I get blackout drunk and make a damn fool of myself, calling my cousin's new father in law a republican sack of shit, a bigot, and a warmonger, and immediately after storming out with a 12 case of stella to drink by myself in the car. My mom finds me passed out on the hood covered in beer and yelling in my sleep. I wake up with the second worst hangover of my life, and face disapproving stares and whispers from my relatives at breakfast as I not at all discreetly make 5 minute trips to the washroom to heave, which I later learn is audible throughout the entire restaurant. I hear from my mother that my cousin thinks I ruined her wedding, and again I hang my head in shame.  
  
A week after I get back I meet up with my best friend of 10 years. He's a nice guy, my best friend for a reason, but my polar opposite. He's in school, timid, doesn't drink that much and doesn't like to. I always enjoy his company because he listens to me. On this particular night, I walk him home after a rowdy night at the bar. We're close to his house, and he stops me and says he needs to say something. I am of course receptive, he is my best friend. He continues on to tell me that he doesn't want to be friends with me because I have turned into someone he despises. Without another word, he walks off. I haven't talked to him since. Later that night I self-medicate with booze and a bunch of MDMA, but feel that sinking feeling of total self-loathing, disappointment, and sadness. It hurt so much because I knew he was right; I didn't even like myself, I hadn't for a long time.  
  
I apply for and get another bar job, at a rival bar company than the one that previously let me go. Word travels fast in that industry, and my old boss corners me on a night out when I'm wasted and asks me if I want to spy for him, as the new bar I'm employed at is direct competition for their flagship pool hall. I say I'll consider it, and a few days later decline based on the fact that a paycheque isn't worth my reputation. However, I have a very big mouth, especially when drinking, and since I'm always drunk, I always say shit I shouldn't. So, over the course of the next few weeks I tell people the hilarious story of how my old boss wants me to spy on my old boss. This bites me in the ass a week later before the new bar is slated to open and I get fired for allegedly being a spy. I couldn't blame them. I could only blame my big mouth. I proceed to get increasingly drunk as my self-loathing is at an all-time high.  
  
I spend a week getting mangled, and go on yet another trip on the September long weekend to Vancouver for my grandparent's 50th wedding anniversary. At dinner, I get drunk, but not even near as wasted as I was about to get. I knew people in vancouver, and they invited me out. I black out at 9:30, I wake up at 10 the next morning and I have no idea why my family won't look me in the eye, other than suffering from the worst hangover I have ever had. I had apparently broken into the hotel with my friends, stolen furniture, harassed the front desk clerk and threatened to "maul [her] with my penis" if she didn't give me an extra room key to replace the one I had presumably lost drinking that night. I find it almost immediately after this exchange, and stagger off with the parting words of "Fuck you you fat cunt." This is all relayed to my father via a curt letter slipped under his door. I spend the day dry heaving around the streets of vancouver, being cold shouldered, and feeling like shit.  
  
Fast forward to mid october. I'm selling coke and MDMA because I can't (read: too depressed and self-absorbed in a pool of pity to) get a job, so I'm on the grind. I'm still not really touching drugs as much as booze, maybe with the occasional pill of MDMA. On a whim I go see one of my favorite bands at the urging of a good friend, the one that had moved to a new city years ago to return this year, so I'm like fuck it, why not. There, I am introduced to a girl named we will call Brucie. The night progresses and I get her number, not really thinking anything of it. Later that night I'm cruising facebook and I see that she's added me. She starts chatting with me and before I know it she's in my bed. The next month rules. She becomes the catalyst for me stopping selling drugs, enroll in school, and start questioning myself. I learn that she had recently got out of a two year relationship with an emotionally abusive prick, and tells me that she can't do a relationship. I won't lie, I rolled my eyes at this because this girl was over at my house and in my arms at every waking moment, telling me her secrets, telling me how much she liked me and how strong her feelings were, and making all the right moves. It would have been one thing had it just been casual from the start, but feelings were added to the mix and that's where shit got sticky. All of a sudden, she has a freak out and tells me we need to chill, and more or less stops talking to me for a week. I demand to know what is up, and start going crazy. I had done everything right with this one, I hadn't been drinking that much, I had been making moves to better myself, and I had been positive. I start drinking, hard, to make myself feel better. One saturday, at the end of the night a week and a half ago, I push the subject and demand that we talk things out because I in my infinite wisdom think talking about matters of the heart is a fantastic idea when I'm drunk and fucked on MDMA. I don't remember the conversation. But it was not a therapeutic one. She doesn't really talk to me for the week after. This most recent weekend and the week previous, I am wasted. 110% Mr. Lahey drunk. Saturday I go over to the chill pad and pick a fight with two of our mutual friends who we're all supposed to be drinking with that night. I pick the fight on the basis that they are talking shit about me to Brucie behind my back, and that they should mind their own business. While I kind of had a point, it's not a good idea to fight drunk because one is at their most selfish. I end up making them go home. Brucie drops the rest of us off on the strip and goes home, I ask her why, and she just gives me a look like I'm retarded. I wake up the next day beside myself. I call my one friend and to see what I had done in the blur that was the week previous. I have pushed Brucie away completely, she is no longer interested, and the two friends I picked a fight with refuse to talk to me. This was Sunday. It is now Thursday.  
  
Reddit, I had epiphany, I guess late Tuesday, early Wednesday. Obvious for you, the reader, but I have lost my closest friends, pushed my family away, disappointed everyone, lost 3 girls, 2 jobs in the past year, destroyed my health and my sanity, all for booze. Here is the reason I don't feel AA would be beneficial. I know the underlying causes why I drink. I drink because I am depressed, I'm selfish, and I don't know how to cope with emotional pain. But I'm also pretty intelligent, and I'm not blinding myself anymore. I know I need to stop drinking. I don't have the desire to anymore. I have lost so much that mattered to me that I don't know what to do, but I know now that drinking will only make it worse. I need to get into counseling for depression, and I need to stay away from bad influences. I have been shunned by my friends that I still do have as that one dude they don't want to introduce anyone to because I'll embarrass them. I recognize the cyclical nature of the condition, being I get sad, I drink to make myself feel better, only make things worse, repeat. I need to deal with the root problem that is my self-loathing and depression, and then I'll be fine. I've arranged myself to be barred from most bars in the city to remove temptation, and I will be talking with a counselor soon. I have been brutally honest with you, and myself. Please, advise.  
  
TL; DR Numbered by paragraph:  
  
1. Started drinking and selling weed at 18  
  
2. Get busted for graffiti while wasted, relationship with mother worsens, drinking to kill pain begins. Self-loathing ignites.  
  
3. Parents divorce, use drinking to escape volatile living environment.  
  
4. Moved out with party girls, drink heavily for 8 months, slip into depression.  
  
5. Move back home, get bar job, start drinking heavily, regularly, depression worsens.  
  
6. Get into coke and E, 4 substance nights begin.  
  
7. Dad marries new woman, I drink to kill pain, push him away. Lose girl because I get fucked up too much.  
  
8. Meet new girl, fuck that up over the course of a few months, get dumped, drink. Start hating myself more.  
  
9. Go to the olympics, make fool of myself.  
  
10. Am threatened with termination at work for worsening attitude and self-destructive behavior, friend has heart attack, cured mostly for drugs.  
  
11. Bar I'm working at shuts down, I get fired from the new location for mouthing off wasted in front of higher ups, disappointment with myself reaches all time high.  
  
12. Ruin cousin's wedding by being a drunken asshole. Depression and self-loathing skyrocket, drink to make myself feel better.  
  
13. My best friend of a decade tells me we're not friends because I'm a drunken piece of shit. Drink more.  
  
14. I get another job, run my mouth while I'm drunk, lose it. Get drunk.  
  
15. Embarrass myself and my grandparents at their 50th anniversary. Get shunned by that end of the family.  
  
16. Selling drugs, meet new girl, she pulls me out of it, I go crazy and start drinking, push her and friends away, am left with nothing.  
  
17. Epiphany.  
  
EDIT: I don't know about AA because of the dogma pushed in it. I am a staunch atheist. Don't view it as me not wanting to go, I'd just like alternatives.  
  
EDIT 2: I have made an appointment for an assessment. I asked about the religious aspect and the woman told me they have different groups for different creedos. So, I am booked tomorrow for 8:30. Will update. Thank you (most of you, some of you have been twats) for the support. I'll upvote when I have time.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/126hvu/reddit_i_need_help_i_think_my_boyfriend_is/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit I Need Help, I Think My Boyfriend is Screwing Me Over?

I'm feeling really desperate right now. I have no one to talk to, and I need an outside opinion.   
  
So, let me explain as shortly as possible:  
My current boyfriend (let's call him Howel) and I worked together as cashiers for ten months. He was nice, funny, understanding, a gentleman, very well groomed, and he took care of himself everyday. I'm a very insecure, anti-social girl with hardly any friends because I'm so shy while he's pretty much Mr. popularity. We started dating after we both quit (at the same time) because we both liked each other. It was fantastic at the beginning, I had just gotten out of a abusive relationship 4 months earlier, and Howel was so much better than my last boyfriend.  
  
After we quit it was so hard for us to find jobs. After about a month, he stopped showering (like one shower a week) and he never washed his clothes and it stunk! Me and his parents begged him to keep up with his hygiene, but he refused. Then he suddenly moved out of his parent's house and into mine without my permission. I live in a tiny duplex with my grandmother, and it is very strict here, and we told he couldn't live with us, but he told me he was so lonely without me, so I felt bad and didn't say anything anymore. He never paid any bills and didn't look for a job.  
  
I got a job two months later, and one night while he was driving he wasn't paying attention (I was with him) and he hit a curb going 55 mph in a 45 mph lane because he wasn't looking at the road (and I warned him constantly to pay attention and then go he'd off and rant about how good of a driver he was). He tore the transmission up and his car was totaled out, and now he doesn't have a vehicle. He then made it "official" he was living with me, so he could use my car without my permission. His parents were so pissed he wrecked his car they refused to allow him to live with them so I felt bad and, once again, didn't say anything.  
  
Well he's done way much more, but I'll cut to the important problems that's going on now. This our fifth month dating, and about three weeks ago he took my car (when I told him he couldn't) and got into a wreck. My car is still drivable, but it's a shitty 2003 ford taurus with almost 300,00 miles on it (from him driving between my house, his college, and his parents who live in a different city an hour away almost everyday). This is a HUGE problem. I just started school, and I need that car to get to school because my school is an hour away (that's the closest school to my house btw). The damage is $5000+ and the car is only worth $3000 so if my car gets totaled out then I have to drop out of school! My boyfriend refuses to help. He even gave the cop my insurance information so his rates wouldn't go up. The accident was someone else's fault for hitting my car from behind, but for some reason my insurance rates are going to double, and I might have to pay for it. He won't even say sorry, and when me and my mom asked him about he always says his dad will handle it because he's the attorney general.  
  
He also broke my bed yesterday because he was jumping on it (yes, he's extremely immature) and he made it collapse. This bed was passed down from my great grandmother so it's really special to my family, and he didn't even apologize! He laughed it off, and said he would fix it, and we gave him the tools. He then said he didn't feel like it and refuses to fix it. I asked him today about my car and my bed and he finally gave in, and told me "Those are YOUR problems not mine. I don't have to pay shit".  
  
I have no money. My family is very poor, and if my insurance rates double my mom can't afford them, and then my family will be screwed. My car will most likely get totalled out, and then I will have to drop out of school (the school refused to help me at all). Without a car I can't get to work, and me and my grandmother will be evicted because I support the both of us with a job that pays $7.25 per hour (the government barely helps us at all, and this month they took away our food stamps for no reason).   
  
I'm so scared right now, and I feel like crying. What do I do? Getting a lawyer is not an option, so please don't tell me to sue because that would never work especially with his dad as the attorney general. Obviously I know to break up with him, but if I do his family may not help me with the insurance (his parent's are helping me at least). Please help me Redditors. Just give me some advice that might help. I have no one.  
  
TLDR; my boyfriend stole my car and wrecked it (and broke my bed). He refuses to help, gave the cop MY insurance info and now my insurance rates will double. I might have to drop out of school because of him, and my whole family will go broke.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/dvv9i/reddit_i_need_advice_im_24_unemployed_and_living/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit I need advice, I'm 24, unemployed, and living with my parents and I'm seriously depressed about life in general right now.

This was not meant to be a long post, so for the sake of your attention span I'm putting the tl;dr first.  
  
  
\*\*tldr; I moved in with my parents 2 months ago to pay off some debt and keep going to school. I left everything that was good behind in my home town. A decent job that I really enjoyed, all my awesome friends and roommates, girlfriend, etc. My parents treat me like a child, like I can't accomplish anything on my own. Some of my financial issues are still catching up to me and when my dad found out, he went apeshit and yelled at me for the first time since he quit drinking, just to further my feelings of failure (it was already pretty damn humbling moving in after being on my own for 3 years). Can't find a job, have no friends, even if I had friends I can't afford to go out and do anything, I can't relate to any of my family, and I have no independence. My self esteem is crushed, and although I'm sure I've had slight depression my whole life, I'm at an all time low right now. I have nobody to talk to about this and I just need someone to make me smile or tell me everything will be okay. It's lame, but I can't go on like this. I had a plan to get out of my parent's house within a year but it's not happening.&lt;/tldr&gt;\*\*  
  
  
I moved out on my own when I was 21 when my parents moved out of state and lived with a girlfriend for 2 years. We broke up and I moved into a big house with 4 of my best friends and had an awesome year living with them while finishing up school. I received my B.S. and continued working at the hospital doing the same job I had been doing for 4 years making $9/hour. My degree is worthless so my plan was to go back and get my RN at a community college but it got delayed a year. My parents offered to let me move in with them (4 hours away) and pay my tuition for my RN and live rent free while I pay off my credit card debt. Pretty sweet deal right? I had been living paycheck to paycheck barely making rent and bills and my accounts went delinquent. Plus it would give me a chance to reconnect with my mom/dad and older brother that lives nearby, since I've never been particularly close to any of them, even growing up I was very independent.   
  
  
Well I've been here for two months and I haven't found a job and I'm in undoubtedly more financial issues than before. Yesterday my dad opened my mail and found a collections notice from Comcast for some unreturned equipment (I had tried but their drop box was out of service as I was leaving my home state, so I planned on bringing it back my next visit). My dad flipped when he saw it, but I called them and got it straightened out and got a shipping address to send the equipment. He calmed down, but then later opened his mail and saw a $120 parking ticket from when I first moved up and didn't have my registration sticker on my car. I scheduled a hearing and completely forgot about it, so after that my dad yelled at me for the first time since he stopped drinking (I was 8 maybe). He was really upset and stormed out of the house and didn't talk to me the rest of the night.  
  
  
Then tonight my dad randomly came into my room (no knock, as usual... I've told him before politely that I need my privacy) and harped on me for almost 10 minutes about all the things I need to do. I need to go to the post office to send off that equipment, make a counselor appointment for next semester, get a job, etc. All this stuff that I know I need to do and have a list set up to do it this week. He just kept harping on it like I was a child. I already feel like shit living here because I feel a huge lack of independence.  
  
  
To add to all that, I have nothing up here. My brother is always too busy to hang out, I share no hobbies with anyone in my family, I'm home alone all day, I have no friends up here, I have no way of making money, and really no outlet for anything. I have friends in my weekend class but most work and go to school full time so I haven't really hung out with anyone outside of class/clinicals. I don't even enjoy any of my normal hobbies like playing guitar of video games. I feel like I left an important part of me back in my college town. I was constantly broke, but I lived with 4 of my best friends and I even left a great girl back home. We're still in touch and occasionally visit but it's not the same. All my college friends and coworkers are pretty much out of touch, I don't have money to visit more often, I don't have money to go out and do fun things here.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/vb6hj2/am_i_being_stupid/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Am I being stupid?

\*\*TL;DR College is the biggest waste of fucking time unless it's free and you're deadset on making money off of what you're learning. Also American Society has set an entire generation up for failure.\*\*  
  
Being totally honest here if my tuition wasn't paid for by Bright Futures I wouldn't have even bothered with this bullshit. Florida education is only good for one thing... getting a job in Florida.  
  
When I was applying to Uni's I was pretty much told "I ain't paying for shit" by my single mother, so I ended up going to a shitty commuter school 40 min away from my house. She refuses to file the FAFSA cause she's kind of fucking crazy (still love her tho). Going in I had no clue wtf I wanted to do, ended up changing majors 4 times, starting with Computer Science to Biology to Psychology to Business Analytics and finally settling on Management Information Systems. Going onto my 4th year with 12 classes left which I'll probably finish in 2 more years (5 years total in college) cause that's how long my scholarship'll be good for + it's easier, don't really care that much since I'll still be graduating at 22.   
  
Point is I fucking hate it here, I don't spend much time on campus because   
  
\* A. I just wanna go home or somewhere else, after class I always feel like I've spent too much time there   
\* B. It's a shitty Florida University that doesn't even have a football team (Every single U.S. University pumps most of their budget into their Sports teams. Considering that this is a Florida university we're talking about that speaks volumes about the quality of education I'm receiving)   
\* C. I've always felt like I could've gone somewhere better If I went into more debt. Would've been a stupid idea considering how much I think College is a scam but ik it would've made a more enjoyable college experience.  
  
Cause of my lack of campus involvement and a good amount of virtual classes (cause why waste gas driving 40 min to and back) I've pretty much made 0 friends here. I still hang out with homies from HS and some other peeps, but I literally have no incentive to go out of my way to talk to people. The clubs are also shit too, not much variety. Also doesn't help that I see a lot of people I went to Highschool with, kinda makes the experience feel even more lame. The worst part is not only do these fucking vampires force most people into debt, they make us VOLUNTEER on top of it. Imagine being someone that takes out $6000+ in loans a year for bullshit along with working a job to pay rent, to be forced to do over 100 hours of volunteer work like you're still in highschool. The real kicker here is that you're not even guaranteed a job once you graduate, only 50% of graduates are employed. That just shows how much the boomers have leeched our opportunities, only 13% of those old retards went to college and they made more money in their prime than Millenial and Gen Z combined. This shit should be free. Paid for by the tax money that goes to the Military industrial Complex and Israel instead of the American People. If you don't support free college you could say the same shit about Highschool, which BTW a College degree now is the same thing a Highschool degree was back in the 60's and 70's (back when it cost almost nothing). Too bad we live in an Oligarchy where politicians would rather give tax cuts to their corporate donors instead of giving us Healthcare.  
  
Now you may be wondering "Why aren't you taking advantage of campus networking?" Well because I honestly don't give two shits about my education. My reason for going to college was 50% parental pressure (Angry Cuban Father (who died when I was 12) was a dentist with an Ivy League degree and my mom has a bachelors in Bus. administration) and the other 50% me thinking It'd be stupid to skip out on the 100% free tuition I got for getting a 30 on my ACT.   
  
Were it up to me I would've majored in History. I'd actually feel engaged with what I'm learning + my biggest strength has always been writing. Why didn't I do that? Waste of a scholarship. There's two types of degrees: Degrees that force you into becoming a k-12 teacher or "Job Training" degrees that can get you a decent paying job (Engineering + Business). That being said I actually like learning about the Business world a lot, the information system aspect not so much. But the Truth is I don't see myself making a career out of this degree at all. Fuck graduate school too as Sam Hyde once said "Thats the loser route", a massively expensive time waster. I've always hated school, why tf would I want more of it? I'd just wanna make money at that point.  
  
I believe in this life we either follow our dreams or we live out our lifespan. Working as a Systems Engineer sounds fucking boring. If I'm still having to write job applications in my mid 30's that's a big sign I didn't work hard enough on my goals when I had youth. The 9-5 is Creative Suicide, fuck real jobs (btw before any of you call me lazy I worked retail from Sophomore to Junior year on top of taking 12 credits per semester, I HATED that shit XD ). In an ideal world I'm some famous Hideo Kojima guy who's created a badass IP with comics, video games, anime, tabletop rpg's, etc. (We'll have to see how that turns out lol)   
  
I'll probably work a job or two given by my degree (has to at least be 70k salary), until I have enough money to start working on my actual dreams. Who knows if Florida's the right place for that though, opportunities and getting the right people to work with is all location dependent.   
  
Bottomline is I think I've wasted a good 3 years of my life, going on 4.5 to 5 in the near future. College is what you make of it, and personally I haven't made jack shit. Why? Cause it really wasn't for me. Also let's be real here EVERY single thing you learn in college could be learned online or through books, even better if you find the right person who can teach you the skills necessary to follow your dreams. MENTORS &gt; COLLEGE. A burden will be lifted off my shoulders once I graduate, I'll probably have more time for personal endeavors. Hopefully whatever job my degree gives me doesn't completely suck that away from me. All I am is just a young horny man with Hopes and Dreams.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/mvzpd/how_do_i_get_my_life_back_on_track/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How do I get my life back on track?

There is a tl;dr version at the bottom.  
  
Back-story - This is a story of a what has happened because of computers and what my life is currently like. It has happened in 2 separate locations.  
  
State: Texas  
School District: Klein ISD, Cleveland ISD  
Schools: Klein Oak High School, Cleveland High School  
  
I was a Teenage Boy when all this happened(13-16). My Parents, My Siblings(1 Brother, 2 Sisters), and I moved to a new house in the Klein ISD School District. I was in 8th grade when we moved. The middle school had a unique perk starting just this year. All teachers and students in the school were leased a Laptop(Had to pay $80 insurance) to use during classes and bring home for the entire school year.   
Now this part has nothing to do with the legal problems but I am giving a backstory.  
  
We basically spent the entire year doing classwork, homework, and tests on this computer. The setup was basically, "Laptop &lt;-&gt; WEP Encrypted Wifi &lt;-&gt; Network Servers(for homework, etc.) / Internet".  
Remember how I said I was shy and had Social Anxiety? Well I didn't really know how to communicate with people. But essentially I heard guys and girls that said they wanted to go to MySpace or some game websites. I knew about proxies before I went to that school so the knowledge helped me help others.   
They had a two tier system of filtering websites. One was a network-wide based filter and the other one was a Native application.   
At anytime only 1 was active. If we were using the school network the local application was inactive and if we were at home the local application would become active.  
They had a couple of flaws.  
1. The network-wide based filter didn't filter SSL websites(However the Native application did) so we could just use the https version of a site or if that option wasn't available you could just use the https version of a web-based proxy.  
2. You could essentially bypass the native application while at home by booting up the laptop with a Live OS(In my case it was Damn Small Linux / Puppy Linux). And while at home surf anything you wanted on the device(Though I could just use my own computer. Other people at my school didn't have to themselves or didn't have one at all.)  
  
  
Now lets skip to the next grade. My legal problems didn't occur until I was in 9th grade. Since they considered the first trial such a success(Which is really debatable), they expanded the program to one of the districts high schools. Which consequently was the High School I was headed to. Over the summer I learned new things.  
Basically the computers were set with network login credentials.   
And connected to network folders.(Basically they called it the N and Z drive.)  
The N drive was our own personal network storage for storing our classwork, etc. So that incase there happens to be a fault with the computer the student wouldn't lose there work.  
The Z Drive was where we would put our work when requested to / completed. Inside the Z Drive was each teacher in the school and we just go to there folder and leave the document there with our name and the assignment name.  
  
One day(October 31st, 2008 which was a Friday I remember that day clearly.) I was in my AutoCAD Elective Class.  
http://i.imgur.com/dxVhN.png I made a picture of what the classroom looked like.  
We used desktop computers while in that class to use AutoCAD.  
None of our work is saved to the computers. It is saved to our personal N drive.   
So one day my N drive \*cough\* \*cough\* randomly \*cough\* \*cough\* decides to not work. Couldn't access it at all. So my teacher told me to fill out a tech report and give it to the tech department so they will fix it.  
Since we were very far into AutoCAD my teacher said I didn't have to start from the beginning I just had to catch up whenever they fixed it.  
So I was fooling around and there were people next to me. They were bragging about playing pokemon through emulators(O.o). So while I overheard them I was just messing around on the computer.   
I found this location, can't remember accurately but something like, "\\KleinISD\hrdepartment\" Basically the location had excel spreadsheets that contained the information of every employee in the district. Around 5000.   
It had Names, Spouses, Addresses, Phone Numbers, Social Security, Insurance Information, Paygrade, etc.  
I had an idea of how serious this information was but for some reason I didn't think this file was real / accurate. But anyways the people beside me were seniors. I was trying to show off and even before that they thought I was techie(helping with proxies, games, etc). I don't remember exactly how the conversation was brought up but basically I casually told them looked what I hacked into. I showed them the information and they were amazed. It was near the end of the period and the bell rang.  
So in my next period which was geography. Well basically I bragged off to like 1-2 people that were always picking on me about the information I had. They went back to there seat and a couple of minutes before the actual class started the person I bragged to asked the teacher to come. Even though they were far away I could hear what he was saying. Basically what I heard when the teacher responded to the student was jokingly said, " I don't have any money in my bank account anyways". I think he thought it wasn't true. :P  
  
Well that period is over and I went to my next elective which was Computer Science? Something like that. Basically they taught excel, powerpoint, etc...  
I was bragging to some people / friends that knew me as a technical person about the information. Saying like "If the police, principal, teachers, ask what they knew about me. Say I wasn't very technical with computers." I was trying to make them think I hacked to get the information which I didn't.  
Well then next period started which was gym. So we were in the locker room changing. It was like a 5-10 minute wait before we went outside.  
So I was on my laptop showing off the information to alot of people. I said "I could use this make me thousands of dollars." I was just saying it casually. So we went outside and then the 5 minute bell before class was over rang and we went inside to change back into our regular cloths. Then soon as we were done we went to our final class of the day. Mine was Science. So basically I had neighborhood kid sitting behind me. He was pretty cool. Very technical. I told him the same story about principal, police, and teachers as I did with the people in my 5th period. And I told him the same thing about making money off it.  
Was joking around of course. But he thought I was serious for a moment but I told him I was joking and he figured my intentions were non-ill.  
So like 3 minutes into my class, a tech department person and the assistant principal for 9th grade came in and looked at me and said don't touch your laptop.  
Basically they heard from a person in my gym class saying I hacked to obtain this information and was planning on using it for fraud. They lead me to the assistant principals office and had me explain. I was kept there even after school let out.  
I told them I just randomly found this information that same day and wasn't planning to use it. So basically it was a hour after school let out and I was asking if I can leave. They said I could but to return to the office monday morning(It was a friday.) They called my parents about the situation and I had to explain myself clearly to them what happened.  
So the weekend passed, my Halloween ruined.  
Went to school Monday and went to the office like they told me.   
So basically I told them I told people I was joking around. And I said a few of the names of people I told that were kind of like friends.   
They had me in a separate room when they were asking them questions. But I could hear one of them saying that I told them to say, "If the police, principal, teachers, ask what they knew about me. Say I wasn't very technical with computers." to them. I was just joking around when saying that to them to make it seem more impressive...  
So basically after all that I was arrested brought down to downtown houston Juvenile Detention center. They Fingerprinted, Took pictures, had me take a drug test(?), they put me on a computer to answer questions to determine physiological state. I was only there till like 5 P.M. and my dad picked me up.   
After the initial suspension went by the school said I was to be placed in Alternative Education Center(Where people who get in trouble get sent). Thats what they first said. Then they said that I was to be placed in a Out of district Alternative Education Center(The place where Multiple Schools ISDs send student who get in trouble while already at the in-school district Alternative Education Center).  
So Essentially they skipped me through because they deemed me dangerous to normal people? By the way they would not provide transportation to this place. It was 40 miles away and in the opposite direction of where my parents work.  
  
So essentially my parents decided to move to the Humble ISD school district.  
They called before we moved and tried to enroll me in there but they asked if I got into trouble before and my parent had to say yes. So that school district said I would be in the in-district Alternative Education center. So my parents said that was fine and we moved. But then the district later on called my old district, etc. And figure out what happened. And you know what they did? They told my parents after we all moved that I would have to be placed in a out of district alternative education center(I thought the whole point of the original school district placing me there was because they didn't want me in there district at all. They had a PR nightmare with the employees. Didn't think this school was going to do that.). I mean we moved for nothing.  
  
This one provided Bus transportation at a certain point though. It was 15 miles away from where we lived and was in the opposite direction of where my parents worked.  
This place was the worst of the worst. This was the place normally districts would send after they got out of juvenile jail for weapons / drugs/ etc. Pic: http://i.imgur.com/OoWqu.png  
  
Actually had one student overdose and die at this place while I was there.  
  
I've been typing for a hour or so and its starting to get annoying so I'll make this part short.  
Now after that school year was over we happened to move to Cleveland ISD.  
We had computers in certain electives. And me being my dumb self I decide to show-off to make friends since I was in that horrible place for like 7 months and I was the only white person and everyone hated me. And when we moved to cleveland I had no one to talk to for 3 months(Remember me being shy.)   
During that time someone related to the police showed up to give the court documents to me and my parents. The school was charging me with a felony 1st degree saying I had intent to commit fraud which would end me up in Juvenile facility(I was 14 at the time and 15 when this got settled). The court appointed lawyer said that its good to lengthen out the cases and just keep delaying as long as possible. When we finally decided to settle it my lawyer managed to get the judge to only give me 6 months probation with community service. And for some reason Anger management and Theft classes? I lol'd because up until this day I have never yelled at another person outside my family and never got into a single fight. Also the classes were on separate days and like 20 mile drive to there and back. My parents couldn't afford the gas.   
  
Over the course of a couple of weeks I repeatedly shutdown the thin-client computers to impress people so we wouldn't have to do work...  
In my other class on the desktop I managed to get administrator level privileges and was showing off to one kid. I could reset everyones password in the district through some application on the network.(Don't ask me how. I am not a very technical person and hardly can remember anything. I just was looking around and found it.)  
So I reset everyones password and reset the entire network. No one could log in. Though they had a backup and fixed it within 20mins.  
A couple of weeks later in that class me and the person I was showing off to were friends now. He was very interested in Linux. And I told him about some Distros that I used while I was in my other school and others I found over the summer for example Back-track, #1 tool for script kiddies..  
Anyways I burned some discs and he showed me what he burned at home. We booted up the computers we were using in that class with the linux distros each other burned. While I used Puppy Linux before I hadn't used it in a while so I was seeing what updates there were.  
But basically a police officer, Principal, and a tech person come in and find see us. I don't know how but they somehow thought I was the caused the issues of the network. Anyways my supposed "friend" tells them that he saw me do everything. The only reason he snitched is because he was a senior and 18 and the officer was threatening to take him to jail.  
Well they to me to the local courthouse, fingerprinted me, etc. They couldn't do much more because they couldn't contact my parents and since I was a juvenile they drove me back to the school(?) and then the school found out what I did at previous school. They were asking if I had encountered any financial / employee information. I kept telling them no..  
I told them how I did everything. That it was all wide open and didn't require any "Hacker tools".  
Well then school bell ringed and school was out and I asked if I'm allowed to go. They let me get on my bus.  
Told my parents later that night what happened. I was scared. But to honest they didn't seem to care anymore.  
  
Anyways I was sent to alternative school again and the same for my friend that did nothing(wth..)  
And like a month later early in the morning that same cop arrested me and another cop arrested my friend(He was sent to Jail since he was 18).   
While in the car I ask the cop why he was arresting me again for the same thing. Unresponsive at first I persisted and he said it wasn't related to that. He said that the I.T. department for the school was getting anonymous threats against them and they said we were the only choice.(Which neither I or my Friend did)  
Well anyways They take me to the schools police department and fingerprint me again.. and to the courthouse again and then back to school police department.. They said they were going to take me to the Juvenile Center after they inform my parents.. Once again they couldn't get in contact with my parents(Winning!) and they just drove me back the Alternative Education center. Just when the last class period was starting. People saw me get arrested and wondered why I was back here. lol  
But anyways I told my parents and they didn't like it in cleveland. It's a horrible drug addict redneck country hick town. And with the 3rd charges we just moved to Dallas, TX.  
Anyways the probation was broken by getting in trouble for a 2nd time but my parents didn't care about it anymore.   
  
Anyways I was forced to drop out at 10th grade because I were to be enrolled they would find me and arrest me for breaking probation from a felony charge.  
The place we live in is under the landlords name, etc.  
No way they can find me.  
Until then I just have to hide out.  
My parents didn't seem worried about my education. They didn't even worry about homeschooling. They assume I am smart enough and can figure out what to do when I turn 18.  
  
  
  
  
  
tl;dr Stupid kid gets caught and gets charged with a felony. Goes to alternative education center for rest of the year. Next year goes different school district. Gets in trouble for something not as big but charged with a misdemeanor, etc. Gets arrested again for something that they accused me of which I didn't do. Breaks probation moved to Dallas. Parents forced me to drop out with 10th grade education and Hiding out till all these Juvenile charges get dropped. Currently just informing myself on the internet and waiting till I am 18 to get a GED.  
  
Now after reading either the long or the tl;dr. I'd like to ask how to get my life back together. The problem was I liked to explore to much and my curiosity got me in trouble but lets leave that aside.  
I have no way of getting proper education.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/13yopf/reddit_what_are_some_things_you_experienced_as_a/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, what are some things you experienced as a kid that shaped what kind of person you are today?

I've got two stories.  
  
First one takes place when i was in grade school, i'd say around grade 4 or 5. Around this time, "crazy bones" were all the rage. It was basically a more expensive version of pogs. The cool thing to do was trade with people and collect the "rare" ones to complete your collection. There was this website where you could meet other kids and mail each-other crazy bones.   
  
So i finally found one older kid who had one i wanted, and we set up a trade. I got an envelope and put my crazy bone in it, and because i was a friendly kid i got a little piece of paper and wrote "enjoy :)" or something to that effect on it and put it in next to the crazy bone. I mailed it to this other kid and he received it before he sent me his (which was a dick move, since in theory he could have just kept his and not bothered to mail it). The day his package arrived, i opened it up and found a 2 page manifesto from the kid along with the crazy bone. It was basically 2 typed out pages about how i was irresponsible with my packaging (i didn't use bubble wrap or anything, it never really crossed my mind since i was only a young lad). I just remember getting this sinking feeling in my gut when i showed the lengthy diatribe to my mom and she basically just told me "he's right, you should have used bubble wrap".   
  
Even now i don't know what i learned from that ordeal, it still feels like something out of a Calvin &amp; Hobbes comic to me. I think i became an ever so slightly less cheerful person that day.  
  
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My second experience happened in junior high. I went to this "Rotarian Leadership Camp" for youths. It was like 4 days at this re-purposed bible camp in the middle of nowhere in northern Saskatchewan. I didn't know any of the people i went with from my hometown, they were all a year or 2 older than myself. I get to this camp and i'm assigned to this one bunkhouse with 2 supervisors and about 8 other kids. The bunk houses had 16 beds total, separated into 2 separate "rooms" connected by a wide doorway and wouldn't you fucking know it, all the bunks are taken in one side so i'm left bunking alone in the other side of the house. All the kids on the other side seem like they're friends from some other school.   
  
Fast forward to the first day of activities. Swimming is on the schedule and it's a miserable, cold day. This camp took place towards the end of summer so the water was barely swimmable on a good day, never mind on a cloudy windy day like this. Every damn kid in this camp seems to be enjoying themselves and all i can remember was standing in the water, waist deep, freezing my ass off wishing that we'd just be done with this damned activity. The supervisors at this camp didn't seem to give much of a shit if we didn't fully participate so i went and changed into some warm clothes and just sat around and read a book while everyone continued swimming.   
  
Later that day every kid in the camp was given a cardboard box. We had to write a nice message to every kid in the camp, this was basically a way for the supervisors to force us to mingle with people we didn't usually hang out with. Over the course of the camp i didn't really mingle a lot of people, i was a pretty shy kid and some of these people were pretty intimidating. This was a leadership camp so as a result most of the kids here were extroverts. I made a friend or two from some other bunkhouse but they were the "strange" kids that none of the cool kids hung out with so i distanced myself. The social hierarchy of high school was prominent in this camp, kids were already segregating into the cliques you commonly find at high school. I was somewhere in between, knowing which groups to avoid was something I picked up in my early junior high years. I felt awful and lonely but that's how things go when you're that age.  
  
The next day we did this career brainstorm thing where we were rounded up into groups and did little presentations for the group about what kind of job we might want in the future. I was in junior high with absolutely zero insight into what job i might want. So i chose to do a presentation on becoming an astronaut. I didn't care about the topic i picked, i just wanted to be done with the presentation. People didn't pick up on the joking nature of the presentation so i was known by most kids from there on out as the "astronaut guy".  
  
On the second-last night of the camp there was a dance. Me being the shy kid, i didn't really partake. The entire camp felt like a trip to the dental office at this point, i just wanted to get it over with and be done with it. Nothing good ever comes out of putting a bunch of young teens in a barn together and setting up a dance, i remember a bunch of mopey girls going off and crying and a bunch of cool kids making out with the hot girls, etc. Later after the dance the guys from my cabin were hanging out and talking so i figured i'd try to at least join their conversation. We'd lived in the same cabin for 3 days and i barely had talked to any of them. I piped up about how they had played too much vengaboys or whatever the popular girl band was at the time, in an attempt to join the conversation. Pretty instantly i got shot down by some loud mouth little asshole. I didn't bother with them again after that. I don't think i even wrote any of them a letter for their cardboard box.   
  
I was so goddamn happy to be gone from that camp. We had to give a speech to the local Rotary Club and being the studious kid i was, i gave a 2 minute speech to a room full of old men. The other kids from my hometown didn't even write a speech or bother practicing anything, they just got up to the podium and basically mumbled and made a fool of themselves. "These old guys paid for your ungrateful ass to go to this camp and you can't even be arsed to write a speech", i remember thinking. The irony of it all was that these assholes enjoyed the camp more than me and I was the one going on about how it was the best fucking time i ever had. Later that day i sat down in my room and dumped out my cardboard box full of comments from other people, most of the comments i got were "good luck becoming an astronaut". I chucked the entire thing into the garbage.  
  
I look back on that whole thing now and laugh, but at the time it was just a bunch of unneeded bullshit in an already socially anxious, stressed out kid's life. I tried my best not to exaggerate any of the story. I think that for better or for worse that 4 day hell camp showed me exactly the kind of person i don't want to become.  
  
Thanks for reading, now let's hear some of the things that shaped who you are today!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/pn6baj/should_i_keep_going/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Should I keep going?

Like a lot of people, I just started my first term after graduating high school. I'm going to a community College that my dad suggested I go to since it's close to my step mom's house and that I didn't have to drive far to get there if I lived there for most of the time, but I wouldn't get to see my mom very often at all because of this or have any of my stuff like my computer and game consoles.  
  
All my friends are going to a different community College so I don't know anyone here, and i had to quickly learn to drive and get a license all through out the summer so I could actually drive there, but even now I can never drive alone because of the road I'm not used to and the sun shining right on my face and the road to where the scratched out lines are near impossible to see, and yeah I could just go in a straight line since that is what it really takes, but the lanes shift from right to left too so I'm all pit of options on what to do, and I would know since the first time I actually got out to drive by myself I got myself into a wreck and now im having to deal with getting insurance and adding a whole other layer to all of this, and everyone is getting stressed out and mad because of my mistakes and I'm always getting the short end of the stick everytime  
  
Those last couple paragraphs don't have much to do with college in itself, but that's just some of the small stuff within all this that kind of contribute to this. I mentioned I'm going to a community college so it isn't a university or anything big at all (around the size of two houses maybe) I'm taking around 6 classes, one of which is online and for First Year students, which so far isn't really a hard class, but completely unnecessary and offers practically nothing for college overall. I'm soon to enter i believe my 4th week, and I'm just not getting the hang of anything at all.  
  
I'm taking my basics like many people do, but other than the fact that this stuff is literally the same stuff I already did in high school, it's on a whole different level at the same time. I was always able to get my work done fairly easy in high school because I always did it in class or study hall, but we dont have that stuff in college, we just do our hour long lecture, get out and go to the next lecture, and go home to do the homework I got.   
  
The first week or 2 I was able to pay attention well to lectures and be able to write down notes, as well as do the homework for the most part, but now, I dont even know anymore, I can't get any motivation to do half of it, and I just see myself just staring at my assignment just wondering what I'm supposed to do, and none of these lectures are helping me learn anything. I can't focus on everything the professors talk about, I'm not the best listener nor am I exactly an auditory learner either, the stuff I should be writing notes on I completely miss, and there's no notes on the board or any PowerPoint to help me write enough notes on like I would always able to in high school.  
  
I can't even make myself do what I have to do on most of this stuff, stuff that they already made me do before with the only difference being that they added a small extra step to it, with me just sitting and thinking what I'm even supposed to be doing and repeating what I just read or wrote, and I just don't understand what this is supposed to help me with my future and career. I can really only bother doing Algebra and some career class since I actually have some interest or better knowledge of it, even classes like history or philosophy which I though would be interesting are made very exhausting and tedious for some reason, and my parents say that I'm not trying hard enough to enjoy them, but why would I have chosen those classes to begin with if that wasn't my intent.  
  
I've already gone on too long, I just don't see a point in going through the rest if I'm not learning anything valuable for my future or career, the only thing I would have on the line is my associates degree, and I'm on the line thinking how much it would benefit me because I've been told both sides that it will help me live or that i cam do without it. The time I spend in college is time I could spend getting some job experience, I've never had a job so I can't be expected to get a high paying job without at least working at a fast food chain or something similar, or I could learn something useful for an actual career like going to trade school or learning how to code perhaps. If I do decide to drop out, what should be my next step? And how can I continue if I don't? How do I make this decision after my parents and I spent my whole senior year planning this out? I don't think reddit is the best place to ask for advice for something like this but I don't see any places where I can.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/wltky/hi_reddit_how_can_i_go_back_to_college_when_i/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Hi reddit! How can I go back to college when I can't afford it on my own?

I am a 24 year old male. I have been paying for my own college education since I graduated from high school. My parents at that time were pretty well of on paper, however all of their money was tied up in investments which ended up causing them to go bankrupt. I have gone to community college on and off for the past 6 years. The last time that I went was over two years ago. It's not for a lack of desire. I want very badly to graduate from college and get a good job so that I can start a family of my own. I currently have one year down on my transfer degree. 47 credits that I have spent years chipping away at. The last time that I went I was finally eligible for some financial aid assistance, due to my parents bakruptcy. I filled out my fafsa and got everything that I needed to in to the financial aid office. They kept asking for more and more information which was very difficult to get. I had to track down information from my biological father, who keeps less than satisfactory tax records, and from my mother and stepfather. They were going through a divorce, and getting tax information and their help with paperwork was like pulling teeth from an alligator. I finally got all of the information that the financial aid office requested, and they said that I needed to petition my reinstatement of financial aid (or something along those lines) even though I had never received financial aid before that point. It had something to do with the fact that it had been so long since I had gone to school. Well I did that and the quarter started. I was working a graveyard job which got off at four in the morning, and then going to school from 7:30 am to 11:30 am. then I had another class three days a week at 7:30 pm. It was hard, but I was willing to do anything to get my transfer degree. The petition for financial aid was rejected, and I learned that I was not going to receive financial aid that quarter. I stopped going to my classes. I was only about a month into classes. I deeply regret this decision. I had assumed that, since I had not been in the classes very long, and since I had no way to pay for the classes that it was unnecessary to go to them. You know what they say about assuming. I ended up receiving failing grades in all of those classes, and still being liable for the tuition. Please keep in mind that I was supporting myself, and lived on my own. I have not received support from my parents since I was kicked out at 17. I was focused on surviving as well as school, and when the financial aid was declined after I had already started, I had a lot of other things on my plate as well. It was a dumb decision looking back, and I now just chalk it up to being young and stupid. It is two years after that now. I could not go to school during that time, because I was unable to pay for the previous tuition. It eventually went into collections and I have spent the last few years working what jobs i could and keeping my head above water. This last year and a half I have been working full time at a decent job with good hours. I make more than minimum wage, and I am very thankful for that. I have now paid off all of my debt, including what I owed the school. I am finally in a position where I am ready to go back to school. On top of that, I turned 24 and am eligible for financial aid based on my own income, rather than my parent's. I have signed up for classes fall quarter and gone through the entire financial aid process. There is only one problem, I am not eligible for financial aid. The tree failing grades that I received bring my gpa down to a 1.97. I need a 2.0 in order to receive any government financial assistance. I have no idea what my next move should be. I do not want to take out student loans before I go to university if it can be helped, but I also can not afford the $1200 a quarter on my own. Not to mention books and parking and the other things that come with going back to school. Are there any options that I am missing? Any advice that a redditor could give me that would help me to get through this? If I can get through these next three quarters, I will have my transfer degree and I will finally be on to a university, where my major will be in computer science. I plan on paying for university with student loans, there is no other way for me to accomplish that, but I do not want to bury myself in debt again, so soon after I dug myself out. Any advice from someone who has gone through something similar, or advice on my current situation would be greatly appreciated. Thank you for taking the time to read this.  
  
\*\*TLDR: I am not eligible for financial aid and need advice on paying 1200 a quarter for three quarters. I am desperate for any advice someone can give me on how to get through this next year of school.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/133kxa/hi_reddit_im_new_at_this_but_im_a_19yr_old_girl/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Hi Reddit, I'm new at this, but I'm a 19yr old girl asking for some help...

Alright, so as I said, I'm new to Reddit but I've heard that you all have been known to be charitable so maybe that's still true. I'm a 19yr old sophomore at OSU, studying zoology. I've been given the chance of a life time to go study in South Africa and work at a cheetah rehabilitation program. SO COOL :) but th trip is very expensive ($8000 roughly) and it's for this May. I have very little time to come up with all that money, so i'm asking you reddittors for your help. I have an event poste as public on facebook you can search it if you want, it's called "Get Thayer To Africa" here is what it says:  
  
Hello all you lovely people, hopefully if you're reading this who have some inkling of who I am. If that is not the case here is a quick summary: My name is Thayer Tompkins and I'm a sophomore Zoology major at The Ohio State University. I have had an incredible passion for animals (really any critter, bugs included) for as long as I can remember. When I was younger I always said I wanted to be a vet, when I was even younger I said I wanted to a bumble bee when I grew up but that's a different story entirely . Anyway, for some years now it has been my dream to go to Africa and work with the wildlife there one-on-one. I want to be able to know more about them, interact with them, and mostly stop all these beautiful creatures from being wiped off the face of the Earth.  
  
I never thought this dream would actually be a reality until very recently. A few weeks ago I went to a seminar for a volunteer program called ISV, which I will explain soon, (sorry this is soooo long, thank you for reading this far!) Anyhooo, the program that they introduced me to was in South Africa at a cheetah rehabilitation program where I would be working hands on with cheetahs and various other animals. Now I'll skip ahead to the important part of this event and leave more information about the programs lower/in links.  
  
So since this is an opportunity of a lifetime I wasn't going to let it pass me by so I applied for the program, was accepted, and put down my deposit for the trip. Woooo Exciting!! I KNOW! BUT WAIT, you're probably asking yourself "Thayer don't you have college to pay for? Aren't you piling up debt from loans? Is this free?" The answer to those are yes, yes and unfortunately no. This program is for THIS summer so it's coming up soon. I would be leaving MAY 10 but I have to have my money in by March 10. All together this trip is going to cost me $8000. So I'm essentially trying to raise $8000 in 4 months. I know it seems naive or even foolish but I will not let this slip through my hands  
  
This is where you wonderful people come in, I need help to get the finances in order. I'm asking for people to help me raise this money with donations. I have a pay pal account set up that is strictly for this trip and nothing else. If you want you can simply donate to my account all you need is my e-mail address. I'm going to try and sell bracelets also. If you've seen my wrists lately they are covered with them so why not spread the love right? I'll put pictures up soon of the bracelets that i've made and can make and I'd be more than willing to make you bracelets in exchange for a donation. You can even go to the ISV website (which i'll link in the bottom) and donate specifically to me. All you have to do is click MAKE PAYMENT and then there will be a scrolly thing that says payment type and you can click SPECIFIC STUDENT DONATION and then just puts mys name in it. Honestly, I'm willing to do almost anything for this trip. Need your room cleaned? Need laundry done? Need help moving? Got good credit, bad credit, no credit? Well I'm the girl for you! For realz though pretty much anything but sexual favors I am willing to offer to get donations.  
  
Now I know people get these invites all the time (and i'm sure they're not even this long) and they just close them and ignore it. I know cause I do that literally all the time. And I know that a lot of people are in the position I'm in, just struggling to get through school and pay bills, believe me I understand that. I'm not asking for a required donation, heck if you're still reading this that's pretty damn amazing. What i'm asking is if you can give $1 that's awesome, if you can give more that's awesome! If you can't give anything, you're awesome too, all I ask is that you pass this message along to friends or family members that can help me. I already plan on reaching out to businesses to see if they'll sponsor me and if you guys know of anything specific that could or would help just leave a comment and that is more than enough of a donation.  
  
I'm sorry if this seems weird or stupid or awkward cause maybe we dont know each other that well or we do but we dont want to but here's what I say to you. If you're my friend and you care help me achieve this dream, if you don't like me help pay to get me off this continent, if you're indifferent you've probably stopped reading by know so, yeah. High five for expressing yourself!  
  
Hokay well this is a mile long and looks intimidating to me so i'm sorry for all of you who have to read this but I truly appreciate any help anyone can give. You're all wonderful people  
  
[1] http://www.isvolunteers.org/  
  
This is the ISV website which stands for International Student^ Volunteers. Sorry i forgot to mention that  
  
[2] http://www.isvolunteers.org/destination/south-africa/volunteer-projects  
  
This is my program. It's the one that says Wildlife Conservation^  
  
[3] http://www.isvonline.org/payments  
  
This is where you can make donation via ISV to me ^  
  
If you guys have any other questions or want to help just comment or message me. Also my e-mail is tompkins.78@osu.edu  
  
Again thank you all. ♥  
  
So if you can donate that would be incredibly awesome, or I can sell you guys some handmade bracelets and post pics if you want. Sorry this is so long, i've been afraid of reddit for a long time but a friend told me you guys can be pretty awesome some times, so, thank you just for reading. Now off to go procrastinate on a philosophy paper.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8avydk/im_failing_all_my_classes_and_only_recently/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm failing all my classes, and only recently reached out for help and learned I've been struggling with depression, anxiety, and even possible ADD. I have less than a month left of school and will probably lose my $40,000 scholarship. What do I do? I've lost all hope in my life.

This is sort of a cry for help because I have no idea how to resolve anything I've done to myself over the past few months in such a short period of time, and my future is looking to be full of despair.  
  
For background, I'm a first-generation Indian-American student with strict Indian parents who were academic studs and went from being nothing to achieving great success in the US.   
  
As a result, I was brought up to be academic-oriented and they constantly reinforced me to get good grades, do well in school, join academic clubs, etc. And it worked, for the most part. High school was structured in a way where low effort yet high talent led me to succeed. I would procrastinate every assignment yet complete them just in time to get a high grade, I was an amazing test-taker and studying for an hour or two the night before a big exam could get me an A. My constant success academically in high school overshadowed the fact I had no hobbies, no interest in anything other than to be social (I'm a very sociable person and getting rejected socially throughout high school is one of the prominent reasons of my depression/anxiety) and basically did the minimum to keep up my standard of being a smart Indian kid while also partying and trying to make friends (I won't get into detail about this, but my struggle with this damaged me beyond repair).   
  
At the end of it all, I graduated with a 4.43 GPA, a 35 on my ACT (which was enforced by constant tutoring by a very expensive tutor which my parents probably didn't have the money to be spending on), and a myriad of school club accomplishments. Yet, I procastinated my college and scholarship essays to the point where I didn't get into any of the twelve colleges I applied nor got any scholarships except for my safety state university (they gave me a $40,000 scholarship based on my GPA) which I am studying at now.  
  
I was (and still am) a foolish kid, and college independence was huge. No longer was I constantly harassed by my parents about academics, I was finally allowed to go out on my own whim and take contorl of my life. At first, college was a breath of fresh air, but then everything came crashing down once responsibilities overwhelmed me. Essays, exams, homework, scholarships (my parents, although middle-class, have a lot of commitments financially and thus need any financial support I can get), socializing with people, friendships, past memories of hardship, all sorts of different stresses and pressures overwhelmed me. So I did what I do best: avoid it all. I started skipping class and procrastinating HW assignments, overconfident that I was able to do it in high school all the time. After I did it a little, I got away with making up/bullshitting assignments at first. But, college is nothing like HS. High school had structure, and was enforced discipline - even if I procrastinated HW, I still was forced to sit in classes and pay attention for 8 hours a day. My life had no such discipline or structure, and as such I let everything go to shit. I started partying more and more because I had few such opportunities in high school but then found myself not enjoying any of it because of my constant anxiety about others' thoughts of me and my actions. I started withdrawing from others and just overall my life once I hit a snowball effect of just skipping class, trying to party and be accepted by various friend groups, and just having no motivation or energy to do anything at all - I literally tried to just find instant gratification in anyway possible. This led to me skipping class every week and I turned into a stoner. I convinced myself I was a lazy bastard from all the drugs and partying and after an Adderall binge before finals week, I recovered my grades just enough above the 3.0 GPA requirement for my scholarship; I got a 3.16.  
  
Going to a safety school, my parents expected a 3.9/4.0. I felt like a complete failure and decided I would recover it next semester, and take up healthy and positive habits in order to make sure I did. By committing to this, I felt that telling my parents at the end of the year I got a 3.6/3.7 balanced out would be better than telling them the truth. So what did I do? Faked my transcript, and told them I got a 4.0, and they weren't even surprised they literally told me it was "expected."  
  
Then, winter break came, and this was a very depressive period for me. I got rejected again by the people I thought were my friends (didn't invite me to any parties, didn't respond to my messages) and literally spent 21 straight days doing nothing but sleeping and playing Fortnite. I didn't even enjoy fortnite; I did it to pass the time.  
  
  
This trend continued into the next semester, I took easier classes so I thought things would go easy, and I got caught up in my overconfident avoidance mindset. Long story short, I fell into a web of drug use, lying, avoiding responsibility, and trying to figure things out on my own before I finally hit the lowest point - I spent 3 weeks in a row skipping class, sleeping in until 4 PM, didn't enjoy or want to do anything, not play video games, not do drugs, or party, just stay in bed and do nothing, and finally went 48 hours straight without eating anything - because I had no energy or motivation to even get up and walk 2 minutes to the dining hall and eat. I decided it was enough, went to CAPS (Counseling and Psycholigical Services) and after breaking down and crying to my psychologist for 40 minutes about my problems and my life, he very easily diagnosed me with depression, anxiety, and also possible ADD.  
  
This diagnosis was less than a month ago, and everything makes sense to me now. I've had depression for years but was able to cope because of the structure of my life in high school, but once that structure was gone, everything fell apart and I didn't realize that I needed help. I didn't think it was depression no matter how much I researched the issue - I want to be a psychiatrist and had helped my best friend, the one person besides my girlfriend who is closest to me, through his depression, even to the point where he was about to commit suicide and I was the one to talk him out of it. I always consider my self a lazy piece of shit, and I think I am truly - that depression is another excuse.  
  
But, when I'm talking to my therapist, it all feels to real and his points hit me hard and genuinely I need therapy to improve. I got a job and started making progress in being productive, and felt so good about working a 65 hour work week last week and working another 38 hours this week. I work close every night, get a good 7 hours of sleep, and still have been struggling to go to class but I've been doing better. Small steps have helped me lift myself out of this depression, but the damage of my ignorant self has been done. a 3.16 GPA first semester, and now - Ds/Fs in 3 of my classes and a C- in one class with only a month of my semester left (with a bunch of missing assignments, attendance/participation points lost, exams coming up that I have no idea how to study for because they cover months of material). I feel like I have trapped myself - my parents will freak the moment they find out about my grades, let alone the depression, or loss of scholarship. I love this university and don't want to leave and do NOT want to go to community college/local college - please don't suggest this I've already considered this. I don't technically have a medical diagnosis, as the soonest psychiatric consultation in my collegetown is in the summer, and of course I'm under my parents' insurance so they would notice the bill. Everything's crashing down on me and I genuinely feel there is nothing but despair in my life coming for me - my therapist told me to reach out to an advisor/professors about my options but having no medical diagnosis, being so late in the semester, and still struggling to balance everything in my life and still having a habit of procrastination has made everything so much harder, let alone the thought of my awful grades, or losing my scholarship, or my parents going bezerk and withdrawing me and sending me to some Indian school. It sucks, because just as I finally started to understand what I needed to get out of this horrible phase of my life, the consequences of my past actions are keeping me in it.  
  
  
I just don't know what to do. I just want to be able to get past this semester, improve myself over the summer, and come back better prepared mentally next semester with a scholarship and perform up to the academic standards I used to set myself to. But with no interests or passions, and pursuing a pre-med career simply because of my parents' desires (although the desire for psychology is true and valid), and my terrible academic record and loss of scholarship, I feel like I fucked myself over really hard. And this is an expression of all of that. I need help, I'm sorry if this was too long to read - I just thought details would help to understand my situation. \*\*tl;dr:\*\* after fucking around and trying to avoid my problems for my freshman year, I hit my lowest point and have been (nonmedically) diagnosed with depression/anxiety that was the root cause - but the damage is done and I will lose my scholarship (minimum 3.0 gpa) and end up with a sub 2.5 gpa this year, and my future is pretty bleak. I'm not suicidal but it's hard to get those thoughts with such a future in sight.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ufx2v/reddit_i_need_your_help_with_my_career_path/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I need your help with my career path!

Using a throwaway, because there’s a metric shit ton of identifying information.  
  
Hey Reddit, I’m struggling with a job hunt and I’m looking for feedback/guidance/direction/a sounding board.  
  
I’m in my mid-early 30s, married for 8 years to a wonderful woman who is a little older than me. We have a 14 month old daughter – the absolute light of my life –and we just found out that my wife is pregnant with our second. We would love for this to be an exciting time, but our financial/employment situation is making our future tremendously scary, to say the least.  
  
I have always had trouble with employment. I have a college degree, but it’s in the impractical field of film studies. While I’m in California, I have no desire to work in film production. I have a family to provide for, and film work is nothing if not intermittent. Aside from an internship in a film production office more than a decade ago, I haven’t really worked in the film industry at all.  
  
After college, I spent a couple of years – great years – working for an international resort company. I designed and built theatrical sets and was de-facto stage manager for their nightly stage shows. I left this company after 9/11 when I decided that I wanted to be closer to home. I found a job in southern California working at another resort theater, first as a stage hand, then eventually as their technical director. My stage manager connected me with a friend of hers who had a video production company (think wedding videos and such) and I was able to work part time with him. The money wasn’t great, but I added a little more to my resume. In that time, my wife (then girlfriend) and I started dating long distance. She was a high school teacher and had tenure, so after two years with this particular theater at something like $10/hr, it made sense for me to relocate to where she was. I was still in SoCal, but too far away to keep working for the theater or production house. Before I moved, I asked video production owner-guy if they would have a full-time position for me because the theater schedule was just about the exact opposite of my wife’s (at this point, upgraded to fiancé) schedule. He made an effort to create a position for me, but things took too long to fall in to place, so like I said, I ended up relocating. No hard feelings. Shortly after relocating, my wife and I got married.  
  
Over the next two years, I worked for a “marketing” company, but really my time was spent in a warehouse issuing credits for damaged office furniture. After a year and a half of this, I got an internship, and commuted an hour one-way three times a week to catalogue tapes for a small production company that had connections to the music scene in Long Beach. (the band Sublime, the Ziggens, etc.) They asked me to edit a few things for them, and I told them that if I was editing, I needed to get paid. So they wrote me a check for $13/hr. At this point, I had a bit of a crisis and panicked, because how is a man supposed to support a family in SoCal at $13/hr? (My wife and I still had not had kids yet, but we knew we wanted to, and I was working towards becoming a provider.)  
  
I called my dad, who has had a great deal of success in the insurance/financial services. I lived many hours away, and we talked about me getting my insurance license and going to work with him in a sort of mentorship relationship. My wife did not want to do this, as she would lose her tenure. My argument was that if I was to ever become the provider for our family, we needed to take steps that would put me into that position. I got my insurance license, and we made the move to a place I’ll just call “the coast.”  
  
About 8 months after we got to the coast, my dad bailed. He was having trouble with the company we worked for and got a great job in a somewhat similar industry, and there was no room to bring me along. I wasn’t too bothered, because I picked up his entire book of business and was hoping to nurture that into more sales (read:income). At the same time, I was also working part time for my church. They had installed this $75,000 video system and really didn’t know what to do with it, so they paid me about $25,000/yr to design the weekly presentations on it, to keep the campus’ network running, and just be an all-around tech guru. During this time, I also really built up my photoshop, design and visual presentation skills. I redesigned the church’s logo and built a sort of brand identity for them. If it weren’t for the money from my church job, I don’t know how we would have made it. It supplemented the irregular and inconsistent commissions I was getting. I wasn’t really cut out for insurance sales. I have major “call reluctance.” Who wants to get a call from their insurance guy? Who wakes up in the morning and says “I want to buy life insurance today?” So the insurance side of my income stagnated, and there was no room for advancement at my church.  
  
At the same time, my wife was really struggling as well. We’re now in 2007-8-9, and she had lost her tenure when she changed school districts. Each year, she would get laid off because she was the most recent hire. She’s a fantastic teacher – the best, really – so her references were often able to get her hired on in another nearby district. Still, the job hoping took its toll on our peace of mind and our income.  
  
Two years ago, we found out my wife was pregnant with our first. While income was not great, we had insurance and we were supporting ourselves. I still wasn’t making enough to support us all, and my wife couldn’t realistically teach and be a mom at the same time. She puts so much energy into her teaching job – it’s easily 60 hours/week if not more.  
  
After my daughter was born, my dad had gone back to work for a business owned and operated by our extended family. This business was located in “the desert,” and was on its last legs due to some health problems my uncle was having. Dad was trying to keep the business running, and wanted my help. I put on my negotiating hat and got a large enough salary that I could support my family and we could buy a house. Due to the lower cost of living in “the desert,” we could finally reach our goals of owning a home and having my wife stay home to be a mom for our infant daughter.  
  
Unfortunately, this family business was doomed before dad even got here. I won’t get into it, but I got to watch the bank seize all of the company’s assets and destroy my grandparents’ legacy. This was all due to stuff that had been set in motion a few years back. Dad and I still saw value in the intangible assets of the company, so we took the customer list and a few of the strongest employees and started a leaner, meaner company. For six months now, this new company has hobbled along. We haven’t received any outside funding, and it’s expensive to start a company, especially in California. We’re working on an SBA loan, but the banks aren’t exactly eager to lend these days. There has been multiple times where I didn’t know if I was going to get a paycheck, or it’s been delayed by a few days.   
  
And that’s where I am today. I’ve got a new house payment, a wife who works too hard to do what she’s always done and still be a mom at the same time, and a job that pays decent money when it pays, but I don’t know if I’m going to see a paycheck next week. I’m applying for work all over right now, because I’m tired of being afraid of my own ability to pay all of our bills on time. I want decent income, and I want stability.  
  
Most of the jobs I’m looking at are either entry level and pay about $25,000/yr, or they are specialist positions that require years of experience in a specific field. So reddit, where should a guy like me go? I’m a jack-of-all-trades, master of none. I can do basic graphic design, I have an eye for marketing and presentation. My experience in theater and time with my church has taught me the importance of precision timing in live production. I’ve been the network admin for three different small business networks. I think my strategy should be to market myself to a small/medium organization that needs a little bit of all those things, but doesn’t need to hire a specialist in any one field. Am I on the right track? And if so, how do I find an organization like that? It’s not like careerbuilder.com turns up something when I search for design/marketing/presentation/IT guru.  
  
\*\*tl;dr:\*\* I’ve have had a series of jobs, but no career. At a point where I need “career” income. Where do I go looking for a career with my unique set of skills?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/urxi9/how_in_the_world_do_i_fix_my_current_social_an/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How in the world do I fix my current social an economic situation?

Dear Reddit,   
  
I’m trying to figure out where I went wrong and concrete solutions to my perceived problems.   
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
Start TL/DR;  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
My current situation is as follows:  
  
• 20 going on 21 years old  
  
• Zero living friends (will elaborate later in this post)  
  
• Dead end job that barely makes ends meet.  
  
• Occasionally do questionable at best for extra cash when the ends don’t meet up.  
   
• Stuck in a small town with a shattered economy where an open air drug market exists.   
  
• Stuck in college with little to no financial aid that is rapidly evaporating.   
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
End TL/DR;  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
  
To be frank, I’m fucking distressed. To put things into perspective, I’ve been homeless as a minor and lost my mother when I was 7 and still never felt this bad before. My view on the list above is as follows:   
  
  
Problem A) Zero living friends.   
  
  
Most of my friends were in Seattle, WA. The short version is that most of them overdosed on drugs of their choice or combinations of them. It still doesn’t change how I felt about them or still feel about them. They were all I had in the world that I knew I could depend on. These aren’t the friends that are only there on Facebook and whatnot, these were people that stuck their necks out for me. Since I started college I haven’t been able to make a single friend or contact. My existence is one of barely making enough money to continue, school and having just enough sleep to avoid getting into a horrible car crash.   
  
  
Solution A) Find Friends.  
  
  
Much easier said than done. I learned quite a few things about the character of people from living in austere conditions, but it turns out that most people are just as shallow as I remembered. The ones who aren’t still give me the same funny looks, so I eventually adopted an “I don’t give a fuck” policy and simply spoke what came to my mind. A prime example of this would be what we call “The Porch Kids”. There was a smoker’s porch at my old university and it had some interesting characters on it. I was homeless at the time (2nd time around, longer story involving a backstab and failed attempt to get me and my significant other to Florida). All of them cracked homeless jokes. Some even started rumors about me being homeless. I was asked if I was homeless. When I told them the truth, none offered to help. They bugged out, actually. Once I was on my feet again, I found that most of them have called for various favors, but out of 8 or so, only one has treated me decently, and I actually view him as a role model even though I haven’t heard from him in a month. Most people also don’t believe I’m 20 and that presents a barrier when trying to make friends and network. Either way, I used to approach situations neutrally, got treated like shit, decided to not follow social protocol, still get treated like shit so I opt for not following protocol because it is easier.   
  
  
Problem B) Dead End Job that barely makes ends meet.  
  
  
I started at FedEx Ground where I used to live and moved up from a package handler to QA then to a management. The city I used to live in was so expensive even as a full time manager, I still got by on the skin of my teeth expense wise. I had to bump down to a package handler again for the transfer to the city I’m in now. The positive is that I can barely get by on 15 hours of work a week due to the extremely low cost of living. The downside is that my work environment is terrible. It’s a lot worse than when I was a new hire in my old city. To get an idea, you have 6 guys including myself at this facility. I bust ass and am responsible for not just one door, but all 4 doors while we have one guy splitting (not as difficult as loading trailers but still hard) 3 guys unloaded vans and trailers (cake compared to loading one) and we have another guy that literally sits and does nothing. The QA does nothing either. The Manager is the same as QA. I find myself doing the shittiest and most difficult jobs in the shortest amount of time then doing the QA’s and manager’s job. To rub it in, when I’m pulling for the QA’s and manager’s slack; I then get told I need to increase my load rate. When I point out that one guy can only do so much (my average load a night is 3600-4000 packages, all industrial shippers greater than 75lbs a box) they tell me to only do my job. When I only do my job, then I get told to do QA and the Manager’s job. Tonight I went into their office to get a battery for a STAR III scanner and both of them were watching YouTube videos. I really hate my current work environment. It’s not the job, but the environment.   
  
  
Solution B) Find a Better Job.   
  
  
This is proving to be very difficult. I can’t find anyone that is actively hiring right now other than guys who are in the good old boys network. I’m still hitting the beat and will do my best to get out of there before December.   
  
  
Problem C) occasionally does questionable at best for extra cash when the ends don’t meet up.  
  
  
I’m not going to go into what I do specifically other than I’m nothing more than a logistics guy. I don’t steal or sell anything. I have to do this sometimes to make sure I can pay tuition and other expenses if they get too far out of hand. I’m pretty sure I’ve lost part of myself or the ability to feel as much as I used to. I grew even more acute eyes in the back of my head and find myself checking the rear view mirror constantly, or if there’s a knock on my door, covering the peep while I stand off to the side. I also became even better in the woods and better at driving on a variety of surfaces ranging from tarmac to gravel.   
  
  
Solution C) Join the Army Reserve or Something.  
  
   
I figure if I’m already damned good at evading trained personnel, have a little over half of a chemical engineering education, a wide variety of job experience ranging from customer service to welding, can move through the woods like a ghost, and get to elevated positions like roof tops that are inaccessible, I might as well make myself legitimate and serve my country. It would also get rid of my college money problems. I just can’t find a recruiter that doesn’t seem hell bent on fucking me over in any branch.   
  
  
Problem D) Stuck in a small town with a shattered economy where an open air drug market exists.   
  
  
It’s just a depressing environment. I go on a 2 mile run every night after work and it is painful to look at my surroundings. I try to zone out and not think, but I loop back to what problems I’m trying to solve, and many times I leave home with fewer problems than what I come back with. It’s a fucking self-destructive cycle.   
  
  
Solution D) Finish My Engineering Degree and get the fuck out.   
  
  
This is the only solution that doesn’t present more problems. It’s actually the only constant I have right now.   
  
  
Problem E) Stuck in college with little to no financial aid that is rapidly evaporating  
Since day one, I have been fucked by financial aid. I have presented proof that I was homeless and independent as a minor in addition to paper work going farther back that I was in and out of state custody for a 6 year stint. It simply was an aide counselor not wanting to work with me and both institutions. I even wrote my senator about the issue and I got what appeared to be a generic response instructing me to fill out the FASFA. To rub it in, grad school and internships are a dead dream with my 2.2 GPA. People don’t understand that 8-10 hours a day working and full time school makes a C+ seem like an A+. With the fewer hours at work, I can focus more on school.  
  
  
Solution E)   
  
  
See Problem C. It’s nothing near ideal and it creates the same fucking self-destructive loop.   
See Solution C. I just need to find a recruiter that’s willing to not fuck me over. Last one tried to tell me 88 mike was the same thing as forward observer. Airforce recruiter is so full of it his eyes are brown.   
  
The disturbing part is that I find myself wanting to die. I’d rather have nothing than any of this. I mean what the hell am I loosing that is positive? I can’t even enjoy sex anymore the rare time I find a fuckbuddy. The feelings of distress and despair get worse when I start looking around myself. The average 20 year old college student appears to be happy. They have friends. They have a family. If they have to work they typically have high paying internships or a good part-time job that has little bullshit in it. They have great grades, and often don’t have to worry about making ends meet. It seems so alien to me. Almost like I’m an interloper and do not belong in what surrounds me.   
  
  
I’m looking for viable solutions that can help me achieve my goals- Not pitty. I’m going to be a Chemical Engineer one day. Please help me to do this. Anything. I’m tired of this and want it to be over

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qwb3y/did_a_triple_barrel_roll_in_my_car_and_now_i_cant/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Did a triple barrel roll in my car and now I can't get it out of my head, how could I deal with the truama?

I have a question to ask the hive mind in hopes that I can attempt to straighten a few things out. I can be the stoic type and I hate asking for help when it comes to mental issues.   
  
Near the end of last July, I totaled my car in a spectacular fashion. I crested a hill and found myself with someone crossing over into my lane on a little two lane country road. I swerved to miss the truck and my rear end caught the soft dirty shoulder. I over corrected leading to losing control of the car, planting it in the opposite ditch with enough energy left to force it to slide up to the end of the ditch and finally did a triple barrel roll up and out. Finally came to rest on all four wheels though one was bent to be nearly parallel to the ground.  
  
To make things worse, my 6 year old son was in the seat next to me. He came out of the accident with only scrapes and bruises. I came out with cracked ribs, messed up shoulder and two compressed vertebrates. But dammit all, we walked from that wreck. Granted it was only about 20 feet until I was on the ground in pain. We were told at the ER that if we didn’t have the full curtain airbags in the vehicle we would have been dead. If I ever meet the engineers of that car, I will hug them and tell them thank you for my son’s life.  
  
I have been to the doctors, physically my body is as good as it going to get. I do have back pains now but honestly I can control them with a range of meds from simple OTC stuff to scripts just depending on the weather and what I did that day.  
  
Now the heart of my questions: I cannot get this out of my head. Every accident I have ever been in I have learned from them and yes they do pop up in my mind but usually I can chuckle them off and that is that. This one I cannot shake. My everyday doctor told me that it was PTSD. I feel like shit thinking it is PTSD. So many people in this world have seen much worse things and considering myself to have the same issues seems to discredit what others have to deal with. But here I sit. I have been driving a much larger vehicle since the accident. At first it was for the reason that it was much easier for me to get in and out of due to the back damage. Now, I have fears of being in smaller cars. I am going to have to move to a smaller car soon due to my larger vehicle is aging and I just cannot afford to pay to feed it with rising gas prices.  
  
The other day I stumbled onto videos of people with dash cams and wacky winter driving. One was a head on collision and all you really saw was the windshield instantly spidering with the impact. I sobbed for 20 mins after that. I haven’t been able to go to the spot of the accident. I have to drive by the road we turned down that ultimately leads to the accident site daily and I damn near have a panic attack weekly on one of the trips.  
  
Sometimes I am just sitting in a car and my eyes well up with tears. I have found myself in the middle of watching Top Gear or playing Forza having a sense of dread just flow over me. These are both something that I love and my son loves. It is not something that is going to be removed from my life. I have found myself snapping at my son when he starts to talk about car crashes. He could just be talking about his Hot Wheels. I cannot take this anymore.  
  
The few times I have attempted to seek help in the past, I have beta-maled myself. I have tried to explain my feelings to friends, family, and doctors. Friends often will hear me out and it is nice to bounce things off of them but in the end it doesn’t solve the issues in my mind. I cannot talk about this to my wife as she is too stressed with her life; she puts in 80+ hours a week on work and school. It isn’t fair to her. I cannot talk to my parents about this as my father is just as stoic and doesn’t understand mental issues. He has always been the type to just deal and move on. My mom on the other hand….she is a poster child of mental issues. My mom’s side of the family is rife with addiction issues. My sister is the one that understands the most with me but she is battling similar demons.   
  
Doctors to me are very hit and miss. It seems like every time I attempt to seek help for any medical reason and that I try to do the right thing for my health I get a crappy doc that doesn’t want to listen or is just too damn busy to care. I am in this loop that I don’t know how to break. So I will ask the hive mind, how do you deal with trauma like this? What has work for you in the past; what hasn’t work? How did you find the courage to admit to a doctor that you couldn’t handle it anymore? How did you admit to this “failure”? Yes, it isn’t a failure…but it certainly feels like a failure in my mind not being able to handle this. How did you handle the idea of taking drugs when you have a family history of addictions? Thankfully I don’t have any debilitating addictions but I have been very active in my life being one step ahead of them knowing my family history. But I have to say, it is nice that on the nights I use the stronger drugs I have been prescribed to just be able to be calm and have a serene few hours from my overactive mind. I just want to be whole again.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/xymxg/why_do_i_feel_so_screwed_up/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Why do I feel so screwed up?

\*I have made a throw away account because I am ashamed of myself. I am too ashamed to post on my other account.\*  
  
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I am 20 years of age. The thought "why me" has crossed my mind so many times now I seriously wonder what the fuck is wrong with me.  
  
Starting since I was a freshman in high school my parents stopped supporting my personal "wants". We ate as a family and provided a place to live. However my parents did not buy me clothes, Christmas presents, birthday presents, spending money, cell phone, etc.  
  
Mean while all around me my friends are getting all these nice things from their parents. They get new clothes all the time, expensive gifts, cell phones, more than enough spending money, etc. At first it didn't bother me because I understood money problems.  
  
Skip Freshman year and go to Sophomore year. I have started my own private server on RuneScape (RSPS) and was pulling in around $100-$200/month. I was working online. I programmed Java daily and managed an active vBulletin forum. I started doing this so much it became a fun hobby and I started playing less games and did more work. I became dedicated. Meanwhile watching my friends get spoiled, I was saving my money and opened a bank account to store my profits.  
  
Everything was great. I enjoyed spending all nighters on the private server doing work because the hard work really paid off.  
  
  
I eventually bought myself a cell phone and some new clothes. I even bought my own internet. I purchased the fastest speed in my area. I also bought a few steam games and even bought some of my friends a few games. Money was never an issue anymore. I even put $100.00 in some stocks on sharebuilder to take a risk. I always looked at my balance before I made a purchase. If something was too expensive I always made a plan to save up for it. I always had a plan.  
  
I was prepared for battle until my server started to die out in my senior year. Months passed and it was dead. I had less than 10 active forum members dedicated to the server. My development or activity didn't change that year. I think the problem was newer servers erupting. Newer servers (508+) became popular. Those servers were replacing original 317s. When my server was dying I didn't want to give up. It took me another year before I finally decided to shut the server down. "All good things come to an end" I reminded myself.  
  
Without a server and a community I was depressed. I missed working hard and staying up all night for my members. I really enjoyed the thrill of having a problem and spending all night to fix it. Usually these all nighters is where I learned the most of my knowledge.  
  
Without the community my income stopped. I stopped spending my money as much and became frugal. I portioned out my money and made a plan to keep this money for as long as I could.  
  
Today I still have $200.00 left out of the $2000.00 I had saved.  
  
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The problem is I feel like this was all for nothing. I cherish my experiences but I feel so fucked up when I come to real life.  
  
I spent two years building a custom computer. It took me two years to finally finish buying everything for my computer. The total cost came out to $1200. I got this computer at the very end of my RSPS days. It's almost like it was a goodbye gift.  
  
The thing that makes me angry the most is my spoiled friend.... My spoiled friend got a custom computer "given" to him. It took him two weeks to have a custom gaming computer. His parents bought it for him. He even got a laptop to go with it. Laptop $700. Computer $900. My feelings at this point I feel completely pissed. I worked so hard to get the things I own... He gets them handed to him like it was nothing. He didn't have to work for anything.  
  
I was mad but I still cared about my friends feelings. I bought them steam games on their birthdays. When we hung out and were short on cash I always stepped in and paid the rest. Sometimes I even paid the purchase in full. This hurt me but I took into consideration my friends feelings.  
  
Now that I am down to $200.00 I put a red light on my spending. I stopped spending and explained to them I have no more money to spend. When the steam summer sale was happening I selflessly bought my friend a game. I'm so stupid to have done that. I regret it.  
  
I regret it because my friend lied to me. He said he didn't have any money. A day later he buys 3 games, I can see it on his steam feed. I do not say a word to him and he doesn't mention a word to me. I added up the cost of the games he bought and it came out to $40.00. $40.00....  
  
I didn't have any money I wanted to spend on the steam summer sale but I still got my friend a game because a sale was happening for one of the games he wanted.... I was played. I wonder if I'm being used for money. I bet I am.  
  
When I ask my friends if they can buy me a game it's always the same response, "I have no money". My friends are so fucking selfish and spoiled it pisses me the fuck off. I'm raging right now trying to type this. I feel so depressed and hurt.  
  
My friends are so fortunate. They have all these nice things given to them. Why can't I have nice things? Why won't any of my friends buy me anything? Why can't I have gifts? What makes me the loser? Why am I the loser?  
  
  
My friends are planning a trip on Saturday - Sunday and needed money to contribute on the trip. I told them I have no money. My friend who is spoiled the most, had the guts to tell me to ask my mother for money... Ask my mother? Are you fucking kidding me? My parents have no money. Why can't one of you help me contribute. I've paid for so much shit you guys never paid for why can't you guys pay for me for once? Why are my friends so fucking selfish?  
  
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To add to this which is really making me angry. I started developing my own project to try and make money and my friend just plays Dota 2 all day long. All he has to worry about is staying up too late while I spend most of my day programming. I hardly play games anymore. I feel so unhappy reddit. I'd like to play games sometimes but I really hate the influence my friend is putting on me. He doesn't have to work for anything and EVERYTHING is given to him.  
  
  
What am I supposed to do.... was all my efforts of making my own money wasted? Why is this not benefiting me? I had a feel of self accomplishment at first until I see my friends still being spoiled by their parents. What happened to hard work? What happened to friends looking out for each other? What did I do wrong?  
  
  
One last thing about my friend that really hurts my pride that I need to release/let go of, is my friends tendency to act like an expert. He acts like he knows what he's talking about. He tried to tell me yesterday .png is a lossless format. I've spend 2 years on a RSPS and wrote a screenshot method for the client. The screenshots were saved as png. I knew about png long before he knew what it was. Other times he tries to tell me things he's only read. He spends too much fucking time on /g/. I've got the fucking experience. He has the guts to tell me how it is... What the fuck is he trying to do? [I think this is my friend](http://i.imgur.com/56SGB.png)  
  
All he does it play dota 2 all day long while I'm working losing money.  
  
  
What do I do with him reddit? I feel so unfortunate. I feel more calm now all this is off my chest. Does anyone have advice on what to do about my feelings? I feel a mix of jealous &amp; pride-hurt. My ego goes off the charts when my friend tries to tell me how he thinks things are. I'm the one with the experience.  
  
What should I do reddit?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/7n6zyg/how_can_i_get_this_f_off_my_transcript_i_dont/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How can I get this F off my transcript? I dont think I deserved it.

To give some context, I'm a freshman Computer Science major that just completed my first semester attending a University on an academic scholarship that provides full tuition, food, and room (up to traditional housing price). The rules as I remember them for keeping my scholarship is that I must maintain above a 3.2 GPA and be a full time student (12-16 credit hours a semester) Computer Science 1 is the class I failed. I have a decent understanding of Comp Sci basics because I originally learned C a little through 10th and 11th grade in highschool then took an AP class (Computer Science Principals, taught in Java) my senior year. I passed the AP exam and could have skipped comp sci 1 but I chose not to because it and the following classes were taught in a language I hadn't yet learned (C++) and I felt it would be an easy A.  
  
I took Computer Science 1 this semester and was doing good in the class overall. I made A's and B's and 1 C on some simple online quizzes he had, a high B on the midterm, an 84 on the final, and missed one quiz (I had forgotten about it while attending a Hackathon, ironic right?). So the issue comes with this final project I had messed up on. I did the project correct short of two issues I noticed (didn't verify user input and didn't finish commenting the code all the way through) but all other aspects of the fairly long project worked fine so far as I could tell. It wasn't an especially hard project. Well, I didn't submit it right away because I was cleaning it up and, as I said, commenting the code (explaining what parts did what so it was easy to read). The day it was due I was commenting it, when I remembered I had a Calc test the next morning and panicked. It was a major thing because I didn't completely understand the math content and I spent the afternoon studying for it. I lost track of time, looked up, and I was 15 minutes past the deadline to submit my project. I freaked, tried to submit, was denied, and so emailed it to my professor with a message saying I wasn't able to submit it online and hoping he understood. He had told other students they could email him the project with corrections. In hindsight, I probably should have gone to talk to him the next day and explain the situation and hope he forgave me. But I simply hoped for the best. In the end, he didn't grade my project at all. After multiple emails, he finally responded the day before Christmas, long after final grades had been posted and claimed I never submitted the project. I had a flat 0 in as my grade so I asked why my other assignments weren't considered by their system. He said without 100s in everything else the project being a zero would have caused me to fail anyways so it didn't matter I'd still have an F. I asked him to reconsider and explained my situation, putting emphasis on my understanding of his classes content as well as my involvement in the comp sci club he oversees and the importance of my GPA to my scholarship so I can afford schooling. After looking, he said I never sent him the project in his email, not 15 minutes late like I claimed, not ever. And that late work wasnt acceptable as explained in the syllabus. (I give it to him, it was clear, but it was an honest mistake). I forwarded him the email that I had sent with my project so he could see it was done as well as a screenshot of my sent emails showing the date and timestamp and never received a response or updated grade after that.   
  
I'm at a loss. Due to the F, my GPA was set to a flat 3.0, putting my scholarship at risk if I don't bring it up. I can't afford college without it. My real question, with all of this context, is hopefully someone has any advice on what I should do to fix this? I have nothing against retaking the class. My biggest concern is getting the F off my transcript. I understand this may just have to be a hard lesson learned and strive for a 4.0 next semester so I don't lose my scholarship (it'll be checked at the end of the next semester), but if anyone else has any ideas please tell me. Is there anyone higher up I could go to for help sorting this out? Any other routes or suggestions? Any help at all would be appreciated!  
  
  
Tl;dr I submitted a major project 15 minutes late by a stupid mistake. I fail automatically because of it, despite my grades in the class. Any way of fixing or negating the F? Or is this just gonna have to be a hard lesson learned?  
  
Edit: I didn't realize retaking classes would replace the prior grade in the class so I'll just do that! Thanks for the help all. Sorry for wasting anyone's time!

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/w5692/anyone_here_who_moved_out_and_started_living_on/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Anyone here who moved out and started living on their own during college? Need advice.

Backstory:  
  
I'm 24 now and still have a bunch of classes to take until I can achieve my bachelors of comp sci. degree, but my parents have been nagging me to get a better job and to start paying 'part' of their bills. I've graduated with an associates in I.T, but I've been applying for jobs way before graduation and I still haven't had any luck. I currently work in retail and have been for 2.5 years and I went from a $8 to a $10 raise for all the hard work in sales at the beginning of this year (yeah it's not much). But lately they've been cutting everyone's hours from 40 down to 5-10 hrs per week. Already talked to the manager about this situation and he said it was corporate's decision on the budget cuts.  
  
Anyway, my parents want me to shell out at least $800 a month to help pay for the house ALONE. Monthly mortgage is $3500 and my parents and aunt share the payment. $800 is way too much but they aren't budging for it and I might as well find an apartment of my own for that price. On top of that... electricity bills, my part of the cellphone bill, utility, etc. So that's a little over $1000 a month. They've only been giving me work 5-10 hours a week. Mind you, my aunt's 4 kids uses the most electricity and utility usage (all of them still in the first 2 years of college) and I'm either working and/or at school so I only have a few hours to use the electricity before going to bed when I get back at home at 1am. I'd also like to point out that I'm a full service maid here and my folks appreciate it, but my cousins don't do shit around the house. You can come by and see my aunt always yelling at them to get a job like me while going to school. So I'm kind of wondering WHY I'm the one that has to pay the full amount for the bills when my cousins obviously play a role in the bills price too... my parents response? "Well you're older than them and you have a job". What a joke... I only use the electricity to use the computer and watch TV which is no more than 150W (according to my Kill-A-Watt meter). Did I also mention I also have to pay that $40 internet bill that everyone here uses?  
  
So I'm getting fed up with this and their nagging. I can't convince them anymore and haven't been able to for the past 3-4 years with this problem. My parents don't seem to understand how balance works with the bills. I mean if it were around $200 a month with my situation I can do that, but I'd hardly have any money to pay off my tuition. FAFSA says my parents make too much money. On top of that, they're paying for my brothers college education too at a private school (which I believe he has already taken out $60K in loans). The only thing I fear is having to work 2 jobs to live on my own and not being able to go back to school. I live in Northern California and the prices for rent here fluctuates.  
  
Roommates aren't an option either... I have had problems before when hanging out with other people during a weekend vacation.  
  
I'm at a lost here. Right now I can either just drop out of school (which I really don't want to do) and find a second job, or try and find some kind of full-time mailman or UPS work while taking 2 classes at a time each semester. I've been having trouble sleeping at night just thinking about this.  
  
----------------------------------------------------------------------  
TL, DR:  
  
- I'm 24 and still live at my parents house and trying to finish school  
  
- They want me to shell out at least $1000+ per month for all kinds of expenses, but retail work for me has gone from 40hrs down to 5-10 per week  
  
- 4 cousins living here (in college as well) play a major part in the utility and electricity bills, but parents say I should pay for the full price of EVERY bill, yet FAFSA caters to them.  
  
- Little brother (in a private college) has taken out $70K in loans so far in his 2nd year and my parents are helping pay for his expenses including HIS housing... forgot to mention that me and my folks tried really hard convincing him not go to to private college since it's very expensive but he made suicidal threats so my folks had to give in  
  
- I work for my own money to pay for my own tuition and FAFSA doesn't give a shit about me because my parents make too much money  
  
  
For $1000 a month, I could very well find my own place and live peacefully without any kind of ratchet (hopefully) and leave my parents and aunt to sort out their own kinds of dysfunctional problems. House is usually messy when me, my parents, and aunt aren't there.   
  
I'd also like to say that I don't want to be limited to only living in California. Going out of state would be great... I've always thought about living around Seattle, Washington or some parts of Canada.   
  
Advice guys?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/84tlmp/need_advicehope_im_not_the_only_one/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Need advice/hope I'm not the only one.

Hey y'all. So I'm a sophomore Mechanical Engineering major at a big college, but I'm an out of state student. Which means most of my "friends" from high school are back a in-state schools. I ha a rough time socially in high school due to health and because of my health, I didn't smoke or drink, and I think my friends though I would snitch on them if I as around them doing that, so I lost pretty much most of my friends my junior year. Didn't go to parties, everytime I tried to hang out, I get rejected, and all the party kids were my teammates on the baseball team. I also barely played any baseball, the thing I love as much as my family, because of my coach though I hate become weak after I was sick, and didn't think I could play anymore. Long story short, high school sucked. So I was kind of glad I went to an out of state school so I could no longer be around that cancer, started a new life. I was really excited to rush and join a fraternity to be part of the party life, make new friends, and compensate for what I missed out on in high school. At the same time, I was experiment with adding and dropping classes, and dropped a class for my major, Chemistry 1, on accident and couldn't find a time or days I could take it that semester, so I was already behind in my schedule before I even started college. I also didn't get into the fraternity I wanted a dropped, which I regret not being more open minded and just choosing one. To add insult to injury, my roommate facetimed his girlfriend every night, and went home weekends we didn't have home football games. I thought college was, or specifically my college, was going to be easy because its a school in the South, so you know, not much intelligence. I was wrong, and ended up with a 2.6 GPA. I was devastated, and sort of got a wake up call. The only good thing about that semester was my joining a club and finding a community through them. The next semester wasn't any better. My friend wanted me to rush so I could be in his fraternity, and didn't get a bid from them or any other frat, so another semester of no partying, making friends, or girls. I was jealous of all the guys having fun of the frats having fun an I couldn't have that kind of fun as well. Also no fun Spring Break plans. My GPA was a little better, only because I only had two classes to my degree plan, which I ended up having to dropping a class again, Calculus 1, meaning I was now a semester and a half behind in my second semester of college. I just had a bunch of electives to boost my GPA. By May, I was so glad to move out, but I couldn't transfer to my dream school, The University of Texas at Austin, because my GPA was too low. My summer was ok. I tried to take summer classes but that ended up not working out, so I couldn't catch up and that bummed me out so much because I couldn't imagine any of my friends already being behind by the end of their freshman year of college. I moved into an apartment this year, and even though I have friends, I didn't really consider too many of them as close enough friends to be roommates with, and those that I wanted to be my friends already had arrangements. So I had to roommate match, which they've, until recently, have been better than last year's roomate. Rushed again, assuming I was going to be in my friend's frat, because he said I would be a shoe-in, and not only did I not get a bid from them, but none of the other frats here. So another semester of no fun, no friends, and no girls, whereas freshman are getting into frat with no problems because they know people and get to live the life I wanted all 4 years of college. I, at most could, only be in a frat for 2 1/2 years, (probably going to be a 5, maybe 6 year student so maybe 3 or 4 years after all). Classes this semester were fine, but I tripped up on some tests and ended up with a 2.8 GPA by Christmas. The club I was part of started to drive me crazy, but at some point that half the classes I scheduled for this semester go toward a minor in Business Administration, so I thought that was cool, and am now pursuing that. I also realized that it would be easier for me to get an MBA at my from school that a Master in ME from Texas. So now, here I am, having signed a bid to a frat but not being able to do anything or meet any of my brother's or pledge brothers because of the school's President cancelling then deciding to do Spring Rush, but not having decided when, and because it's halfway through the semester, I'm assuming they won't do it, so 2 years wasting my college time not being in a frat and having a small social life and group of good friends. I did make it a resolution to be more outgoing, which did work, but not to the amount that I wanted, and I haven't really studied or hungout with these people, just good friends in my class. So here we are today, after dropping another class that I need, Physics 1, after I, and everyone else bombed the test Monday, and just signed a lease at another complex without any friends to be my roommates, so doing roommate matching agin, only praying that my future roommates are close to my preference, let alone guys in my fraternity, so I already regret signing it, and not staying at my current complex in another room or another complex because their closer closer, and a number of other reasons. I'm also upset that I keep dropping classes and wasting my parents money, as well as not progressing a my degree plan and getting closer to graduating. I'm upset that I don't or haven't had any of my friends become my roommates, I'm a pessimist and depressed because I always think that nothing will work-out for me since nothing has since my junior year of high school. I know that I'm depressed, everyone does, but I refuse to see a therapist because I know that I'm too stubborn and pessimistic to listen to their advice because I don't possible see how it'll improve my life. I don't go out to the bars on the weekends because I don't really have friends to go with. I tried going by myself a few times because of my resolution, and it's intimidating going by yourself, especially if you don't have a fake, because, for me, it's easier to talk to people, especially girls when I'm buzzed. Also bars quickly get expensive, are loud, and without being in a frat, I can't drink, so I stay in on the weekends, which upsets my parents. They want me to be more social. I know my priorities are out of whack, and I wish I could change that, but the party scene is so big at my school, that it's hard to not think about it. I could motivate myself with the money from my future career, which ironically, I know what to do, Reservoir Engineer, but it hasn't. I also want to get into McCombs School of Business at Texas to ge my MBA so it makes it easier to go up my future company's chain of command, which is hopefully Shell, ExxonMobil, or other big name oil companies, but for those companies I need at least a 3.2 GPA, and to get into McCombs, a 3.4. I'm also afraid about life after graduating because it seems so monogamous, waking up, go to work, go home, eat, sleep. I've heard that the social party life gets better after college because now you have money to do what I want, but I find that hard to believe because I'm no longer around college girls, and there aren't frat parties to go to anymore, only bars, an even that, to me, starts to look monogamous. That my pessimism showing again. I've heard to slowly become an optimist, I should write down at least 3 good things that happened everyday, but I can't even think of three things.I just want to hear what yall have to say, but typically when I post stuff, I get negative comment from people which is extremely unhelpful, so just advice or, hopeful stories that hopefully I'm not the only one facing these struggles.  
  
Edit:Most of my friends are in Greek Life, and seeing everything that they're doing on Snapchat and Instagram makes me feel bad because I know that also should be me, but it isn't me, and it gets me really sad that I'm not spending my time in college like that. Another thing I worry/get upset about is that freshman, who are taking Calculus 2, Chemistry 2, and Physics 1, are making these classes look easy, or aren't struggling nearly as hard as I am in classes that I'm currently in, and it urks me how they get it and get better grades, and I don't. Another thing is for most engineering students, it takes 5 years on average to graduate, but I feel like it'll take me 5 1/2-6 years to graduate, whereas my other friends, college or high school friends, even those who are also engineering majors, will have already graduated and have a job, while I'll still be in school, making me feel like an idiot compared to them. Now I've heard you shouldn't worry about what others are doing or thinking about you, only worry about you and yourself, but for me, its a lot easier said than done because I want to impress and outdo other  
  
tl;dr Had a crappy time in high school because I got sick. Went to an out of state hoping every life of my aspect of my life, academically and socially primarily, would get better, and as a current sophomore, it hasn't.

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](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/864h81/do_you_think_i_should_transfer/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Do you think I should transfer?

I am a second-semsester freshman at a world-class university.   
I'm proud to be here, but I don't know if I'm happy to be here. I'm not sure if I'm unhappy with the university or if it's a mental health thing.  
  
Long post, so here is the tl;dr:  
\*\*TL;DR: I'm not sure if my motivations and goals fit in with those of my school. I feel like I'm breaking my back and headed nowhere. It's like I'm headed in circles. I don't know if it is a personal issue, a personal issue that is being made worse by my school, or my school.  
  
I’m just tired of culture, having to worry about beating the curve and studying all the time. Another thing about the school is that it is so “no days off”. You can take a day off, but you’ll have to work your ass off to get back. It’s like you have to pay to just take a Saturday off with friends. And I would like to spend every Saturday doing some volunteer thing. I can't even enjoy spring break because I feel like I'm wasting my time not studying. You can’t even take a day off to enjoy your hobbies. I’d like to go hiking and even camping in the state park but god knows I don’t have time for that. It’s like my life is on pause. I know college is about academics—I’m not saying that it shouldn’t be. It’s just I can’t with a good mind take a day off and relax. I dislike my school's atmosphere of competition, grades over everything (even well being), and a bad grade = you didn’t study / you aren’t intelligent. Other students agree that there is a stressful, highly academics-focused culture at the school.  
  
 I like that my school has interesting classes and passionate students. I just can’t help but feel different from the students here. I feel like a dumbass here. I don’t know if my ideas are/motivation is appreciated. I want to be somewhere that I have time to volunteer and do extracurriculars and develop my hobbies and have a job or internship. I realize there are people at my school who are able to successfully juggle the academics and manage to have an internship and hobbies, but I don’t know if I’m one of those people. So far that would be impossible for me. I am so stress sensitive. I freeze up and I feel stupid and like I won’t amount to anything when I’m stressed. And it seems like this school and the students here run off of it. How much time and emotional energy I’m putting into a light workload (14 credits) of comparatively easy classes, I just don’t know if being very involved in volunteering and having a job or internship is possible for me at this school.  
  
Internships and jobs are essential to future job prospects. My alright grades and the school's name won’t be enough to get me a job after graduation. They don’t show whether or not I am competent in the real world or a job environment.  
  
I don’t want to be some big-name, famous, world-class whatever like many of the students here. That just doesn't motivate me. I feel disconnected from my peers in that way. I want to be a mom, be involved in my community and things I feel are meaningful, and be a teacher or a counselor or maybe a psychologist or something like that. I want to help people. I don’t care about notoriety or working for a Fortune 500 company or having my own Wikipedia page or making six figures. I wonder if I’m breaking my back working towards other people’s dreams and the dreams my parents have for me. I’m giving up things I enjoy, like improving and exploring my hobbies and interests and involving myself in causes that I find meaningful. I wonder if that’s even necessary. I want to do extracurriculars that let me work with kids, environmental things with the Bay or the state parks, clubs advocating for and interacting with people experiencing homelessness. I extract so much of my drive and internal sense of meaning from volunteering and involving myself in causes and I don’t have time for that. So far I've had no time for volunteering or anything of the sort because I've either been busy with work or trying to relax myself. I’m also not sure that my internal drive aligns with that of my school.   
  
In addition, this and last semester I have beens struggling with my mental health. Disassociation, stress, anxiety, racing thoughts, shaming myself as a lazy, useless buffoon who can't even get out of bed, do a calculus problem, or function like a normal person (In addition, people here tend to act like doing poorly in a class is because you're less intelligent). Some days I would be sitting at lunch with friends and almost break down into tears. Some days I wouldn't go to any of my classes but instead lay in bed, cry, and feel like I wasn't even a real person. Basically every week I have a day that this happens and I freak out about school. I'm very stress sensitive. In high school, I did not have perfect mental health but I am not sure if what I am experiencing now is related to the school or what. I want to do well and succeed. I don't want to breeze by and have everything given to me. I worry that people are chalking up my issues these past two semesters to laziness.  
  
I’m not saying any of this just out of concern for my grades or my mentality, but everything as a whole. I know other freshman here who have struggles some but are doing beautifully. I don’t know why it isn’t clicking for me, but I don’t have four years to decide whether or not it is working. I should also explain that last semester I took one credit under the required amount. Because of this, this semester I am on academic probation. If my grades are not up to par, I will be removed from the university and have one semester to prove I deserve to be here. I am speaking to my advisor, friends, RA, etc. about this, I just want as much input as I can get. Thank you all so much.  
  
TL;DR: I'm not sure if my motivations and goals fit in with those of my school. I feel like I'm breaking my back and headed nowhere. It's like I'm headed in circles. I don't know if it is a personal issue, a personal issue that is being made worse by my school, or my school.