Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/qypw1t/should_i_stick_with_my_cs_major/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Should I stick with my CS Major?

Hey, I'm a typical college student who's having trouble with deciding their major. Been in college for like 2 and a half years already and went from a criminal justice major to a psychology and now a computer science major. I'm about to hit you with a long ass story so maybe go grab a snack or somethin idk  
  
Like a year back your boy got cheated on for the first time, it was his first relationship too so that ruined me. During that time my home girl lets say Emily helped me go through that tough time. I knew her for 7.5 years, we've been online friends for a long time and have been playing video games throughout those years very often. We got super close ever since my ex cheated on me, we then started dating. Everything was going great, I switched majors to computer science and started my prerequisite classes during the summer, I was doing fine (B- in discrete math and C- in calc 1). Me and Emily planned on meeting for the first time towards the end of October. This is where everything goes downhill, Emily cheats on me hell yeaaa this is awesome (not really). Your boy was heart broken, exams were also near, I took a massive L on my linear algebra calc 2 and intro c++ exams. I was able to complete my english essay though so that's good (taking a intensive english writing class as well). Imagine dating your best friend of 6 years for a year and a half and then have them cheat on you when you two were literally about to meet in a couple of weeks haha. Yea your boy went through the great depression. It also sucked that I had no one to talk to about it so yea I bottled it all up and I still do which probably isn't healthy. I now lack the beginning/mid information of these courses, I am NOT an math expert so catching up has been extremely hard for me, like honestly I don't think I'm catching up at all it's like I'm taking in information and spitting it back out for another piece of information. Been struggling to focus on lectures as well. I have a linear and cs exam on Tuesday which I am NOT prepared for, I'm looking at my cs/linear practice exam and oh god I can't solve any of the questions. I know I'm going to fail these two exams.  
  
Now the big question is whether or not computer science is for me. Around the early stages of the class I really did enjoy it, it felt nice when my code worked and I did kind of liked the puzzles here and there. As the course progressed things obviously started to get harder which is normal for every college course. Its frustrating when I don't understand what's happening, I'll be trying to google up parts of the question to have myself google up a part of the googled answer, it's very frustrating. I'm not sure if it was because of the girlfriend incident that's making me want to change majors, I don't really like pure math at all but the concept of coding is really interesting to me, I do find myself enjoying it sometimes and I do feel really cool doing it haha. Obviously the incident hindered me and ruined my learning experience in CS, I'm not sure whether it is me as person not enjoying the class or if it was her that made me not enjoy the class. I don't really know how to explain it, basically I went from variables loops stuffs like that and then hopped backed in at recursions and arrays, its all very confusing right now. Maybe it was a bad idea to take 2 math class and intensive writing class on the side? (probably was, especially when im not a math talented student). Honestly I don't even know if I make sense right now, I probably sound hella dumb trying to explain my entire situation. Over the years of taking career quizzes and personality exams they all recommend me trying computer science but like I don't really enjoy it I think? Am I suppose to look forward to this class every single day? Like am I suppose to be excited to wake up at 9 am (big mistake taking it at 9 am btw im not a morning person) in the morning for this CS class? It's like I enjoy it but I don't enjoy it, my brain is so conflicted I don't know how to explain it. How do I know if it's something I'd want to do for the rest of my life? One thing I do know is that I really do want to do something tech related. I really enjoy being near computers and doing computer related activities, it's one thing that I learned about myself when taking this CS class. I was looking at maybe IT but I really don't want to transfer college again. Should I retake the course alone next semester and see how it goes? Or should I just change majors into something else, I was looking at accounting business or graphic design. I heard the math in accounting isn't that bad, I'm fine with doing basic algebra I just really hate the complex math questions where you gotta use like 500 formulas on one question that has an part a to z in it. I'm worried about what to do next but I don't really want to delay my graduation anymore, I already delayed it by a year when I switched my major, I don't want to delay it even more. I have nothing against people who graduated late, I don't know why I get this feeling but I just have this random fear of graduating late, not sure why. Another thing is I feel so bad and guilty for wasting my dad's money. He's paying for my tuition, he didn't even want to pay for it in the beginning but my mom convinced him to do it. What am I suppose to tell him if I fail this class (which I probably will, I got a 6/40 on my first CS exam yeaa I didn't do good, 45/100 linear exam and 28/100 calc 2). I'm pretty much lost right now with what I want to do with my life, this post is probably really dumb but I just wanted to put it out there and see what your thoughts are. If I said anything confusing go ahead and ask a question, I wrote this on my phone past midnight while I was crying myself to sleep so there will probably be some confusing sentences here and there. Your mentally broken home boy is extremely confused with everything and needs some guidance.  
  
I'm a 20 year old dude enrolling in a CUNY college btw if you were curious.  
  
Oh btw If I do pass linear algebra and calc 2 with a c- the only math class I'll have left will be probability, I was able to complete discrete math, pre calc, and calc 1. I'm just unsure whether I actually enjoy coding or not.  
  
Was gonna post this in a cs subreddit but I do wanna see what everyone else has to say about this.  
  
Throwaway Account

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c4nf1/reddit_it_was_recently_revealed_to_me_that_i_was/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, It was recently revealed to me that I was an illegal immigrant. I have been living a lie. I am young, alone, and very scared. I don't know how to deal with this, or what to do. Please help...

Let's get two things out of the way: I didn't know for a very long time, and I'm gay. It's kind of long, but this is the first time I've told anyone let alone the internet the full story.  
  
sigh I really don't know where to begin, but I guess this all started when I first moved out of my folks' house, when I was 18... I've known forever that I was gay and when I came out to my parents at 16, who are strict Catholics, did not take it well. I was not kicked out of the house but I was judged very harshly from then on. My mother threatened to kill herself when I told her, my father tried to "make me straight". It was clear I needed to get the hell out of that living situation as soon as I possibly could.  
  
The minute I graduated High School I got a decent retail job making a little above minimum wage. I saved up what I could while still helping out my family, and when I was able to move out I did. I shared a place with a few people, where I lived comfortably for about a year. I kept working hard and saving money, even getting a second job to put away for college. I met a guy, we fell in love, life was good...  
  
A year or so passed and I was informed that the people who where buying the house where I was renting a room could no longer afford the mortgage, and they would have to sell the house. I had to find a place to live, and I had to do it ASAP. My boyfriend and I decided that it was time to move in together. So we started looking around at apartments.  
  
I had never had any indication that I was any different from any other person, other than the fact that my parents where from Mexico and, of coarse, the gay thing. When my boyfriend and I found a place we liked and could afford, we immediately applied and began moving preperations. Much to my surprise, my application was rejected. I was shocked, I had never opened up a credit card (on the advice of a few coworkers who knew I was saving up for college. They told me that I would just get into debt with one, and I wanted to start college free of that), I had no car (couldn't afford one), and had excellent history paying all of my bills. I knew I had little credit history, but this place wasn't expensive, and between my two jobs I could more than afford this place.  
  
They told me my SSN was being rejected, that the credit people they used to do background checks said my number was (I remember this clearly, because I had absolutely no idea what the hell this meant) "Out of bounds". I was told I had to provide another proof of residency. I had never ever had anything like this happen to me before, I was able to land two jobs and go to school just fine.  
  
I immediately called my parents up and asked them what was going on. My mother said she would try and find my birth certificate but that it would take some time, she would have to do some digging. Housing situation falling apart very quickly, I decided that it would be for the best to move back home just for a month until the credit situation got straightened out and I could move in with the BF.  
  
sigh And then shit hit the fan. When I moved back home, my parents (who had considerably improved their attitudes towords my homosexuality) expected me to pay them rent. I was OK with this, I made a decision to move out so I had chosen my role as an adult. This pushed my college plans way back however, which I wasn't happy about. My father also had different views on how I should be living my life, and we fought constantly. It got so bad that it almost headed towards physical altercation on many occasions. My mother would not give me my birth certificate, and at this point the commute to, from, and between both jobs was grueling. I decided I needed to get one job, closer to the Apartments where I wanted to live. When I informed my parents of this, my mother dropped the bombshell.  
  
They told me that when I was 5 years old, they had me smuggled into the country. That before this, I was living with some relatives who agreed to watch over me while my parents staked out a niche in the US. That the reason for them moving here to begin with was that we where an affluent family in Mexico, and this lead to my kidnapping when I was only 3. That my whole entire life had been a sham. That my documents and paperwork saying I was a US citizen, the very documents I had used to land my jobs and was going to try to go to school with, where forged. I didn't exist. I was an illegal immigrant, not by my own choice. They showed me my birth certificate, and sure enough, it was in some hospital in the Federal District of Mexico.  
  
I don't think I'd known sadness until then. I was crushed. I wept for days, not knowing what to do. My parents did little to comfort me, they told me they where "Hoping for a way to make me legal". I didn't tell anybody. Not for a while. I finally decided to tell my boyfriend at the time, and that was a mistake. He said he'd be supportive of me and help me, he even managed to help me find a new roommate(he'd lost his job at this point, and I wanted now more than ever to leave my parents house for good). We packed up all of my things in the dead of night, and I left.  
  
I started living with this guy at some really shady apartments, ones where they didn't do full-on credit checks, just made sure you had a job. Things started out fine, but my boyfriends attitude towards me changed completely. He began to be abusive, not physically but he would always put me down or just treat me generally bad. I dumped him when I couldn't take anymore, when I felt like I was just losing myself more and more to his abuse. He threatened to have me deported, and I panicked. Those where empty threats, but the gravity of of this secret I had to now keep alone was too much.  
  
I've only told 4 people this my entire life. Three very close friends, and my now-ex. I am afraid to let anyone know what is going on, but I can't live with this anymore. I'm so scared, I'm so alone, and no one understands what I am going through. I feel completely alone, and lost. I can't afford a lawyer, and I've been looking into citizenship and it seems that for the most part this is a process that takes years and years and lots of money(which I don't have). The only option is marriage...  
  
I met a girl I thought I could trust with this. We where close, like brother and sister close. We decided that even though she had a boyfriend we would attempt to marry and fake it till I was a citizen. This all came crashing down when I found out she told everyone of our friends that I was illegal. I was crushed, again. I learned not to trust people with this, that I had to keep it hidden at all costs. Especially since some of those friends where not trustworthy. As luck would have it, some of those friends and I had a falling out. A bad one. Now I am scared that out of anger they will tell more people, and eventually the wrong person will know and get my ass deported.  
  
My lease for this apartment will be up in a month, and I have nowhere to go. I have an out-of-state ID that expires at the end of this year, a valid Tax ID number, and nothing else. I am in debt due to this apartment being more costly than I originaly calculated(and losing my second job). None of my friends have any room for me to stay with them, nor do I feel I can trust a coworker or stranger for a roommate. I could move back home, but I know this will get me nowhere, and due to the distance I would have to quit my job.  
  
Reddit... I don't know what to do anymore. I am cripplingly depressed. I don't feel that I can go on living like this much longer, a criminal in my own country. I don't know spanish that well, I don't know the first thing about mexican culture, and I don't know anyone in Mexico. I was raised here. My entire life I've played by the rules, stayed out of trouble, studied hard (when I found out I couldn't really get to college, I started studying to become A+ certified at least) for nothing. All my life I thought I was just another person, to have that yanked out from under you... I don't know how I managed to get this far.  
  
My work ethic has considerably dropped, I don't go out and see my friends as much as I used to, and I don't even leave the house most days unless I absolutely have to. I have pondered suicide more times than I can count. I figured, hey, they will probably kill me for being gay in Mexico, and I can't live like this forever without getting caught, so my not nip this in the bud? I have overcome these feelings each and every time, but as the day that I will probably be moving back home draws closer... I have to try harder and harder to get up in the morning. I feel like my family is the only reason I haven't already, like I'd be bringing them untold pain and shame that they don't deserve. That it's selfish of me.  
  
I am not asking for a handout, I am asking for advice. For guidance. I am so scared, more scared than anyone can imagine... I am so alone and jaded by the people that have betrayed me with this secret before. I don't hate my parents, but I resent them so much for making this choice for me. I don't know where to turn anymore... as I type this tears keep welling up in my eyes with the thought that I may be kicked out of the my home just because someone doesn't like the color of my skin. Or my lisp. Or the way I walk. Is there any hope left, reddit? I can't stress enough that I am completely petrified of my future, and I don't know what to do anymore... How can I get legal counseling for something like this? I just need some advice, or just to hear that it'll be OK and I'll make it...  
  
PS. Yes, this is a throwaway account  
  
TL;DR I'm gay, about to be homeless, and recently found out I was smuggled into the country at a very young age. I'm really scared about my future.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/jis9r6/not_really_sure_what_to_do_with_my_life_rn/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Not really sure what to do with my life rn

I am currently going to a community college and my major is Science, A.S. The major is designed to transfer to a bunch of science/math courses at Universities. So far, I was originally going to major in chemistry, but after getting a difficult professor for Gen chem 1 and experiencing zoom community college with Gen chem 2 and organic chemistry 1 (even with a good professor) I became very certain that Chemistry would not be the subject I would major in, and decided to go along with Biology in the future. I looked at the University I was going to transfer to and I was looking forward to taking the upper level Bio courses even though some said they were really hard.  
  
Now I am taking BIO 101 and 50% of the time I like it and 50% of the time its an annoying ass class with a lot of work. I can't tell if i'm disliking it because of its online-features (I don't pay attention to lectures I hate them), or maybe general biology just sucks and I haven't reached the good stuff yet, or its just not the right major for me. I'm not struggling in the class, I have an A. But now I am questioning whether I really wanna major in this subject. I am hoping that I am having a negative response due to covid tearing up the joys of learning.   
  
If I'm being true to myself, I am not that science-oriented. I love math and would like to major in that. Growing up my parents HIGHLY encouraged me to go to medical school and made it seems like it was the best job in the whole world and I would be making awesome money with prestige while helping sick people. Honestly I feel like medical school is blown out of proportion. Don't get me wrong and M.D is an awesome achievement and being a doctor can be rewarding but I just don't see it as something I was to slave away going to school for. I don't want to study for the MCAT, spend four years splitting my brain in half during medical school and spend 3-7 years of residency like school wasn't enough. And then watch my peers start their lives and have kids and enjoy being an adult out of school   
  
After making the decision that medical school is not the moves, I felt afraid that I was at an age where I pretty much had to know what I want to do in life so I can work towards that. I spent my entire life dreaming about medical school but I never even seriously considered other careers. I felt envious of my peers who had their whole lives researching and thinking of what they WANT do in life and how their parents gave them support 100%, they didn't feel pressured to choose a specific job or field.  
  
Meanwhile I was deciding what I wanted to do in the future instead of medical school during my senior year of high school. I decided on pharmacist because even though they had to go to grad school, there was not much schooling after that and it was still healthcare so my parents wouldn't be really upset if I went against medical school. Honestly part of the reason why I choose pharmacy was because I was too scared to look at fields that wasn't healthcare. I wasn't able to take myself out of that comfort zone and really search what I want because I was afraid it was something my parents would want me to do. I think I want to do something math education related but my parents said I won't get a job with a math major and teachers don't get paid enough. LIKE FIRST OF ALL IM NOT TRYING TO BE RICH. I'm currently a math tutor at my community college and its really fun and fufilling. I like the feeling after helping a struggling student with a math problem even if it gets stressful at times. I have a sister who wants to have an art career and my parents were extremely against it and were completely unsupportive at first. She pretty much went through a mini crisis because other than art she doesn't really want to do anything else and my parents were really mad, my mom was especially livid and said things she shouldn't have said but she apologized later. Luckily for her they are supportive now and look for ways to help her  
  
Studying drugs even looks really interesting (and it is!). So I got my pharmacy technician certification and I just got a job as a pharmacy tech after a year of job searching (Im a college student, scheduling is hard). I been working as a tech for a few weeks and I don't think being a pharmacist is for me because I been watching the ones at my job and it looks like the tasks they do are boring/difficult/and repetitive. Unless they are talking to a customer they pretty much stand in one place. At least as a technician its more of a stand/walk/crouch job. I was kinda split between being a pharmacologist (they make drugs) and being a pharmacist but I decided that being a pharmacologist is the moves for me for now. Another reason why I started leaning towards pharmacology was because the job market for pharmacists are a dumpster fire. It's not worth it to go into debt for school and have trouble finding a stable and decent paying job afterwards.  
  
Anyways thank you for coming to my ted talk :) Hopefully its just covid school stressing me out

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/d6rftu/help_for_a_bullshit_math_class_and_a_teacher_who/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Help for a bullshit math class and a teacher who doesn't care (this is long im sorry.)

I'm a freshman with a complicated personal situation thats adding alot of stress to my life on top of this, if thats important.   
  
the only general math class i have to take is a Math115 (intermediate Algebra) course. when registering for classes, this class section was at the best time for me, but teacher was TBA. i looked up all my other professors on rate my professor as i registered and they were all cool so i decided to take my chances. (this part right here was hands down the WORST decision my poor naïve self made.)   
  
...fast forward to first day of school. i get handed my syllabus, Professor starts explaining how it works and by the end of the class i wanted to puke. my heart dropped and i knew this class would drag me by my hair screaming and crying to the end of the semester.   
  
the class works like this:   
  
1) all work is done in ALEKS. for anyone who has been graced with not knowing what this is, its a \*VERY\* universally hated online math program. "topics" are problem subjects inside of a "pie" and every "slice" of the pie is a subject (real mumbers/linear equations/polynomials/etc.). each slice has varying amounts of topics.  
  
2) every topic has to be completed for you to pass. all 250+ topics. it doesnt matter if you take the paper final and pass. if you dont pass ALEKS you fail.   
  
3) homework is open in a window of friday-thursady 11:59. you either get 10pts or 0pts. you cant get partial credit. it doesnt matter if you're assigned 32 topics for the week and you do 31. if you dont do 32 you get 0pts.   
  
4) ALEKS will decide when you need a calculator. also no calculators on the paper quizes ever.   
  
5) its a M/W/F class. M/W she lectures for 20 mins on a few of the topics then we do hmwk for the rest of class. F we get a 10 point quiz and then group work. in group work we get a packet of unfamiliar problems and we get to teach eachother what to do. (i take issue with this because i have bad anxiety about doing math around people)   
  
6) if you cant complete your homework you still cant complete those topics. why? well when the next hmwk cycle begins ALEKS locks every unit before it. you have to work to finish early to beable to get to those previous units.   
  
7) Knowledge checks!!!!! basically, ALEKS sometimes forces you to take a test (that isnt graded for the class by my professor) to make sure you actually learned the topics you completed. if you get a question wrong you have to redo that topic. see 6 for why thats horrible.   
  
8) if you have less than 4 abscenses you dont have to take the paper final, you can only take the ALEKS comprehensive. when asked about how hard it is Prof deadass says "oh no one has had to try more than about 5 times." like...the fuck?   
  
so. this being said we now arrive to right now. I've talked to my professor 3 seperate times about why this class stresses me out so much, and i ask for just a little bone, just something. maybe an extra day for homework, maybe being allowed to use calculators (im a bit bad at paper add/sub bc i go fast and make dumbass mistakes. i know how to do the algebraic concept but some topics take me hours bc i do small fuck ups), unlocking previous topics so i can be sure im still up to speed, less topics every week (week 1 was 25 tpcs, 2 was 32tpcs, this week was only 13 but they were very tedious and very difficult,), partial credit on hmwk, just...SOMETHING.   
  
i explained that ive already spent lots of time crying and stressing over this class and its so early in the semester. so she pulls up my student report and saw that last wednesday (week 2) i spent 4.5 hours working, and that i worked on my homwork a bit every single day. she asked me how many credits im taking (15), and when i answered she simply said that it was my fault im stressed because im probably taking too many classes. i was like??? no???? i need to take 15 a semester to graduate in 2 years (im going for an associate.) i know the content of the class but the amount of work with all these resrictions is what makes this more difficult than even my 4 credit class.   
  
she didnt care though and she waved me away. this conversation happened about 2 more times after this. im upset and frustrated because im doing my best to make sure i succeede and following the advice of "talk to professors early! they'll work with you if you're dilligent!" but she just. doesnt care. it doesn't help that when she DOES actually teach its super grating to listen to because she talks like she's teaching 5th graders. i still do my part and take notes for things i dont know but im at a loss. putting so much focus on this class is fucking with my time management for my other classes' homework because i have to spent such a disproportionate amount of time here.   
  
ALEKS is also horribly finniky. i typed an answer as 13x-5x^2+13 and got marked wrong because it wanted -5x^2+13x+13. without stating anywhere that answers were ONLY accepted in standard notation. mind you tho, it accepts things like " 45/9 " and " 2/8 ".   
  
Im currently doing my best but this class is making me despise math all over again, even though i know algebra can be really cool and im actually decent at it. how do i deal with this? should i keep talking to her? I've been thinking of just going to the department head, because im not the only person in this class struggling so much. I'm not withdrawing because i really dont have the money to essentially have wasted on the class and the stupid activation code for ALEKS. (my tuition is like 95% covered by federal aid, 5% im struggling to pay for out-of-pocket.)

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/hvmc1/reddit_what_items_for_less_than_1_can_you_buy/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, what items, for less than $1, can you buy that will greatly increase your quality of life?

This is a repost of a comment I made.  
  
http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/hv32a/reddit\_what\_items\_for\_less\_than\_100\_can\_you\_buy/c1ypos6  
  
----------------------------------------  
  
If any engineering brains at Reddit want to make a contribution to global society, reword the question:  
  
&gt; Reddit, what items, for less than $1, can you buy that will greatly increase your quality of life?  
  
Setting aside the absolutely poor, the billion or so living under tarps without drinking water, there remain billions more living on a couple dollars a day. What this phrase "less than a/2 dollar/s" a day misses is the power of those few dollars. You cannot imagine living without your 50$ shower head, but entire families can survive on a couple dollars a day outside the developed world. Food and services can be extremely cheap. Imagine a whole family eating (barely) adequate for a month on about 25$. Yes it's possible.   
  
Even so, these "aspiring" classes -so-called because they fit somewhere between absolute poverty and the middle class- live without lots of things you would consider basic to a good life. Most can afford a few appliances. People will buy a cell phone, a radio, a TV, then a fan, then (more rarely) a fridge or (even more rarely) a washing machine. Rarely do you see all these appliances in one house. Nobody can afford AC because of the cost of electricity.   
  
The price of these appliances hover around $100-150 and represent family investments. There is barely any secondary market, because nothing is thrown away. Somewhere in your neighborhood, somebody fixes it, and so you fix it and fix it, for years until the bitter end.   
  
They don't buy books, except textbooks which are badly written and printed by the government. These will come in somewhere between $1-5 each. You will never find any other book. Not even a phone book. The children of the household may be the second generation to attend school, and the only literature they read are these shoddy school textbooks, which they memorize. There is no local library. Most libraries are private, and restrict access. Nobody knows where the libraries are, or how to get there.  
  
There is no shower, and no common water supply. Water comes from a well that is undrinkable, pulled up by electric pump to the roof. You empty it into a bucket, then dump it on your head. The bucket costs about $2. Once or twice a week, the city will pump drinking water, with which you fill buckets. Miss your chance and you don't have any water. Spend $2 on a large bottle of mineral water.  
  
For many, there will be no private space, except the bathroom. Everyone lives, eats, and sleeps in one or two rooms. It's two or three to a bed. if there is a bed. Most people sleep on concrete with a mat or thin blanket. There is no "me" time before you go to sleep.  
  
We all know about Chinese made plastic crap. Now realize that your Chinese plastic crap was the creme de la creme of plastic crap. Only the best for America. In the second world you will be surprised how little plastic is required for a straw, how materials in general can be stretched to the limit of plausibility to produce a salable object. There is a huge market that can pay \*almost\* nothing, and it's served. It turns out people living on 2 dollars a day drink with straws at the movie theater, too. They don't sit under a tarp lamenting out of a toothless mouth. Those people make less than one dollar a day.  
  
Much of the world doesn't use toilet paper, which saves a lot of money. It is also quite sanitary when good soap is available, which it almost never is in a public place, like a restaurant or train station. It may surprise you, but toilet paper is not first on the list of expenses to upgrade as the aspiring class climbs the ladder. The pipes can't handle it. Shifting would be a huge infrastructural expense that nobody can afford.  
  
People might know about the Internet, but they don't know how to use it. Kids use the local Internet cafe to play Grand Theft Auto. The network will be spotty, electricity shutting off regularly due to city-wide brownouts. The net will be understood mainly as a place to obtain movies, music, and pornography, or to Skype with a relative working in some far away place. Wikipedia, Google and Twitter might as well not exist for most of them; Facebook has slightly better penetration. Email is understood to be a magical counterpart to SMS if it is known at all. Nobody has a webpage or knows how to code HTML. Lots of families simply can't afford the few coins it costs to use the services.  
  
There might be a 2% penetration of computers at home, with few able to spend more for Internet, which will inevitably be horrendously slow. Anyone who actually becomes an engineer moves far away to pursue their success. Almost nobody who knows how to use a computer lives in the area. Everyone will tell you earnestly they want to become a computer engineer, but almost nobody has really used a computer. For many, their first year of engineering college will be the first time sitting in front of a machine for a substantial amount of time.  
  
This comment serves to merely scratch the surface of everyday life in a second-world context. Anyone who had a real interest in thinking about product engineering for the second world would have to live there. Each place will have its own cultural and technological geography.  
  
----------------------------------------  
  
Still, I imagine there is a \*general case\* worth pursuing here:  
  
\*\*Here's my suggestion for a Reddit-relevant fantasy product for "less than 100$" that would be a great boon to this class of people.\*\*  
  
\*\*Can an extremely cheap electronic device be created that leverages the fact most of these households have, or will have, a TV? How much of the cost can be offloaded? Amazing would be a USB-hub sized flash-based "computer" with a TV out and wifi, stuffed with free software and ALL THE PIRATED BOOKS SATAN CAN STORE ON 2 GB.\*\*  
  
There is one product I can find sold out of China for 68$. But 68$ is at least half a month's wages for many. It needs to be less. It needs to be between $20 and $40. Closer to $20.  
  
Western geeks have their hand-helds, their plug computers, and other geekery, but they lack the real life experience that would enable them to imagine the technological possibilities of the second-world, and not merely its limitations. They don't realize how revolutionary a tailored device would be in a far off place. They think in terms of the evolution of tech in the West (desktop-laptop-handheld) without realizing this evolution has not and likely will never take place in the second world.   
  
Another difficulty is the near-complete lack of knowledge of the supply-chain existing in the second-world, and of the capabilities of local workers. A Westerner will naturally price his products incredibly high, because he is used to paying a lot. He will not be able to imagine an \*ad hoc\* product, built from junk, soldered together in a local shop the size of a walk-in closet for 2 cents a piece.(1) He will not take into account the illicit trade in electronics parts which forms the backbone of off- and fake-brand electronics and appliances. A Westerner will source his boards from a website in the English language. But this is not how people who live on $2 a day manage to survive, and indeed thrive in many cases. They cut corners, until the square fits into the circle. Can we do that?  
  
If we really believe in open source, in a world made more democratic through the application of technology, Western geeks need to put a lot more thought into the realities of living in the second-world. Technology is not an equalizer, it is a cultural accelerant, and billions of people are being left in the dust, while Western geeks ponder the value of their $50 shower heads.  
  
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\*(1) To give you some idea of labor costs in the second world, my local print shop \*silk screened by hand\* each and every of a thousand business card order I made, for about $10 \*including materials\*. The process required two people, one to lift and drop the silk screen, and the other to ink, adjust and print the card.\*  
  
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\*\*EDIT:\*\* There are projects to bring computing to the second and third world. One Laptop Per Child project, Simputer, and other attempts have all faltered. The latest hyped project, the Indian government's 35$ tablet Sakshat, has been delayed. In case you are interested, some links.  
  
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/OLPC  
  
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Simputer  
  
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sakshat  
  
All these initiatives seem to suck from the same giant cock: they're all essentially private projects. When they fail, nobody gains anything from the effort.(2, 3) Nobody learns anything except, "Gee, making a cheap computing device is hard!" They have proven they aren't up to the job, and disappear once the money and moralfag enthusiasm runs out. We'll see about the Sakshat.  
  
VIA has an interesting project, essentially tailoring technology for the second world context. VIA's initiative will probably survive simply because it is based on economics of an emerging consumer market. Still, it's products are out of range for the average person living on 2 dollars a day. Its marketing is directed at well funded NGOs, I think.  
  
http://www.via.com.tw/en/initiatives/empowered/  
  
What would be really revolutionary is the following:  
  
1. Open source plans, so anyone can produce it, learn from it, contribute to it.  
2. Use of the cheapest, found, and unlikely source materials. Can we turn one man's junk into another man's technology gold?  
3. Use of hobbyist 3d printers to produce as much of the body as possible, to match required precision with local fabrication.  
4. Something cool and viral that can take care of itself and increase geek-knowledge, rather than a polished dumb-user product mediated by NGOs or governments as handouts.  
  
What we want is not a client base (social worker mentality), or consumer base (capitalist mentality), but a geek base, a generation of second world geeks who can take hold of their own situation to bring the open network home.   
  
This is a link to open source hardware.  
  
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Open-source\_hardware  
  
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(2) Simputer was supposedly open source hardware, but   
(3) This is where Stallman was wrong in 1999, when he said "I see no social imperative for free hardware designs like the imperative for free software." Openness creates the social platform from which to build and derive socially valuable technologies.  
  
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\*\*tl;dr: Instead of thinking about your 50$ shower head, think about what would be useful to the second world; can Reddit design the world's next revolutionary computing device? \*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ve88g/whats_one_goal_that_you_need_help_to_complete/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: What's one goal that you need help to complete?

Alright here goes, my first post to reddit after being a 5+ year lurker. I would recommend only beginning to read this post if you have some time or actually care about other people's bumps on the road of life. The goal that I am in need of help in completion is saving enough money so that I can not only pay the rest of my tuition for school, but ALSO be able to afford a car before I am 26 years old. Here's my story:   
  
I attended high school in a highly affluent area. We're talking the high school where students turn 16 and are bought a new BMW or Mercedes by their parents. Having a large family, my parents obviously could not afford to do this for my four siblings and I, especially when they were in the process of saving money to put the five of us through college. I graduated in 2007 and like most graduates immediately after high school was encouraged to go to college without taking time off to work or travel, or for health reasons. So I did, and I went to a University that was about 400 miles away from home.   
Initially University was extremely exciting. I began working out, making new friends with my dorm/suite mates, and setting goals for myself. (I later found out that the dorm I stayed in produced the lowest GPA and highest dropout rate of any on campus housing due to its prison like appearance and being the only all male dorm on a massive campus). During the course of my freshman year there, my parents failed to send me my depression medication on time every month (I was diagnosed as clinically depressed as a freshman in high school). This lead to periods of deep depression which included feelings of hopelessness, periods where all I could do for relief was hope to stay asleep, and bouts of random crying/suicidal thoughts. In turn, I began to miss my classes and perform poorly academically. I even resorted to periods of drug experimentation, as a way of self medicating in an attempt to not constantly feel horrible.   
  
My sophomore year I found myself on academic probation. My first semester I was so depressed I believed that I did not want to be in school at all, and took four F's. The next semester I was on academic warning and told I would have to achieve a certain GPA to be able to continue attending University. I fell short of that GPA by about .2.  
  
The next year I was out of school, but living at home with my parents who have been fighting for about 30 years now. (This is where I still live but I am getting there.) I decided that it made more sense to move back to the town in which I attended University in as that was where my friends lived and where my girlfriend at the time was going to continue attending. I said goodbye to my parents and moved back to Greenville, NC on my own with about $400 dollars to spare for finding a place to live and getting my first month's rent out of the way. I rode there with my now x-girlfriend.  
  
I found a cheap apartment to share with others and took a minimum wage job as a dishwasher in a Mexican restaurant downtown. I was working 5 nights a week sometimes until 2 in the morning for minimum wage. Yes I was scraping half eaten food scraps from the plates and getting recycling "juice" spilled on me when I took the trash out. However, I had to work to be able to afford something that I wanted, and this made me happy. I was glad that I had a new perspective and work ethic that many people I went to high school with will never experience in their entire lives. (To this day my friends credit cards, cell phones, car payments, and insurance are still all taken care of by their parents.) I made dirt money for hard work, but I continued doing it for a while as I had my girl and I had my friends.  
  
After working and living in Greenville for about a year and a half, I had an awakening. I was 21 years old, living in a crummy apartment, had no cell phone, and was working a dead end job to stay broke. I realized that the only way I was going to make it out of this lifestyle of poverty I had seemed to have chosen was to move back home to Pennsylvania and get into community college. There, I realized, I would be able to raise my GPA to the point where I could get back into a University again.   
  
At some point I woke up, and began being productive in some way every day. I have come such a long way in just two years. I am now 23. I am living at home so that I have access to a vehicle that allowed me to commute these past few semesters. (My parents car.) I recently graduated and got my associates degree in general studies from a community college with a GPA of 3.51 while simultaneously working most days out of the week. Using my GPA and writing a letter of intent that had many of the details of this post, I was able to get accepted into the Microbiology program at my local University. The money that I have been saving is going to paying my cell phone and gas money in commuting every day. In addition, whatever money I save my grandfather told me that he would match, and we could put that sum together toward my massive tuition bill coming up in a few short months. I received one grant for school and a good amount of money in loans, but the cost of tuition and books for University now is simply astounding.   
In October I will turn 24. I will be attending University in a Microbiology program and have so many new opportunities and my whole life ahead of me. Unfortunately, I may have to go five semesters in order to get my degree. I will not be able to work nearly as much as I am going to have to be studying many hours every day. This pushes off my projections of being able to afford my own car until I am about half way through my 26th year of life. I don't wish this for myself. I know that when I do eventually get a car I will appreciate it infinitely more than most all of my peers, but this doesn't make it any easier. I finally wrote out my story as I have been wanting to document it, but I also turned to reddit for help. Yes, life isn't fair, and everyone has their own problems. I suppose I turned to reddit because of some of the amazing things I have seen everyone do over the years. I'm sure that I will get plenty of angry or mean comments from this thread. My goal is to be able to save enough for University AND a car, and at $9.00 an hr part time work this is realistically impossible. This is my goal that I am in need of help with. This is something that has been making me depressed for quite some time now. I ask those of you who read this far, please help me out in realizing my dreams. I don't care if it is advice, networking, or a small donation. My paypal account is spl1014@gmail.com. In addition to working part time I have also been selling items out of my basement on ebay, but even this is a tiny drop in the bucket of what I will need to be able to afford a vehicle. Please redditors, if you found yourself identifying with some of the things that I have been through or understand what it's like to be unable to afford something other people had when they were teenagers, help me out if at all possible.  
  
TL;DR: Went from being a dishwasher at minimum wage to attending the Microbiology program at my local University in two short years. Got help from grandparents in putting me through community college. In need of help in saving money for tuition and for my first car. If I can't find some sort of help I will likely not own my first vehicle until I am about 26 or 27 years of age. In a first world capitalist society this makes you about as desirable as a homeless person.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/mx56m/ive_been_crying_all_night_reddit_i_dont_know_what/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I've been crying all night reddit. I don't know what to do (need relationship advice)

Long story short. Me and my gf (ex?) are fighting. and before I continue on with this story I just wanna get some backstory. I'm gonna be completely and brutally honest so I can get the best advice possible.  
  
  
Essentially my gf goes to work/school and her time is occupied what seems full time and we spend minimal time together. Her mom is sick (cancer) and she spends time with her too. I'm more then understanding of this and give her her space, but she has told me literally that she has no time for friends or barely time for me. I understand and am patient and will see her when I see her.  
  
  
Now fast forward to last night. Last night it was her birthday and I recently found out she's been going out drinking with her friends. She says it was once, but I can't be too sure. I stormed out in a fit of rage on the dinner because my leg was shaking and I didn't want to make a fool of myself, cause a fight, or upset anyone.  
  
  
  
  
I told her if she has no time for anything, why is she doing that? I don't care how much time you got, I'll savor every minute if it means being with you and I don't care what it is. She doesn't understand this and thinks I'm just being a jealous prick. I just wanna see her man, but whatever she doesn't get why I got upset.  
  
  
  
  
So then I back to meet her at a club with her friends and the rest of the night goes smoothly. Then today hits. Boy was she pissed.  
  
  
  
  
She got mad att me because my gift wasn't thoughtful and in the past I bought my ex a guitar and guitar lessons. (Long story short, I was a magician making decent money and I had no bills/rent/car insurnece etc etc to pay thusly I was able to afford these things). Mind you this was 2-3 years ago... anyway. I'm a home owner, pay taxes, every bill imaginable, gotta support my mom's tired horse shit and can only spend so much. I also drive an expensive luxury vehicle which costs a shit ton to maintain. So you're probably thinking "Oh well you got all this stuff, clearly you can afford to buy her nice things". I can and I will, but last year in October I went to jail for something I didn't do. I had to shell out 10 grand that pretty much got me out of jail (I was working for the senator in my state and couldn't afford to stay in jail, I was threatened to be left in jail for a month) and for my defense which got me off, but fuck was it shitty and heart breaking to go through. Also I grew up very poor and used to be one of those bad kids who roamed the streets. My dad was a dead beat and now that I've saved all this money and had/have good jobs i don't like to just blow it like its nothing, but my gf doesn't understand this at all.  
  
  
I bought her a 120 dollar gift card, but it wasn't thoughtful to her. She doesn't really have hobbies, isn't into art or music, doesn't like science type shit or like techy/geek stuff so I had no idea what to get her. So I figured a gift card where she likes to shop would be ideal!  
  
  
nope, not good enough, I'm a selfish cunt who only cares about myself. She also like weird Broadway shit.... but I ain't gonna buy her music. She likes glee shit, but I imagine she has most glee stuff so clothes it was!! it made sense!! but my gift wasn't thoughtful.  
  
  
she also went on to say that all her girlfriends get gifts all the time from their boyfriends and I replied "well I'm sorry I'm not them! I don't live with mommy and daddy and I got my own shit to worry about/recover from".  
  
  
  
It gets worse. I know a club promoter out here and he's been out of town taking care of his grandmother and spending the holidays with his loved ones. I asked him to help get my girlfriend a table at a club, but he couldn't do it. But this man has pulled through for me and my mates from europe all the fucking time and I did not hold it against him one bit that he couldn't do this one favor for me. My gf on the other hand went on to say "you go out all the time and get 1000 dollar tables, get bottles etc etc but you couldn't do this one thing for me". I went on to explain that my friend isn't around to pamper me like he always does I'm sorry I can't live up to your expectations also those "$1000 dollar tables" were provided by my friends from out of town, they paid fore everything out of pocket and we didn't bother dealing with the night life goons to do it..... I also didn't get her a birthday card. I think they're stupid and a waste. I end up throwing all mine away (is this wrong?) and I just didn't think she'd want one, my hand writing is shit anyway and it'd seem cheesy as fuck so I just did away with it, but once again she complained.  
  
  
  
  
I feel super shitty and super hurt. She fucking crushed my heart man. Saying my gift wasn't thoughtful and shit, saying I'm not like her friend's boyfriends, calling me selfish, making me feel like scum!  
  
  
  
  
what should I do reddit? I turn to your collective wisdom to cheer me up/make me feel better.  
  
  
  
I think I'm a decent guy, I do good by my works, help others, work an honest job and pay taxes. I treat my gf very well and I always defend her/put her before others. Am I suppose to be showering her with gifts all the time? I always thought just being honest, caring, loyal, and just generally being supportive all the time is what it took to be in a functioning relationship, but I haven't been in a relationship in a long time.  
  
  
  
I'm a slut man. I used to go out banging tons of girls, threesomes, orgies, crazy one night stands and then I settled down with this amazing cute girl who honestly gave me the impression she was super cool and down to earth until today.  
  
  
She shattered that image and now all I see when I think of her are the little kids from My super sweet 16 or any of those MTV shows....

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ffqza/im_desperate_i_could_use_some_advice/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I'm desperate. I could use some advice.

Reddit, I am in desperate need of advice. First, however, I need to tell you my story and explain my situation. I apologize in advance for it will be long but necessary. I will also warn that this story will be a bit complicated to keep organized as there are several different parts I’ll have to jump back and forth in attempts to give all the details. Forgive me if it becomes difficult to follow.  
  
I am originally from Florida and my wife was born in Washington, D.C., and raised in Pennsylvania. My wife’s family moved from Pennsylvania to Florida in 1999 leaving her in Pennsylvania. She eventually ran out of money and she had succumbed to dire situation of being without immediate family and having no money to support herself. She followed her family to Florida and I eventually met her through her brother. After being together for about seven years and living together for about four years, my wife and I decided to get married. This was some of the greatest times of my life. The year following our wedding was fantastic. We honeymooned in the Bahamas, we camped out in Key West, and we took a two week vacation in Yellowstone National Park. Unfortunately, it was this year that also lead to the precursor of the desperate situation I am in now.  
  
In November or December of 2006, I had begun to notice a pain in my right abdomen. It wasn’t anything severe, it was just noticeable. At the time, I had great insurance so I went to the doctor to make sure it wasn’t anything severe or serious. The doctor seemed unconcerned about it being severe but had asked me if I wanted pain medication. I declined as it wasn’t anything I couldn’t deal with and I was a person who refused to take medication for anything. I would suffer through headaches because I was so stubborn concerning medication. In the meantime, the doctor had sent me to several “specialists” and had several tests done on me. I had C.A.T. scans, Ultra Sounds, full blood work (13 vials worth of blood), and I had gone to see a surgeon and a gastrologist. Nobody could figure out what the pain in my abdomen was.   
  
About a month later, I began vomiting profusely. For fear it was appendicitis (abdominal pain and vomiting are usually indicators), my wife took me to the E.R. It was later revealed that the vomiting was from the Flu. The E.R. performed several C.A.T. scans of their own concerning the abdominal pain but still, they found nothing. What they did find out, however, is that I was diabetic. I had suspected that I was diabetic for a while. It was revealed that I had been diabetic since I was 20 years of age. I’m not an obese person by any means, but my entire family on both sides are diabetic: all four of my grandparents, my father, my mother, and several blood aunts and uncles. I was convinced that my abdominal pain had something to do with my diabetes. So far, no connection has been made.  
  
At some point around that same time, my wife and I had decided that we were going to move from Florida up to Maryland so that she could be closer to her family and we could have a scenery change. We chose this particular time to move because I had just received my Associate’s Degree and my wife had just earned her Master’s Degree and we both decided that it would be a good time to transition. We made the move up to Maryland in July of 2007. I was attending two separate universities undergoing a dual-degree program and my wife had found a good job teaching at an elementary school. That October, we bought a house (our first time). Another reason that year was so fantastic. Even though school was tough that semester (I had to leave my house before 6am to make a 2 hour drive to school before class started at 8am and I didn’t get home until after 9pm), it was very enjoyable. Through the rest of that year, the abdominal pain slowly got more painful.  
  
About halfway through the elementary school year, my wife decided to quit her job. The reason my wife left her job is due to the fact that the school administration was telling her to give the children passing grades (unearned) and to not spend so much time actually teaching the children. My wife was becoming physically stressed and physically ill due to this. Unfortunately, the consequence of her quitting meant that her teaching license in Maryland was suspended and she couldn’t teach anywhere else in the state of Maryland. A week later, we received the greatest and scariest news I have ever received; my wife was pregnant with our first child. I was ecstatic but frightened that neither of us had a job to pay the mortgage of the house we just bought. My wife found an inventory business to work for. She eventually had to leave that job as well as they were only giving the employees 15 minute breaks during 10 hour shifts. They got around giving them more breaks because they would only schedule everyone to work for 4 hours and it would just happen to take longer.   
  
All of this was happening at the beginning of 2008, which was the beginning of the recession. The area of Maryland in which we lived was extremely rural. If we wanted milk, it was a 45 minute drive. Work was nowhere to be found for either of us. I was having trouble paying for books and tuition due to out-of-state tuition. I had failed to realize that Maryland does financial aid differently than Florida does. In Florida, you pay for your classes with a student loan and if you withdraw from that class after the add/drop date, the class is still paid for and you just end up paying back the student loan for that class you didn’t receive a grade for. I thought Maryland was the same procedures. Well, apparently not. In Maryland, when you withdraw from a class paid for by a student loan after the add/drop date, the student loan lenders actually unpay the school. Needless to say, I currently owe the university $5000 so I have been unable to attend school since 2008. Until I pay the $5000, the university will not release my transcripts and no other university will take me without my transcripts. We’ve been severely broke since 2008 and I doubt I’ll ever be able to get back in school.   
  
With foreclosure of our house immanent, my wife and I took a trip back down to Florida to scout out some potential employment. We had planned to stay with my mother and father for a few weeks to attempt to find employment and housing, go back up to Maryland to pack our stuff, tie up any loose strings, and say our goodbyes. A week after we were back in Florida, my (pregnant) wife had noticed she had some slight bleeding coming from her vagina. We had been having sex so we figured this was the cause. My wife had decided to not take the chance and I took her to the E.R. The nurses said that it was probably just from us having sex. However, upon further investigation, they discovered that my wife was dilating. The baby wasn’t due until October 6, 2008. It was June 13, 2008. At this point, we didn’t even know whether we were having a boy or a girl. The doctors had performed several tasks in order to keep her from going into labor. These efforts were in vein as the following Tuesday, June 17, 2008, my son was born at 3:18am. My son was born during the 14th week of the gestational period (3.5 months early). My son was 1lb, 11 ounces and he fit in the palm of my hand. He couldn’t breath without a ventilator and needed constant care. My son spent the next 3 months in the N.I.C.U. During that time, our SUV had been repossessed.   
  
After my wife recovered, she found a job teaching at a community college. We moved out of my parents’ house and into a duplex. It was several months later we had to leave as my wife’s classes got cut. We moved in with my wife’s sister and her significant other. That was disastrous and we ended up moving back in with my parents who had since moved to a double-wide trailer. This was a horrible situation. My mother is a severe hoarder. We were confined to one bedroom and the living room, which was almost completely filled up with her “craft stuff”. My son was just beginning to crawl and he would go through these boxes and find knives, razors, scissors, and other stuff that shouldn’t be in the reach of a baby. Cooking was impossible as the counters were covered. It would take us almost a year to get out of that place.   
  
My wife had received a second job with a second local community college. She was making enough money to support us while I could stay home with our son. I only have my Associate’s Degree with only a little bit of experience in retail and fast food. Not only were none of these places hiring, but none of these places would pay enough for me to justify working these jobs and put my son in daycare. I had one job offer but I would be making less than what I would be paying the darecare.  
  
All the while this stuff is happening, the pain in my abdomen is getting very, very severe. There are days I can’t get out of bed it’s so severe. I go to several more doctors. At this time, I have no insurance so every doctor’s visit is money we don’t have. They do nothing but send me to “specialists” who want an arm and a leg. I go through more C.A.T. scans, more Ultra Sounds, more blood work, a HIDA scan, and even a colonoscopy. Nothing. It’s has gotten to the point that I ask the doctors if they can give me something for the pain until they can figure out what it is. This sends off red flags to them and I instantly become someone who (in their eyes) in begging for drugs. This is not the case at all. I just want to be able to function.  
  
Recently, we lost over half of our income. We’ve applied for Food Stamps but it’s taking them over 30 days to approve or decline us even though we were told we would receive a 7 day expedite. Even with the Food Stamps, we currently cannot afford rent. The internet will soon be turned off as we cannot afford to pay for it. I have been looking for employment but we only posses one vehicle. We have a 2.5 year old as well. My wife works over an hour away so I have to be able to find work that will be opposite to when my wife works. The other problem is how severe and frequent my abdominal pain has become. There are days I cannot get out of bed. How am I suppose to keep a job with uncertainly like that? I have a friend that has chronic sciatica and consequently has a prescription for Vicadin. He gives me some here and there but I feel terrible for taking it as I know he needs it himself.  
  
The abdominal pain has severely diminished my quality of life. I use to be someone who never stayed home. I was always out doing something. Now, I currently never leave the house. It’s put a severe strain on my marriage. She understands that I am in pain but my inability to get up some days puts more work on her plate. I understand why she’s angry about it. I don’t blame her.  
  
I don’t know what to do anymore. I need to find a job to keep from becoming homeless. I need to get rid of this abdominal pain so I can stop being useless. I don’t want my son growing up seeing me this way. I so much just want to be a productive member of society and be a good father. I want to have energy to do things again. I want my son to be proud of me; I want him to look at me someday and say “that’s my dad” and to be proud when he says that. I want to return to being someone who is out doing recreational things instead of sitting at home day in and day out. I don’t want to be physically unable to get out of bed until 3 in the afternoon.  
  
I don’t know what I am expecting anyone to say. I don’t know what I am expecting at all. I’m desperate. I don’t know what to do. I feel useless (because I am at this point). It kills me to be unable to provide for my family. It kills me that I am unable to do the simplest of tasks. Standing up and walking can sometimes be unbearable.   
  
Thank you for taking the time to read my story. Thank you in advance for any and all advice.  
  
TL;DR - I can't go to school because I owe $5000, myself and my wife lost over half our income, can't pay rent, and I have a severe abdominal pain that is debilitating to the point that I can't even get out of bed on some days. It's become more severe and more frequent with time.  
  
Edit: I am not asking for money or handouts. I'm just asking for advice. Sometimes things can seem different to someone when they're outside looking in.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/115tsq/reddit_i_seem_to_be_stuck_in_my_life_right_now/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I seem to be stuck in my life right now. What should I do?

I posted this 12 or so hours ago. A friend suggested I repost it for different opinions.  
  
  
Hello, Reddit. I’m a 21-year-old woman from Virginia. And, I’m afraid I need some help. My life is currently at a standstill and I can’t seem to find a way to change anything in a manner that is healthy. It’s becoming unbearable and I am in desperate need of outside advice.  
  
  
My family and I live with my grandmother on a dirt road. I am the only person in the house that has a job. I work for pennies over minimum wage, 2-3 days a week, 5-6 hours a day, at a McDonalds not too far from here. My mother receives government aid in the form of SNAP (food stamps) and Medicaid. However, the insurance does not extend to me because I am too old. My younger brother is covered for 3 more years and my sister has a few months left, as they are 16 and 18. When my sister turned 18 and started taking classes at a local community college satellite, she was no longer covered as a dependent in SNAP, so the total household food budget is not enough to keep everyone fed. My money goes straight to food and other necessary items such as underwear, etc. that my grandmother can’t cover for us. My checks are usually gone within hours of their deposit.  
  
  
I have major depression. I first began medication for my depression when I was 17 and still covered under my mother’s Medicaid. I have since been ‘kicked’ from the system because I am too old. I called the social services office for my area and was told that I could only receive some kind of medical assistance if I was pregnant or already had a child, neither of which I am/have. I have a terrifying medical debt hanging over my head from seeing a doctor for this depression and trying different medications to get rid of the symptoms, which varied in cost from 20$ a bottle to 100$+. The last medication I was on was really ineffective in the treatment of my depression, but, because of the giant medical debt, I can’t go back to the doctor to get something else to try. And, even if I could, the medicine might be way too expensive for me to budget into my little paychecks. The depression is a huge weight on me. There are days I can’t even get out of bed. I have panic attacks bi-weekly at least. I’ve even considered suicide and harmed myself physically.  
  
  
Money is an obvious issue. So, I figured that I should get a second job to help get rid of the scary debt and maybe even build up some savings. We live in a rural area and the jobs are slim to none out here. My best bet for getting hired somewhere else would be to travel into town. However, I lack a driver’s license. My mother takes me to and from work. I had a learner’s permit, which has since expired, for a few years. I don’t really have anyone to teach me how to drive. I have read all of the books, I know what the signs mean, but I have less than 4 hours total experience behind the driver’s seat. So, I need more practice. But… there is only one car, and it’s my grandmother’s. It’s her pride and joy, she’s even named it. When asked if I could practice driving on it, let’s just say that the reaction was negative. I’d like to get my own vehicle, but, again, I am the sole worker bee in the family.  
  
  
My mother won’t work. She also won’t take classes or work towards any kind of certification, even though she could probably get grants, to learn a trade for a not-basic job. When asked about this, she completely shuts down. She refuses to talk about it and is completely content to use the government, myself, and my grandmother for all of her needs. My father is not in the picture, and, even if he was able to assist me in any way, would not. My younger sister refuses to work from pure laziness. She’d much rather mooch from my grandmother and me. My sweet, little brother is in High School, in all advanced classes, and does homework for hours a day. My grandmother is 70 years old and, without us living in her house, would be more than okay with social security and things left from my grandfather when he passed.  
  
  
So, at this point, I’m unmedicated, broke, unable to drive, in debt, and grasping at straws for ways out of this situation. The current situation in which I live is extremely unhealthy and taxing on me both physically and mentally. I have big dreams. I want to move across the country to Colorado to attend a college out there and become a chemist. I want to make the medicines that people like me need to take so that they feel better and can do whatever it is that their hearts and dreams desire. I realize that those particular goals are out of my reach right now. So, for the moment, I just want to leave my grandmother’s house, maybe finally assert some independence, but I can’t because of money issues and medical debt. I want to get a second job so that I can get rid of some of those money issues, but I don’t have a car or a means of getting further than the McDonalds where I already work. I can’t get a car because I don’t have enough money and I also don’t have a license or any actual practice driving a car. I can’t seem to find a way to make it out of this vicious cycle on my own. Please, does anyone out there have any advice for me?  
  
  
TL;DR: I’m caught in a circle of fuckery! Wat do?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/10vxa3/how_do_i_explain_to_a_clingy_friend_i_enjoy_her/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How do I explain to a clingy friend I enjoy her company, but I can't dedicate days at a time to her?

TL;DR: LONG STORY: I have a very clingy friend who insists on coming over for hours at a time and gets really upset with me when I tell her I can't hang out. She gets offended easily and I could use advice dealing with the situation.  
  
  
I have a friend who insists on coming over every Monday, do lunch and then hang around all day. I am 7 months pregnant, high risk, and she never takes no for an answer. She wants homework help, advice, and to be around me all the time. I like hanging out a bit, but she always stays hours past what I can deal with and asks for help on things that I have no ability to help her with, especially course work.  
  
 Now, I wouldn't mind, but I have no context what so ever because I am not taking these classes. She will not ask for help on a confusing part, she will point to what she has to do and says, "I don't get it, can you tell me what to do." Um, no, I don't know what your teacher wants, I wasn't there and therefore have not been shown how to do it, and you don't seem to understand any part of the assignment enough that a little help would be enough. Then she basically wants me to write her paper. I tell her no. I can help, but she never knows what the teacher is looking for. I try to have a discussion with her and then she will try to write down what I say. When she asks me to go slower so she can type it, I say no, write your own paper. I will discuss it, I will help, but I am not doing her work. Then she just proclaims, "I'll send you it tomorrow and you edit it and send it back." No asking, just stating it. I try to tell her I am busy, but she insists it won't take long.   
  
If I tell her I'm not feeling well, so I have to cancel, she will either try to insist on coming over anyway, or just show up to "keep me company." She wants me to give her a key to my house so she can just come in and I wouldn't have to "worry" about letting her in. Um, no. Sorry. This is my house. The only people who have keys are our parents (in case we lock ourselves out or we go away and they volunteer to check on things), my sister, because she was helping me out my last pregnancy, and a friend of ours who lives down the road and is like a brother to my husband. They don't just show up and let themselves in. They always let us know if they plan to or think they will be stopping by.  
  
I am not a touchy person. I just don't like being touched. The only exception to this rules is my husband and my cats. My friend comes in and rubs and kisses my bump over and over again. Then the other days she grabbed my boobs and was like "wow, they did get huge!" Normally, I would say something, but I was so shocked, I didn't know how to react. Normally, I say something, but the only time I've told her something bothers me, she felt like the worst person in the world and wouldn't stop apologizing, and it was a small thing. She stays and hangs out all day. I am 7 months pregnant, I get tired fast. No, I am not working right now, but I am high risk after losing a child to a genetic disorder last year. I need to not be stressed and I need to rest, a lot. I'm not on bed rest yet, but am told that I could be put on bed rest any time. I am to the point where I have tests every week to make sure the baby's activity levels are good (twice a week), regular appointments every 2 weeks (and soon it will be every week), and a monthly ultrasound. I get tired just doing chores around the house. Going out for a few hours wipes me. Then we go back to the house and stays for several more hours. I know she will be stuck at school because she lives and hour away, but that isn't my problem. I know it sucks, I had that happen to me before, but I found a way to deal with it. I don't sleep well at night, and typically sleep the most between 6am and noon. This isn't by choice or to be lazy, it's just that the baby kicks me all night and I can really only sleep when she does. When I get tired, or lightheaded, I am supposed to lay down. When that happens, I want to rest. I can't rest when she is over because she wants my undivided attention. When I say I just want to rest, she says that's fine, she'll come over and we can watch TV in bed...NO! Sorry, my bed is my bed. It's not a hang out spot. It is for me and my husband (kitties are allowed). If I feel I need to lay in bed, I don't want friends over.   
  
She makes me feel guilty saying the best part of her week is seeing me. I like seeing her, but sometimes I need my space. I know she is having problems and I'm sorry for that. I get she has issues with her kids and husband, and that she worries about losing her house, and if I could help, I would. I don't have that kind of cash. Yes, my husband and I are comfortable, but we aren't rich. I go out with her once a week, but my husband and I have been saving up, paying off our credit cards, and saving for the baby. When we want to do something, we set aside money to do it. We don't just spend money to spend money and that is how we are not drowning in debit. Yes, we have some debt our card, but we pay it down every month (not always fully but a good portion of it) in order to continue to build our credit (which is great). We make good decisions, when we bought our condo, we bought something that we could afford, not something that would stain the budget. My friend has an old house that they paid too much for and they are constantly renovating even thought they have no money. She is a kind women and helps out some of her neighbors sometimes, but because of that (as they never pay her back), she is now struggling to pay for anything. If it was just they were a little behind, that would be one thing, but they are really far behind and the kind of money they need is no where near what I could even consider giving. She never asks, but sometimes I feel like she is hinting that it would be great. Hell, I'd be willing to cook lunch at my house to save money, but she wants to go out. I would even go to places that are less expensive, but again, she is specific on what she likes.   
  
I just don't know what to do anymore. I like spending some time with her, but I have to give up my whole day every Monday, and sometimes she will just stop by on other days and take up the whole day. I wouldn't mind if she gave me space when I need it, but she insists on staying even when I clearly state that I wish to be alone. I don't want to hurt her feelings. She is really sensitive on certain things, and once it happens she never forgets it. She can be a great friend, and be there for me too, and I like helping her out when I can, but there seems to be no way to tell her no to things without her completely flipping out.  
  
This baby will be born between the end of November and the beginning of December. I hope that at that point she will understand that I will not be having her over for hours every week. The first few weeks we have our daughter home, we are limiting our visits with everyone. We get they will want to see her, but we have to have limits so our families won't move in with us (I wish I were kidding). We figure people can come over for an hour or two at a time. By the next semester, even though the baby will be a few months old, I am not going to want to go out for hours every week. Going out occasional sounds great, but going out for hours and hours is not realistic. And I am not going to want people hanging around for 6 hours at a time. I'm sorry, but I am only going to be able to sleep when my daughter sleeps, I can't imagine every week for a day or two, getting no sleep at all. I don't think I should have to explain that it is nap time and she has to leave. I swear she'll just be like, "great, I'll bring my pj's next time and I can stay over!"  
  
I could use some advice. I don't want to hurt her feelings, but I know I have to be direct. I get she doesn't have a lot of friends she trust and I am glad that she trusts me. I enjoy her company, but I feel like she doesn't hear me when I say no. It becomes a negotiations. She'll start with, "well I'll just come for a little bit," or, "I'll keep you company." I say no, and sometimes she shows up anyway, "just to check on me." I appreciate she cares, but I need some space.   
  
In the last year, I have grown more of a backbone. My mother was like this (except she lives two hours away) and I have had to be harsh at points to get her to understand that I will not be pushed around. It was hard, there are periods of time she throws a hissy fit and won't talk to me, or will try to push the limits I set up and get mad and try to guilt me when I won't budge. It isn't about being stubborn, it's about making sure she doesn't walk all over me. This friend is starting to get like this. She has become increasingly needy. I won't to be there for her, to be a good friend and help her, but it seems that any time I say no it is a problem. Everyone tells me to stand my ground and then they want to be the exception to the rule.  
  
Part of me says it's just one day a week and that isn't a lot. But the problem is it always starts this way. Then she will be like, "I'm in the area on Wednesdays too." I don't mind doing lunch, but I literally get up early to get showered and dressed so I will be ready for when she comes over, I go to lunch with her, I run any errands she needs to run with her, and then she'll come back to my house for 4 to 6 hours. I can't get the things I need to get done finished. I can't nap, and I have to change my whole food schedule, this wouldn't be a big deal, except I have to eat certain things at certain times because of the gestational diabetes, and it is harder to do when I eat out. If I get tired, I am supposed to nap. If I have any contractions, I need to lay down and drink water right away. I can't do that when she is there. If I told her I was having contractions she would insist on staying with me. The truth is, they happen, most are just braxtion hicks, and they go away after one or two, but that is because I do what I am supposed to and not push it physically. I know people watch me like a time bomb, but 9 times out of 10 I just need to rest. If I were working, they would have put me out of work by now because of my risk factors. I know what is normal and when to call the doctors. It comes down to resting a lot an limiting my activities. Anytime I say I can't hang out she gets dejected, acts very disappointed and makes me feel like an awful person. Then she pushes the issue to try to come over anyway. Oh, and if she has to use the bathroom in the morning, she hates using the school bathrooms so she will wake me up and ask to use my bathroom. If it were an emergency, I get it, but the school is closer than my house (which is 5 minutes away).   
  
I would love any advice people have to give.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/psychology/comments/14wlgn/personal_thoughts_from_a_therapist_concerning/), Subreddit: r/psychology, Title: Personal Thoughts From A Therapist Concerning Mental Health Promotion And 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.   
  
1. 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.   
  
2. 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?  
  
3. 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/yx6hoi/im_so_sick_of_my_roommate/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: i’m so sick of my roommate.

i am literally AT MY LAST STRAW with my roommate. i don’t give a fuck if i sound like a piece of shit anymore, i genuinely can’t stand her anymore. she’s the most insufferable person i’ve ever had to be with.   
  
first of all she’s the messiest person i’ve seen in my life. i’m living with three people, in total 4 people in one room. me and my two other roommates are relatively clean; we keep our side of the room tidy. meanwhile her stuff covers the floor; her stuffed animals, trash, her clothes, literally it’s all her shit. she leaves food on her desk too, which stinks up the room. her desk area is a fucking mess too, and it doesn’t help that my desk is right next to hers so her stuff ends up near my desk. i’m so over it that i just kick her stuff over to her side if i find it on mine. one time she left a drying rack full of clothes out for DAYS and it drove everyone insane because it was blocking everyone’s access to their beds by taking up the space in between the bunk beds. i find her clothes on MY bed too and when i told her about it, she was like “oh it must’ve fallen from my bed” HOW would it have fallen. how. when your bed is the same size as mine theres no way it could have fallen. you’re just trying to cover up the fact that when you change you leave your clothes on my bed and leave it there. the lack of consideration for others and self awareness is BEYOND me. you are living with three other people, and you’re acting like our room is just yours. we are paying just as much money to stay in this room as you are, the least you can do is tidy up your own space.   
  
ok now moving on from the fact that she’s a messy ass person; she’s a slut. i mean it. this girl is pimping herself out to make money, and in doing so she sexiles me and my roommates. it’s so annoying because she’ll tell us in the group chat to stay out of the room with a 5 minutes notice of us coming back to our dorm because some guy is coming over. and this will be at like 10-11pm. some of us have homework to do? some of us want to sleep? hello? some of us have early morning classes and don’t want to wait for you to get done fucking. i already feel uncomfortable with the fact that there’s old men in our dorm room doing ungodly activities. it feels gross, and it’s literally unsafe for guys like that to be in our room. there’s condom wrappers all over the floor too when i get back. she also does onlyfans and tells us to get out while she films her videos. one time i got back from the library late at night because i spent the whole day studying. i just wanted to sleep. i get back to my dorm, the bitch is naked under her covers and sheepishly tells me if i can leave the room. that sparked a rage i never knew i had. i slammed the door as i left, i was FUMING.   
  
furthermore, she NEVER. wakes up. to her alarm. her alarm goes off for at least 10 minutes, waking everyone else up but her. she won’t turn it off unless someone wakes up (which is usually me) and tells her to shut it off. but she snoozes it instead of turning it off. which repeats the cycle of her not waking up to her alarm and me having to wake up AGAIN and tell her to turn it off. what’s the point of setting an alarm for 7:00 for an 8am class when you end up sleeping until 8 anyways. she had the audacity to ask me to wake her up if she doesn’t wake up for her class, because i wake up at 7:30 to get ready for my 9 am. girl no, that’s not my responsibility. YOU wake up. i’m not the one who has an 8 am, and i’m not going to waste MY time in the morning trying to wake YOU up when i want to relax, do my skincare, do my makeup, and eat breakfast.   
  
finally, as if it couldn’t get any worse, my roommate snores. i know it’s not in her control, but it’s so incredibly obnoxious when i want to sleep. i had two midterms last week, in which i wanted to get a good night’s sleep, and i barely got a wink because this girl was snoring as if she’s an obese man. she’s in the bunk directly above me, so i hear her all night. i tried wearing earplugs. and i can still hear her snoring. my other roommate has also said she barely gets sleep sometimes because her snoring is so loud. i’ve been so sleep deprived lately because of it and it’s genuinely affecting my mental health. i get anxiety everyday before bed because i know i won’t be able to sleep with her snoring. i feel really drained and exhausted throughout the day, and i just don’t know what to do. the roommate situation plus my academics is really giving me so much stress.   
  
she tells me she does only fans and sex work because she doesn’t have brought in savings to pay for school (she’s an out of state student). i feel sorry that she feels the need to turn to sex work for that, but at the same time, she’s just being so inconsiderate of everyone else. also, if you can’t afford the school, why would you go. the irony is that she spends so much money on alc yet she complains about not being able to afford tuition. i chose my school at the moment because 1. i could afford it and 2. it has great academics. i turned down one of my dream schools because it was too expensive, so why couldn’t she do the same thing. college is literally not worth all that money.   
  
tldr; i have an inconsiderate, slutty, messy roommate who also snores like an obese man. send help please.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/46vpj6/working_in_the_uk/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Working in the UK

Following one of my comments this week, a few of you have contacted me asking to write of my experience working in the UK. I was there for almost 9 years &amp; have been back for 5. I worked in London &amp; lived in the suburbs.  
  
First of all please understand that I am Canadian &amp; I have UK citizenship. If you can get yourself a work permit/visa then this is where my story starts.   
  
Looking for work in the UK is very different from here. They operate a lot with employment agencies so there are a whole load of them dedicated to just social work / social care. Also they have equal opportunity laws so they're are no internal postings - all jobs are open to everyone. MSW positions were rare.  
  
The agencies often recruit from overseas and sometimes offer flight bonuses. My flight was paid for after 3 months of working for them. When I first went to meet them they set up 3 interviews for me within a couple of days. From the time I arrived, I had a job within 7 days (including settling in, seeing some sights, meeting with my agency, going to 3 interviews &amp; landing all 3). There are so many agencies out there so sign up with a few - whichever gets you the job you want where you want it, stick with them. Don't feel you have to be loyal to agencies, they make money off your back so if another agency finds you the job you want, switch over. The agency that paid my flight was paying me less than a student so I switched over as soon as I found that out.  
  
You can begin the registration process from overseas - ask them to do the criminal record check (CRB) as this is the part that takes the longest. (I knew people who waited 9 months to get theirs &amp; you can't work until that's done) I suggest you have one done where you live so that it shows no record right up to that point. I had one done just before leaving Canada &amp; that sped things up significantly. A new CRB check must be done before starting any job there (thanks to the school caretaker who murdered 2 ten year olds) which is why it can take so long.  
  
There is also the social work weekly magazine - Community Care - so have a look online for more permanent positions. http://www.communitycare.co.uk. One Council I worked for actually went to job fairs in North America to recruit &amp; had people come on 2 year contracts but I don't know the details.  
  
In my time, you had to be a member of the General Social Care Council but it has changed names to the Health Professionals Council. http://www.hpc-uk.org It's the professional order that allows you to practice with the social worker title. Since you qualified overseas you will need to do the extensive application to ensure your qualifications meet their standards. A definite must before arriving in the country. (The Republic of Ireland has their own so if you want to go to Dublin - it's a separate country with separate rules - Northern Ireland, Wales &amp; Scotland operate the same as the UK)  
  
Depending where you want to go, get a job before finding a place to live. London is huge! Everyone uses public transport so make sure you're not too far from where to work. But not too close! You don't want to live in the same area where you work because you will run into your clients everywhere (really!). There's no harm in some traveling to avoid that! I got the same job in different areas so I found a place to live &amp; accepted the closer job.  
  
Lots of different advice for living there but doing a flat share is the best way to integrate &amp; not get isolated. Gumtree is one of the best sites for that (similar to Craigslist). https://www.gumtree.com You'll also find employment agencies on there. I booked into a hostel for the first 4 weeks. Don't do it for too long, it's expensive &amp; you don't want to be sharing a shower with 20 other people when you have to get to work. Flat share is the best way to go - try to set something up ahead of time. A hostel is good in the sense you then have flexibility to move where to find work. Whatever works best for you but don't wait until you get there.  
  
Banking will be your biggest challenge. To get paid you need a bank account. To get a place to live to need a bank account. To get a bank account you need a place to live. See if there's any way you can open an account from home - that was the biggest challenge. I opened a HSBC account in Canada and they reluctantly opened an account for me. My ex had to go through an old family friend who had to vouch for him. It was not easy but maybe online banking has improved things.  
  
Refer to immigration/traveling websites for this kind of advice.  
  
I think that's it for now. If you have any questions, I'll do my best to answer throughout the day but here are the most important things you'll need...  
  
Essential things:  
  
1-Membership in Health Professional Council (professional order) http://www.hpc-uk.org  
  
2-Employment Agency (including CRB)  
  
3-Bank account  
  
4-Temporary place to stay at the beginning  
  
Good luck!  
  
\*Edits to include website links

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/evnxz3/from_my_dad/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: From my dad

I'm in tears right now. My dad, who was absent for most of his life, passed away in October. My lawyer (formerly his lawyer) found some things in one of his old files. One was a letter addressed to his kids. It was a list of life tips for college. This is what she scanned it to me:  
  
1. Call your mom once a week; no more, no less.  
  
2. Do your laundry on quarter draft night (the laundry room will be empty). Fold your clothes before you put them away. Don't use liquid fabric softener on towels, they will shed water like a well oiled duck. Wash your sheets on Thursday (you never know).  
  
3. Keep your dorm room clean. Don't use Febreze.  
  
4. Don't drive if you can ride the bus; don't ride the bus if you can bike; don't bike if you can walk.  
  
5. Don't study in the library stacks; too many people will walk around and disturb you. Study in the Asian heritage section; no one ever goes in there.  
  
6. Take the time to find the hidden burrito place; it will save your life when you're really hungry and it's a good place to take someone on the first date.  
  
7. Get a work study job in the library if you can; food service work study will make you angry.  
  
8. Don't try to study outside.  
  
9. Don't defend your music/book/movie/political tastes by attacking another's.  
  
10. Don't take up smoking as a habit, no matter what.  
  
11. Write notes on anything and everything.  
  
12. Don't buy one of those nifty ID cases with a keyring attached.  
  
13. Don't fall for the easy student credit card applications.  
  
14. Learn the name of the janitor who cleans your dorm and your class buildings.  
  
15. Your first roommate is the first person you meet on campus. It's also the first person you will have disagreements with. Remember, he will be gone at the end of the year, but you'll remember him for the rest of your life.  
  
16. Get stupid-loud-emotional-puking drunk once. Once is all it takes.  
  
17. Learn to be homesick, but do it alone.  
  
18. You will get horribly, terribly, awfully sick at some point during your first semester. Don't try to fight it or deny that it will happen to you. Go to the clinic, get some anti-biotics and let it happen. It will save you for the next 4 years.  
  
19. Only order take-out once a month. Tip the delivery guy well (30-50%, he's most likely a student like you working his way through school).  
  
20. Walk to bars; take a cab home.  
  
21. Never drink alone in your room.  
  
22. If you find yourself in a townie bar, have one beer, tip the bartender well and leave. If you go back, the bartender won't ask you for your drink order, he or she will just set it up on the bar for you without asking. It's an amazing thing to see when someone in service treats you with respect. Return it.  
  
23. Find time to go to the gym.  
  
24. Study two hours for every hour in class.  
  
25. Eat in the dining hall. Avoid foods that don't involve silverware. Don't carb load at breakfast, eat a good-sized lunch, and don't overdo it at dinner. Sit down, eat slow. It should take about an hour PER MEAL.  
  
26. There are 168 hours in every week. Subtract all of the class, study, gym, and eating time. You'll find that you won't be able to sleep 8 hours everyday. This is life, and it will prepare you for adulthood. Nothing interesting happens while you sleep, if it does, you shouldn't have been asleep in the first place.  
  
27. Your professors (the ones with Dr. in front of their names or Ph. D. after) are your first employers. Learn what you need to learn but question them if it doesn't fit. In the end, they will be your job references after college.  
  
28. Your graduate assistants and adjuncts are your peers. They have a lot of useful and pertinent information about how to get through these four years and in the end, the good ones will become your friends. Some of my good friends were once my GA's and adjuncts and we still chat frequently.  
  
29. You will have veterans in your classes. Some folks around you will dismiss their training and experience. They have real world knowledge and have earned your respect.  
  
30. Drink cheap beer when offered (Bud Light, Miller Lite, Coors Light). Drink good beer at the bar (Sam Adams, Dos Equis, Heineken). Keep better beer in your fridge (Murphy's, Bass, Flat Tire).  
  
31. Wean yourself off caffeine during finals week. This may sound counter-intuitive, but trust me on this one.  
  
32. You are not entitled to your opinion, you're only entitled to what you can defend.  
  
33. You don't deserve a good grade for showing up. You didn't pay for "A"s, you paid for the seat. Effort pays off, attendance is part of that. It's your money, make sure its well spent.  
  
34. Find your professors' offices and learn their hours; you'll need them.  
  
35. Accept that you will make mistakes and ask for help. It's easier to recover this way than trying to handle it on your own.  
  
36. Be firm in your convictions; if you don't believe in something, chances are, you'll believe anything.  
  
37. There is always a quiet place in the student center. You can usually nap there during the day.  
  
38. When you're walking, keep your feet, but keep your head up. You'll be amazed at how many people will greet you when they can see your face.  
  
39. Don't judge anyone by the anything other than their actions. You don't know their story, just as they don't know yours.  
  
40. Don't text someone in the same room as you. If it can't be said aloud, it can wait until you're in private.  
  
41. Don't email someone in the same building. Get up, walk to where ever he or she is and tell them face to face.  
  
42. Not everything needs to be said. You'll learn what these things are as you go along.  
  
43. Don't refuse an invitation to meet someone's parents. Shake their hands and refer to them as Sir and/or Ma'am until/unless they tell you otherwise. NOT BEFORE.  
  
44. Your first summer job will set you up for success for the rest of your college career.  
  
46. Go to the free concerts on campus.  
  
47. Become a football fan.  
  
48. The other people around you are in the same situation as you are. They are all scared, excited, tired, and apprehensive. You are learning how to adult; its a process; drive it when you can, but more importantly let it happen. The only thing you control are your own actions.  
  
49. Listen to music at a moderate volume in your dorm room with the door open and without headphones. Good conversation starter.  
  
50. Volunteer.  
  
51. Understand what social location is, then pay no attention to it.  
  
52. Buy a tailored suit.  
  
53. It will probably be required, but even if it isn't, take a sports class.  
  
54. Don't eat from the vending machines. Buy a package of your favorite snack and hide it.  
  
55. Hide money in the pockets of your clean clothes.  
  
56. When people hang out in your room, don't let them sit on your bed. During this time in your life when personal space is virtually non-existent, your bed is the closest thing to a sanctuary that you will have.  
  
57. Make sure people take their garbage with them when they leave. This includes emotional garbage.  
  
58. The required classes fill up early. Learn what a "force add" is and use it.  
  
59. Wear shower shoes in the shower.  
  
60. Wear house shoes unless you're leaving the building.  
  
61. Own a crazy set of pajamas. Wear them to your earliest final every semester.  
  
62. Send your mother a birthday card every year.  
  
63. Don't let your personal life become a hassle for your roommates or your RA. They are students too.  
  
64. Don't try to drill a hole in the keg to get to the beer inside. A repair bill for the consequences is not a joke. Trust me on this one.  
  
65. Sit in the front of the class.  
  
66. Wear a hat and a heavy coat when the weather gets cold; a hoodie won't cut it.  
  
67. Wear shorts whenever possible.  
  
68. Flip flops are perfectly acceptable. Crocs are never acceptable.  
  
69. Get up early on the weekends. Your Monday self will thank you.  
  
70. Learn how to fix your own appliances. YouTube and a good parts website will keep you from accumulating a storage bin full of easily repaired coffee makers.  
  
71. Dress for dinner on Friday nights and encourage your friends to do the same. Jacket and tie for the men and a skirt/dress just above the knee for the ladies. Even if you’re eating in the dining halls, this will attract the right people to your sphere.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/a7vaj9/is_it_worth_still_going_to_college_when_i_have/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Is it worth still going to college when I have all these dark thoughts?

Hello. I am writing this in tears right now, because I feel terribly lost and alone. I just don't know what to do. I feel like a loser and a disappointment.  
  
\*Long\* story, I apologize:  
  
I am a first year college student in community college, who has been dealing with depression for a good portion of my life now. I started in 2017, and was supposed to be in my second year now, but I withdrew from one class my first semester, then withdrew from two in my second semester. My mental health was already pretty bad by that time, in the spring of 2018. Now, it's winter and things have definitely have \*not\* gotten better. I am on financial aid probation. I stopped going to classes back in November, a week before Thanksgiving vacation. It's been a \*month\*. I just don't think I'll be able to do it.  
  
Over the summer, my parents revealed some things to me, basically saying how they wasted money on my therapy back in high school, how they regretted ever doing that for me, and things got physical. I did \*not\* lay a hand on my parents, only to grab their arms to get them off of me because they tried to choke me. My father has a bad temper and heart problems, so I wasn't trying to exert him and send him to a hospital or anything. I said some stuff to them about not being there for me emotionally and how they drove my other sister away because of how they treated her (lives across the goddamn country). It's been months since the summer and I still don't talk to them. They're the kind of people that are traditional and set in their ways, really. They think depression and anxiety is something you can just get rid of the next day and that I wake up everyday \*choosing\* to be depressed, because why the fuck not, right?  
  
My other sister, who lives here in-state still, tried to tell me, "Oh, they say stuff when they're angry, but they don't mean it."  
  
Which is total bullshit. That shit came from the heart, they were sobbing and crying, sad for themselves really. Because of how expensive the therapy and medication was.  
  
It just made me feel like a huge, huge burden. I feel really alone here. I have been to counseling at school, spoken to my adviser and such, etc., but it can only so far. I can't tell them everything, even though it is confidential, there are just some things you can't say to them.  
  
Everyday I wake up, after only having maybe one - three hours of sleep -- some days I don't sleep at all -- and I walk to the train station to catch my bus. I feel like shit, I'm tired and sluggish, I slur my words, and I sway back and forth -- it's ridiculous. I can't sleep all night because I have too much anxiety, it makes my heart beat fast and I just can't get relaxed enough to go to sleep. Hours pass by, I check my phone for the time, and the minutes just go by as I lay there. The sun comes up, I give up on trying to sleep and just get dressed for school. Sometimes, I even get nightmares -- wake up abruptly in the middle of the night and I \*can't\* go back to sleep. I'm always too tired to function, I feel bad that I have a hard time focusing in class. I just can't do it, I even get nauseous sometimes. It's really affecting my performance.  
  
I used to think about killing myself and just ending it, getting it over with and done, because I know I'm a burden and that I will probably just never get better. I just think that's reality, that I will always be depressed, in the end. I'm never going to truly be happy.  
  
I already had these dark thoughts before starting college, but it's just become more frequent now. Pretty much everyday, I wake up thinking "God, I should just hurry up and kill myself." It's weird, though, because in the back of my head, I know that it's a crazy thing to think about, but at the same time I can't stop. I'm just so tired. I'm \*really, really\* fucking tired.  
  
I don't have a real support system, only my older sister who lives in-state still. I don't want to tell my friends about my predicament. It's just embarrassing to me, and I don't want to sound like a drama queen. It was also how I was raised? I was raised to not tell anyone my personal business, and now I can't knock the habit. It's so ingrained in me, but I've been trying (reached out to my adviser who helped me make an appointment with a counselor, etc.).  
  
I don't know anymore. I feel genuinely hopeless. I can't help but feel that I shouldn't have been born. I am truly not meant to be here. I don't know what my purpose is, other than to be a depressed, anxiety-ridden person -- the cautionary tale.  
  
I just don't think going to college still is doing me any favors. It's added to my stress. Maybe I just started college too early? Maybe I should have waited until I got better. But I didn't have the money to see a therapist during the time I wasn't in school, so I didn't know how long that would take. I think I just applied for college because I thought the clock was ticking and I needed to do something, rather than waiting to get better so that things could go smoother for me in college life... which was the wrong thing to do, I guess. I was just working and isolated myself from everyone. I thought I'd make friends in college, which I did, but I still feel alone.  
  
I feel like killing myself everyday. My heart hurts, my body is tired, my mind is tired and numb, and I just don't have it in me anymore. I'm so exhausted. I tried, I really, really wanted to do good in school. I have never done this badly in school before (had a hiccup there in high school, was still depressed then, but my teachers made a compromise with me to keep me going so I could graduate), and seeing my grades drop made me feel like absolute shit. I just don't think I have a place in this world. I wake up just feeling worthless.  
  
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Sorry if this post was too dark and gloomy.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/j8ri4/does_any_know_a_way_i_can_convince_best_buy_to/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Does any know a way I can convince Best Buy to deal with the fact that their systems botched a sale yesterday that could now cost me nearly One Hundred Dollars.

\*\*Now Resolved.\*\*  
  
Well, as its resolved, I'll tell you. Not very far. Turns out Paul had talked to his mobile manager when we left that night, calling her personal number or some such. The next morning, after two failed attempts with their hotline, I called her. And she told me she would not only honor the deal, but do everything she could do to get the number ported.  
What must have been a full days work, Paul called me back, having taken over for his manager when she had to do something else. They had taken car of everything, all we needed to do was stop by and pick my girlfriend's new sim car so we could activate the phone when it came in. The also overnighted it to us.  
They put in a herculean effort. I have nothing but good things to say about them.  
As to the phone hotline? They'll a bunch of waste of space ass hats that need to be fired or re-trained. Complete. Utterly. Wholly. Eternally.  
Interesting note: Turns out the issue was with how ATnT handles the contracts that moved from cingular.  
  
\*\*Original post below\*\*  
  
First, a bit of back story.   
  
Yesterday, after nearly five weeks of dealing with a very difficult litter of puppies, me and my lovely girlfriend got a chance to go out and deal with some shopping we had been putting off. You know, average kinds of things. She's a teacher, so we needed school supplies, I needed some new slacks for work, as I'm starting a new position, etc. As we are shopping we decided to hop on over to the local Best Buy to take a look at the Nexus S, a phone we were both planning on getting.   
  
At this point, things are going GREAT. We get to the store, and all they have are fake demos out, which some what dampens my girlfriend's otherwise good mood. So, me being the caring, loving, always prepared boyfriend take out my aging iPhone 3G and try to check the specs, see if there isn't something I can do to brighten her mood. Lo and Behold the Nexus S is on sale today! And for the great price of FREE with a two year contract (we were going to do that anyways).  
  
Thusly did we que up.  
  
Fast-forward an hour. Its finally our turn. The salesclerk, Paul, is doing seven things at once trying to keep every one happy. Later this would become a godsend for us. He takes down our information and tries to put my girlfriend's order through first, as her's is a port from Verizon and will take a little more finger tapping than mine. And he keeps getting errors. After a little sleuthing on our part, we find out that Verizon's servers are down, nothing can be done. So he puts my order through(an update to said aging iPhone 3G) and we try to get her order through as a new line and number, planning on porting her old number to Google Voice when the phones come in. It fails, throwing up an exception he's never seen before.   
  
Move ahead three hours. We're still at the store, still working with Paul to get my girlfriend the phone she so desperately wants. Her first smartphone, paid for by the long hours she puts in teaching young children Spanish. By this point Verizon's servers are back online, so we try to port her number over again. Paul is starting to get a little tired, having dealt with numerous other customers while still trying to help us. Did I mention he is the only sales person in the Mobile department? Because he is. We get all the way through the interface, helping Paul make sure all the data is correct. He goes to complete the order, and.....  
  
It throws an error.   
  
Around this moment I get an email from Best Buy. Turns out their systems had borked something with MY order, and it had placed a hold on the account. This meant waiting on hold for an unknown amount of time. Graciously, with an act of what I can only call the greatest of human kindness, Paul waited on hold with us. He reasoned that he could deal with them more easily than we could, resolving the issue and getting us on our way.  
  
Can you guess what's coming next? That's right, another time leap. This one is only an hour.   
  
Their service department finally picks up. He sorts out the issue. We're back up and running. But we're no long at the top of the list, as there are people picking up phones which have already been ordered and delivered. By now Paul is a close family friend, so we help him out with orders best we can. We our turn comes back around, and the forms are filled out, YET AGAIN, and he goes to complete, it throws a new error.   
  
Maybe I should start singing now, perhaps a song about time warps. Because the story jumps ahead one last time. It's been an hour. We've seemingly sorted out his computer errors. But its throwing one last error. Their local warehouse is out of stock at this point, and he's trying to put the order on back-order. All this means for us it that we would be waiting a little longer for the phone. It won't let us. The store has closed by this point. The only people left are us, Pual, another couple dealing with the same issues we are, and one guy having issues activating his Sprint Nexus S. So we try to go through their online website, ordering the phone from national stock.   
  
Funny thing? If you want to do that, you have to call over the phone. So we let Paul go, dial up the number on my phone, get put on hold, and wait. We wait right on through till the call center closes and puts into a never ending loop. We give up when my phone battery dies sometime around 1:00am.   
  
So today I call, and try to get them to make things right. And what am I told? "We're sorry, we can't complete or honor your order right now because it was a one day sale. Have a nice day." Can't even escalate the call because a Supervisor doesn't come onto the floor until two hours after they open.   
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\*: Waste Six hours in a Best Buy store waiting for them to sort out their computers systems, then over two hours on the phone only to be told we they won't honor the transaction that started the day before. EDIT: They're saying we now have to pay full price.  
  
My question is this: Does any one know a way I can get Best Buy to honor the transaction that we started the day before, the one that would have resulted in my girlfriend of five years getting her first smart phone, the one which wasted over six hours of our lives, without having the pleasure of paying Best Buy one hundred dollars we can barely afford?  
  
\*\*EDIT\*\*: They're saying we now have to pay full price.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/p3ad8/i_have_been_permanently_kicked_out_of_my_house/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I have been permanently kicked out of my house for taking a bowl of cereal to my room. What now?

Obviously it's a bit more than that, but that was really the trigger.  
  
\*Preface\*  
  
 I've just turned 20, and am enrolled in community college, paid for by my parents. It's my second semester, it's going great so far (good grades), and I'm working toward entering a nursing school. I do not have a job. I have been looking for and applying to minimum-wage positions for months, but it has not happened. I unfortunately do not have any experience other than babysitting and nannying, and I can work very few hours per week because my classes demand a lot of study time; pretty sure that's what's keeping me from getting a job, because I have good references and write well. :/ I do babysit often, though. I also have been using one of their cars to get to school. They pay for the insurance, I pay for the gas, and I clean that car and their other cars every month to keep that up. It has been a very generous situation, and I am grateful. Since they have a maid (\*\*Edit:\*\* By maid, I mean once-a-month cleaning service, not a daily maid), I've been doing only minimal chores (50% of the dishes, with little brother doing the other 50%; room cleaning, obviously; anything else they ask, like taking out the trash or cleaning the bathroom or kitchen, and so on.).  
  
\*\*I would like to preface this next part by saying that my parents are good people with a lot of admirable qualities.\*\*  
  
 That being said, they've got a few issues. They are very angry people. Always have been, as far as I can remember. They fight loudly and horribly very often. They don't hit (used to spank, but only until I was ten), but they do shout, mostly at each other. They seem incapable of being peaceful. It's as if they don't want to be. They seek out arguments and try to stir things up, mostly with each other, but also with my siblings and me. This is hard to say, but I have to admit that they are very verbally and emotionally abusive.   
  
 They scream horrible things at me if there is a dish left in the sink for five minutes. They've told me I am evil, they've called me a monster, they've called me a "filthy pig", they've told me I am worthless, they've told me that no one would ever want me, they tell me I am disrespectful and ungrateful even though I never say anything disrespectful and I do thank them (maybe not enough...hard to tell what's enough for them, though), they've told me I am mentally deficient/ill, they've said I have the devil inside me, they've told me I'm fat, they've told me I'm lazy, they constantly hold the fact that they allow me to live with them and pay for my college over my head and use it to tell me I have no rights nor am allowed to say anything they don't want to hear (including "please don't yell at me") (I kind of see their point on that, but they can't claim it's benevolent if they complain about it constantly and use it for their own gains. By gains, I mean the satisfaction of reassuring themselves that they have complete power over me, which they love), they taunt my interests no matter what they are just because they can, they make fun of my friends, they say horrible things about my sister behind her back, they say bad things about me to complete strangers while I am in their presence, they often tell me that they're going to kick me out, and they have basically screamed out my self-confidence.   
  
 I'm not talking every once in a while. They scream these things at me every couple of days, sometimes because I didn't do the dishes before being asked or something of that nature, and sometimes for no reason at all. They scream and shout until I am cowering in a corner, trying very hard not to cry until they get tired of it and leave. When I was younger, I used to defend myself by telling them they shouldn't shout at me like that. That never went well, so I stopped. I don't say anything at all. My face goes completely blank, and I just take it until they leave. And then I hide in my closet, hold my stuffed animals, and cry as quietly as I can.   
  
\*Admittance of Guilt\*  
  
 Which is not to say I am perfect. I don't clean my room often enough. True, their standard for it is crazy OCD, but that's their standard, and I haven't been working hard enough to keep it up. However, I'm not sure anything ever would be enough. I've tried, but even when it's as clean as I know how to make it, they start shouting about how filthy it is, so I kind of figure maybe it's not worth trying quite that hard all the time. I should try harder, though. In the incident I'm going to tell you about, I fully admit that I did wrong and they have every right to be angry and punish me, by the way.   
  
\*\*The Actual Incident\*\*  
  
 One of their rules is that no food can go into my room. I broke that rule on Wednesday night by taking a bowl of cereal into my room. I was wrong. My dad "caught me in the act" of having that cereal in my room, and told me I should find someplace else to live. However, he says that a lot, so I thought he was just speaking in anger again. However, the next morning while I was in class, he texted me telling me to pack my things and leave. After school, I did just that, before going back to my other class. Later on that night while I was at a friend's house, they texted me giving me "the terms": to arrange a meeting with a counselor the following week (meaning this Thursday or Friday) so we could talk about it. So I made plans with friends to stay alive for a week. I have no money to speak of (like 60 bucks, which I need for gas), no job, and no other family within a thousand miles. They told me to drive downtown to a homeless shelter, or sleep in the car (it was really cold that night, too).   
  
 The next day, I went back to get a few more things, but my dad got mad at me for not asking permission first. He also told me I was not allowed to have any food. I figured I would have to rough it for a week (friends who took me in cannot afford to feed me, and I wouldn't ask them to). But last night, they texted me angrily saying they were throwing the rest of my stuff away and that the meet-with-a-counselor-and-figure-things-out deal was gone, and I'm permanently banned from the house. Oh, also, that morning I was officially kicked out, they emptied the contents of my trash can onto my bed and told me to clean it up. Dumped my loose-leaf anatomy textbook pages on there, too. Fortunately they stayed together and didn't get stained badly. My parents also told me that as soon as I get a job, they will give me the title of the car, so that's my remaining glimmer of hope for survival.   
  
 Now, I get it...I don't clean my room enough, and I shouldn't have taken food to my room. But I have been cut off entirely for it. I know it's their right to do so. Obviously it is. I just don't understand why, exactly. Some days, it seems great. They seem okay with the state of my room, and thank me for doing the dishes. Then a few hours later, they'll fly off the handle over the same situation.   
  
 \*Other Items\*  
  
 They fudge on their rules, too. A couple of months ago, I was told (screamed at) that closing my door, ever, was a sign of "ultimate disrespect", and that they should never ever have to knock on my door. It was their house, and they owned everything, and how dare I "challenge [their] authority by closing my door?! Ungrateful, spoiled brat! You go live somewhere else if you want to do that! See if anyone else will put up with your horrible attitude! Go on, leave!" And then they took my door. Two days later, they gave it back and said I could close it if I wanted to. There's really no consistency here. One day, they were ready to disown me for closing my door. Two days later, it was totally fine. That's one of the only time I've ever seen them relinquish control of anything. It shocked me.   
  
My concern is that this isn't really about me disobeying the rule. They tend to take their frustrations out on my siblings and me when they are angry about anything at all, especially me. Something about me has always ticked them off. My siblings and I could tell they treated me differently from the time I was...I dunno, 7? Around there. I think they're having other troubles, and are fixating on my mistake and trying to get their frustrations out on that so that they can feel that they have all their precious control again. Lately, the two of them have been fighting a lot more than usual. Like I said, they like to fight and be angry at the world, but it's worse than usual. Reminds me of the time they separated from each other a few years ago. It was bad for them, but for us kids, it was a living hell, and we are lucky to have been able to come out of it relatively unscarred. Got on the verge of being messed up for life over it. I had a birthday while that was going on. My dad backed me into a corner and screamed into my ear (I don't even remember what for) until I had a nervous breakdown and collapsed. I was 15. Since then, I've learned to handle the screaming episodes with a much more stiff upper lip.  
  
 They've also been texting me to taunt me about how bad and hopeless my situation is, offering no help. I guess that makes them feel better.  
  
\*Help Me\*  
   
Reddit, I need to know what to do. I have a few offers from dear friends to move in with them, but very far away. I need to finish the semester of school here. After this, and two summer classes, I will be set to apply to nursing schools. I need to figure out how to survive here. I feel bad about asking friends. I have good friends, but I don't want to be a burden to anyone. I also want to figure out what I did wrong. :/ I must have done something wrong. Feel free to call me on my crap and point it out and ask more. Obviously this is very biased and one-sided, but I've been trying to think about it from their view, and truly...I got nothin'. :( Literally and figuratively. x)  
  
\*\*EDIT:\*\* I can hardly believe it, but...somebody stole my phone at the school library today. It was on my desk next to me, and a minute later, it was gone. I searched everywhere, asked people around me, asked lost and found three times and even the campus police, but no luck. I'm in shock.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ojgs4m/how_much_debt_is_too_much_debt_for_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How much debt is too much debt for college?

I wanted to get perspective from students looking towards college, or in the first year or two of college, and share my own. How much debt do you think is too much??? How are you going to determine how much to borrow for college?  
  
OUR STORY/PERSPECTIVE: In short, my wife and I had six figures of student loan debt early when we got married. We got out of debt, but it definitely kicked our butt and slowed down our timeline for life's milestones. Looking back, we wish we would have had someone swoop in and warn us before signing on the dotted line for such significant loans. We are pro education, but realized looking backwards that we could have taken a much better path towards the same degrees. So here is some perspective from someone in their 30s on how much student loan debt is too much...  
  
A FEW MUSINGS ON DEBT:  
  
\* Some people might tell you not to worry about student loan amounts because it is good debt, as opposed to credit cards, for example, which is bad debt. The reasoning is typically something like "it's for education, so any amount is justified".  
\* Let me tell you from personal experience paying off six figures of student loans. STUDENT LOANS CAN BE BAD DEBT. Here is why:  
 \* \*\*You can't sell it.\*\* It's not like most other things you borrow money for (house, business, car, etc). A degree's resale value depreciates to 0.  
 \* \*\*You can't get rid of it.\*\* You can't get away from this debt. Student loans are guaranteed by the federal government, and the government is not to be messed with. Student loans are \*non bankruptable\*. Which means even if you get in a really bad spot and declare bankruptcy, this debt still follows you around.  
 \* \*\*A degree from a "fancier" school won't lead to a better income.\*\* You can find some exceptions, but as you look at average income data, it really doesn't make much difference if you go to a fancy school. What makes most of the difference is the type of career you pursue, and your level of excellence. Once you get into the workplace for a few years, nobody cares where you went to school. Do the research and compare average incomes of graduates with your desired degree from your dream school and compare that with graduates with the same degree that took a more affordable path (state school, community college, etc) and you'll notice there is rarely much if any difference.  
 \* \*\*You won't be saved by the government for free.\*\* The forgiveness programs get lots of attention, but they come at the cost of job flexibility, higher income, and a huge underlying stress that you'll forget to check an administrative box and be disqualified, or that the programs will be changed by some politician in the next 10-25 years, or that the government will simply not make good on its promise.  
 \* \*\*In summary, whatever you borrow, you will have to pay back.\*\* Ideally in the 5 years after you graduate, 10 max.  
  
I know for some this is not fun to hear and can come off as elitist or classist. That if you don't come from money you can't pursue your dream. I know it can be really tough to feel set back and not be able to graduate from your dream school. Unfortunately, given our current system, this is the reality. If you borrow too much the dream turns into a nightmare. Fortunately, there are ways to get to the dream more affordably.   
  
SOME RULES OF THUMB:  
  
These rules of thumb are basically rooted in the idea that most folks, once they hit their mid to late 20's or 30's, want to buy homes, start families, start a new business, save for retirement, etc. So in short, you don't want a pile of student loan debt hanging over your head any longer than 5-10 years so you can enter this new phase of life.  
  
\* \*\*Rule of Thumb 1:\*\* The \*\*BEST\*\* approach is to find a way to graduate debt free  
\* \*\*Rule of Thumb 2:\*\* If you are unsure that you wish to have a career, \*\*NEVER\*\* take out student loans  
 \* If you know developing a career isn't important to you (you might wish to be a stay at home parent, wish to work part time, live an alternative lifestlye, etc)  
\* \*\*Rule of Thumb 3:\*\* If you must borrow, \*\*NEVER\*\* borrow more than your starting annual salary of your career  
 \* The reason behind this rule of thumb is that once you borrow more than this amount, it becomes unlikely you'll be able to payoff that debt within 10 years, making it more likely to get in the way of your life in your 30s and 40s  
 \* Here are some examples of this rule of thumb in action:  
 \* If you don't know what you want your career to be, assume you'll have an average income of 35k to start your career, don't borrow more than 35k total  
 \* If you know you want to be a lawyer, and the average lawyer in your specialty makes 100K, don't borrow more than a total of 100K for undergrad and law school combined  
 \* If you wish to be a family practice doctor and the typical family practice doc makes 150k, don't borrow more than 150k to get through undergrad and medical school combined  
 \* If you wish to be an anesthesiologist and the average makes 300k, don't borrow more than 300k through undergrad and medical school combined  
 \* Of course, I'd love for you to borrow less in any circumstance. But if you're planning out your future and that involves borrowing more than one years income, STOP. You are passing a line into a danger zone, and the farther you get past it the more dangerous and suffocating this choice will become.  
 \* There are some careers that are just ridiculous. Watch out for them. The system is broken, and people "trust" that borrowing is just a part of the process and there must be a way to pay it back, because their peers are borrowing lots of money too. Here are careers I've come across that seem to set people up to violate this rule of thumb: Family practice doctors, Chiropractors, Physical Therapists, Non-Corporate lawyers, Teachers with Masters degrees, etc... And guess how these folks tend to feel about borrowing for an education when they reach their 30s? Regretful.  
  
THERE IS STILL HOPE:  
  
Checkout Debt-Free Degree by Anthony ONeal to learn about how to get where you want to go debt free, or Dave Ramsey and Student Loan Planner if you are already in debt and need a plan to get out.   
  
That's it for me for now :) Wishing y'all the best as you transition to this exciting stage of life.   
  
\*\*\*What do you think?\*\*\* How much debt do you think is too much??? How are you going to determine how much to borrow for college?

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/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](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/gwgyo/at_the_breaking_point_with_my_bfi_know_its_long/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: At the breaking point with my BF...I know it's long, but I'm desperate for some advice! Please help Reddit!

I'm at the end of my rope Reddit! Me(f23) and my BF(M27) have been dating for about 3 years. We've been through a lot including sickness, being homeless, huge family and financial issues...I love him very dearly. This may be long so I apologize!  
  
Recently we have been having a lot of problems with (what I feel)is his inability to understand and do normal household things such as cooking, cleaning etc. These are things that people just do when you live with someone. He was babied a bit by his mother...she cooked every meal for the family, she made his lunch and his bed...when he lived alone before he dated me he didn't even do his own laundry(he took it all to drycleaning)  
  
He also never cooks(not even eggs or ramen) if it were up to him he'd order out or go somewhere for every meal...the problem is I love cooking and sometimes want to eat at home, but then that means I will ALWAYS be the one to make the meal and he doesn't even offer to help(he will help when asked)..I feel like if I stay with him I will end up being a housewife making him all of his meals...  
  
We've talked about this a lot and he tells me he'll try avidly...The last big fight we got in about it I asked him "when was the last time you cooked us a mean?" "When was the last time you cleaned the toilet" All he could say was he didn't like to clean toilets! I yelled "NO ONE likes to clean toilets! but they do it because that's part of life" He suggested getting a maid! That would be great but it doesn't really fix he problem...I mean what is he going to do hire a chef too? I know he doesn't like to cook and I know he doesn't really know how to do any of this stuff, but I haven't seen any significant attempts...I literally feel like his mother sometimes.  
  
To make matters worse, he is probably 90% of my financial support(including school) so I often feel obligated to show my gratitude through housework...I don't like to accept his help too greatly, but I do appreciate and love not having to worry about expenses. I did expect to see SOME help with housework however since I am close to graduation and plan to start my career...where I would be busy and have an income which would make me feel more of an equal to him. I finally was sick of it and I now make him do his own laundry...the house is also a mess because I've given up on trying to make it look tidy.  
  
These problems have really gotten bad recently which was after a huge hurdle for our relationship where he and my family did not get along due to financial problems...I was basically stuck in the crossfire...the issues are still not resolved completely and it was very taxing on me mentally. So our relationship was already very rocky...  
  
Oh I'm just getting started...go get a snack or something  
  
So as I mentioned, I'm very close(like weeks) from graduation and it's very stressful for me...he is also at a very important time in his life...he is the founder of a startup....I think they'll do great things though it's difficult for me to understand the magnitude.   
  
In the last month or two he has been VERY busy...I mean super busy...lately he barely comes home to sleep in our bed. Apparently the work he does is much better suited for after work hours(since they are dealing with several locations and need people to be out of the way) so he will work throughout the night. I really don;t like this, but I know sometimes it's unavoidable, but what really gets me is his communication...He will tell me he will come home at a certain time, and doesn't...when I try to text or call I may or may not get a response...he says service is bad or he's busy and can't be bothered etc. Sometimes I just want to talk for 5 minutes though and see if he is actually coming home that night!  
  
This is so frustrating especially when he'll answer a text and then I'll ask him something else right away and then I won't get a response for three hours...or I'll try to call him because talking is more efficient than text and in response he will text me instead of answer or calling me back.   
  
We've had numerous discussions about this and often times it ends in him realizing that what he did was wrong and him saying "I will try to work on this/I will try very hard to fix this) though I've yet to see a big improvement...The other night I really wanted to spend some time with him and got a couple of hours hanging out...he said he had to take his friend out for drinks later(he had just broken up with his SO and they were trying to cheer him up) I was fine with that...though later that night I realized he meant go out drinking late(like 11pm) I voiced I wasn't happy about this...later the drinking plan turned into "well we might drink a lot and he might get wasted so I might just stay at his place" I was very upset...I told him to at least come home before 5 or 6am(like before the sun came up)   
  
So I woke up and he's not there...at 7am he slips into bed, but he's snoring so loud and Im so upset I kick him out to the couch so I can finish sleeping...he later says he was home earlier but he was so drunk he couldn't sleep...he also says he was in and out of the house at starbucks etc which I don't really believe.  
  
I don't because he often says one thing and does another and does not follow through at all...there is a package sitting on our floor that is a christmas gift to his mom that he has yet to send out and I refuse to because I want him to man up and send his own package out...also I am promised a lot of gifts(which I don't really care about) or trips or time alone and I never receive any of them and if I do it is well beyond the time in which they were promised. He even told me he had hired a chef once for an in home couples cooking class...yea that never happend..though I waited in expectation. I constantly worry about my tuition and rent because he handles them but the payments are often late and I am the primary lease holder...He also handles our therapy appointments...and even though we've been fighting very badly for months, we have not seen our therapist because my BF can not lock down a date and time(I had to eventually in tears make the appointment) I feel I cannot make the appointment because the therapist is very expensive and I am not the one paying for him...we had an appointment scheduled, but my BF did not confirm it...instead he went with his new employee to a baseball game...  
  
He says he is so busy now, but they are in the middle of trying to hire a new guy to take a lot of the work off of his shoulders...I try to explain that he is causing even more problems by shafting me, but he doesn't see it that way. I'm so stressed I feel I can't get any work done and I'm afraid of failing and not graduating...I really need his support, but it's hard to get it when he doesn't even come home at night.  
  
Today he was supposed to come home (either last night or very early this morning) to go to easter brunch with me because I knew he had to work in the afternoon...he came here about 10am because he was going through a pile of resumes...and tried to act as if he thought I'd just be waking up even though we discussed the last night he should get here early...I was upset and told him to leave. When I tried to reason with him that he should not work because it was Easter Sunday and I need and and wanted time with him he basically was like that's just the way it works...  
  
He has told me this is the biggest thing that has happened to him and that he is working hard for "us" and that he loves me very much...but the work just has to be done...in my opinion he shouldn't sacrifice the sanity of our already crumbling relationship for a future that might not even happen now...I want to support him and his work, but the situation has made me despise his work and I have no support left for him...  
  
We had a very mean text conversation where he basically kept telling me to at least go to our therapy appointment tomorrow(which I scheduled, but at this point I think I might just end it and deal with the stress, graduation and financial repercussions by myself.....I feel like there are still so many details, but I've already written so much!  
  
I'm not sure what to do any more! :( sad and lonely on Easter Sunday. Sorry for the epic post  
  
EDIT:added a couple more details.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/f1ciq8/rant_about_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Rant about college

Why am I paying the professors salary just for them to force me to buy a fucking access code shit software that auto grades and makes content for them? Professors don't do anything anymore.  
  
I have a professor that does not teach jack shit. ~160 kids in this class, there's only 2 TAs and 1 prof. The purpose of this class is to do all the work on your own outside of class, then show up for questions. How the fuck am I supposed to ask questions if there's 159 other kids raising their hands asking questions? I swear to fuck I spend the entire class with my hand raised waiting for a TA to show up. I send emails and they don't get answered. The best resource is other students.   
  
I have another prof, she is the ONLY professor who teaches a specific class which is required for my degree. There is no other option. I had an online (auto graded) assignment marked wrong, I sent her proof that I was right, and I didn't get a reply. I come into class \*6 fucking days later\* and confront her, and I asked "did you receive my email or did I send it to the wrong person?" and she says she got it but didn't read it. Well okay, a day or two or 3 is understandable. A fucking \*week\* later and still no reply (and no reply to this day, 10 days later) is fucking absurd. My grade still hasn't changed.  
  
I had another professor 2 semesters ago (spring 2019), and once again, I got an answer marked wrong that was correct. Emailed this lady and she replied standing by her typo and told me tough shit, you still got it wrong. This is for a programming quiz (data structures). A typo is the difference between right at wrong. "quizBank" is NOT the same as "quziBank", those are 2 completely fucking separate variables. She ignored all further emails, which I made very polite because my grade is in this woman's hands. This lady did not do anything at all except 1 quiz a week based on zybooks. The midterm and final were proctored, not by the school, so we had to pay out of pocket to take our fucking exams. $60 I wasn't expecting to pay, which isn't too bad, but why the fuck do I have to pay for that? There's no resources on campus for proctored exams? Fucking seriously? I can say I learned absolutely nothing at all about data structures but still somehow got a B. Fuck you [removed], you're fucking lazy and absolutely useless. Google her and check out that fantastic rate my professor rating. Edit I changed my mind on putting her name.  
  
Financial aid. I met with a financial aid bursar lady fall 2018 who was reluctantly helpful. She sighed and sounded annoyed that she found me a $500/semester grant. Great! Any little bit helps, thank you! I only got this grant for 1 year. Last year, spring 2019, I went to meet with her only to find out she doesn't meet with students anymore. Neither does anyone in financial aid. Their whole office was relocated to another building. So I go and find out \*other STUDENTS\* are now handling finances. Fantastic, what's better than a barely paid 19 year old handling my finances? Them bullshitting every fucking question I ask them. They don't know the fucking answers. I call them out and say it's okay to say you don't know something, but don't fucking spread misinformation, especially on something that cost me $1000 a year and other students thousands as well. Fuck you. Now that grant I had is seemingly "lost", I can't meet with anyone over the age of 20, and I'm genuinely fucking annoyed. Some of these kids want to be helpful, but it's like they're trained to tell you whatever answer comes off the top of their fucking head at that moment. "hmmmm \*I think\* it's because -blahblahbullshitanswer-." I've almost had to drop out on multiple occasions due to a lack of money. I got denied every federal and private loan. I applied for around 6 private loan companies. Federal is determined by the financial aid office, except parent plus which I was denied on with both my parents. My credit is great, 730, I've had an auto loan for $35k and I paid it off entirely (and my credit dropped because now my average age of credit is lower lmfao) and apparently that doesn't mean shit. My parents have $300,000 and $40,000 in student loans for my sister's private college loans, so I can't get money, my younger brother went to the military because he can't get help and had no money of his own, and now my younger sister who's still in HS doesn't believe me when I say she has to work, make money like I did, and pay your own way through college as you go. There is no money or loans that will magically appear. Just as you scrape by to pay the tuition by the due date, you're fucked in the ass with $400 in access codes and out of pocket housing / food costs.   
  
Back to access codes. Nearly every professor requires zybooks, Pearson mylab, wiley plus, or some other dog shit software that the students are required to pay for. Why are we paying the university and then paying a 3rd party to do our homework? These companies are determining the fucking prices. If the prof says "we're using zybooks, this is the code", there is \*No. Other. Choice\*. You are forced to pay whatever zybooks/pearson/wiley/whoever says you gotta pay. $60? $90? $120?? Pay it or fail. Textbooks are no longer as widely used because kids pirate them because they're charging $200 for a fucking textbook. What is the fucking incentive for these professors to be using this software? Zybooks is absolute shit. Complete one section, get to the next, and all the answers from last section are gone. There's no penalty for getting anything wrong. There is no learning going on here. It's only useful for information, but it even fucking sucks at that because it doesn't go in depth on anything.   
  
I'm running out of money and patience. If anyone has any advice or information to help me keep my fucking sanity please share.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/g2rhzx/really_stressed_and_torn_at_the_moment/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Really Stressed and Torn At the moment

Whats up fellow college students. Im about to write something that might turn out to be really long so bear with me here. I'll try to keep it concise.   
  
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Here's the background info. So i'm wrapping up my first year of college at Nova Southeastern, a smaller school in South Florida. I'm in this program called Dual Admissions D.O, which is basically something that "reserves" you a spot in osteopathic medical school so long as you meet their gpa and mcat requirements. Nova's a private school, so even with about 25k per year in scholarships (including Bright Futures 100% scholarship) I still pay roughly 10-12k per semester.   
  
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Now here's the issue. I don't want to be a doctor, and I was pushed into this by my family. A common occurrence I know. However, the thing is my family knows about my disdain for medical professions. I'm a finance major and I have my real estate license. They're cool with all that, they just want me to get my medical degree for "safety" and then they say I can do whatever I want. Their reasoning is that if anything goes wrong in finance or real estate I won't lose everything because doctors always make a ton of money no matter what's happening in the economy, and if all else fails i can start a clinic or work at a hospital or something. The thing is, they're not necessarily wrong and I get that.   
  
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So I took chem, my first required science class, in my first semester. And i was doing so badly I withdrew. The Dual Admit program requires an average science gpa of 3.5 or higher. If you don't do that you get academic probation and if by the end of the next semester you still don't have a 3.5 you get booted from the program. I'm currently taking chem and although i started off doing better, I did awful on my last test and i've fallen off track. I need an a minus (85%) to avoid academic probation. I've fallen to a 72%. I need to do well on the final to get anywhere near the 85, and it's not looking great. The coronavirus distraction didn't help at all. My dad at the moment is happy and proud of me, but he has no idea what's really going on. If i end up on academic probation i'll be in deep trouble.   
  
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I'm currently doing well in all my other classes, and I'd have a high gpa without chem. However I don't really care much about school, even the accounting and econ classes. I just do what I need to do to get the A without really trying to pay attention to the lectures. I spend all day watching videos and reading books about the real estate market, the stock market, and personal finance. I also attend all the virtual classes that my real estate company does. It's not that I don't like to learn. But something about being in class just makes me want to be anywhere else. I can't sit still. I still want to get my bachelors and i have NO plans to dropout whatsoever, but I don't want to get a finance degree from an expensive school like Nova when I couldve studied at UCF, stayed in my home city, and pursued a real estate career which I feel has at least some potential.  
  
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Thing is, I have so many things on my mind at once that sometimes my brain can't decide what to do, shuts down, and i just end up doing nothing. I'm currently trying to work on my real estate business in the middle of a pandemic. I've got work in my accounting and econ classes that is really important to complete to keep my grades good, and then there's all this chem work and studying that needs to get done if i want to stay afloat. I have no idea what to focus on, everythings just in my face all at once. If the distraction of D.O. was gone, it would be a massive weight off my shoulders.  
  
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Now, what I would do if i could is transfer to UCF, in my hometown of Orlando. I could do my finance degree, won't have to worry about science classes that I have no drive to complete, and I could focus on building my future in real estate at the same time. Also bright futures would mean that I would pay nothing. In my senior year of high school UCF also offered me their most prestigious scholarship ON TOP of bright futures, since I was in the top ten percent of my high school class. I would be paying nothing for school, be close to home, and be able to focus on the projects that matter to ME.   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
I'm really certain that doing that would make things so much easier for me. But my dad would be so angry at me for leaving the "blessing" of this "guaranteed" medical program, and he's already put thousands of dollars into this school. I would feel completely ungrateful and wasteful if i left. But that's a sunk cost fallacy, and I'm honestly not confident in my drive to complete chem 2, organic chem, physics, biochem, and then do ANOTHER 4 years of med school. But i just cringe so hard when i think of what might happen if i leave the "safety" of a medical degree to pursue real estate and finance. If things don't go as my mind envisions, I could end up struggling in life and my family could say "I told you so".   
  
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Any thoughts or other perspectives would be really helpful, thanks.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/n10o6a/i_found_my_better_future_and_you_will_find_yours/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I Found my Better Future and You will Find Yours Too (20, F )

Quick Trigger Warning Mentions for: Depression, Parental Abuse, Bullying, and Medical Trauma  
  
I want to share a bit of my life with everyone because I want to be able to reach out to someone who's currently having a hard time in their life. I assure you, you are not alone and your cries of help are being heard by me and many others.  
  
Just a bit about me, Im a 2nd year college student currently attending a Cal State University. I have been on the Dean's List twice already and have a GPA of 3.45 ! It may not seem much to some people but I am insanely proud of where I am now. I could write a book about my experiences if I could, lol. I've had alot of my trust be put into jeopardy and people lie yo me constantly.   
  
I constantly told myself life would be easier if I didn't have so many health problems. I have a kidney disease, had two spinal surgeries (for scoliosis), asthma, and a bit of an esting disorder. I've suffered from all of this since I was born and I had to experience my high school and middle school to the best of my ability. I had my spinal surgery during middle school during 8th grade. I had to be put into home schooling to recover and when I tried to go back to school, i couldn't keep up with the workload because of the severe pains I was having. It tore apart my education and as an honors roll student I was so devastated. At the same time, one of my teachers would bully me. Telling me to go home and that I was too weak. She excluded me from potentionally life-saving educational opportunities that could have really helped me. She picked her favorite students and guided them towards their college goals while I was left wondering if she really liked me. I became severly depressed because of this.  
  
I lost all my friends because I stopped showing up to school and they simply just stopped talking to me. They also made fun of my health conditions so yeah fuck them. I had to go to therapy because I was contemplating suicide and was so afraid to return back to school and face these teachers who said awful things to me. I was very shy and timid and was always taught never to raise my voice at my teachers so of course I stayed quiet about it. Until I broke down crying in front of my parents and told them that the teachers weren't giving me an opportunity to catch up on homework and give me the time of day to learn. I was in therapy for about 6 years.   
  
Then high school came, I was in and out of in-person schooling because of the pains and because I had my 2nd spinal surgery. No one called me up asking if I was okay. I spent my days on twitter, youtube, and tumblr learning how to draw, paint, write, and pretty much everything I could ever do. My home schooling teachers were absolute shit, they weren't even my teachers they just dropped off my school work and left lol. I had to teach myself Algebra 2 using just the book. I felt fucking stupid, but despite everything I still got honors roll. I complained about the discrimmination of students with health disqabilities to my high school and they ignored me. I would pass out in the hallways and the next day Id show up half dead because I dragged my ass to English class. The teachers would call me lazy and tell me I wasn't doing enough.  
  
I wondered if anyone really understood the pain I was going through. Having to deal with depression and schooling at the same time was no joke. I unfortunately had severe anxiety and if my grade dropped lower than a C i would cry and pass out. I taught myself Math, History, English, literally everything in the fucking world. Because the support the school offered wasn't enough, when I asked for AP home schooling classes they denied me. I ended up being rejected from most Cal States and UCs because of that. I was so angry and frustrated, i felt humiliated in front of my peers. My Class Year had a 65% acceptance to UCs average. I felt completely lost. The people I used to call my friends were attending Columbia, UCSB, UCLA, UCI. I cried so hard, it was impossible for me to feel better.   
  
Then I devised a plan to transfer to a UC in the future after spensing 2 years at a university. I entered the only Cal State that accepted me (I kind of regret it lol) and set the path towards my goal to transfer out. I wish someone in high school had informed me that I could have gone to community college and used TAG (transfeer admission guarantee). I had no idea that existed. My high school failed me big time. I guided myself where I went in life. I cried so many nights, and had no one to talk to. I felt compeltely alone and the help of my family wasn't much better either.  
  
I've been volunteering as an ambassador for a charity for 12 years. (Not anymore) They took advantage of me when they tried to use me as a tax relief deposit in my first year of uni. They gifted me a BMW thst ended up being dog-shit. Like literally 250k miles, a bad motor, and a bad battery. And they wrote it off as a 5k gift to me in a tax form. I felt completrly betrayed but thsn I stood up for myself and refused to accept the car. I just felt so proud of myself for standing up against what they tried to make me do. It fueled me in my college years to keep going strong. I started studying more, looking up sources for CSU TO UC transfer. I still cried alot, but I felt at peace. I still dont have any friends but Im hoping to fix that one day.   
  
I applied for transfer to all UCs and USC for this Fall Semester 2021. I go waitlisted to UC Davis and UCSC for Political Science and I'm still waiting on UC San Diego and USC. It may not seem like much but the waitlist means the world to me to know that I am capable of going far beyond anyone's words and that my hardwork does pay off. I feel immensely proud of . Cal State Transfers are always last to be picked when it comes to transferring to another four year university so I literally jumped for joy at my odds defying everything I thought of previously. I feel like I can do anything.   
  
My parents were extremely toxic at some points and supportive in others. They have seen how much I suffered and I only hope with time they will realize that everything I've worked hard on happens for a reason.   
  
My depression and anxiety still exist, but I am hay to say I no longer feel that gut wrenching voice asking me if I even have a will to live. I still get severe panic attacks when I think about my rejection letters. I look back at my high school and middle school life and wish I was brave enough to face against the people who hurt me the most. I always promise myself that I will get past my hardships and hope to overcome everything I've suffered from.  
  
Despite the lonely nights where I wish I had friends to play Valorant with or go to the movies with. I know maybe someday, i'll meet people who treat me nicely and support me. There's alot of paths I wish I took differently, but I can't change the past. I can only look toward my future. I know that life can be tough and you don't see yourself living past a certain point but everything gets easier with time. You don't need anyone but yourself to tell you that you're an amazing person and that you're capable of great things. You are an exceptional human being with great qualities and just because someone tells you something differently does not change the feelings you have for yourself. Your ambition is strong and it will drive you great places.   
  
No matter where you end up in life and if you decide to drop out, or continue your education. You are important and self-love matters. You deserve everything good in the world.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/cf8s7p/im_an_adjunct_professor_and_were_preparing_to_go/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm an Adjunct Professor and We're Preparing to Go on Strike

Posting this because I figure it's useful for students to understand how their universities function and because I'd like to know how students would respond if their professors went on strike.  
  
First some background for people who don't know how the adjunct thing operates; you can skip ahead if you're familiar.  
  
Adjuncts are faculty members who work part-time for the university and are typically paid very little, around $3000-5000 a semester for a 3 credit course. There's two main varieties of adjuncts. The first are the Industry Adjuncts -- these are people who've had substantive careers outside academia and are returning to share their expertise. The second are Career Adjuncts -- these are people who want to be professors and start teaching right out of grad school. Industry Adjuncts are typically well off financially from their previous jobs, many are in retirement, and they get paid more for their classes (some getting more than $10,000). This post is about Career Adjuncts -- the people who grind out a living working multiple jobs at once and are hoping they'll eventually get a full time teaching job, even if it's not tenure track. Most of the adjuncts you'll encounter are the Career Adjuncts, they're the ones teaching the 100 level courses and are nearly half the faculty at some universities.  
  
My current pay rate is just over $4,000 per course. So, if I wanted to earn a moderately decent salary of $48,000/yr (with zero benefits!) I'd need to teach 12 classes. A standard full-time teaching load for a professor with no committee or research responsibilities is 6 per year (usually 3 Fall, 3 Spring, what we call a 3/3 load). My university caps each adjunct at only 3 courses per year; if we want to teach more, we have to find other universities to work at.  
  
The head of my department recently decided that adjuncts would no longer be given preference in hiring for full time positions, so being able to use the job as a bridge to a full time teaching career is no longer an option. The department also recently hired so many new adjuncts that it's now difficult for us to even get 3 courses a year and most are going to be limited to a 1/1 load.  
  
We're going to soon be renegotiating our contract with the university, and the university has been adamant about not increasing our salaries (we do get pay bumps, but it's equivalent to a 2% raise, so basically just matches inflation).  
  
Technically, we're not allowed to strike under our current contract. But, the contract says absolutely nothing about what our actual teaching responsibilities are. If the university is unwilling to budge on pay, then we're looking at putting our job expectations on the table. Here's what it would look like:  
  
If a normal work week is 40 hours, and a normal full time load for a semester is 3 courses, then each course is roughly 13:20 per week. Based on our low pay rate though, the university is entitled to only half that: 6 hours, 50 minutes per week per course. Keep in mind that 2:30 of that is already classroom time, with some extra going to getting to class a bit early to set up, and staying late a few minutes to talk to students. That leaves about 4 hours left for office hours, lesson planning, answering student e-mails, writing assignments, grading papers, etc. There's also often faculty meetings which will take up about 1:30 every few weeks.  
  
I teach a small, writing intensive class with about 20 students. If I want to return essays in a timely manner (we're urged to do it within 1 week), I can spend a full 12 minutes on each individual essay, and that's if I do \*nothing\* but grade outside of class (no lesson planning, nothing). Normally an 8-10 page paper will take me about 45 minutes to grade, and 10-12 takes about an hour. But, if the university refuses to purchase that service, they may pay for my 12 minute essay analysis which consists of a quick read of the paper, marking any obvious grammatical errors, circling the relevant sections on the grading rubric, and writing a sentence or two in response. This is the course where we're supposed to be teaching you how to write academic essays, and I have to seriously consider eliminating essay writing from my curriculum.  
  
Since we can't strike, our alternative is to provide a bare minimum education.  
  
If you're a student, this should piss you off quite a bit. My university charges about $1,400 per credit hour, so each student is paying $4,200 to be there, and combined the class has a sticker price of $84,000. I see about 5% of that. Realistically, after scholarships, my students are maybe paying $50,000 total, but I still get less than 10% of that.  
  
The sad truth is that you do \*not\* get what you pay for. You pay the university, and the you get what the university pays for, and the university is a cheap bastard. In order for the situation to get better for adjuncts, we're going to need students to be much more aware of how little of their tuition goes to pay for their education. Also your parents (they're really the university's target audience).  
  
Now just to head off a couple responses I know this is likely to draw:  
  
"If you don't like it, why not just work somewhere else?" Because I want to teach college students. Getting a job teaching, any job teaching, including shitty adjunct ones, is tough. But that aside, \*someone\* has to teach the class, and if it's not me, it'll be someone else in the exact same situation. Changing the personnel doesn't change the conditions.  
  
"Why are you taking it out on the students?" I'm not. I have a menu of services I offer, and the university may decide which they are willing to pay for. It's the university deciding to only pay for a bare bones education while charging top dollar. ...Also, I'm completely willing to take a couple picnic blankets out to the quad to hold lessons and give feedback on essays there on my own time. I'm just going to make sure everyone is crystal clear on what education the university is providing and what education I am providing beyond that.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/g3sngn/need_some_perspective_on_this_one_professor_who/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Need some perspective on this: One professor who ruined many students' lives and careers

Let me preface by saying this: I used to think that when little kids get bad grades and then they blame their teacher by saying things like "he/she doesn't like me", I think no. We need to look at the bigger picture here. There are cases where the student didn't study enough and got bad grades and now the student refuses to except responsibility so the student blames everyone else.  
  
However, there are also cases where the student is correct in assessing that the teacher genuinely does not like the student and purposefully gives bad grades. This scenario requires proof. Also the student needs to mentally reflect why the teacher does not like him, what events lead to this, and what he can do in the future, and/or how to build better relationships with people.  
  
This is a story about Professor Aly (not real name). Professor Aly got a biology lecturer position at a top tier uni in the USA. She can't make tenure position yet because she is still studying for PhD at uni ABC. She also does not have speculator research, high research index, or enormous funding from the NIH/NSF/DoD or whatever government agency. Usually all these things are looked at whenever the dean selects a professor to be on the tenure track. Also, masters and PhD candidates can be adjuncts and supplement their own tuition by teaching intro-undergrad classes. Or they can be TAs at intro to upper level classes. This is normal.  
  
Over the years, Professor Aly has shown her true colors of being a sham, a con, and overall nut job. While she was a PhD candidate at Uni ABC, along the way she must have left or been fired from her lab because the PI removed her from the lab's official website. \[More details below\].  
  
Her PhD is something along the lines of computational neuroscience. It sounds fancy and hard. It is. I don't doubt or look down at some people who either fail out of a tough PhD or they leave because they are no longer interested in academia. \*I don't judge. STEM PhD is hard.\*  
  
However, what is odd by me is the sheer number of unrelated classes taught by Professor Aly. I said I was fine with her teaching introduction to bio since that is a very basic class. I myself had 2 years of biology before entering college so introduction to bio was a breeze. Since she was a Computational Neuroscience PhD, she also taught a Computational Neuroscience class.  
  
But Professor Aly was teaching other classes such as Genetics, Biostatistics, Molecular and Cell Biology, Advanced Molecular and Cell Biology, and Nutrition. None of those classes seem related to her field of study, and in class she demonstrated that she had no level of mastery. She would make a lot of mistakes. She would also teach outdated information especially in the field of Molecular and Cell Biology. Even in the advanced fields which were approaching graduate level work and recent research papers, Professor Aly showed that she did not have the slightest clue what was going on in the field, in research, or what the paper was about.  
  
\*\*She would even read a retracted paper and not know what retracted was, and that the information was garbage\*\*.  
  
Her teaching style was poorly executed too. She often spoke too fast. Even when students tried to ask her to slow down, she refused. She wanted to get out of class 30 minutes early every day because it was clear she did not know the material enough to teach. Eventually she stopped trying to read and summarize research papers for us. \*\*She moved onto reading the Huffington post, and other popsci content\*\*. She approached psuedoscience territory by promoting vitamins as cures for cancer and diabetes.  
  
Only in 2 classes did she grade the material. As the University policy dictated that most midterms and finals needed to be short answers and long answers to prove knowledge: \*having exams be written left the door open to subjectivity and interpretation.\*  
  
If exams were all multiple choice, then it's either right or wrong. Either you selected the correct bubble or not. This also leaves the students grade to chance or luck as random circles can determine your fate.  
  
Anyway Professor Aly abused that written exam policy to her advantage. If she didn't like a student, she would give students straight C's and B-'s, which are straight killers especially for Biology majors who are Pre-meds and want a 3.8 GPA (or A- in all of undergrad classes) to apply to medical school).  
  
If you tried to politely ask why you got a bad grade, \*\*she would say the answer is wrong. When you show her Google or the textbook, she would say your answer wasn't detailed enough\*\*.  
  
\*\*\*\^That is how she abused the written exam policy.\*\*\*  
  
But students that she did like: their exams could be filled with garbage or the wrong answers and they would still get full credit. Students have pushed pseudoscience and homeopathy on genetics exams and still got credit. Or students wrote completely wrong information, as debunked by Google and fact checked by established and qualified biology PhD professors.  
  
Professor Aly only graded 2 classes herself. The other classes, she allowed an undergrad TA grade everything. Since the TA was an undergraduate student, and the same age as the rest of the class, you can already see the shear favoritism and corruption in this grading. Also many of the TAs were not qualified to grade. Yes MANY TAs. I have had \*TAs who were finance engineers\* who took only 2 biology classes and they were grading exams. There is also the potential FERPA violations of letting your peers see your entire exam and homework and university login credentials.  
  
One TA even accidentally leaked everyone's grades on Snapchat. This actually happened.  
  
Behind the backdoors of the TAs, they talked about how much they hated Professor Aly because they got abused, she blackmailed them, \*\*she made them do stupid things like count ketchup packets in the cafeteria and write a report about it.\*\*  
  
She and another biology professor were eventually caught because they stole money and used that money to pay their TAs in University XYZ. Yes, she stole money from this uni to pay for her TAs in another uni.  
  
Many wanted to report Professor Aly but they knew they couldn't because they would jeopardize themselves. In addition to teaching core classes required to graduate, and thus your fate was sealed by her discretion,  
  
Professor Aly was also an advisor and a pre-health committee member. So in order to get a biology degree, you needed to kiss her ass for 4 years straight. If you wanted to go to medical or dental school, you need a health committee member's letter. She has denied this letter to at least 10 students who all left crying and confused as they were ineligible to apply. Some had decent GPA of 3.5 \[not super competitive, but semi-competitive\] yet she still would not let them apply. She forced students to take SMPs or Post-bacs or masters.  
  
Why was she even on the health committee when she had no relevant experience or degrees to prove herself? She never been to medical school nor had a MD, PhD, or DO.  
  
So now imagine having 6 Cs on your transcript and being in lecture with a complete nutjob who didn't even teach real science and who wasn't a PhD scientist herself.  
  
Eventually a lot of the alumni with nothing left to lose, reported her. But they didn't report her to Director of the program. The director of the program would never have done anything as he was complicit in the money embezzlement to some extent.  
  
I have seen so many tears and even possible suicide attempts in this program and many attribute it to Professor Aly and the way she treated people. At least 4 of my friends expressed concerns for their own mental health over Professor Aly.  
  
Before taking Professor Aly's classes, I had a 3.8 GPA. When I was in the rollercoaster, it went to a 2.8 GPA. Before I blame anyone, I asked myself so many questions and how to improve myself. Also transferring out of the program would have hard and impose a financial burden that would set me back $100,000.  
  
It never mattered to me how hard I studied or how long. Professor Aly told me she never liked me because she and I disagreed on politics. That's very unprofessional and that does not give her the right to mess up my grades and future. Again, I even had to fact checked by exams by Google and by other biology professors at other universities.  
  
What is weird is that as a 20 year old, I had more research experience and papers than her. I had 1 research paper and she had 0. She also spent 7 years in a PhD and still managed to come out with 0 papers. No wonder she was fired.  
  
Since the director was not going to do anything, there was perfect timing when the university appointed a new incoming department chair. This department chair was going to replace the old department chair who was too involved in research and not in the dramas. Once the alumni started to report her to the new department chair, soon the current students from freshman to seniors reported her. Eventually she was fired and everyone had a celebration with cake in the lounge and so much profanity was used to describe her. By then, I was a senior and about to graduate.  
  
My undergrad GPA is still tanked from all the bad grades she gave me. I still have video and audio lecture recordings of her pseudoscience. I still have copies of her poorly graded exams. I submitted them all to the university to thoroughly investigate.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8zg5ic/advice_for_college_firstyears/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Advice for College First-Years

I wrote this a while ago, intending it to send it to someone. Unfortunately, we despise each other now. But I didn’t want to waste this so I’m posting it here.  
  
BOOKS:  
  
Books in university are a massive money pit. I’ve heard of people spending close to a thousand on supplies and materials per semester. The reason being is that these books are extremely price gouging. New books typically cost upwards $100. What typically happens is that schools will attach an access code to the book where you will do your homework online. These access codes will cost between $50 and $120 in my experience.   
  
Suppose you go to the school’s book store and buy a new textbook and the access code. For some, it’d be easier to explain with the tangible example of my Gen. Chem 1 class. At my school, the textbook and the access code together were $300 new. I only paid $100. How? I bought an older edition of the book for $20 on Amazon and then went online and bought the access code from the site directly for $80. A really big price-gouging method that I’ve noticed is that schools will cut a book in half and sell them separately to two different classes. The first half of my $20 older and used book was completely identical the new textbook used in my Gen. Chem 1 class. The second half was completely identical to the Gen. Chem 2 class’s text book.  
  
For classes like biology and chemistry, you’ll also need to buy supplies. Such as lab coats, goggles, etc. At the book store, you’ll find that they are extremely expensive here as well. You can spend $20 on goggles when you can spend far less at an equipment/tool store nearby. I saved almost a hundred dollars doing this.  
  
Absolutely do not buy your books before class starts unless your professor has told you to buy these books and have them ready before class. What typically happens is that the first day of classes, the professor will go over the syllabus, then if there’s any time left they will start a lecture. However, you will not need a textbook for this. The professor will inform you of what you will need for the course, so you should buy the materials when you know you need them. If you run around buying textbooks from older students, you will get price-gouged. A student can sell you a $120 Physics textbook and tell you that he spent $200, but in reality, there’s an $80 access code that you will need to buy later.  
  
If you like PDFs, pirate your books. I probably can’t link sites here, but you can find them fairly easily.   
  
CLASSES:  
  
Do your research. Is this going to be a hard class? Is this class going to have a high workload? How much extra credit will be given out in this class? Will your grades be mostly determined by homework or tests? Most of this you can find through the syllabus. You can also ask older students for advice on the classes. If you plan on dorming, this can be quite easy. If you take some STEM classes like Calculus, Physics, or Chemistry, you’ll find that plenty of students will have taken those classes you’ve taken already and can give you advice.   
  
Build a study habit. Even if it seems too easy to study for. Build your studying habit. You do not want to get into more difficult and complex classes with the same “oh this is easy, I don’t really need to study. I can go goof off!” attitude. And if you do reach those classes with that attitude, it is very hard to break. So start early, begin studying. Build your discipline.  
  
One thing that people don’t typically take advantage of are office hours. Got a question? Go office hours or email the professor. One very important advice is to go to office hours if you’re majoring in the department that the professor is in. By going to office hours consistently, the professor gets to know who you are. And if you’re in the same department, that is a massive bonus because if the professor likes you, you can use him/her as a reference or letter of recommendation to a program or job.  
  
CAREER:  
  
Building off of office hours, you should be looking at internships in the field you want to go to. Ask your professors if they know of any reputable internships around. If you share an amicable relationship with your professor, you can ask him/her to write a letter of recommendation or refer you to the program.  
  
The internship will help you figure out if you actually want to continue in this field. I did an internship and realized that what I wanted wasn’t actually the complex and abstract but rather the practical applications. And so I changed my major from Physics to Computer Science.  
  
Should you get into the internship, try to keep an amicable and competent relationship with your supervisor. Your supervisor will now serve to be an effective and very important reference in the future. Not only that, the people you meet will be apart of your network. You can ask these people for job opportunities in the future or as references to other jobs.  
  
Apply to scholarships, as many as you can. Take the time to write essays that sell yourself (not literally) to the scholarship. You’re essentially taking an hour out of your day to apply to some scholarships that may or may not make you anywhere upward a few hundred dollars.  
  
Figure out if you plan on going into a graduate program. Build your extracurricular classes to fit into those. Are you certain that you’ll get into this one program? Well fuck you because there’s no guarantee you’ll get into that one. Go apply to other programs and look at their requirements. The sooner you do, the more prepared you will be. Study for the exam you’ll need whether it be the MCAT or GRE or whatever.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/c4nf1/reddit_it_was_recently_revealed_to_me_that_i_was/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, It was recently revealed to me that I was an illegal immigrant. I have been living a lie. I am young, alone, and very scared. I don't know how to deal with this, or what to do. Please help...

Let's get two things out of the way: I didn't know for a very long time, and I'm gay. It's kind of long, but this is the first time I've told anyone let alone the internet the full story.  
  
sigh I really don't know where to begin, but I guess this all started when I first moved out of my folks' house, when I was 18... I've known forever that I was gay and when I came out to my parents at 16, who are strict Catholics, did not take it well. I was not kicked out of the house but I was judged very harshly from then on. My mother threatened to kill herself when I told her, my father tried to "make me straight". It was clear I needed to get the hell out of that living situation as soon as I possibly could.  
  
The minute I graduated High School I got a decent retail job making a little above minimum wage. I saved up what I could while still helping out my family, and when I was able to move out I did. I shared a place with a few people, where I lived comfortably for about a year. I kept working hard and saving money, even getting a second job to put away for college. I met a guy, we fell in love, life was good...  
  
A year or so passed and I was informed that the people who where buying the house where I was renting a room could no longer afford the mortgage, and they would have to sell the house. I had to find a place to live, and I had to do it ASAP. My boyfriend and I decided that it was time to move in together. So we started looking around at apartments.  
  
I had never had any indication that I was any different from any other person, other than the fact that my parents where from Mexico and, of coarse, the gay thing. When my boyfriend and I found a place we liked and could afford, we immediately applied and began moving preperations. Much to my surprise, my application was rejected. I was shocked, I had never opened up a credit card (on the advice of a few coworkers who knew I was saving up for college. They told me that I would just get into debt with one, and I wanted to start college free of that), I had no car (couldn't afford one), and had excellent history paying all of my bills. I knew I had little credit history, but this place wasn't expensive, and between my two jobs I could more than afford this place.  
  
They told me my SSN was being rejected, that the credit people they used to do background checks said my number was (I remember this clearly, because I had absolutely no idea what the hell this meant) "Out of bounds". I was told I had to provide another proof of residency. I had never ever had anything like this happen to me before, I was able to land two jobs and go to school just fine.  
  
I immediately called my parents up and asked them what was going on. My mother said she would try and find my birth certificate but that it would take some time, she would have to do some digging. Housing situation falling apart very quickly, I decided that it would be for the best to move back home just for a month until the credit situation got straightened out and I could move in with the BF.  
  
sigh And then shit hit the fan. When I moved back home, my parents (who had considerably improved their attitudes towords my homosexuality) expected me to pay them rent. I was OK with this, I made a decision to move out so I had chosen my role as an adult. This pushed my college plans way back however, which I wasn't happy about. My father also had different views on how I should be living my life, and we fought constantly. It got so bad that it almost headed towards physical altercation on many occasions. My mother would not give me my birth certificate, and at this point the commute to, from, and between both jobs was grueling. I decided I needed to get one job, closer to the Apartments where I wanted to live. When I informed my parents of this, my mother dropped the bombshell.  
  
They told me that when I was 5 years old, they had me smuggled into the country. That before this, I was living with some relatives who agreed to watch over me while my parents staked out a niche in the US. That the reason for them moving here to begin with was that we where an affluent family in Mexico, and this lead to my kidnapping when I was only 3. That my whole entire life had been a sham. That my documents and paperwork saying I was a US citizen, the very documents I had used to land my jobs and was going to try to go to school with, where forged. I didn't exist. I was an illegal immigrant, not by my own choice. They showed me my birth certificate, and sure enough, it was in some hospital in the Federal District of Mexico.  
  
I don't think I'd known sadness until then. I was crushed. I wept for days, not knowing what to do. My parents did little to comfort me, they told me they where "Hoping for a way to make me legal". I didn't tell anybody. Not for a while. I finally decided to tell my boyfriend at the time, and that was a mistake. He said he'd be supportive of me and help me, he even managed to help me find a new roommate(he'd lost his job at this point, and I wanted now more than ever to leave my parents house for good). We packed up all of my things in the dead of night, and I left.  
  
I started living with this guy at some really shady apartments, ones where they didn't do full-on credit checks, just made sure you had a job. Things started out fine, but my boyfriends attitude towards me changed completely. He began to be abusive, not physically but he would always put me down or just treat me generally bad. I dumped him when I couldn't take anymore, when I felt like I was just losing myself more and more to his abuse. He threatened to have me deported, and I panicked. Those where empty threats, but the gravity of of this secret I had to now keep alone was too much.  
  
I've only told 4 people this my entire life. Three very close friends, and my now-ex. I am afraid to let anyone know what is going on, but I can't live with this anymore. I'm so scared, I'm so alone, and no one understands what I am going through. I feel completely alone, and lost. I can't afford a lawyer, and I've been looking into citizenship and it seems that for the most part this is a process that takes years and years and lots of money(which I don't have). The only option is marriage...  
  
I met a girl I thought I could trust with this. We where close, like brother and sister close. We decided that even though she had a boyfriend we would attempt to marry and fake it till I was a citizen. This all came crashing down when I found out she told everyone of our friends that I was illegal. I was crushed, again. I learned not to trust people with this, that I had to keep it hidden at all costs. Especially since some of those friends where not trustworthy. As luck would have it, some of those friends and I had a falling out. A bad one. Now I am scared that out of anger they will tell more people, and eventually the wrong person will know and get my ass deported.  
  
My lease for this apartment will be up in a month, and I have nowhere to go. I have an out-of-state ID that expires at the end of this year, a valid Tax ID number, and nothing else. I am in debt due to this apartment being more costly than I originaly calculated(and losing my second job). None of my friends have any room for me to stay with them, nor do I feel I can trust a coworker or stranger for a roommate. I could move back home, but I know this will get me nowhere, and due to the distance I would have to quit my job.  
  
Reddit... I don't know what to do anymore. I am cripplingly depressed. I don't feel that I can go on living like this much longer, a criminal in my own country. I don't know spanish that well, I don't know the first thing about mexican culture, and I don't know anyone in Mexico. I was raised here. My entire life I've played by the rules, stayed out of trouble, studied hard (when I found out I couldn't really get to college, I started studying to become A+ certified at least) for nothing. All my life I thought I was just another person, to have that yanked out from under you... I don't know how I managed to get this far.  
  
My work ethic has considerably dropped, I don't go out and see my friends as much as I used to, and I don't even leave the house most days unless I absolutely have to. I have pondered suicide more times than I can count. I figured, hey, they will probably kill me for being gay in Mexico, and I can't live like this forever without getting caught, so my not nip this in the bud? I have overcome these feelings each and every time, but as the day that I will probably be moving back home draws closer... I have to try harder and harder to get up in the morning. I feel like my family is the only reason I haven't already, like I'd be bringing them untold pain and shame that they don't deserve. That it's selfish of me.  
  
I am not asking for a handout, I am asking for advice. For guidance. I am so scared, more scared than anyone can imagine... I am so alone and jaded by the people that have betrayed me with this secret before. I don't hate my parents, but I resent them so much for making this choice for me. I don't know where to turn anymore... as I type this tears keep welling up in my eyes with the thought that I may be kicked out of the my home just because someone doesn't like the color of my skin. Or my lisp. Or the way I walk. Is there any hope left, reddit? I can't stress enough that I am completely petrified of my future, and I don't know what to do anymore... How can I get legal counseling for something like this? I just need some advice, or just to hear that it'll be OK and I'll make it...  
  
PS. Yes, this is a throwaway account  
  
TL;DR I'm gay, about to be homeless, and recently found out I was smuggled into the country at a very young age. I'm really scared about my future.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/k06f7/im_best_man_for_my_friend_next_week_and_would/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I'm best man for my friend next week and would love if someone could proof read my speech, please.

This is only the third wedding I've ever been to and of those two speeches I heard one was brilliant and the other was terrible, which has made me rather nervous. Please can someone be so kind as to have a quick read through my first draft and let me know what they think. The groom is Tim, bride is Becca and his parents are Ron and Carol just to avoid any confusion. And yes there is going to be a lord present! I've timed myself reading at a slow pace with pauses and its between 5 and 6 minutes. Thanks in advance.  
  
TL;DR below is my best man speech, let me know what you think  
  
  
Good afternoon my lord, ladies and gentleman.  
  
Now as some of you may know I am not really one for words so when I found out I had to write I speech I asked for help from someone who knows the couple very well.  
  
Pull out cards...  
  
 I must start by saying how lucky Becca is to have found someone like Tim to be her husband. He is so caring, so handsome and so ... so ...  
  
I'm sorry Tim I can't read your handwriting at this point... In fact let's go with the one I've written.  
  
Throw away cards and pull out new ones...  
  
I have been friends with Tim/Staggy/Swaggy for the best part of twenty years and have seen him grow up and develop into the man he is today. I think my earliest memory comes from one of the first times I went to Tim's house. We can't have been older than 9 or 10 and at that age you look to what the bigger people do and want to feel more adult, and we could see nothing more manly than smoking.   
  
Now the problem with smoking at 10 years old is you obviously don't have access to cigarettes but my good friend Tim had a moment of clarity and genius and decided to roll up a piece of A4 paper, light the end, he blew out the flames and inhaled a big puff of ... well smoke! After a lot of coughing and spluttering, Ron and Carol will be very pleased to hear that Tim was put off trying smoking again for many years!   
  
It did however start a new fascination, one of fire and all varieties of pyromania, a fascination that I'm led to believe was only extinguished with the assistance of the fire brigade on a couple of occasions!  
  
Our friendship continued to strengthen over more than a decade of school and even continued when we left for university. Tim did make some lofty, new, budding friendships over his university years and I don't know if it was their influence on him or a discovery of his own but he soon learned that he could effectively home learn his subject matter because "why waste your time going to lectures!" It clearly didn't hamper things as he graduated with a very respectable 2.1 in Politics. Tim's parents were therefore ever so proud of Tim when he used his degree and i must say their investment to it's fullest potential by beginning a career behind a bar. He made clear steps up the ladder in the bar trade and then made the logical ... um upward progression from there to the cash register of the local off licence.  
  
Now this couldn't really continue and I think there may have been an interjection from Ron at this point for Tim to try his hand at a new career of property development, one that by all accounts was very successful. Now I have a little insider knowledge on the property development as I was lucky enough to assist. As you are no doubt aware there are many costs involved in property development and the aim is to keep these costs to a bare minimum to maximise your profits. Now there is no man around who is better at keeping costs down than my man Tim, we started by landscaping the garden ourselves and I think it was digging away that gave Tim his best plan to date. Why waste money on expensive skips when we could bury all the waste we produced! And I do mean everything! When the lucky first owners of that house decide to do some gardening, and I mean anything deeper than around 6 inches in some places they're going to strike rubble, and brickwork, and if they're lucky enough to find it there's even the old toilet and bathroom sink down there!  
  
Ok so I started this by saying that Becca was very lucky to have a man like Tim and I wasn't lying. He's a tremendous man, a fantastic friend and someone who always manages to land on his feet. I mean let's look at Becca, who I think we will all agree looks absolutely gorgeous today. I think we're all curious how he managed to land someone so special. We do have to be very thankful to Becca for something though. Tim's hair! Over all the years I've known Tim his hair had gotten longer, at it's full length we all assumed it was to do with the lifestyle he was living and the rocker style that matched the way he was dressing. It was also always covered underneath a hat of some style, normally the same well used, rather soiled trucker cap. It was only when we saw Tim in the sea on a day of surfing that we realised he may have been covering for something. As he came out of the water and his hair was slicked back, in a moment reminiscent of Ursulla Andress we were all aghast where it had gone! It appeared that Tim was maybe developing a new form of combover, the rocker coverup! In steps Becca and within not too long we started to see the hats less and less and then suddenly the hair was shortened and well groomed and I think you will all agree with me that it looks much better for it, so for this Becca I thank you!  
  
Seriously though, Becca I've known Tim for many years now, I've seen him at his worst, and I've seen him at his best but I can say truthfully, with my hand on my heart that I have never seen him so happy as I do when I see him with you. In fact I recall a few years ago Tim saying to me one time when he was round at mine and Stef's "I want what you two have" Well I can say with absolute certainty that he has more than found love and happiness with Becca. He has an inspiring sense of wellbeing and self assurance when he is with you, which let's me know that this will last forever.  
  
So ladies and gentleman I would like you to all join me in a toast.  
  
To the bride and groom!  
  
  
May your love be added, may it never be subtracted, may your household multiply, and may your hearts never be divided.

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/college/comments/p2228x/honest_advice_from_a_recent_college_graduate_and/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Honest Advice from a Recent College Graduate and 3 Year RA

•if you can commute and/or live at home (assuming you have a healthy home life to do so) then live at home. Living in the dorms is expensive and unless you are fortunate enough to have all of it paid off and it’s no problem then save those thousands on thousand of dollars and live at home, it sucks and you’re not going to get the “college experience” but you can still visit friends on campus and go out with them. Privacy and freedom will come later, I promise.   
  
•Look for on campus jobs if you need money. Most schools offer on campus positions of all types from IT to tutoring to manual labor to even being an RA which can offer you benefits and tuition deductions, ask around and see what fits you.   
  
•You’re not the main character, the dorms don’t belong to you. No matter how adult you think you are, no matter what you believe is in your rights, understand that the residence halls on your college campus have rules and they do apply to you. Don’t be a nuisance to the staff or your peers just because you believe it’s your right to go and scream to your hearts content or whatever it may be. Be respectful to those around you and those of us who don’t get paid enough to deal with you.   
  
• Don’t bring too much but don’t skimp on bringing things for later seasons. You may not need a winter coat now but you will in a few months and honestly it’s better to have things you’ll need later than to worry about getting them later. Remember that whatever you move has to be moved out and that can be a lot of work. Save yourself the hassle and pack relatively light.   
  
• Change your major. If you’re not happy with what you’re doing, change your major, it’s never too late. It may set you back, it may be hard to explain, but it does you no good to continue on with some major you have lost passion for. It’s okay to switch majors and studies show that 1 in 5 college students change their major at some point in their lives. Before you do, take the time to understand how much it may set you back and what other fees may come with this change in major as well as if any grants or scholarships are major/field specific.  
  
•Drop out if you feel you need to. This is advice that many people will likely throw their nose up at me and tell me how wrong and irresponsible this is but...if college isn’t for you, if you’re going to fail out, if the education you need can be received through a training program elsewhere, whatever it may be, dropping out is a valid option. The course load for many majors is tough and you need to pull through and get your work done in order to succeed but for many, college just isn’t for them and that doesn’t make these people failures or anything of the sort. Don’t let someone persuade you into continuing with college if it is going to just put you in a hole of debt that is doing you no good to begin with.   
  
•Go to the campus events. Not all of them will be your thing and I’m not saying go to all of them but you’d be surprised who you may meet there or the fun you may have. They may seem cheesy, and likely some of them will be, but if you have a passing interest just go and see what’s there.   
  
•Utilize student health services while you’re a student. On campus student health facilities can provide a lot of testing youre going to pay for elsewhere, many on campus clinics (this differs per school) offer STD/UTI testing, strep testing, and can provide basic medicine, checkups, and even basic consultation. This shit is expensive out in the real world, get it free while you can.   
  
• Don’t join a frat or sorority if you can’t handle it. People love to party. People want to find friends. People want to feel apart of something and frats or sororities are a great place to do all of these things but you are a student first and a Greek life member second. If you are not responsible enough to balance you Greek life and your student life, then very quickly both of those can be ended at the same time if you get kicked off campus for your grades dropping.   
  
•Respect your RAs. We don’t want to be cops, most of us don’t anyways. We know you’re college kids just like us and we want you to not feel like you’re under constantly monitoring but if you really want every single infraction you do to be reported we can especially if you’re an asshole towards us. Why should we respect you if you don’t respect us. Trust me, it’s obvious when you’re high. We know when you’re drinking in your room. We know when you’re sneaking people in. We have seen it a million times and you’re not the one sneaky one to get it past us and if you really want us not to care than treat us with basic respect and we will let so much go by, we don’t want to write the report.   
  
•Don’t room with your friends. It may seem like a good idea but you don’t realize how quickly someone’s living habits can annoy you. It’s better to keep hating someone you already don’t like than it is to hate someone you were once friends with. I’ve seen so many people end up hating their friends or moving out of a room situation with their friends because they realized it was a bad idea. This isn’t the case for every pair or grouping of friends so you could be different but I just wouldn’t risk it.   
  
•DO NOT buy books before you absolutely know if you need them. So many courses “require” textbooks but never use them and often times you can’t return brand new books for full price, especially if they come with an online code. Feel the class out for a week or two or talk to others who have taken the class, save your money where you can.   
  
•Know your attendance policies per class. Listen, you’re paying for this education and if you don’t want to show up for Mrs.Simmons 8am English class and she doesn’t care, then don’t but know that you need to make up for what you missed. Know when your tests are. Know what the important grades are. It will not kill you to miss class but be prepared to know what you need to accomplish on your own. You don’t need to worry about being the perfect student unless the class/professor is enforcing that sort of behavior. If you want to attend for your own personal reasons and to get the most out of that tuition cost, that’s also totally okay but recognize when you need to take a mental health day or when you just need time off.   
  
•Befriend professors, especially those you’ll have for multiple classes, they will help you out with so much and are such a good resource of knowledge and recommendations down the road or maybe even a genuine friendship once you’ve graduated. Having a good relationship with your professors means that you come to mind on recommendations for student positions, interviews, awards, or even possible work opportunities. They want to see you succeed and you’ll thank them for all they’ve done for you if you take the time to become close to you.   
  
• Know what services are available to students. My campus had a work center that loaned out suits and dresses for interviews and even had student works who were there to practice in mock interviews. We had study rooms you could reserve so you had a quiet place for you and/or your friends to study. We had a print shop where you could print out anything you wanted for a small price up to like 6ft tall by however long. Each college campus has a lot of services you probably don’t know about that can come in handy under the right circumstances.   
  
• If you get in trouble, own up to it, and take your punishment in stride. Every school is much harder on people who lie and deny when they’ve clearly done something wrong. Punishment can go from a slap on the wrist and a stern talking to, to meeting about your removal from a certain dorm or maybe even the campus real quick. You’re an adult, take responsibility for your actions. If you show those in charge of you that you’re not capable of acting like an adult, you’re more closely observed and are going to be treated more harshly. Whatever your punishment is, do it or respect it, because failure to do either will escalate whatever you were served to something more severe.   
  
• Know your campus’s policies regarding your rights as a student. Don’t let campus police, the RAs, or the various offices give you false information. There will be people who will lie to you to make their job easier or to try and frame you in a negative light. Understand your rights as a student, even if you have to find loopholes and force technicalities, definitively knowing campus policies can and will save your ass.  
  
• If you don’t want to/can’t go home for the holidays or breaks. Talk to your housing office about staying. Many campuses allow for students with special circumstances to stay if it beneficial to their overall well being or even if you need to stay for work.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/tji32/fiances_brother_is_a_good_for_nothing_who_is/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Fiance's brother is a good for nothing who is cleaning out his parents' savings. He shuts down when talked to. What to do with an asshole like that?

This is probably gg to be a long post and I'm relatively new here so sorry if this is in the wrong place. We (the fiance and I) need some advice, even though we are grown adults (27, 29). This has dragged on for years, and his parents are about to break down or break up because of it. He's lived with this turmoil since his undergrad days and it has caused him a fair bit of mental anguish (and scars if I may add)  
  
Long story short: His brother behaves like the stereotypical spoilt brat asshole kid of the family. His brother has always been the baby in the family, being 6 yrs younger than him. Always got his way. Parents spoilt the crap out of the boy. Fiance's family is not well off. They live in a house they are still paying off the loan for, which I understand is quite common in the US. (Not so much in Asia, where I am from). My fiance took out a student loan for college which he has worked hard to pay off himself. His brother asked their parents to take out a loan for him to pay off college in NYU. This is wayyyy more expensive than the other college he could have gone to, which was UCLA (they are Californian). The dad is part of the problem as far as I have heard. He defends the brother and makes lots of promises he cannot keep, things like, he will always find the money to support his son in whatever he chooses to do and that is his responsibility as a parent no matter what. Now they are stuck with an 80,000usd loan to pay off for the brother. The brother rents a 1000usd room in an apt in a nice part of new york. He interns at some company for free. FREE! While his parents worry about how to support him from California. They pay all of his rent, and give him about 600 more to live on. They cannot afford this. All this while, the brother refuses to work for money even though he can (saying that he would rather pursue his dreams being poor than work for money). He also refuses to consolidate his loans, knowing full well his parents are the guarantors and they will eventually have to take care of things. This pisses the fuck out of all of us. His parents are now about to take out another loan on their house to pay off his student debt because the interest rate would be more favorable this way. Meanwhile the brother refuses to talk about his loans or his problems. And he is refusing to find a real job.  
  
He did finally agree to TRY to sublet his NY apt out and move home, but who knows if he is actually trying. THis boy has been nothing but irresponsible and self-centered (from what I've heard).   
  
All this has taken a long and destructive toll on my fiance. He is sick and tired of the family drama, of his dad not knowing any better and his mum having to take all the shit but cannot and coming to him crying. He says sometimes he wishes he could just shoot everyone in the family and shoot himself (but I know he is just saying this in frustration and will not do it - he is a medical student now and wants to save lives more than anything).   
  
My fiance is in debt himself as he took out another loan for his medical school. He is in no position to help his brother or his family out financially. He stresses out about this constantly, and even more so each time his Mum calls to pour her heart out. He loves his family. Meanwhile, his brother sits on his lazy ass doing god knows what and avoids everything.  
  
Latest news is, the brother grew some acne on his face and now hides at home for fear of someone seeing him. This is his excuse now for not going for any job interviews.   
  
My fiance suspects that his brother is gay. He also recently thinks that his brother could have some sort of psychiatric illness, like body dysmorphic disorder, or maybe some sort of personality disorder. I personally feel that could be the case too, because which normal human being can act like such an asshole and feel no remorse? They have no money to send his brother to see a psychiatrist. No insurance nothing.  
  
I'm sorry that this was so long. While I don't actually feel any better by venting, I really hope someone can offer some advice on what to do. Maybe someone in the same situation before, or counsellors, or anyone! I am not going to lie, I am quite afraid of the future when my fiance's parents won't be around to take care of his brother's problems anymore and he will have to pay off all the debts...and whatever other situations the brother always seems to get into. Because of his brother, my fiance has sworn off having kids. He is going to get a vasectomy to make sure this never happens. I am not going to lie that I am happy about that in any way.  
  
TLDR: Fiance's brother is an asshole and sucks money from the family, refuses to work, but may have a psychiatric illness to account for his bad behavior. What to do?  
  
edit: the part about the brother being gay - added that because we think it might be why he acts out like this. He has identity problems... and grew up having them and now chooses to avoid all the problems in life. Fiance is making a trip to new york in a month to try and ask the brother about this. Because...we don't give a damn if he is gay or not. We just want him to be a normal, productive, responsible member of society (and the family).

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/d136r8/i_started_from_cc_and_im_about_to_start_my_2nd/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I started from CC and I’m about to start my 2nd Internship at MSG

I’m entering my last semester of University at a Private 4 year. It’s quite an expensive school but I have a scholarship that helps me save money. Money is a huge issue for many hopeful students who are trying to pursue an education.   
  
Let’s go back into my timeline, shall we?   
  
In high school, I had a 2.5 but I got into a public university. My parents were tight on money at the time so I decided to go to CC. It’s close to my house, like a 5 min drive. I also had friends who were going too. My first year was rough, I failed a few classes. It was because I was naive, I didn’t balance my schedule. I had friends who went to 4 year schools and invited me over to party. I feel into a deep depression (I don’t need sympathy). I decided to change my habits and study my ass off to achieve my Associates. I left CC with a 2.9 gpa and receive my associates. I did this by sacrificing my summer and taking classes to finish on time.   
  
I got into a Private 4 year University and decided to major in Sport Administration due to my passion in Soccer. I took a semester off to save more money and have a mental break. It was necessary because I really wanted to think about my goals in life. I wanted to be a scout but my path took me to somewhere greater. I got an internship with the New York Red Bull in event and operations (completely different than scouting lol). I learned so much about the professional job environment and made so many connections. They took a shot at me because of my passion, not really what was on paper. The point of an internship is to learn about the job environment, plus your supervisors and leaders get to learn about you.   
  
I was then offered a match day position and been with the operations department for about a year. I wanted more though, I wanted to continue to grow as professional. My advisor at Uni suggested to me that I apply for Madison Square Garden. It took me 3 months to achieve my internship there. One key value I learn is to be patient. I have such a tough time being anxious and worried about my future (it’s normal, I know I’m not the only one). My biggest take from this was, have a sense of communication. I asked questions that were critical thinking and showed my passion for the internship. But DONT BE ANNOYING. I try my best to be patient, I didn’t want to keep emailing every other day. Once a week is fine.   
  
I then went through 3 interviews and was offered a Front of House Operations Student Associate Internship. I was ecstatic, knowing my past, I was so proud of what I accomplished over the past 2 years. MSG saw that I worked hard over the last year. I volunteered with the NY Giants, NYC marathon, and ICC Championship. Volunteering looks so good on a resume, it shows how you’re willing to work for free for your passion. I showed to the interviewer my recommendations from my volunteering and Red Bull internship (Use them as a leverage during an interview, it looks good! I promise!).   
  
I saved so much money and I got to think about what I really wanted to do for the rest of my life. I’m leaving with a 3.7 GPA at my University due to my new study habits and time management skills. My goal is to run events, this is fueled by my passion of sports and concerts. My first event at MSG will be Tyler, The Creator (An artist I looked up to so much) looking at his past, he achieved so much for a kid that was once a shit head (just like myself lol). Tyler showed the world that he can be taken seriously because of his craft and love for creating. I look up to him as a role model, because of his inspiration, it made me chase my dreams. My first Tyler show was back in 2015 during The Cherry Bomb era. Now, I’ll be working at his concert at the Worlds Famous Arena (plus more events and sports).   
  
My advice for you is, find your passion. And find people who have the same passion as you. I worked even harder when the people around me are trying to chase the same dream. If you’re sad, depressed, or just not having that pure energy. Meditate, yeah meditate. Clear your head, breathing exercises helped me so much. DO YOUR RESEARCH. Look online, go on LinkedIn, Google, Forums, ANYTHING. Learn from others and see what you can do. I love feeling motivated by others. Learn about a professional on how they got from point A to point B, don’t just network for the job sake.   
  
Best of luck to anyone finding an internship, it can be hard. I got denied from Barclays Center, Prudential Center, and MetLife Stadium. Don’t let that slow you down if you didn’t get into your hopeful internship, get back up. Use your resources like a university career center by practicing interview skills and touching up resumes.   
  
Thank you for reading,  
Best:)

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/l1j53/im_not_sure_what_to_do_about_grampa/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I'm not sure what to do about Grampa.

Okay, this might sound long and whiny and stupid, but it's driving me and everyone in my house crazy. I'm 22 years old, and I'm living in a two bedroom apartment in the Bay Area of California with my ex-girlfriend, our daughter, my "mother-in-law", a roommate, and recently my "mother-in-law"s 90 year old father. We've had to take him because we can't afford to keep him in a nursing home, or really anywhere but with us, because he gets money from his pension and it's barely keeping us afloat.   
  
I have a job at Whole Foods and I do alright for me and my bit of the family. My ex is looking for work and is in the mean time getting welfare money. Mother-in-law (who I'm going to call "MIL" from now on) gets school loan money and uses it to pay our nearly 2000 dollar a month rent. Our daughter doesn't need anything, but she is four months old, and needs quite a bit of attention, obviously. Now even before we fell into our hole MIL still had to take care of Grampa's finances and deal with him.   
  
He is a gruff, hard to take care of man. He needs things done a certain way, and gets crazy if they don't go right. He needs breakfast as soon as he wakes up, and needs his following meals made for him promptly as well as snacks. That doesn't sound too bad if you don't take into account that he makes a huge mess while he's eating, makes the most disgusting noises as he's eating. He will literally shit his pants while eating and just sit in it until someone says something or makes him go to the bathroom. As a matter of fact his shitting himself is the biggest problem he's got. He won't tell you when he has to go, he will just go. He doesn't stay in nursing homes very long because he won't stay in his rooms and curses at the staff. And nobody wants to keep him around. We can't afford the places that put up with this kind of thing.  
  
I am gone at work almost all evening and taking this man to the bathroom is literally the last thing i want to do when I wake up and when I come home. I take care of my daughter during these times. My ex is usually the one to take Grampa to the bathroom as me and MIL have weak stomachs. In exchange I cook for him. But if I have been up all night with my daughter and he needs his breakfast I get to a point where I'm just not sleeping at all. MIL is gone for most of the morning as she goes to school and needs to take a certain amount of classes to keep her grant money coming and keeping us going. she takes him in the evening when I'm at work. But his constant feedings and trips to the bathroom along with his general grossness and shitty attitude is wearing thin with everyone in my house.  
  
I'm 22 years old and I have a kid, I already have a lot stacked against me. I am not trained as an orderly, and really I kind of fucking hate this man who I'm not related to, and since I am not even dating his granddaughter I don't see what the fuck I am doing here. I am trying to pull my weight for my ex, as she's still my best friend and since she's looking for work she's stuck at home all day watching the baby and grampa. She deserves better than this, and I try to help as best as I can.   
  
I don't really know what I'm asking for, if there is anything anyone knows about that can help get us out of this rut. We aren't trained for this kind of shit, and we just found out our roommate is leaving because he can't bare to share the bathroom with this shit covered old man. I don't blame him. And now with out his money we may be getting evicted.   
  
I don't really know what to do anymore. The house smells like shit all the time, everybody's tired from either waking up with Grampa or waking up with the baby. We're broke and we have no foreseeable way out of this fucking debacle until the old man dies. I have never thought about murdering someone before until now. I would never do it but, I am a sane person who has now seriously thought about killing another human being. I feel like we are all falling apart since he moved in. Fuck, even just some advice or tips or something would be great. Thanks for listening.  
  
EDIT: grampa never comes into our room and baby doesn't ever leave our room. so health of baby is at a minimum. but if it is still a risk please let me know.   
  
\*\*TL;DR Ex's grampa moved in with us in our two bedroom tiny apartment and is ruining our lives. He shits everywhere and is needier than our four month old daughter. But we can't afford to put him anywhere. Help?\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/esudns/got_betrayed_by_my_bestfriendgirlfriend_of/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Got betrayed by my bestfriend/girlfriend of 10years who I wanted to be with to the end of life. I struggle to move on and let go but the pain is unbearable .

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/x0yjya/what_to_do_about_an_unhelpful_toxic_and_racist/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: What to do about an unhelpful, toxic and racist professor.

I've gone back to school, I was looking into business (but already set for nursing), however there is a few classes left to get my Associate of Business of Administration, so I will take a business class here and there. This just took place in a Introduction to Business class at the local community college. This was the second Zoom lecture, they are optional and occur once a week. I missed the first. He makes us show our faces because better class discussion or something.   
  
I will say now that I am Hispanic and the professor is not white, I won't specify his race to avoid potentially derailing the conversation. I also said he is not white to avoid derailing the conversation.   
  
The class opens up in a orthodox and practical manner. "Any questions about the last chapter?" When that was done, he started the lecture on Chapter 2. He asked if anyone had done an economics class before (as this is a business class and not a economics class strictly) covers supply and demand, asks students some simple concept questions. So far so good, it has been around fifteen minutes.   
  
Then he asks students about how they feel about minimum wage increases. Assuming this is just going to be a talking point about certain economic factors or just using a common frame of reference, no red flags waived. Instead he goes on how about they are responsible for the rapid inflation in America history since their introduction and they are the worst thing ever. He links to speeches and documentation and basically spends like half an hour on this point. Now whether you agree or not, this is a vast oversimplification of the issue, but this isn't really what the chapter is about. Anytime he calls on a student to get a viewpoint he strawmans what they say if they disagree or only partially agree. There is a lot of let's say hypothetically and prove me wrong energy and actual verbage going on.   
  
Now I've been in a lot of classrooms physically or virtually, and usually professors try to extract useful tidbits from student responses or least figure out where their viewpoints might be based on even if they disagree or are technically wrong. But there was a lot of "So you are saying you are for x (point in extreme), or "you always act on x for every action" (principle) in an attempt to point out potential hypocrisy for game.  
  
This is getting annoying, but I am here to just get a better understanding of the profs process to do their assignments (the due dates are wrong on Canvas because of course they are). I just looking at nursing program brochure on my computer while the students are doing what students usually do to an expert in their field, which is sheepishly kowtowing. I get it too, some professors take these personal if you debate them at length, and some professors do not always grade fairly if they take things personal. But we have been on this talking point for longer than the actual lecture and that is the bigger issue at this point in time. The professor is annoying and doesn't like minimum wages okay.  
  
The professor continues with talking about how mininum wage jobs were for teenagers as training jobs, and not meant for careers. Minimum wages and unions have forcibly changed that and now teenagers can't get jobs. Like, okay there has been some experience/credential inflation with jobs but now we are getting into Prager U vibes. Also why are we still taking about this?  
  
And then it did turn into a Prager U video. He says minimum wages have lead to decreased employment of Hispanic and Black youth and thus an increase in crime. He says this decrease Hispanic and Black youths is because employers do not hire them because they come from a culture that does not pass on skills. (Employers are racist). Now this is pretty damning, but maybe he is quoting an argument or something. But then asks the question that he has been asking to support any economic concept i.e., "If producers can sell a good at higher price for more profit, can you blame them?" Which leads to the expected answer of no. He asks it again, "Can you blame them?". This is horrible, the professor is basically justifying discrimination. I and another student says yes, I let the other student speak. He basically says "lol just kidding." The moment passes I am stunned, what is happening this morning, this is an intro business class. I don't check the professor, if you want to call me a coward sure I guess I was a coward. No one else says anything, we move on.   
  
You might be surprised that I didn't leave at this point. I guess I wanted to see what would happen next. He then moves on to the next topic. No, not in the book. Student loan forgiveness. He asks how a girl feels about it, she lists positive and negatives, he strawmans her and implies she is a selfish person. He goes on a blames the loan situation on silly art majors and another student chimes in to say that the situation is more complicated than that but the professor just insists that majority of the reason for the student loan fiasco are people who took unprofitable majors. A student chimes in to say he is happy to pay for it to help others, and the prof just reduces his argument to just get rich. He literally repeats this to everything the student says following that. He then says that student loans are the best. To which I promptly hit the leave button. It has been fifty minutes at that point, fifteen on actual economic principles.   
  
Look, I am going to get an A in this class, it isn't too hard even if I don't go to lecture. Most of it is automated access code stuff. And yes, maybe I should have checked the professor for his racist discriminatory views. However, I have never had a professor like this before. My old university had students rate the professors anonymously at the end of the semester and I know for a fact that these had serious effects on the professors. This school does not. Ironically the Zoom session is recorded. So it won't be my word against his. Not just for the racist stuff but for the lack of clarity about due dates on Canvas, the unhelpful, tangential, and mean spirited lecture style This is a state community college. Who do I get into contact with? Will I have anonymity? That's not a dealbreaker. What do I do?  
  
\*\*TLDR: Join optional Zoom class to get information about assignments because prof doesn't have them right on Canvas. Surprise surprise, prof turns out to terrible at their job and views, being racist, ranting, unhelpful, an ass who twists arguments to be right, and an overall shitheel. Asking how to report this effectively.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/z3iid/breakup_ditching_college_finding_income_adult/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Breakup, ditching college, finding income (adult industry work?), moving out—scared stiff and no clue how to do this. Help?

I'm living with my boyfriend and his family (moved in a few months ago). I've been with my boyfriend since high school, but I'm really unsatisfied and want to break up. I've never broken up with anyone before, and I know by his personality that it's going to go very bad. Like, screaming, smashing things, telling me to gtfo that instant bad. But I've decided that it must be done.   
  
\*I'm not happy with him.\* We have nothing in common. He almost never spends time with me, or pays attention to me, and when he does it's to “get me off his back” and feels forced—he clearly doesn't enjoy it. He plays video games every waking hour he isn't at his part time job. 8 hours on days he works, and 16+ hours when he's off, from the time he wakes up to the time he goes to bed, taking breaks only to eat and piss. I try to get him to spend time with me—going on walks, bike rides, watching movies or anime together. He doesn't want any of it. He hasn't touched his bike in a month and goes on a five-minute walk with me infrequently. We don't talk much, even though we're in the same room. He only fucks me about once a week, and it's push until he cums and then he leaves to go back on the game. If I try to initiate, he'll tell me he isn't horny and to leave him alone. I'm a relaxed person, cheerful and quiet, and like doing many different activities (hour or two of this, hour of that), getting out, and trying new things. He's high-stress, grumpy, and never wants to do anything but game (self-professed and proud of all of these.) We're just incompatible in every way, and I've finally realized that.  
  
\*He's irresponsible and does NOTHING around the house.\* About a week ago I was about to leave for work, running late, and asked him to feed the cat (he was off that day.) I even texted him a few hours later to remind him. I come home and ask, and he tells me, no, he never fed her. Wtf is that? He couldn't get off the game for five minutes! He doesn't do any chores around the house, can't even put his dirty clothes in the hamper (I do his laundry), and is a slob. I don't want to spend my life cleaning up after him and being the only one who gives a shit. \*He's angry and high-stress all the time.\* If I accidentally bump him or hit him with something, (a normal person would go, “Hey!” and then I'd apologize and we'd move on), he smacks me and gets angry and yells, “What the fuck!” He's always yelling and cursing, short tempered, and impulsive. If we're in an argument, I can't talk to him at all. He's just angry and yelling, and if he is really upset he'll grab me by the throat and throw me on the bed. He's pushed me before and has threatened me with a knife and with a lighter. He's never actually hurt me (something he likes to bring up if I try talking about this), but \*this is not cool and I'm not going to tolerate this.\* I can see it getting outright abusive in the future and I'm not sticking around.  
  
Before this I was living with my dad. However, I can't get along with him and his girlfriend, and living there was a miserable hell. About 4 months ago I moved out and came here (yes, our relationship was rocky, but I felt I could NOT stand living with my dad another day and accepted bf's offer to move here.) I really don't want to move back in with my dad, but could for a short while if I absolutely had to. What I want to do is get a better job, so I can afford an apartment of my own.  
  
Then there's my college disaster. \*I went to community college for two years, got an associates in Biomedical science with a good GPA.\* Then I went to a public college for a BA. I had wanted to go for something else, but the school for it was too far away and I wanted to live at home to save money. So I changed my major to public health and went to this school for a year. First semester went okay. Second semester was a catastrophe. I dropped two classes because I would have failed them, and of the remaining 3 got a B, C, and D. Up until this point I had a scholarship that was paying for almost all my tuition. \*Now the scholarship has dropped. \* I had registered for classes anyway, to continue, but I checked today and apparently I've been dropped. I don't want to go back, anyway—go into debt for a degree that I can't stand at a school I hate. So I was thinking of taking time to work, get my shit in order and be independent, and maybe go back for something I actually want in the future at a different college, when I can afford it.  
  
\*\*So I need money to afford an apartment.\*\* My current job is very shitty—I get one or two shifts a week, and the average paycheck is 50 usd. But it was my first job, over the summer, and I took what I could get. I need a new job that can make me real money, so I can be independent. \*I'm a fairly attractive female, and was thinking of something in the adult market.\* Stripping, working in the casinos/shore (I'm near Atlantic City, NJ), or taking erotic photo job listings from craigslist. (One ad said $2000 for a one-time nude photoshoot.) I'm pretty shy, but I'd be okay with this. I've done a camvideo before for $50, involving a fetish, and don't regret it. Sometimes I post nudes online for fun. But \*I don't know if these craigslist ads are safe and legitimate, or how to find a job doing whatever.\* I'm a little chubby (~5-10 lbs) as compared to porn stars I see on the net, but I can wear a bikini and get good responses, and think I'm acceptable for amateur. I also know nothing about doing my hair, makeup, or keeping up my appearance, and have no friends or family to teach me. I don't wear makeup, I cut my own hair, have never styled it, have an uneven tan, and sometimes get blemishes. All my clothes are pretty cheap and cutesy, and I get mistaken for being 16 (not necessarily a bad thing?). I'll turn 21 soon, and have thought about doing bartending as I've been told the pay is good, although I know absolutely nothing about alcohol (I could learn?) I've also looked into doing freelance writing online as my writing skills are pretty good (don't judge me on this post). The pay seems to be $20 an article to start, if they accept it. But this isn't a steady, guaranteed income, and might take a few weeks to break into. I have $1000 in savings and a shitty car. \*All of the ways I can think of to make money might take a while to get, and I have no guarantee.\*  
  
That said, my boyfriend is under the impression I'm still going to college come fall. The semester starts on September 5. He may find out I'm not going (he's been asking a lot, and often makes me show him my paperwork and college account), and that will cause problems. So I need to figure out if I can find an apartment and an income source VERY soon. I also plan to take the cat with me (his parents would be cool with it), and that might cause problems with getting an apartment as many are no-pets-allowed.   
  
Oh, and I said I had an AS in Biomedical Science. It doesn't seem like I could get much of a job with it. The only thing I can think of is lab tech work, but I was terrible in lab portions, and the pay isn't much above minimum wage. \*I've had bad luck with finding a job on my own (my current job was handed to me by my boyfriend's mom) and wouldn't count on finding normal employment any time soon.\*  
  
Looking for info and advice on surviving the breakup, finding an apartment, and securing an income source. My stomach is in knots over this.   
  
EDIT: Looking at apartments on craigslist, I could get a place for 700 or 800 a month. I can keep food and bill costs low. Car insurance is 100 a month.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/6b24n9/what_degree_should_i_pursue_if_i_didnt_get/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: What degree should I pursue if I didn't get accepted into the program I wanted?

Sorry this is so long.   
  
I have been in college for a little over 3 years and have fluctuated between majors because I have no freaking idea what I want to do with my life.  
  
I went into college wanting to become an art teacher but taking the actual art classes felt like such a joke to me and started I make me hate art.   
  
After that, I was uncertain of what I wanted because I had always thought of being an art teacher my whole life or at least doing something with art.   
  
I hate not having any direction. My mom suggested I go for accounting because I like math and would make good money. I enrolled into the "basic" math class and really struggled all throughout the semester. The professor had a thick accent and was throwing too much at us, at once. I barely passed that class and just couldn't see me pursuing accounting when barely getting by in basic math. I did also take business ethics that same semester and learned I really enjoyed it.   
  
After this mess, I had a breakdown in front of my boyfriend. He suggested I go for graphic design because it would still be something I was passionate about. I had to get on the wait list for the class because I came to my decision a week before classes started and it's only offered one semester. This class determines whether or not you get accepted into the program and only 20 of 40 students are chosen. I think I made a weird impression on the instructors by enrolling so late and had an awkward encounter by showing up to their office and asking how I could get into the class.... I eventually got in the preliminary class. As for the projects, I think I did really well on them. The grade to quality ratio always felt off though. I would put so much time, work and energy into these projects and the grades would just be so upsetting and I wouldn't understand. I can say my projects were good and really pushing my creativity and have even gotten positive feedback in critiques saying so. I really felt these professors had it out for me for some reason. Idk why because I kept to myself and never like asking for their help. Anytime I did, I could always see the annoyance on their face and one of them kind of caught an attitude with me if I asked a question and didn't know about how to do something (they said they don't expect you to know anything)   
  
there was this one occurrence in particular where everyone had to have the moody instructor bind your book project together. She said it was my turn to go but this girl walked over to her and took my spot, as I was getting up... when it was my turn, she asked me if I would pick up all the excess paper on the ground and throw it away. This really bothered me for some reason and felt somewhat demeaning.   
  
The book project was a big determining factor of if you got into the program or not. When you get your grade, you see what the class as a whole got, anonymously, and I was in the top 20, which made me think I could get into this program. I didn't get in and now I'm back to square one. I can either, wait an entire year, not being able to take any classes, and apply for the program AGAIN, with no guarantee of getting in, transfer to another school, or change majors.  
  
I really enjoyed the graphic design class but don't feel it was ethical. I feel they had favorite students from the get go. I was surprised I wasn't accepted because this was the first time I felt so sure of a career path. I really don't want to transfer because I am just so tired of school and at this point I just want to have any degree. I'm also just scared to have to start all over at another school. It's private and would be a lot smaller and expensive. The drive is also a bit more inconvenient than what I have now. I also just like keeping to myself and don't like an instructor all up my ass. I also don't want to feel forced to make friends in all my classes because they're small and it would just be weird to not have a friend. I just wanted to be in the design program at the school I'm in. I could possibly appeal it but don't know how to go about it and the instructors would only hate me more.  
  
My mom suggested business because it's reliable and that I just need to get A degree because most employers hire degree holders and I just need to be able to make a good living no matter what job. I enjoyed business ethics.   
  
Someone please give me some words of wisdom. I'm at an all time low. It's devastating that something you've done your whole life and have been told you're good at (art), gets rejected.   
  
Tl;dr: didn't get accepted into the graphic design program at my school when I really thought I would. My options are to reapply after a whole year of not taking any classes and having no guarantee of getting into the program, transferring to a private school with the program (don't want to transfer really), or change my major for the fourth time. Any advice or guidance would be so appreciated.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/e66su0/27_a_fresh_start_afraid_of_my_potential_or_lack/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: 27 - A Fresh Start - Afraid of My Potential, or Lack Thereof

So I'm not old, I'm 27 (28 real soon). But I'm unsure how much potential I have for improvement, what my ceiling is and that has been a big scary unknown since I started my studies at my university.  
  
A bit of a backstory (There will be a TLDR if you want to skip this).   
  
I had a fairly chaotic childhood. Despite having two loving parents, they had serious demons which I'm somewhat sure were a reason for my public and high school experience. My grade two teacher actually told my mother that I would probably only ever be a C student (Insane to make that call), and I had no real direction or interests that motivated me to try in school. I never did homework, would get zeros on assignments and still passed because I tended to test well. In highschool I was pushed not to pursue university level courses (applied vs academic is what they were referred to here), the academic level courses I took I either failed or scraped by with a 50 due to my motivational problems. When retaking the same course I would usually finish the year with at least an 80-90 with a bit more effort on my part, clearly I wasn't just lacking intelligence...?  
  
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So after high school I worked full-time and fell into a bad crowd for me, an insecure guy without a male role model (a group of testosterone, alcohol fueled bros who wanted to be the biggest thing in my small town) I was beat up one night while drinking with them and after 10 months of solitude (they exiled me for pressing charges) I decided I had to leave my town (I was 22 with no life experience). I moved to Toronto to enroll in a college course I had little interest in, to escape, reinvent myself and because it was the only school that would accept me and my poor academic record.   
  
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I did pretty well my first year despite some mental health issues, probably due to abandoning all of my comforts at once and moving from a town of 20 thousand to almost 3 million. I entered my second year still battling depression, social and general anxiety and by the time my 3rd semester of the program came to and end I was pretty sure I wouldn't follow through and work in the profession I was studying. At the start of my 4th semester, someone accused me of sexual assault to make their ex jealous (I know, wtf). I was arrested, kicked out of my residence and finished my school year couch hopping until I could rent a room with friends I made in my first year. Even though the charges were dropped, and my record was eventually cleared, my school expelled me.   
  
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I began working retail, got a bit healthier in the head, and after 2 years I became miserable again, I was making money, had a great girlfriend and wide social circle but felt so empty. Video games, and other 21st century vices were just fillers for the parts of me I never explored as a child and adolescent. A friend of mine lent me Crime and Punishment and all of a sudden I was entranced, I had never been a reader apart from books with movie and video game adaptations (Lord of the Rings, Warcraft novels etc.) This type of reading felt different, I read 1984, then I discovered Christopher Hitchens from his "Four Horsemen" discussion with Sam Harris, Dan Dennett, and Richard Dawkins, so I read Hitchens books, then Jordan Peterson's... For the first time in my life I felt attached to a respectable ideal, a well read, well spoken person who could form their own opinions and defend them without fear.  
  
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I got into a very competitive school here through a mature student program and finished at, or near the top of my class, my professor even told me I have a natural knack for writing (wow something I'm good at, that doesn't embarrass me). I received an academic award/scholarship for the first time in my life as a 27 year old, the ceremony is in February. It's an incredible feeling, but I'm scared that I'm pretending to be something I'm not.  
  
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I look at my professors, my TAs, people like Hitchens, Peterson, and I think that these people were put on this path starting in grade school or earlier. They were nurtured, encouraged and pushed until their own individual greatness propelled them further. I'm a late bloomer from a broken home who is trying for something better, but I don't see my potential being anywhere near these people. IQ is a real thing, no matter how hard I work.  
  
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I don't know how extensive and sustainable mental plasticity can be, I've successfully reinvented myself but I don't know if I'll ever be as good as I want and that's kind of terrifying. I have days where I can read and write, and feel happy with it, and there are many days were I can't read an academic sentence with more than two commas and remember the meaning of that sentence. The jump from 1 to 3 classes has been very challenging and while I feel like I'm getting a grip on the learning curve, I just feel like something will give. My motivation and focus, my fears, my finances... et cetera. I know imposter syndrome is a real thing, and that we should never compare ourselves to others but it's something we all struggle with as humans, no?  
  
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I'm currently set on a philosophy major so I can learn how to think, read and write but it all seems a combination of dry, difficult and very demanding of time. I want to teach as a professor but the alternative plan is to do a double major in psychology as well, and be a clinician so I can help people, like I've been helped over the years. I just don't know if I have the smarts and work ethic to do it, the task seems to be above someone the likes of me and that I'm merely pretending to be smart in an effort to find some sort of passion, or distraction from life. Maybe they are the same thing...  
  
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Anyways, that was a lot to type, I'm sorry for sharing so much. It just kind of flowed out of me. Is there anyone out there who has walked a similar path, or has worked a student in a comparable situation? I feel like I'm the only one with my story, and while it's empowering to think of the obstacles I've overcome, it's also scary to think that I might be fairly alone in my fears...  
  
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Thank you all for taking the time to read this, and thank you in advance for any feedback you choose to provide. My ears are open. Now for that TLDR.  
  
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TLDR; I'm a 27 year old with a horrible academic history, now struggling to think I'm smart enough to reach my goals of philosophizing, teaching or being a clinical psychologist.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/isxbo8/how_my_addiction_to_video_games_destroyed_my/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How my addiction to video games destroyed my studies.

This is a post I wanted to make for a while. Not only to remind myself of my mistakes but to also help others by sharing my experience.  
  
I'm studying computer science in a European University. And yes I know, "video game addiction" is kind of a lame subject but I see so many people affected by it. Especially students. So I figured my view on it might help a few people.   
  
I was always a gamer, spending a lot of hours in my youth years, until my parents told me that I should quit so I could get in a good school. And so I did. I quit gaming and focused on studying in my high school years. I was always one of the top students in my class and even though I had a tendency to procrastinate, I did well in every exam.  
  
My university is public which means I don't have to pay anything and I'm also (currently) able to study there for as many years as I need to complete my studies without any consequences. While I was on my second year a few of my friends introduced me to PC gaming. So I built a gaming computer and started playing. And I was hooked. First it was PUBG. I started staying up late with friends so I could become the best. When I didn't play the game, I watched streamers for hours in order to learn how to become better and better. Then I found out about fortnite. At this point I was playing 10 hours a day and watching streams for 5 or 6 hours. I had 0 revenue out of it but I thought that as long as I was happy and becoming better at it, everything's ok.   
  
  
I was in my third year, I was failing all my classes and I was not helping my friends in our group projects. That was in my opinion, rock bottom. Not only did my parents see me wasting my life away, but I disappointed my friends as well. They didn't say anything much about it. But deep down I know they were so angry at me, and they were so right. Thankfully I'm lucky enough to still have them in my life.   
  
  
As my friends from my school started to quit gaming to focus on their studies, I started looking for new gaming friends. I met a few friends of a friend and we started playing together. Everything was fun again. Every time I had an assignment I would just open Fortnite and forget about anything else. I was ignoring my assignments, my studies, my future... on purpose. At that time I started playing Rainbow6Siege. For those who don't know it's a game that requires knowledge on maps, strategies etc. So I had no other choice but to grind it. This went on for months.   
  
  
After a one-month trip to another country, free of games, I started wondering if me wasting the last 3 years of my life on games was worth it. I got back ready to live life. I quit gaming. For a month. Then I started playing again. My addiction grew and it was being fed from my pour choices. Every time I was worried about my life or my studies I just launched a game and forgot about them. When lockdown came some of my friends were begging me to stop playing and to start studying instead. "This is your chance to make up for the last years.". Nope. I played probably 16 hours a day.   
  
  
After my latest failure in the recent exams + the fact that I got bored after having more than 4000 hours in games, I quit. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't always in my house. I was going out, drinking coffee or alcohol and had a good social life. That didn't change the fact that when I was home(most of the time), I was gaming.   
  
  
I know some of you reading this are probably thinking that this is pathetic, and it is. But I know there are people out there struggling with the same problem. Making them depressed, making them fail, making them waist their time in the sake of having fun. I'm talking to you now guys.   
  
  
\* Start going to the gym. It will help you let off steam and help you relax. Competitive gaming does the complete opposite. I remember arguing with my parents because I was angry at my teammates, the game, or something else. It's not worth it.   
\* Go on a trip. I would suggest going alone. If you can't do that, grab a bunch of friends and go. The longer, the better. Try to appreciate life. Try to find yourself again outside of games.   
\* It's pretty obvious but... uninstall every game in your computer. Yes. Minesweeper is considered a game too.  
  
During the last 4 years I was so frustrated when I watched youtube videos saying "How to be productive 24/7", "How gaming destroyed my life". So I get that this post might feel annoying to some of you. But if you've made it to here I know that you see my point. And hopefully you'll consider it. I don't want you guys to be productive/to make money/to finish your studies, I couldn't care less, I just want you to reconsider if it's worth spending so much time (and money) into it.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ui0cxy/roommate_issues_is_it_common_not_to_talk_to_your/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Roommate Issues: Is it common not to talk to your old roommates anymore?

A brief backstory: My first semester at my brand new university (I was a 1st-year Junior when I moved to my first dorm) I had a quad-style dorm with 3 other roommates. 2 fizzled out, and I was left with just 1 for a bit. 3 days before the semester starts, we randomly get a 3rd, and we all felt like we clicked right away. Things were good for about 2 weeks, and then the 3rd me and the one roommate were not getting along. I feel like I have an opinionated, yet reasonable personality, but she had a opinionated and non-reasonable personality, so we just were kind of clashing a lot. That 3rd week she got very aggressive with me (I do think drugs/alcohol were involved) and I decided it best for me to just switch rooms. After the room switch, I noticed she posted some nasty stuff about me on social media (just messy, fake stuff trying to incite more things) so I got an order of no contact against her and obviously blocked her promptly after I moved out. This order prevented both her and I from ever directly talking to eachother on socials, tagging, etc., as well as in real life. Also, we were not allowed to talk through 3rd parties like mutual friends.  
  
After this, I got placed in a room with 2 other girls who were friends and roomed before. They knew each other well, partied together, were heavily involved with frats/sororities, etc. and I don't think either was super serious about school since they seemed to party 3 days a week, every week, skipped classes frequently, etc. This is not an issue for me though, nor was it ever, although I am (and was at the time) 21+ and they did ask me to buy alcohol for them, to which I refused, and they seemed a little annoyed. It never felt like there was problems between us, although they did act a little distant, sort of ignore me and not really include me with their plans, etc. I understand they aren't obligated to invite me, so I never really counted it against myself, however obviously it would've been cooler if they would have included me. Again, I didn't really care about this too much as I usually don't party/go out every week and only feel like doing it occasionally. This being said, I did offer to take them with me shopping and made an effort to include them or try and help them out since I did understand that they didn't have cars with them or means of getting to the stores they may have wanted to. I just tried to be pleasant all around. (Please also note, I wasn't trying to be weird and asking "can I come with u guys" all the time. For the most part, I only asked once or twice and they said that things prohibited me from coming to the parties, which I felt was kind of a lie, so I never really asked again.)  
  
Flash forward to one day, immediately after getting pretty drunk at a bar with friends, I come back late and leave my washcloth hanging off the shower caddy and clearly made a mess on the counter from getting ready for bed. I know this is gross and annoying, but being drunk is sort of my excuse in this case. I had an event to go to at 5 am the next morning, so by the time I woke up and got dressed, I'm out before I even remember to clean up the counter. I obviously got a text later that said that my roommates needed to talk to me. (Also, before anyone addresses it, I totally get it that we all pay expensive rates to live in a dorm, and I should not be subjecting them to my messes. I totally get that, however it was, over the course of all but 3 weeks in 2 semesters, only once and I made a very clear effort to never do it again. It was just a busy night, busy morning, and it was cleaned up in less than 24 hours.) Nonetheless, I swallowed my pride and prepared to allow my roommates to say whatever they wanted to me, and not say anything back really, even though I did, deep down a bit, feel like they had their own set of issues I would address at a totally different time. (They both ate my food pretty consistently, helped not only themselves but their guests to my drinks, some alcoholic ones included, to which I just promptly stopped buying eventually after I realized, and they did leave some of their own messes occasionally as well, to which I'll get into later). The talk never happened, which I was actually sort of bummed over because I did want to apologize for it, and all of our busy schedules sort of never allowed it to really be discussed again in the future. I never felt like held hard feelings or grudges, it was sort of forgotten and we all still remained relatively pleasant.   
  
Flash forward to next semester, the roommate who originally asked me to talk ends up moving out due to some unrelated problems. For about 3 weeks into this semester, I live with the other roommate who recently acquired a bf. She proceeds to leave trash around the apartment pretty much daily, never changed her trash can (that was actually mine that I let her use, obviously) which eventually acquired an odor from the feminine products in it, and she and her bf even left used condoms laying around some places too. I almost didn't want to say anything to her because I'm quite sure her bf was the one responsible, but I was really getting to my wits end with her and her boyfriend closer to that 3 week mark. She eventually tells me her best friend upstairs had a bedroom open that she was moving into, so I would inevitably live alone in my 3 bedroom dorm ( was totally cool with it btw). Also please note, the semester prior, with that other roommate, I did inquire about something she was doing which resulted in her snapping very aggressively at me, threatening me, trying to incite a physical altercation, etc., so that's why I was very apprehensive about bringing up an issue with this roommate. Like, I'd just been through a lot and wasn't really prepared to deal with the fallout yet again.   
  
Now, the issue comes in now with the aftermath. Obviously I blocked and deleted the aggressive roommate from all social media, but I did notice that slowly I lost contact with all other roommates. One deleted me from social media (not upset, just curious), another one I'm pretty sure blocked me months after she eventually moved out (also not upset, just sort of interesting), and the one who moved out last sort of never really talks to me and we just kind of avoid eachother now.   
  
I get with the circumstances that happened why some might have chosen to delete me, but I'm just confused as to why really? I don't feel like I did anything that warranted being blocked, but then again I don't really know what happened. She could have deleted all social media, I just don't know. I get roommates don't always stay in contact, but I really don't feel like I've deserved to have been avoided like this? I wouldn't say I'm hard to live with or anything, I try to be positive and bright, but for some reason roommates and I have never seemed to click... Is this common for any of you? Also, if there's any tips or reasonable critique, I'm happy to take it. :) I just am struggling with my mistakes and it's sort of making me feel bad even though I tried my best to fix all of them. Thanks!

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](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/fqbco/can_i_ask_you_help_me_get_a_job_in_digital/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Can I ask you help me get a job in digital advertising?

I’d like to move from where I am right now, but I need a job for that to happen. I’m in the advertising industry and maybe you can help me out.  
  
I live in South America at the moment and used to work at an advertising agency as an account director until I quit a few days ago. I’m financially stable, but I always wanted to get something from this job that I never got and it makes me itchy to try something new and see if that changes. I’ve had some offers by other agencies, but if I’m going to try something new, it might as well be now.  
  
I’m a digital person, so my background is in digital advertising. In Latin America, people think digital advertising is entirely composed of websites and banners. Pitching a different idea that includes other digital elements is a waste of time. We’ve had good ideas at the agency, some of them worthy of submitting to respected awards, but we’ve never been able to execute them because our market is not ready for them or because they are too expensive.  
  
I’ve seen international brands reject an idea because of the cost of making it happen and then jump in a co-branded venture with someone else because a family member of the boss works with that other brand. Normally, I’d understand this but it has happened with brands that have huge differences and that talk to very different market segments. I’ve witnessed numerous focus groups by well-respected international research agencies where people say that they don’t understand the relationship between those brands or why they’re even working together and they still go for it, year after year. I have countless stories like these.  
  
You might ask yourself why this financially stable guy that had a good job and even has job offers wants to move from where he is. There are two answers to that: Latin American average mindset for the marketing industry and the market itself. Allow me to explain.  
  
I used to work with big brands. In fact, if you live in the US or Europe you or someone you know have used these brands in one way or another as I handled both mass consumption and services accounts. The problem is that they are all managed by Latin American brand and marketing managers. I find it extremely frustrating that these people always go for the safer choice. I’m tired of doing the same things for them. They loved them and praised our “excellent creativity” (something I couldn’t believe given what we had taken to that meeting), but it is not what I got into this industry for.  
  
Regarding the market, Latin America is a region that is always behind technological advancements. I’m not talking about particle accelerators here. I’m referring to simple things like smartphone usage or even availability of newer techy gadgets (like the iPad or the Kindle) that open up doors for digital admen like me. We’re simply always lagging behind other countries in this area.  
  
Don’t get me wrong. Even though I was born in Europe I consider myself Latin American. I’m very proud of innumerable things of our culture, just not the ones in the previous two paragraphs. I grew up in different parts of this region and have lived most of my life in it, but I feel I need to try new things.  
  
The point of all this is that I want to move either to the US or Europe and try working for those markets and see how it goes. Being European it should be easier to work there as far as immigration goes, but I’ve always wanted to work for the US market as well.  
  
I’m a well-educated person and can read/write/speak perfect English and Spanish. I have a United States accent on my English (most Americans say I look and talk like someone from California) and I’m very passionate about what I do. I also have a strong work culture which some of my friends criticize when they say I work too much (some of them hate their jobs :P). I’m responsible, diligent, open-minded, and a nice person. I don’t have a criminal record anywhere and don’t do drugs.  
  
As I said earlier, my background is in digital advertising, specifically in account handling, but I’ve also done my fair share of creative work for both digital and traditional media. I’m not an engineer, but I know enough about most things with a circuit board on them to be able to use them in a brainstorm.  
  
I’m more than willing to do phone or Skype interviews. If you happen to be in Miami or nearby, I’m planning a trip there very soon so we can meet in person, no strings attached.  
  
Additionally, I’m able to relocate myself and settle in at my expense. All I need is a job at an established agency to justify it.  
  
Here’s an email address I’ve set up for this: digital.man@hushmail.com  
  
\*\*Can you help me out in any way to make this happen? I know this is a long shot, but I’ve seen Reddit do a lot more than this :)\*\*  
  
  
Here are some random facts about me, related or non-related to all of this:  
  
I’m a certified private pilot (I love aviation!)  
  
I’m a fairly decent drummer and I play some guitar and bass. (I once passed on a scholarship to Berklee when I was 18.)  
  
I’ve visited practically all the American continent (except Canada, Belize, Suriname, and Guyana as well as the smaller Caribbean islands), most of western Europe (except Portugal, Ireland, and Scotland), and several cities in the following states: Florida, Texas, California, New York, Hawaii, and Georgia.  
  
I once worked at a factory in a European country where I didn’t speak or understand the language. (it was a lot of fun!)  
  
Back in 1996 or 1997 I made my high school’s first website when the head of the computer department discovered me coding HTML for my band’s website during class. Shortly after that, I landed my first job in the IT department of a company where I built their website on a Sun workstation using Solaris OS.  
  
I was kicked out of middle school because someone sent me a naked picture of Pamela Anderson while exploring IRC (remember IRCle?)  
  
I’m a decent cook and my friends often invite themselves to my house to eat.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/gc5vlx/tips_from_a_graduating_senior/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Tips From a Graduating Senior

Hope you can benefit from the experience I’m about to share.   
  
TL;DR  
With two weeks until graduation, I have a few words of advice:   
  
I am not saying to abandon your art degree. I am saying to seriously consider your return on investment. How much will it cost? How much will you be making after going to school? How long will it take to pay off your loans? This goes for any degree.   
  
Another thing: take your total semester tuition and figure out the math to find out how much money you are spending per in-person class. Say your tuition is $12,000. You’re taking five classes. 12,000/5= $2,400 a class. Your class meets twice a week for 16 weeks, (32 times). Each in person class is $75 a class ($2,400/32). Take pride in your work. Don’t ditch. Try to learn something and pay attention.   
  
Unless dorming is an absolute necessity, as in driving more than 45 minutes-hour each way, don’t do it. I know way too many privileged people that needed the “college experience”, dormed despite living less than 30 minutes away, and have insane amounts of debt. They’re all moving back home.   
  
Consider going to the least expensive option you have.   
  
Another HUGE piece of advice, don’t go away to college to study anything that can be studied at your local, state university, even if the program is better. It would have been a foolish waste of money for me to study accounting at a private college. (Unless you get an insane scholarship)  
  
Instead, if you get accepted into another specific program, such as a physics program, and the closest program is the one you’ve been accepted to, but it’s far, then dorm! The point is, living at school will cost roughly a minimum of $40,000. That is a substantial amount of money; quite literally a downpayment on a condo!!  
  
In short, dorm if you live too far from a university or if your program/field of study is far away. (Not many state colleges offer aerospace engineering or something like that). When figuring out whether to dorm or not, consider your career prospects given your major of study- you must.   
  
Also, definitely consider community college!! People who do this route wind up with the same degree after transferring to a four year college!  
  
I didn’t realize that even at a state school, while saving money on not dorming as a commuter, a local, state education is still one the largest financial decisions of your life. It’s easily $50,000-$60,000. I had little concept of this at 18. If you’re unsure of what you want to study, and you don’t have a scholarship contingent on you attending this fall, consider a gap year. I don’t want this to come off as privileged; instead, I want to illustrate the point that it’s much better to take time off than racking up $40k of debt before dropping out! However, rather than traveling, use the time to try to figure out just what it is you’re interested in. With these uncertain economic times and unprecedented amounts of student loan debt, we are in very similar economic positions as those in the Great Depression.   
  
Use Amazon to rent to textbooks.   
  
Use rate my professor- not to take the easy way out with easy professors, but instead to avoid exceptionally poor professors if possible.  
  
You can still pursue your arts outside of your area of study. There’s no shame in being addicted to food, water, and shelter. Thus we’re tied to a capitalistic system. You are not a sellout if you decide to change your mind and venture from art.   
  
Work hard. Don’t sweat the small stuff though.   
  
For many entry-level jobs, it doesn’t matter what you study so long as you have a degree.   
  
Regardless of what you’re studying, don’t limit yourself to identifying with that given major.   
  
Beware of 5 year arts programs!! (5 year bachelor programs are most practical if they’re necessary for your degree, or if your bachelor degree has a high return on investment.   
  
Avoid drugs, alcohol, and caffeine. Don’t become dependent on them.   
  
College is entirely what you make of it. If you study hard, but go to a local school, you’ll thrive.   
  
I’m graduating with a 3.84 GPA with a Bachelor of Science and minor in economics. During college, the internship I had paid $17 an hour and I’ll be graduating with no debt. I have a position lined up for $62,000, and I plan on moving out soon. I would never have been able to do these things had I continued down my original path of music, which I highlight below. I also attribute my lack of debt to COMMUTING. As of now, I have the time to pursue my love for music outside of school, yet I received a much broader education, having taken many more gen eds than a typical music major! I’m not advocating that money=happiness, but sadly we need it. I’m advocating for those unsure of their degree, to be open to any possibility.   
  
YOUR COLLEGE MAJOR IS NOT MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE TO YOUR PASSION.   
Often times, you can study your passion outside of a more practical degree. You love English, but want better job security? Do English education! You love music but are fearful of job prospects? Become a musical scientist! You love history but don’t want to teach? Study history in your leisure and study something with a better career prospect. You become more well-rounded that way, too! Plus, you can combine a more practical degree with your passion!  
  
The degree doesn’t make you talented- your hard work does. You can become a talented writer without studying it in college. Plus if you study what you’re familiar with, you might only get marginally better. For instance, where I’m at a musician versus where I’d be had I pursued it in college wouldn’t make a difference to an average listener!  
  
You can define yourself as an artist or musician yet still study something like math, science, etc. It’s frustrating we don’t economically incentivize humanities or arts outside of academia, but it’s true. And I came to that realization, if you want to read my story!  
  
Here’s some books I read in college  
The Accounting Game- if you enjoy it, you’ll probably enjoy accounting. Be warned, though, long hours exist in this field depending on where you go post-college.   
The Little Book of Common Sense Investing  
Where the Crawdads Sing  
This is Your Brain on Music  
The Cigarette Century  
Walden  
One More Thing  
In The Shadow Of Man  
Firefighting  
100 Heartbeats  
The Joy Of Living  
Musicophilia  
  
If you read throughout college, you can get yourself a Harvard education for the price of a book! Apply yourself.   
  
My story:  
Four years ago, when I was a naïve high school senior, I had one goal: make it into a very competitive jazz program and get my undergraduate degree in Jazz Performance and Music Education.   
  
I was rejected, and I remember feeling shattered for not being “good enough” at my craft.   
  
During this time, I also felt pressure to attend college immediately upon graduating high school in the spring, because I had a substantial scholarship that was contingent upon me beginning my collegiate career in the fall of that same year.   
  
I wound up attending, going in declared as a Musical Studies major. It was during my first two months where I realized it just wasn’t for me. (I still remember sitting in a choir class with roughly 80 other students doing “lip trills”, and that’s where it “clicked” with me.) I was paying $75 a class for this!  
  
Another huge disadvantage of a music degree were the 0 and 1 credit courses. Every semester you wind up taking 9-13 courses- many 0 and 1 credit courses. For me, taking 9 classes, (only 16 credits I think), was just too much for me to handle compared to the 4 at a time I was used to taking in high school. (We had a block schedule, set up very similar to college, with a fall and spring semester. We take 4 classes in the fall and 4 in the winter). I wouldn’t have minded putting in this extra work. But after college, job prospects are rather bleak for music majors. Why put in extra work for less return? (Unless you truly BREATHE it).   
  
One of the biggest disadvantages of a music degree is the lack of a well-rounded education. At least at my school, I think that some general education courses (gen eds) are waived in order for you to take music courses. I also know of some schools which require 5 years to get a bachelor’s in music education and performance.   
  
If I had one piece of advice for myself back then, it would be to not limit myself. I now believe that a person interested in a given subject can become passionate about another one that uses similar skillsets. Back then, I was more idealistic than practical, and it actually limited my thinking.   
Idealistic thinking: I can only be happy if I study music. Practical thinking: I can apply the same discipline and work ethic I put into music somewhere else, and still be happy.  
  
For me, it was surprisingly accounting. The theoretical side of music has always interested me. Likewise, the theories and frameworks in accounting are similar to musical theory in the sense that they are quite logical. I’d even argue it uses that same analytical side of the brain found in the analysis of a musical piece.   
  
You may love music, but find yourself interested in other areas, too. After reading “This is your brain on music”, I thought it would be just as cool to study neuroscience!  
  
I believe that the advice, “Do what you love”, is terrible. There are plenty of necessary jobs that people do not love, but are incredibly important for the function of our society. For example, garbagemen, mailmen, grocery store workers, and all front-line workers during this time are vital! We owe them a lot of gratitude; they are truly heroes during this crisis. I doubt they are loving what they are doing now though.   
  
Doing what you love may stem from privilege. Some people do not have the option to do what they love, which shouldn’t preclude you from doing what you love, but the recognition of this fact is important!  
  
Additionally, I want to see everyone going into college, set up financially. On that note:   
  
In the past, now I could be wrong, but college was not only cheaper even when adjusted for inflation, but there was less competition. (There  
were less people in the world, and we are now becoming highly educated and affluent.) An increasing number of people now have a college degree. It’s becoming the norm.  
  
It astounds me that we expect 18 year olds to make major life decisions. When I was that age, my concept of money was very limited. After paying for the majority of my education through scholarship and work (~85-90%), I can assure you that it is a serious financial decision that requires a lot of planning.   
  
As a result, we must face the ultimate reality that our society does not place economic value or incentives to art, unless you are a pop music star. I know way too many talented musicians- far more talented than celebrities- that work multiple jobs in order to support themselves. Especially during these uncertain times, where only “essential” workers are working, please keep this fact in mind. Even in times of economic prosperity, there is typically only one music teacher per district, and even then, art programs are given a low priority compared to STEM subjects (science, technology, engineering, math).   
  
(I’m not saying I agree with this, it is just a sad fact that I had to realize. A hard pill I swallowed).  
  
Sadly, college is not what it should be. Instead of cultivating a learning environment for the betterment of oneself, it is purely a business. (Perhaps it was always this way).   
  
It seems that they can exploit college students who are seeking an education in the arts and humanities. The colleges and universities know very well that these degrees have less than ideal job prospects, but charge the same amount for a degree that has better prospects. To me, this is evidence that these degrees are offered solely to capitalize on other idealistic college students like myself.   
  
I gigged in college and even wound up playing with musicians that made it into the jazz program. I wouldn’t have known from their playing. They were not substantially better or worse! It was reassuring. And it proves that your major should not define you. I also got the privilege to play with Jake Shimabukuro, my musical hero! And without a college degree!  
  
If I was a father whose kid wanted to pursue music after high school, I would encourage his music career... But I’d dissuade him from majoring in music. If he wanted to pursue only music, I’d might even encourage him to not attend college at all. (After conducting an interview project with many touring musicians, I realized they came from a variety of backgrounds.)   
  
Of course some programs are necessary. If you want to be a teacher or a classical musician, you must get a college education. But keep in mind, especially during this pandemic, it will be very economically challenging, both in looking for a job and the career growth after attaining one.   
  
That being said, music has a huge role in my life. However, because of where I am financially having not studied music, I can come back to it, pursue it as a hobby, an enthusiast, and it’s always there for me.   
  
Any other college grads feel like this?  
https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=aFIjSY0amtc

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/gk8jn/divorcees_of_reddit_i_need_help_protecting_my_4/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Divorcees of Reddit- I need help protecting my 4 year old son from his mother

TLDR : I'[m] married and in the Navy; assigned to a Sub. I have a 4 year old son. Trying to find the best course of action regarding separation, divorce etc.  
  
EDIT: I know this is a long post. You've been warned. Proceed at your own risk of losing 10 minutes of your life  
  
&lt;Summary&gt;  
During this last year I’ve learned that my wife has cheated on me multiple times (as recently as one month ago) for at least the past 2 years. She has destroyed my credit, and continues to lie to me in virtually every aspect of our life. My wife had some traumatic experiences growing up, which almost certainly contribute her perceived “dysfunctions”. I've urged her to get professional help, and have gone to therapy sessions with her, but as soon as I'm deployed, she reverts to her old ways. I am working on getting separated from her and separating our assets, but I don't know what else I can do to protect myself financially &amp; legally, and possibly increase my chances of getting custody of my son. I’m afraid of what/whom she may be exposing him to, and I do not believe she is prioritizing his well-being above her selfish interests. And, yes, this is a throwaway account.  
  
\*In case you couldn’t guess by the length of my “summary”, WARNING - This is VERY long\*  
  
\*\*The primary reason for posting my story here is to glean some insight from those that have gone down this path, so feel free to jump to the last section if you just want to skip to the ??WHAT TO DO NEXT?? section at the bottom\*\*  
  
\*\*\*\*The Beginning\*\*\*\*  
  
My wife and I dated briefly before I joined the Navy. She was about to turn 20, and I was about to turn 25. We reunited shortly after I was assigned to my first home port, in Charleston, SC, and began a long distance relationship. While I was home on leave for the first time, we got pregnant, and she had a subsequent abortion because she didn’t want it to “limit her professional career”. She didn’t so much discuss it with me as she did tell me that this was the course of action she was taking. Since we were only dating, not even living in the same state, and I was only available to talk to her once every few days, I didn’t have much opportunity to talk her out of it, and then it was done. This still haunts me to this day…   
  
It’s also worth mentioning that, during our long-distance dating period, she was letting me know about her regular socializing with her girl and guy friend. I am not the “jealous type” but I was a bit protective. She was a cute, young, funny girl, and was definitely fun to be around. So, when I would talk to her, and she would tell me that she was having a party at her apartment, and there were more guys there than girls, it didn’t make me feel so great. I didn’t voice my concerns, because I know how off-putting it can be when your significant other comes off as insecure, and/or untrusting. This type of situation came up regularly, though, and I just couldn’t make myself OK with it. There was one incident when one of the guys who lived in her apartment complex made it known that he had an interest in being “more than friends” with her, and she shred this information with me, which gave me some comfort. I never placed blame on her for leading him on, because I wasn’t there, and eventually this guy stopped trying (or, at least I stopped hearing about it).  
  
We maintained our “exclusive” status from 700 miles apart and eventually got married after about 6 months of dating. We got pregnant just a few weeks after we were married, and were both excited about it. We believed that we were in a pretty typical situation, and stable enough to support her and a child, even with my impending deployments. We knew that my income and the military benefits would ensure that they were taken care of.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*Married with a baby in SC\*\*\*\*\*  
  
During that first year, 2007, things were pretty good. We had the standard newborn baby challenges as well as some common newlywed issues (cohabitating, dealing with each other’s annoying habits etc) but one issue that started become prominent was my wife’s general lack of financial responsibility.   
  
She was less than two years removed from high school, and had only lived on her own for about 6 months before moving in with me, so she hadn’t had much time to hone money management skills, or deal with day-to-day independent living responsibilities. I ended up micro-managing most of our bills and spending, while trying to impart as much of my knowledge as I could. Unfortunately, she got very defensive whenever I’d try to explain things to her, and she would accuse me of “always thinking I knew better”. Honestly, I did know better, but not because I was better than her. It was simply because I had been on my own longer, had failed in the past, and learned from my mistakes. She still was not receptive to my tutelage.   
  
As a result of her defensiveness, she began hiding money issues from me. She maxed out a Target credit card, and would let monthly bills go unpaid while I was deployed. Every time I returned home from a deployment, we had more debt, and nothing to show for it.   
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*Move to Virginia\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
After that first year, my duty station was changed to Norfolk, Virginia. We moved into a small apartment about 15 minutes from base, and I resumed my regular grind (12 hour days on a rotating schedule with one 24 hour shift every few days) until the next deployment. Luckily, some of the guys I had been stationed in SC with also moved to VA with their wives. My wife socialized with the other Navy wives, and participated in support groups when the men were deployed. She was also comfortable with socializing with some of my single buddy’s, which was cool because some of the other wives were very selfish with their husbands’ time, and wouldn’t even let other people come over to hang out when we weren’t all deployed. I was happy that my wife was OK with me having guys over to hang out etc.  
  
Some of the guys would stop by and make sure she and my son were doing OK when I was deployed. This was also a nice bonus, because it was known that burglars would often scope out the homes of military members and wait for a time when they believed the house was vacant, or there were just women home.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*Lying and Spending\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Every couple of weeks since as far back as I can remember, some little spending secret would come to light, and we would have a blowout argument. She would get defensive, and act wounded, then try to turn things around on me and say that I am too hard on her, and that she doesn’t do it maliciously. This is a common rationalization for her. She does not understand that her lack of consideration is just as damaging as if she were doing it maliciously. Either way, she was driving us further into debt, and damaging my trust.  
  
I started to dig through our bank spending record, and web browser history. I started to find a lot of online stores and eBay items in the history. As I dug more, I found deleted Paypal payment emails for goods purchased on eBay (designer sunglasses, sandals etc.) That’s when I realized she had a legitimate problem. A compulsion or an addiction. I wasn’t sure exactly what it was, but I knew we needed help. I was due to be deployed for a couple of weeks, and pleaded with her to see one of the military-provided financial counselors while I was gone. She promised she would, but never did. She told me that she went for a “couple of sessions” but I later found out that she did not.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*Cheating\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
In the fall of 2009, while I was underway in on a 6-month long deployment, I was pulled aside by one of the IT guys on the boat who was responsible for handling all incoming and outgoing emails. It’s actually part of their job to ensure that sailors don’t receive anything that could make them mentally unstable while underway due to the confined quarters, so all emails are scanned before forwarding along to the recipient.  
  
Apparently one of the other sailors on the boat, MY BOAT, had been receiving emails from my wife’s email address. I suppose it probably wasn’t the most sound of decisions to bring this to my attention, but I was friendly with the IT guys, and they knew I was a pretty level-headed guy, and they just couldn’t let this continue without me knowing about it.  
  
So, they told me what they had seen, and it took me a while to really process it. I asked for some details of clarification, and they provided me with enough information to make it perfectly clear that my wife was definitely having an affair with another guy on my boat. This sunk my battleship… (couldn’t resist).  
  
I did not remain level-headed, and I couldn’t even think straight. I wanted to kill the other guy, or at least repeatedly smash his skull off one of the bulkheads. I did not, however, act on my emotions, and I made it to the next port without incident. We were receiving some alternate sailors at that port, and although I was scheduled to stay on the boat for the entire deployment, I was actually allowed to fly back to the USA from our current location. This was a very humane gesture by the Navy, one which I certainly did not expect.  
When I got home, I confronted her, and she acted very sorry, and upset, and promised that she would never do it again, and that she never meant to hurt me etc. I wanted to believe her. After all, we had a son, and I didn’t want to break up our family if this was a one-time thing. I know how stressful our life was on her and families like ours, so I was putting a lot of stock in the idea that it wasn’t a problem with her, or me, but it was simply a nasty byproduct of a demanding lifestyle that left her alone and wanting companionship.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*More recently\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
We continued to work through our financial and marital issues, and now it’s 2010. There were a few more instances where her spending became a real problem, and we had more monumental fights in its wake. She tried to get a job, but ultimately lost it due to “incompatibilities with other employees” at her workplace. I still don’t know exactly what that means, but I have a feeling that she is much more responsible for her termination that she’ll ever let me know.   
  
I also heard some rumors from some neighbors that I had befriended over the past year that they had seen my wife talking with another local guy at a local establishment on more than one occasion. I had met this guy that she was supposedly talking to on multiple occasions at group get-togethers, and I knew he had his eye on my wife, because he wasn’t too shy about eyeing her even when I was around. When I asked her about it, she assured me that she had been somewhere, and he approached her a couple of times, but she never invited it, or encouraged it. I had my doubts, but I had no proof, so I just stopped talking about it, and pushed it to the back of my mind as much as I could.  
  
I have another long deployment coming up, and I can’t help but wonder what is going to happen at home while I’m gone. I force myself to push those thoughts down, and try to be optimistic.   
  
While underway, I am receiving regular email updates from her, all positive things, she’s talking about all of the things she plans on doing with our son, and that she is going to stay on top of bills, and be conservative with our money etc. It all sounded great, but I’d seen her put that facade up before. She was always the type to post sunny and cheerful status updates to Facebook in the midst of one of our multi-day bouts about money, or responsibility, or priorities. This always blew my mind. It was like she would just escape to this fantasy world where all of her friends believed she was living in this married utopia.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*My Last homecoming\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
When I arrived back home after my last underway (about 4 months ago) it didn’t take long for the bad news to hit. I was picking up my car from a friend’s house where I had left it before deployment, because his house was in a more secure location than our apartment complex parking lot. While I was there to pick it up, my buddy he let me know that I should go talk to the landlord, and that the landlord had witnessed some things that he felt should be brought to my attention   
  
I immediately went over to the landlord’s residence, and he informed me that he had witnessed a man, about my age, coming and going from our apartment very regularly throughout my last deployment. He said that he originally noticed because he saw an unfamiliar car parked in my regular parking space for days at a time. The landlord knew that I, my wife and my son lived in our apartment, and he knew who we were. He even went so far as to confront my wife while I was underway and told her that he had a good idea of what was going on, and would not sit idly by and let it happen on his property.  
I went back to the guy’s house where I had stored my car, and he begrudgingly confirmed the story, saying that rumors of it had been circulating around the community. How embarrassing. I was devastated, humiliated, and sickened. When I learned that the man that had been frequenting my house had a criminal record and a pretty poor reputation around town, I was enraged. I could barely keep tears out of my eyes as I thought about the state of my life, my fraudulent fraudulent marriage, and our very young, yet very observant son.  
  
To think that my wife would be so selfish as to expose our son to something like this disgusted me, and it still does.  
  
Of course my wife denied any foul play when I confronted her, saying that the car that the landlord war referencing must’ve been that of a repair man who came to fix the heat at the house. I eventually convinced her that no amount of elaborate lying was going to convince me that she was not cheating, and to cut through all of this bullshit. She eventually admitted to spending time with this guy, but never to anything more than a non-physical companionship, of course. She was only going to admit to things that there was no denying.  
  
I immediately packed up the few things that I needed, and checked into an extended stay hotel between our house and the base. I began sorting through every banking statement and phone record from the past 6 months, just to get a framework around what she had been up to. I had a friend pull all of her facebook status updates (because I was quickly blocked) and started digging. I needed to know exactly how much my wife had been keeping from me. I had a feeling I still only saw the tip of the iceberg.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*What came to light\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
- She somehow caused damage to one of our cars that was parked in the parking lot while I was deployed, and had it repaired before I got home  
- She wrecked our other car (a Jeep) while driving in the snow, causing $4000 in damage (she told me about this one). What she did not tell me was what my son told me. While I was driving him somewhere in the car, we drove over a bumpy patch of snow, and I said “hold on buddy!” and he replied “do it again!” to which I responded, “No, that’s enough”, to which he responded, “I told mommy to drive over the snow, and she did, but then she did it again, and we went off the road and crashed”. So, apparently my wife was taking instruction from our 4-year old when she wrecked our Jeep…  
- She purchased an iPad (not the base model either) for about $700, then proceeded to load it with hundreds of dollars in iTunes purchases  
- She failed to pay our telephone, electric, and gas bill for several months. All of which totaled over $1000  
- She purchased a pair of Coach Sandals, several hand bags, numerous tanning sessions, and a lot of expensive dining out while I was deployed ($80 lunches… I can’t imagine it was just her and my son)  
- Was associated with, or knew about some criminal activity that her “boyfriend” was involved in, and is now obligated to several court hearings regarding this (I don’t know all of the details, but it involves the relocation of a firearm. Awesome)  
- She opened a new line of service with Verizon with the SOLE purpose of getting a new phone at the subsidized price. That’s it. We now had an extra line on our account that we paid a monthly fee for, simply so she could have a new phone.  
- And perhaps one of the most mind-blowing acts since I’ve been home is what she did with the $4000 insurance check to cover the repair costs for our Jeep. I kept asking her if we received the check yet, and she always said “no”. But, when I went to the mechanic to ask about the status of our car repairs, they told me “Oh, that’s paid for. You’re wife already dropped off a $700 check for the Honda, so you’re all set.” THE HONDA!? That’s when I learned about the damage to our other car for the first time. But then I wondered where the $700 came from, and why I didn’t see the transaction in our bank account.  
  
It turned out that my wife had opened another checking account, and had the $4000 check deposited directly into it the week prior.   
After much argument, she finally gave me access to the account so I could move the money to pay for the Jeep repairs. To my dismay, there was less than $1500 remaining of the $4000. She had been SHOPPING with our insurance payment!  
  
- I had to go out on a 1 week underway for some testing shortly after my homecoming, and when I returned, she had spent the remaining $1500… Absolutely insane.  
- So, I’ve since bought her a $1500 replacement car so she has transportation for my son, and she is awaiting her mothers house to be livable again after a pipe had burst over the winter.  
- She says she is seeing a psychologist, and that “it’s helping”  
There are so many other senseless lies, and so much more emotional abuse that she has unleashed on me, that I could continue writing for pages, but that pretty much sums up the highlights (or lowlights) of what has become of my marriage and personal life.  
  
My wife is now living back in our home state with our son, and I am working on getting my next assignment sorted out. I may end up in our home stat as a recruiter, which would mean very long hours (and work on Saturdays), but at least I’d be in the same state as my son, and could be there for him on short notice if he needed me. It would also make it easier for me to see him on weekends if we end up with equal custody, but I’m worried that in a sole custody situation, the recruiting assignment may be difficult to manage, especially with my son starting school next year.  
  
My other possible assignment would be in an instructing capacity related to my current field, which would have more relaxed hours, and help further my expertise in my field. It would also be a better job for me if I was to somehow get sole custody of my son.  
  
As with most things in the military, my next assignment is largely out of my hands at this point, and I’ll make the best of whatever I get.  
  
Now, within the last month, since my wife has been living back inour home state, one of my friends noticed some very forward messages being posted on my wife’s facebook wall. One of the exchanges went like this  
- (My Wife) Brrrr… It’s really cold in this big bed  
o (Other guy) Oh man, I’m mad that I didn’t come over now, I would’ve helped you warm it up!  
  
That comment was deleted within 24 hours… I got the guy’s phone number from our cell phone bill and called him. I told him who I was, and what I suspected was going on, and explained to him that my wife was probably telling him something completely different.  
  
The guy actually seemed like a decent enough person, and seemed pretty remorseful about the whole thing. We talked for a while, and he told me that she told him “My husband and I have been separated for a year, and that it was completely over between us”, and started talking about the “future” with this guy she had only known for a couple of weeks. Oh, and they had sexual intercourse after only a few hangouts.  
  
After learning this, I became pretty emotionally detached from her. Up until that point, I was still hurting because I saw a glimmer of the person that I had loved. Now I know I probably loved the person she pretended to be, but never really knew her at all.  
  
??????????????? WHAT TO DO NOW ???????????????  
  
I need some direction on what I should do next:  
- What should my next legal course of action be?  
- How can I insulate myself from her financially?  
- What are my obligations to her financially? I do not want to be looked up on as a dead-beat data, and I know she wouldn’t hesitate to play the “abandonment” card?  
- How do I help her and my son financially without giving her money that she can spend on frivolous things?  
- What should I be noting, or keeping records of to show that she is a destructive, selfish person?  
o I have copies of bank records, phone bills, unpaid utilities for up to 6 months  
o I also have a lot of friends and family that can vouch for my character and her lack thereof  
- What are my odds of getting custody of my son?   
o I truly believe that, given enough time and freedom, my wife will seal her own fate by screwing up again, but I don’t want to risk that happening with my son in her care  
  
If you made it this far, thanks for taking the time to read it all.  
All feedback is welcome. I know I may have done some things wrong along the way, but right now, my primary focus is protecting my son, and reducing the amount of access my wife has to my personal information and finances.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/p70u4/college_transfer_help_please/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: College Transfer Help!? Please!?

First of all I'm going to be upfront. If you don't agree with my beliefs or background please leave this alone. If there are people who can legitimately help me I will be grateful beyond belief.   
  
I'm a 20 year old third year college student that's has an Associate of Science from a North Texas community college. I actually attained my degree about a semester ago, but due to certain limitations, I wasn't able to transfer earlier. I'm still living with my mother and brothers in the same city that I graduated from as the cc is also in the same city, so I really feel like the time has come for me to take the next step and see what's out there. The reason that I wasn't able to transfer earlier is because I'm an undocumented student. I can't apply for financial aid so almost all of my tuition costs for the cc have come out of my own pocket through hard work, dedication and most of all, the help of God. Stay with me here.   
  
My family and I have lived a rough life but we're just thankful to be alive and have a place we can call home. Those hardships we underwent though, have scarred us and it's been very difficult to live a "normal" life. Last year, my mom found out that due to those hardships, including domestic violence and sexual abuse, we were eligible to apply for something called the "U-Visa" where the country recognizes our hardships and grants us a work permit that will allow us to work legally in the U.S. It was like a miracle sent directly from God. We had just been counting on the Dream Act to pass so we could just continue our educations but this was...idk...a miracle.   
  
The thing is, we filed our application last June but it takes a while for the USCIS to grant our acceptance or not so now we're just waiting to see what happens. I rest my entire faith on God that everything will go well. As I stated before, I already have my A.S. and really, really want to attend either UT Austin or TWU this fall but I have to be really careful with the application process as it could jeopardize the visa process. UT's been my dream school ever since high school, and with the visa, I'd be able to graduate and actually be able to apply for a job afterwards, unlike many other undocumented students who often graduate but are later stuck due to a lack of S.S.   
  
But now \*I'm\* stuck. Idk what to do. UT's an expensive school and their Fall 2012 deadline is coming up soon. If I apply and get accepted, I'd still have to wait for the permit decision. If I get granted the permit, I will be able to apply for FASFA and other scholarships/grants which I otherwise would've been unable to do so as an undocumented student. If I don't, Texas has it's own state version known as the TASFA which would help me but I can't make a decision until the permit comes since it could interfere with the decision. I \*could\* apply either way, but I would just wait to apply for financial aid later on and perhaps have to get a loan. Would y'all recommend me to apply and wait for the financial aid or just not apply at all and wait for the permit? My mom thinks it wouldn't be a bad idea to wait another year, perhaps work, and then go from there but I already feel like wasted enough time.  
  
 Another thing, I'm still unsure between UT or TWU. To make it short: TWU is closer, has the actual program I want (Occupational Therapy), and allows me to transfer more credits. What I don't like is that it's a bit too close. I really want to get out there, make more friends and have that "college experience." On the other hand, UT's perhaps a bit more recognized that TWU, it's right in the middle of downtown Austin, the campus is beautiful, and graduating from there would make me and my family really proud. But it's expensive, they don't have an OT program (I was thinking a BS in Natural Sciences instead), it's further, and they only accept 60 transferable hours. I have no idea what to do. I could go to UT, get my BS, then transfer back to TWU afterwards since the OT program is at a Master's level anyway but, oh I just don't know what to do. Guys I know this is a lot...I know that whatever happens will be God's work and it will be the BEST thing for me but ANY information, help, advice, or related stories would help!!! Thank you so much and have an AWESOME day!!! :)  
  
\*\*TL;DR: I'm an undocumented student with an A.S degree waiting for my work permit so I can transfer to college &amp; work but I can't apply for college or financial aid until it gets here. I'm also having trouble deciding between UT Austin or TWU or perhaps first UT, \*then\* maybe TWU? Any information, help, advice would be greatly appreciated!!\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/11t0pp/how_do_i_deal_with_my_moms_situation/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How do I deal with my Mom's situation?

Good morning Reddit. I am at the end of my rope here with family issues and I need some sage advice. This all started many moons ago when I was in elementary school. We were a happy family with no signs of trouble when one day my parents sat my brother and I down for a talk. They were getting divorced. Nine year old me was devastated. There was absolutely no indicator there was anything wrong with their relationship previous to this. Three days later my Dad is moving his stuff out and this is where the shit starts. Literally as he is taking his stuff out this new guy is moving his stuff in, as in they are walking past each other on the way in and out of the house. I didn't realize it at the time but to me this seems pretty fucked up. It wasn't until many years later I put 2 and 2 together here...  
  
Problems started immediately with the new step-dad. Physically and verbally abusive etc. MY brother was the football star so he rarely got any of it. I was the shy nerd so I got the lions share of shit. (sorry don't mean to rant here just some background) I was perpetually grounded and beaten from 9 to 14 years old for the the most minor of infractions. I was effectively the house slave, doing all the chores for him and my Mom. During this my Mom and step-dad would try to keep me from visiting my dad. My mom did nothing to stop this.  
  
My father was going through hell because of all this. He was blind sided by the divorce and my Mom wasn't making things any easier. I just recently found out she used my dad's credit card to buy her engagement ring to my step-dad and stuck my dad with the bill which took him years to pay off. She took his child support and bought a new car which I wasn't allowed in because it might get dirty. He took pictures of the bruises and cuts from my step-dad's abuse to the police but they did nothing. Once I turned 15 I was allowed to choose my guardian, so on my 15th birthday I moved in with my dad and literally lived in his bedroom closet because he couldn't afford to live anywhere else. He did the best he could to raise me and I only saw my mom at Christmas and and Thanksgiving. She made no effort to contact me so I returned the favor.   
  
Ten years later I started to have a change of heart. I started having lunch regularly with her and found out she had a kid with my step-father and had started her own landscaping business which was doing quite well. We worked on the relationship for several years and things were getting back to normal. I still avoided talking to my step-dad and any interactions were a sentence or shorter. This brings us to about 6 months ago...  
  
One day my mom calls and asks to meet for lunch. Cool. So during this lunch I find out she is in financial trouble and is about to lose her house. Apparently she got used to the free cash from the child support for my brother and now that my brother had moved it had dried up. She asks if I know anywhere they can stay. They can't stay at an apartment because of all the landscaping equipment they have and none of the homes for rent have enough room for it all either. I talked with my dad and he agrees to let me move back in to his place and my mom can rent my house (it has a huge driveway and backyard for all their equipment) until they get financially stable. My mom accepts the offer with tears in her eyes and they move in the day of their home foreclosure.  
  
Immediately things start getting rocky. She has become accustomed to a comfortable lifestyle and a nice house. Mine was built in the 70s and I am in the process of updating some things but it's still a ranch style 70s house at its' heart. One day I get a bill for $500 for ventilation system cleaning because the dust was giving her a headache, I had lived there for 5 years with no problems and she didn't even ask me before doing it. She didn't transfer the utilities to her name so I got blind sided with almost a grand in power, water, satellite bills that she didn't tell me about. She demanded a new water heater because the power bill she didn't pay was too high O.o and it just keeps going.   
  
The last straw was I just found out last week that they are giving my half-brother up to live with my full brother and his girlfriend. Apparently he was getting beaten too by my step-dad and ran away. They did not try to get him back so he is heartbroken now as well. They live in a 2 bedroom apartment and already have 2 kids. My brother is the only one working right now because they just had a kid a few months ago so I am helping them with that financially as well as my mom is no help. Now they are planning on bailing on the lease because they can't afford to live there even though they are pulling 6 digits. I lived there alone and got by fine on 1/4 of that income.   
  
I'm sorry for the wall of text and ranting Reddit but I have no idea what to do at this point? Preemptively kick them out? Call child services? Murder my step-dad (kidding....maybe)? Have you had to deal with shit like this before, and if so, how did you handle it??

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/2zsr52/cant_decide_where_to_go_to_college_help_is/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Can't Decide Where to Go to College - Help is Appreciated.

I've received most of my admissions decisions back from the colleges that I applied to, and I truly cannot decide the best college to attend. I'm not looking for any definitive decisions right now, but I was hoping that the collective knowledge of r/college could possibly help guide me in the decision making process.   
  
I've been accepted to the University of Michigan (LSA), Washington University in St. Louis (Arts and Sciences), Northeastern University (D'Amore-McKim School of Business), Indiana University (Pre-Admit to Kelley School of Business, Hutton Honors College), Bentley University (Honors Program), and the University of Maryland (Scholars Program, Pre-Admit to Smith School of Business). I was rejected by the University of Virginia, and I was waitlisted by Boston College. I am still waiting on decisions from University of North Carolina Chapel Hill and Lehigh University.  
  
Before I discuss what I think about these colleges, here's some context that will most likely make the decision much harder. My parents have agreed to contribute a significant amount of the cost of college, but I will certainly have to take out student loans to pay for school, wherever I go. Accounting for merit aid that I have received, my family contribution, and the total cost of attending each of these schools, I will have to take out the following in loans to attend each of these schools: UMD ($24,000), IU Bloomington ($40,000), NEU ($56,000), WashU ($70,000), Bentley ($48,000), UMich ($108,000). These estimated costs also account for the increasing rate of tuition (Adjusted for 5% annually), the increasing cost of housing (Adjusted for 2% annually), books, meal plans, personal expenses, and transportation costs. I really do not want to put myself in a position where I'll have to pay off student debt for decades after I graduate, but at the same time, I want to attend the best school that I can, and graduate in a position to get a job in the financial services industry. Currently, I'm thinking that I'd like to enter corporate accounting, investment banking or consulting, but I am open to really any position in a similar field.   
  
In terms of what I want out of a college, I do value the opportunity to go to big sports games and have a sense of school spirit (Which I really wouldn't have at a place like WashU or Bentley). I would also like to be at a medium to large sized school (which discounts Bentley). The idea of flying to a school isn't too appealing, but I am not opposed to it if it's necessary to go to the school that's right for me. Being in or close to a city is something that appeals to me as well, which is why I'm hesitant to go to a place like Indiana. I also want to be at a college with a relatively active social scene and things to do on the weekend, which I'm sure is really possible at any school I go to. Additionally, I don't want to put myself in a position where I have to study relentlessly on the weekends and have no social life due to the work load or course rigor, which is why I'm also hesitant to go to a place like WashU. I've heard from current students and relatives of current students that WashU is incredibly hard to succeed at due to the nature of the coursework and the difficulty of the programs offered there. I also recognize the fact that it's unrealistic for me to expect to satisfy all of these needs at one college while also keeping my student debt to a minimum, which is why I'm so conflicted with this decision.  
  
One of the things that's factoring into my decision greatly is school rankings and the general reputation of the schools I'm considering. I recognize the fact that rankings really have no bearing on the quality of education or job placement at a school, but for some reason I can't justify going to a school the caliber of UMD or Indiana after being accepted to a school like WashU.   
  
Wherever I go, I'll most likely be attending the undergraduate business school within that college, which also factors into my decision. While Indiana University isn't necessarily highly regarded nationally, the Kelley School of Business is very highly ranked in terms of undergraduate business programs. I really don't know how a program like Kelley at Indiana compares to a program like D'Amore-McKim at Northeastern or Smith at UMD. While the other aspects of this decision are certainly important to me (School spirit, location, social life, etc), really the most important thing to me is that I put myself into a position to get a well-paying job right out of college. I'm unsure whether or not I'll want to pursue graduate school after my undergrad education, but I think that's a decision to make further down the road.   
  
Any input on my decision is appreciated, particularly from those redditors that currently attend/attended the school's that I'm considering. If you have any input on my conflict with student debt, my decision with regard to the caliber of each school, or any of the aspects that I mentioned that play a factor in this decision, your help would be greatly appreciated. Also, if you have any experience with or knowledge of the standing of these schools with regard to employers in the financial services industry, that input would be greatly appreciated as well. Thank you for taking the time to read this.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/evcrw/due_to_wikileaks_and_the_past_couple_years_of/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Due to Wikileaks and the past couple years of gaining an understanding of what's happening in the world.. I NEED TO GET OUT. ASAP. HELP ME PLZ.

So I'm reading some wikileaks cables, obviously some regarding my own government here in America.. and I lose it. I've been paying close attention to all the.. BULL SHIT.. that goes on in our society and I broke down and started crying in front of a random fuck-buddy girl. I immediately start thinking what I need to do to make a difference somewhere and how, and the first thought that pops in to my head is the Peace Corps. So I go to their website in an attempt to contact somebody and tell them that, I.Need.To.Go. I need to go help feed the starving, I need to go educate humans, I need to provide ideas to better the efficiency of their society.. and I type up this letter in an attempt to convince some random fuck that they should let me do something of importance despite me not having obtained a BA or equivalent:  
  
I'm a 23 year old male living in Northern California. I've completed nearly all of my general education requirements and have done little study deeper as a political science and digital arts major. For the past few years I've been disregarding the school system I've been offered as it is A) Becoming far too expensive and I simply do not have the means or the will to want to acquire the means and attend school full time...and that being because of B) The declining importance of a degree in todays society. Too many of my friends and acquaintances have spent the past four+ years studying something that they're not even in the working field of, so it's hard to imagine they're making a contribution to the good of society. As I was saying about the past few years, I've began to dive deeper in to what makes our society tick, and what bugs it has. Unfortunately there's so many bugs, every things an absolute shit-storm. So where do you begin? Well, like any building of any kind, you start from the bottom, which in our case is obviously the third world and somewhere other than America. To put it metaphorically, I see far many other countries as the crack-baby from a drug-abusing mother who died during birth and had no father figure; where as America is the rich-kid who got everything he wanted but wasn't satisfied and has all kinds of emotional and psychological problems. So basically... There are problems elsewhere that can be solved with a little mind-power and a lot of labor, compared to the deep corruption shit happening here where we are.  
  
\*\*Then I stop.\*\*  
And start thinking hold on, I need to see what the fuck this Peace Corps is all about.. I did some research on them when I turned 18 but I didn't know anything important that I know now.. and gee whiz, the first thing I notice is the .gov. So I dive deeper in to their website and come up with the following notes.. like their mission statements:  
1. Helping the people of interested countries in meeting their need for trained men and women.  
 2. Helping promote a better understanding of Americans on the part of the peoples served.  
 3. Helping promote a better understanding of other peoples on the part of Americans.  
  
Like their Budgets:  
Budget  
  
Fiscal year 2010 budget:  
 $400 million  
Fiscal year 2011 budget:  
 $400 million\*  
  
...And their policies which were last updated Sep 30 2008.   
  
I immediately start searching other resources for my decided venture for action and come across the CCS-Cross-Cultural-Solutions, which costs a fee and goes for a further shortened amount of time (maximum 12 weeks).  
  
Here's where you come in. You help me decide what I should do. The peace corps seems decently legit, one of the few legit uses of Americans tax money. I'm not too fond of the fact that its government operated but obviously I'm in a time of sacrifice to make something happen. If you could provide other ways for me to carry out this goal than the listed two I would greatly appreciate. Things to consider, I'm a broke intellectual who does NOT come from a family of means, nor a family looking to provide any means. So the CCS is looking a little tough, and I don't think I want to only help out for 12-weeks anyway.   
  
We need to start making shit happen somewhere, otherwise, what the fuck did we do besides work toward some bull shit like customer service or crunch and file some bills for some corporation? To those of you that worked your ass off to be able to do relevant things for our society, thank you.   
  
TL;DR I need to start helping the bottom of society while getting out of America.  
  
\*\*EDIT 1\*\*  
So I'm a little bit over my rage I was in earlier but still have the same goals in mind. Thanks to a comment I've come across the sites http://www.voluntourism.org/ http://www.workaway.info/ and http://www.wwoof.org/.. alongside the respective peace corps and CCS sites. Any more knowledge on any of these would be great. Thanks.  
  
\*\*EDIT 2\*\*  
The previous three mentioned links seem to be more for the traveler looking to volunteer while on vacation. Peace Corps seemed to be more of a military entry, and CCS is kind of like a bootcamp a parents going to send their kid to. I'm still researching and weighing all options, any help still very appreciated.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/kv38h/reddit_what_am_i_doing_wrong_with_my_life/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit: What am I doing wrong with my life? [throwaway]

[This is a throwaway account.]  
  
Redditors:  
  
I'm 24 years old and I can't figure out what I'm doing wrong with my life.  
  
I know nobody's perfect. I know everyone makes mistakes. But my missteps over the last few years have had overwhelming consequences, and I desperately need some guidance.  
  
In 2008, I took in my best friend and his brother after their mother kicked them out. I knew my best friend partied on occasion, but I was not aware he was hiding a full-blown heroin addiction while he was staying with me. Three months later, I was evicted after money was stolen from me and I couldn't afford to make rent. I moved into my mom's house, gave her a good portion of my last two paychecks, but ultimately had to quit my job because she refused to drive me to and from work, and the only bus running through the neighborhood took a route in the opposite direction from the store's location.  
  
I spend the first half of 2009 behind a closed door. I felt that eviction was akin to someone kidnapping my child. I met a guy online, through MySpace, in March, and I would stay up all night to be online for him to talk with. He came and went as he pleased, but said he loved me. I loved him too. I started attending a nondenominational church, and talked with the lead pastor about joining the ministry academy. Even though this boy I grew to love was a staunch atheist, he encouraged me to go forward with becoming a minister.  
  
My sister began using meth, and I would warn my mom perpetually that if she didn't stop handing my sister $20 and the car keys every night, something bad would happen. At the end of April, on the morning me and this boy first met in person, Child Protective Services arrived at my mother's house and took my nephews in state custody.  
  
My mother, understandably, couldn't handle losing her grandchildren. She demanded my sister pack her things and leave, but I argued that this was the worst thing to do. My sister was an addict, had just lost her kids only a few hours before, and did not need to lose the only roof she had over her head. Somewhere toward the tail end of that argument, I am told I'm taking advantage of my mother. I end up on a friend's mother's living room floor, my dad intervenes to give my sister a place to stay.  
  
One week later, the boy I was seeing left me for an 18-year-old kid. I received an offline IM from him one day then he blocked me and seemingly disappeared.  
  
I spent the rest of the summer trying to find work and finally did. I landed a web design position but that quickly turned into micromanagement hell. I was expected to be up and available online by 9AM but not log off until 3-4AM each night, 7 days a week. I was being paid a weekly salary, and eventually couldn't keep up.  
  
Around the time I was readying to quit, the boy sends me an e-mail and I decide to be a shoulder to lean on. The affair didn't love him. I spent the next two months with someone begging my time only to use it in a way that was like subjecting me to emotional lashing. I start drinking more often to relax, but this becomes ammo and the boy begins assuming that my life is in shambles because I'm an addict. The abuse gets out of hand and I decide to let him go.  
  
One month later, I ask a close family friend who receives a large SS settlement if I can borrow some money to get back on my feet. My mother intervenes and argues to that I would not be able to pay her back because I don't have a job. The friend agrees to help, but only a little, and gives my mother the money. My mother then escorts me to the local community college where the $100 I'm allowed to borrow is spent on GED tests because otherwise I "may waste it."  
  
A week or so later, I go to visit my sister and find she now has an apartment filled with new furniture, her rent has been paid in full for months, she has new clothes and a new Droid; and she was given a car.  
  
In November 2009, I decide to enroll in college. I figure it's a way out of this cycle. Being 22, I have to include at least one parent's income on my FAFSA. (I didn't have enough witnesses or sources to verify that I had been kicked out.) My mother refuses to disclose her income, stating that I need to "go talk to the Department of Economic Security and get food stamps or something." Two weeks of calling back to ask again, and I finally end up having to ask a live-in friend of hers to sneak me her taxes.  
  
At the end of December, I call my mom and ask if she can consider letting me stay with her while I'm enrolled in college. (The college is a 30 minute walk from her house.) She refuses. I try again a few days later and she reluctantly agrees to let me sleep on the downstairs couch only on the days before I have class. This doesn't end up working out very well, as the only times I can eat at her house are when they fix a family meal, and the only times I can sleep are after their shows end at 11:30pm each night. I'm forbidden from entering most rooms in her house, and I have to ask to take a shower.  
  
I make some friends at college and start to open up about what's happening with me. A lot of people offer ideas for me to leave, or places to stay temporarily. By the end of the semester, however, my mother's live-in friend and my sister (who are also attending the college) have convinced most people I'm just making things up. Furthermore, rumors get spread about me having habits like not flushing the toilet. It doesn't dawn on most people until my sister nonchalantly tells me in front of a group of people on campus that "if [I'm] expecting people to love me, they don't."  
  
A few months later, the close family friend who lent me the $100 passes away. I find out from her son that she never asked for a dime to be returned by my sister, however I "needed to learn a lesson about borrowing from others." I did pay her back. It came out of the very small disbursement I received after tuition and books.  
  
I spend the summer of 2010 staying with friends. In August, when I receive a slightly larger disbursement from the college, I decide to invest in a cheap car. I end up losing $1400 altogether because the car could not be legally driven within city limits due to emissions standards. The law in my state gave the original owner the discretion to disclose whether the vehicle could pass emissions because the vehicle was sold in the county.  
  
I do well as my second semester rolls in. One month before finals, my laptop fries out. I have no money to replace it, and I end up having to spend late nights in the computer commons writing papers. I walk home in pitch black five nights a week just to get things done. I manage to pull myself up from near failure.  
  
Christmas rolls around. Everyone in the family celebrates, buying each other gifts and inviting tons of friends over for a big dinner. I get two cards, no gifts, and spend five hours hiding in either the bathroom or garage to avoid having to sit in a corner and watch everyone celebrate.  
  
3 days later, my mom comes home from her office and tells me to "pack my shit." This happened without provocation, without warning. I try to ignore it (thinking maybe she had a bad day) but my mother follows me around the house as I try to grab as much as I can fit into my backpack. I call a friend's mom for help. As she's driving down the road, away from my mother's house, I get a text message from my mom saying she wants my phone back too.  
  
January 2011, I have no money, no job, nothing. I have no phone, and I have no secure address to receive my student aid funds. The college holds the check, but what I get is gone in two weeks. I was able to replace my computer and phone, but did not calculate the costs of getting to and from the campus. A few weeks into classes, I'm broke and cannot afford to take the bus anymore. If I withdraw, I have to send back the money I've already spent. I decide to withdraw from as many classes as possible, but let at least a few fail me. There's nothing I can do... no one can afford to pay the gas to get me back and forth. I asked.  
  
I spend the summer learning about learning. It's the best investment of time I've made in my life. Unfortunately, I also spend it fighting to receive funding for college. After finishing all the paperwork and attending workshops for academic probation, the school changes its student aid policies. This change does not consider students just recently placed on probation. I end up on restriction, and the school states I was expected to attend the summer intersession. Two months of fighting later, I'm attending the current semester with funding only guaranteed for this one semester. I'm unable to register for Spring.  
  
Today, things fell apart in a big way. I've done a lot to help others, from holding doors open to paying for others' bus tickets, to being a shoulder a stranger can lean on. I support my professors in their respective passions. But today, a professor who knows me very well refused to let me sit for an exam within the last five minutes of class. The alarms I'd set in my phone did not go off due to an unlucky software glitch in an app, but I was told this excuse is some "elaborate story." I was told it would not be fair to let me sit for an exam that could ultimately be the difference between financial and academic suspension and finishing my degree. Why? Because to her, there is a hypothetical impact on other students that is somehow more significant than me losing the chance to attend college? Because it can be proven that I intentionally slept past the first hour of class?  
  
At this point, I don't know what I've been doing wrong. I don't know why everyone I meet is a ship passing in the night, why people finding boyfriends and making friends happens to the people around me but not me. I don't know what I'm doing to earn what I see as the worst return on karmic investment. For crying out loud, three weeks ago I saved a man from going into a diabetic coma, but I'm ignored when I ask a stranger how they're doing.  
  
Between the constant physical pain of having severe scoliosis, my wisdom teeth coming in, having numerous cystic growths in the cartilage and lobes of my ears, deep stretch marks across my back (that everyone thinks are scars from physical abuse), a downvote widow's peak, thin hair, a very effeminate walk and voice, and all the "you need to eat" comments AND all of this shit, I'm starting to understand why people may do stupid things to themselves.  
  
What is going on here, Redditors? What am I doing wrong? What needs to change?  
  
  
\*\*TL;DR Each time I try to rebuild my life, it comes crashing down. When I'm volunteering to be there for everyone, to help and support them at the expense of myself, it matters. When I actually need them to pull through for me, they justify not doing so and even make a mockery of me. If being mean solved this, I wouldn't get the same result from times I've tried being an asshole to everyone. So what can I change? What am I not seeing, knowing, or understanding that will stop this shit from happening?\*\*  
  
  
#  
EDIT: I should also mention that a lot of this has spurned severe anxieties to some things. I can't eat in front of people anymore because I'm constantly worried someone will tell me I'm eating \*their\* food, not my own. I can't sit close to other people because I'm constantly worried someone will ask me move away from them. I don't talk to many strangers anymore because I've come to assume that I'm just impeding their time. I spend a lot of time daydreaming about things like relationships, or having lots of friends, or being able to be considered a positive influence through my writing or music. These anxieties have brought me to attempt suicide twice in my life, and while I don't feel like I'm risking another attempt, I can't speak for a few months down the road... especially if things don't look up.  
  
#  
\*EDIT 2: Thank you guys for sharing some words of wisdom with me. The general consensus seems that I'm behaving like a pushover, and instead of thinking about how the situation affects me first and foremost, I'm only considering how I can avoid things affecting others.\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/poe38/roommate_cost_me_10000_and_i_need_help/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Roommate cost me $10,000 and I need help!

Hey there fellow Redditors. I've been lurking for a bit and throwing an occasional comment for a bit now, but I've decided to come to you for some (preliminary) legal help.  
  
  
I currently live in a town called Coeur d'Alene, ID. Lived here before the incident I'm about to describe and moved back right around the end of the below thread.  
  
  
A couple things to get out of the way that may help explain some of what happened. The person involved had been a friend of 10 years before this incident and I do still talk to her semi-regularly today (maybe once a week or so). Also, I'm a sissy for confrontation – especially back then. I'm at the point where I know action needs to be taken so I'm preparing myself for the fallout that will probably come.  
  
  
With that out of the way, on to the story:  
  
  
I lived in Missoula, MT for about a year and half. It was a rather random decision that's not important but it the end I ended up in a two bedroom apartment on the west end of town. They were considered "luxury" apartments, but I use the quotes for reason. They were expensive apartments, but within my budget while I had a roommate. They cost $856 a month and that included heater, AC, water, cable and cable internet. The only other bill for the apartment itself was electricity which cost ~$40 per month on the budget plan they had. That meant our bills were about $450 a month for the apartment and whatever our cell phone bill cost and necessities like food. Our cell phone bill with Verizon Wireless cost about $150-75 per month because we had two smartphones on the plan with the unlimited data plans and an unlimited texting plan. It was painful but manageable. I worked for Staples as their Master Tech so I made a whopping $9.05 an hour. It did let me bring home close to $1200 a month though so I was able to pay for everything I had to.  
  
  
She worked for DirectTV which was nice because it was right next to the apartment – she could walk to work. It was a call center that paid decently (I think an average of ~$11-12). The first month or so was fine. I worked 40 hours a week so I wasn’t home much during the day to see when she went to work and she spent most of her time in her room anyways so I would see her at night usually and that was about it.  
  
  
About two months in however after paying my half of the rent I get a notice saying that half the rent is still due and that if I don’t pay by the next day the late fees will hit. She wasn’t home at the time so I made sure I got it paid so we didn’t get hit with fees and would just as her when she got home. When I talked to her she mentioned that she had been let go because she had strep during one of their training sessions (I guess their training sessions are like 5-6 weeks long at times) and that attendance was mandatory at those sessions. I thought it was a bogus reason to let somebody go but I didn’t worry about it too much because she mentioned that she was already applying for different jobs and had her resume printed off and ready to go. She would borrow my car occasionally because she didn’t have one to drop these resumes off.  
  
She apparently found some jobs working for like Ross, Aeropostale, Old Navy, etc. but would only work there for a couple days before deciding she’d work for one of the other companies that hired her (I’m fuzzy on these details partly because I was being lied to, I’m sure and partly because this was more than two years ago and I just have a bad memory). When it came time to pay rent for the third month we ran into the same issue as the second month except this time she was able to run down to the office and get them paid. After the third month she never paid another day of rent. I’ll get back to this in a moment.  
  
  
Next was the cell phone bill. Having at least the phone service was really important to me. I had just moved out of mom’s house for the first time and was in a new city so the one thing I enjoyed doing was calling my mom, my brother-in-law and my newborn niece most nights to talk. For the first few months everything was great – I would pay for half and have her call and pay the other half. It turned out when I thought she was paying for her portion of the phone bill she was in fact passing bad checks for the amount due. After a little bit I found out about this because I saw on my Verizon statement that I had a chargeback and a fee for a NSF check being sent. At that time she told me that she ran into issues paying that month but was now able to pay it and the next month’s portion – and she was able to. However two months later or so the same thing happened. I was furious and once again she said she would take care of that past amount plus the upcoming amount. I told her that I was going to leave this account once she paid that and move to my dad's wireless account because it would save me money and I wouldn't have to deal with the issues.   
  
  
About 6 months into our year lease on the apartment she said she was going to move back to Coeur d’Alene, look for work there and then send me money. I wasn’t very hopeful at the prospect but I couldn’t control what she did and didn’t see much use to. She wasn’t paying any of the bills in Missoula. At this point I had left my job at Staples because I was offered a web programming position at the University of Montana where I went to school. The pay was a couple cents less an hour but was right on campus as was definitely closer to what I wanted to do in life so I took it. I only worked 22 hours per week because of how the schedule worked (couldn’t work weekends and we closed by 6 during the weekdays). This was alright though because it at least gave me two solid days of homework time on the weekend which I needed with my course-load that year.  
  
  
I wasn’t making $1200 a month anymore though. Making the $900 a month payment was near-impossible. I called in every last favor with my family in order to not be evicted. I would routinely eat one package of top ramen every other day and survive on water/juice the rest of the time. I had a place to stay though that was warm at night though and that’s what mattered. I would occasionally drive back to Coeur d’Alene or to my grandparents place in Montana for the weekend and bring back food with me that last me for a little bit. I’m not trying to talk about how bad my life was or anything, because it wasn’t, I’m just trying to emphasize how little money I had.  
  
  
I tried finding roommates but in a college town in the middle of the semester it’s tough. Finally in March my lease ran out and I was able to move out. I decided though that I was moving back to Coeur d’Alene as soon as the semester was done so I stayed in my apartment for the last two months paying the non-discounted rate of $1030 a month instead of $856.  
  
  
So here I am, about a year after this. My friend has insisted she’ll pay me but she’s just as flaky about jobs now as she was then. My question is what are my options? What is she responsible for? Am I screwed? Our names were on the lease of the apartment. My name was on the electric bill. The cell phone bill I’m unsure about. I took my name off when I moved to my dad’s account but apparently even though she assumed liability of the account, my name was still on it because when she didn’t pay the $1100 bill the collection notice came to me and I’m trying to deal with that as well.  
  
  
What is she responsible for? Can I sue? I have a MPN that I’m going to send certified to her to have her sign agreeing to the charges I think. The entire bill of what she owes me comes to just under $10,000. It’s too much for small claims court I believe (I think it’s a $5,000 limit) so should I have her sign one MPN for the rent and one for everything else and try to take her to court on two different items? I live in Idaho like I said and going out to talk to an attorney in Montana is difficult because of class and work here so I was hoping to get a little bit of direction before I find a lawyer in Montana (should I need to get one).  
  
  
I'm resigned to the fact that I'll probably have to pay off this cell phone debt, and I will (although it may be slowly) and I'm going to try and sue her for what she owes me but I'm just trying to get information on how this whole process works.  
  
  
Thank you very much for taking the time to help me out.  
  
  
Zaephyr  
  
  
  
tl;dr - Roommate took advantage of my generosity/naivity/cowardice and made me support her for a year, costing me about $10,000 in that time.

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](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/vrg5r/life_story_inbound_need_help_on_taking_control/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Life story inbound, need help on taking control (Long post) (x-post from /r/advice)

This is going to be a LONG story, which for me is very emotional, hopefully I tell it good enough for everyone to understand. Made a new account because I've never fully explained my life story or even most of it, to anyone.  
So I guess I should start off with my problems growing up. I started missing school around 5th grade, I would stay home maybe once or twice a week every other week. This started increasing throughout the years, in 6th grade I think I missed like, 40 days or something of school. By 7th it was around 100 days and just increasing, 7th grade was also the first time I've ever had an anxiety attack, I completely froze outside the school and couldn't enter the building. Schools didn't take this lightly, I was taken to court IIRC 9~ times, placed on PINS and removed from my home 3 separate times.  
  
First time I was sent to a group home (where I was diagnosed with social anxiety) there was 7 other kids in the house and we always had 2 people watching us / driving us to appointments etc. "Fortunately" for me I was placed there in I think may so school was ending soon and it was too late for them to enroll me, they started me on Busbar for my anxiety. After being there for a month I was allowed to go back home, when the school year started I went everyday for first 2 months, then the pattern of missing school started again. I was put on probation for 2 years around this time.  
The second time I was removed from the house I was sent to a high security facility for "bad" kids, 3 out of the 8 kids there were in gangs, to be fair I was a 14 year old white boy and excuse me for lack of a better word, considered a "wigger". I was only there for 8 days, it was a scare tactic by the judge, unfortunately I get along with pretty much all crowds of people when I'm not having anxiety attacks, so I really didn't have anything to fear.  
  
When I got out of that facility I went to school everyday but still had a court hearing, I was happy to show the judge that I was making an effort and was going back to school, unfortunately it was too late. They sent me to a facility with a lot of kids of all ages, for anyone [1] Interested. I was there for 4 months, I had a really good time there, I went to their private school, kids get privileges based on behavior / time there / etc, I got to the highest level before leaving.  
  
While I was in the 3rd facility my parents moved us into a mother-daughter home that my sister bought, so when I returned home I was 20 minutes from all my friends I grew up with from 4 to 16 years old. That year of school I was in a different school district, knew no one etc. First 3 months I went everyday, then the pattern of staying home started again. Before I was going to be kicked out of school my mom decided to sign me out so I at least had the option of going back, 4 months later my mom passed away suddenly from a brain aneurysm. I took over my moms job at the company my sister worked for, being 16 and it being cheaper for them I was paid "under the table / off the books".  
  
After that company downsized and pretty much everyone got let go for new / cheaper employees, I was accepted for disability benefits under my dads disability (ankle crushed / almost ripped off by a Hi-Lo.) All the years of being overweight from being home all day with snacks / cartoons, I have a lot of pain in my legs and back. I'm getting closer to what I need advice for I promise, I just need anyone willing to give me advice to understand my situation as best I can describe it.  
So I had a therapist and was prescribed Zoloft, I honestly can't put how much zoloft has helped save me into words. I was diagnosed with agoraphobia, I couldn't leave my house without pretty much having an argument with myself in my thoughts, even saying the word anxiety would give me an attack. Due to some BS with medicare and my therapist's license type, they won't cover it, that doesn't bother me as much but we were really progressing.  
  
Anyway, even as much as I'm co-dependent, my 3 elder sisters (15+ years) are either too busy or simply don't want to help me better myself. I've been having to scrounge together what I can to pay for driving lessons every 2 weeks, so I can get my license and hopefully get a desk job and get off disability. My major issue right now is I can't afford to live where I am, long island is, excuse my language, Fucking expensive. My dad lets my sister take advantage of his love for his grandchildren, he is disabled yet she will have him walk to the store for her in pain. He put off having yet another surgery on his ankle for god knows what reason.  
I don't hate my sister, I feel bad for how terrible of a person she has become, this household is poison. I want to move but my "excuses" are this: My dad doesn't want to be far from his grandchildren, I have 2 cats and a dog, my moms passing left me her car which hasn't been started in 3 years, if I leave now without my license yet I'd have to get rid of it.  
  
I am going for my GED in a few months, I am still 400+ pounds (after losing 75lbs), sadly I let depression derail my progress. My sister covers what she can as far as our half of the bills so I owe her lets say around $2,000. I've explained to my therapist that I wasn't really "raised", my mom was always working and my dad was struggling with drugs / depression of his own. I am paying for driving lessons, which I've been told I am instinctively/naturally a good driver by multiple instructors.  
I guess I'm just asking what should I do about my living situation? Where can I move that is affordable on disability ($1,700 a month), can disability even be transferred from state to state?  
Oh and I forgot to mention my dads been on disability for 20~ years, but he can't get proper ID due to his parents spelling their last name different in canada (where he was born). So his birth certificate doesn't match the name he has been using since his dad brought him to usa (age 5). I couldn't get my permit until after I turned 21 due to mom passing and dad not being "legal".  
  
TL:DR Advice on moving with 3 animals, becoming an individual, anxiety took 14 years of my life, fighting to take it back.  
  
  
Edited: paragraphs

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/w1tac/are_there_any_other_third_generation_holocaust/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Are there any other third generation Holocaust descendants reading this experience the feeling of universal pain and sadness?

\*\*First and second generation:\*\*  
  
My grandparents on my mother's side are Holocaust survivors.   
  
While at this point in my life I no longer subscribe to the religious aspects of that historical narrative, the survival mechanism, the flight or flight response, is deeply imbedded within me, and I imagine that this is the case for Ashkenazi Jews.   
  
That narrative of persecution (and of course, Jews are not the only ethnic or religious group to face that sort of thing, but bear with me) has seemingly shaped me in a way that is acutely aware of life and death, sorrow and pain.   
  
During the war, my grandparents each experienced their own psychological and physical torments; even now, in their 90s, they still suffer from it.   
  
No progressive steps to face that pain and agony. It's like witnessing a time capsule with two family members stuck inside that can't or won't break themselves out of it.   
  
It stunted their ability to become self-aware, empathetic, satisfied, and mentally sound people.   
  
What they lack in emotional intelligence they made up for in resiliency.   
  
\*\*Unfortunately, they were incompatible, spiritually, emotionally, romantically--complete dysfunction, and incapable of loving one another--the loss and the pain and the unresolved emotions did not fade.\*\*   
  
I suspect this will never change as they live out the rest of their days.   
  
They decided to have children. The oldest (call her Sarah) was born in Germany, and the youngest, "Rena" (my mother) was born in the United States.   
  
This second-generation was seemingly treading two worlds, the old and the new. My grandparents, based on the stories I've managed to extract from what little family members remain, were incapable of giving my mother and sister the love and support they needed to flourish as adults--as of now, Sarah is a living embodiment of the personal failings that came with the so-called first-generation/second-generation immigrant dynamic, wrought with tension and unfulfilled expectation, their expectations clashing with the reality of a miserable situation.   
  
They lacked the freedom to live their own lives in the shadow of this loss that had preceded them. This has caused some problems in the here and now:   
  
Sarah has never reached a point in her development where she released herself from those burdens. She never became her "own person".  
  
\*\*My mother\*\*, on the other hand, managed to put some distance and space between herself and they; while she managed to 'get out', so to speak, she has still lived her entire life with parents who don't know who she is. In a sense, she was raised as a non-person. When you consider that, it is remarkable that she was as caring and nurturing to me as she was.   
  
What she (and I, through her) have gained through that strength and independence clashes with the lack of leadership with regard to family structure. True as it may be that my grandfather still remains our patriarch de facto, it does not change the circumstance. No one in my direct lineage, including my mother, has a clear precedent for child-rearing; though, to be fair, who really does? My mother never quite knew what it meant to have a real family, the result of her parents losing theirs some years earlier.   
  
\*\*My father's\*\* family immigrated to the United States nearly two generations before my mother's parents arrived. There was such distain between the two families; my father's grandmother generally referred to my poor, newly-immigrated grandparents as 'greenhorns', using derogatory ethnic slurs to make her point. Decades later, when my father's mother died, his older sister "Betty" declined to invite my grandparents into her home. Imagine that!   
  
There was equally as much tension and historically painful development in my father's family with consideration to the quick losses my father perceived at a young age. He witnessed his grandfather collapse on the floor and die in front of him at the age of 7, and lost his own father unexpectedly in his late-teens. We'll call him "Ned".   
  
My late grandfather (and Ned's father), "Julian", was routinely beaten by his father, "Saul". Whether or not Saul was re-channeling physical abuse committed to him is unknown. What I do know is that Julian failed to measure up in the eyes of his parents in his professional and personal life.   
  
We learned through chance several years ago, thanks to research that my older brother did, that Julian was previously engaged to another woman prior to marrying my late grandmother. This was a family secret. Why did the engagement not lead to marriage?   
  
It was because the family of his potential wife did not approve of his profession. They forced the break-up. He was forced out because he didn't make enough money.   
  
I will draw on this later for comparison.   
  
He married "Ronda", my late grandmother, who is the one person I know the least about in this context, as she was very secretive, and very closed-off, emotionally.   
  
Like her, Julian carried his own burdens silently. I suspect he simply wanted to retreat into his own mind without considering those things in his past.   
  
The result of that distance behavior manifested itself uniquely in their three children; "Betty" (mentioned above), "Ron", and "Ned", my father, also above.   
  
My late-grandparents placed such an emphasis on status, on keeping up appearances--whatever tension existed between the siblings was never dealt with.   
  
Age differences, personality conflicts, and a total lack of self-awareness and accountability shaped the choices each of the three children made. The siblings drifted apart, became passive-aggressive, and exerted a minimal effort to see one another over the last 25 years.   
  
Like his father before him, Ron was once in love with a woman whose family did not approve of him. Like his father (and remember, no one knew about this!), Ron was cast out. He never got over her. You can tell when the subject is raised, intuitively.   
  
And so he repeated the pattern of marrying someone who he settled for, and I imagine that marriage is understandably unfulfilling and empty, but that's pure speculation on my end.   
  
Julian never approved of Ron in the same way Saul did not approve of Julian. They pushed each other away, and Ron, in his late-60s, is still on some level harboring those feelings of sadness, guilt, misunderstanding, and anger. He is still fighting with his father. And this is why we never see him. We are perceived as subconscious emotional threats because we are living reminders of a life he has tried to forget. We all suffer as a result of this.   
  
In many ways, Betty is quite similar. She keeps a spotless home, but her marriage is one where she is domineering, controlling, and manipulative. She lacks genuine empathy and warmth. This of course is a combination of her upbringing as well as her personality. She has one son who I suspect will never marry and start his own family because she has spent his entire life smothering him. And he accepts it, even in his 40s. He is another example of someone who never developed into his own person. And yet, she could never admit this to herself. When you speak with her, you hear nothing but fallacies, blame, and projection. Neither she nor Ron are willing to be accountable. Neither she nor Ron have the capacity to understand this. Everything is always someone else's fault.   
  
My father, the youngest, will describe his childhood as one where he was materially comfortable, but out of place. He is a self-described 'anomaly' who never felt like he was a part of his family. He fought often with Julian, but to no avail--how could a man as insightful as my father show his own distant father anything? Julian had no idea what it meant to be a father. And because of that, he treated my father, and presumably his older siblings as non-persons, at arms length.   
  
It was as if he accepted their existences, but could not be troubled to be emotionally invested in their lives. When he died suddenly, my father was left to mourn his loss without any closure, and spent nearly a decade coping. His anger, rage, and belief that somehow his family was cursed fused with a general black-and-white world-view created a very bitter man who only now seems to be mellowing out as he ages--regardless of whether that anger has been resolved.   
  
He is self-made, but also very flawed. He did not have the luxury of having a father in the most critical years of his development. My father often says he has just wanted to be left alone his entire life--what he fails to see is that this is impossible. You might be able to live relatively unfettered if you get lucky regarding your spouse, your children and career, but life is constant change, and his reluctance to embrace that has also stunted his development in key areas.   
  
\*\*Third-generation:\*\*   
  
That was one thing my parents had in common; a total lack of leadership where it was really needed. It stunted their social growth in ways that I see today. Because they were so fearful of those negative influences, and because they were so wary of their own families, they tried to raise their children in a vacuum.   
  
Subsequently, home was a really stressful environment for me growing up without a proper support system. Because of this overarching emotional instability, I (the middle child, one older brother, one younger sister) and said siblings experienced a range of physical and emotional abuse in our early years. I believe my brother experienced the brunt of that physical assault. He seems broken depending on his mood. It pains me to watch it. My sister, her own struggles aside, has been in therapy for many years, and seems to be making a real effort to stop these patterns from re-emerging.   
  
As a naturally sensitive and introverted mind, I seemingly pushed out of my mind most of the torment that I witnessed. The strained, unhealthy, and downright dangerous relationship between my father and my brother put unreasonable and life-altering mechanisms on my personal development. And yet, as I look back on it, I had no idea this was occurring. When you're young, you tend to avoid taking a long-term view of anything, so without those reference points, I assumed what was going on in our family was normal, and I had to merely accept it. We have all suffered as a result of the clash in those personalities.   
  
As a result of that stress, I began to binge eat. I quickly gained a serious amount of weight, and this had interesting results. It started me down a long road. Poor eating habits and a lack of exercise lead to poor academic performance, leading to more stress at home, leading to more binge-eating, while all the while dealing with the fallout from the outright insanity that I was witnessing. How I managed to get through that is shocking to me, as I look back on it. Poor eating and stress lead to intense breakouts all over my body. I began to take harsh medications for it that did a lot of damage to my stomach. This in turn lead to me unable to feel good at any point during the day. This went on for years! What I didn't know was that my Mom went through the same thing.   
  
Again, another example of the patterns repeating themselves due to lack of communication and proactive assertion.   
  
I started to go through adolescence, and began to starve myself. Those underlying stresses relating to food went unresolved. My blood sugar was never where it should have been. My behavior was erratic and I was always unhappy. I began to drink heavily towards the end of high school for reasons I didn't understand. Thankfully, this never turned into anything more serious and I've never had a real problem with alcohol.   
  
I remember high school as a time where I had very little close friends. I felt very isolated, very sick, and very unhappy. This was still something I failed to recognize. I assumed everyone felt this way. Towards the end, I was in a relationship with a girl who I was convinced would be by my side forever, yet subconsciously felt myself rejecting that idea, and was already beginning to consider cheating on months before I went to college. I remember kissing another girl during that period of time. This was something I had also forgotten about. The angst that I felt towards the girlfriend after she cheated on me was real, but I suspect I was equally as upset at myself. Staying with her afterwards demonstrated to me at a young age that after that mistake, the relationship is dead. What a life lesson to learn at 19.   
  
I went to college and immediately began losing weight because of the stress and fallout of her choice.  
  
But I was really lonely, and seeing how awkward I was with the girls who lived down the hall lead me to try and join a fraternity, which I failed to do my first year, but succeeded in the second. I was so desperate for friendship, and a fraternity full of Jews seemed like a fresh start for me. What no one seemed to understand was how dedicated I was to the fraternity. I used to cry (seriously) with happiness those first few months. I was so willing to give my all to something that meant the world to me. But this process was extremely stressful, and now that I was exposed to people who were abusing themselves in different ways, I too began to find my own ways of coping. I began to smoke marijuana, not heavily at first, as a means of sleeping better.   
  
But I now suspect that by smoking, I began to both raise these subconscious issues I had neglected (otherwise undetected in a sober mindset), but because I was high, I was unable to sustain any real progress and do anything about it. In other words, I was beginning to understand why I was doing the things I was doing, but was unable to stop. I needed help, and didn't ask for it. I was stubborn and failed to see the connection.   
  
Or, on the other hand, the use of the plant helped to put a temporary wall between my ego and my emotions, and allowed me the platform to understand why things happened the way they did. My relationship with the plant seems to ebb and flow depending on the month. Currently not smoking.   
  
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\*\*If you've read this far\*\*, you now have a fairly solid understanding of where I come from, how grateful I am that I didn't have to endure those experiences of the past, that the opportunities in this country are bountiful, and how inspired I feel at times to not "make a difference", but to act subtly and with good intent.   
  
But, with this in mind, I wanted to bring up some things I've been experiencing in the last few weeks:  
  
I know too many people in real life on Reddit who if they came across this post would know exactly who this is--but, the profile is important. I'm 6'0, 200 pounds, not un-attractive in the valuation of the American pop-culture mindset (I mean, I've got Russian and Polish genes flowing through me here!), living alone in Brooklyn (for the last 3 years), a recent Master's recipient at NYU, and leaving for the Peace Corps to serve in Tanzania in October.   
  
I seem to be surrounded by people who value these accomplishments. Their excitement is palpable, but it feels incredibly hollow to me.   
  
And not just those resume building activities--everything. I've actually been in therapy since January, no clinical diagnosis of any mental disorders--so while I say that today I'm "depressed", I don't want to say I'm suffering from "depression"--I want to kill myself, mainly out of not wanting to indirectly contribute to the suffering I perceive universally. I would rather sacrifice my consciousness instead of eating three square meals a day while some poor child, either down the street, or halfway across the world is struggling to survive. But it's not that I feel that I have "nothing to live for", so goes the cliche--it's just that life itself, for someone so sensitive and introverted, can be so unforgiving/indifferent that it really hurts to think about in full.   
  
I don't think anyone in my life really and completely grasps how miserable I really am. But I can say with full certainty that I wouldn't take my own life out of deference to said people--I should feel fortunate to have them, to have anyone to rely upon in this life--and again, this isn't because I think so highly of myself that I must survive in their lives--it's more that I don't want to contribute/add to their own struggle by taking the path of least resistance--but, is it fair to refer to suicide as the "path of least resistance?"--I'm not married to that sentence, consider it struck.   
  
My life, as a whole, seems to be a poorly coordinated series of misadventures going back to some poor decision of appeasement. But is this really unique? Aren't all of us "here by accident?"   
  
I got to this point in my life through that combination of luck, timing, hard work, but sincerely feel that I have accomplished nothing. Done nothing. Am nothing.   
  
And I can live with being insignificant in the cosmic sense--I know that we're all there. But I loathe putting my own needs first knowing how comfortable my life really is (in the here and now, I mean) and believe that everything I do on day to day is a convenient distraction to push those burning questions out of my mind. Thinking about it too much is overwhelming.   
  
\*\*1) Why pursue employment if this economy is built on the backs of the poor? It strikes me as a pursuit of social climbing to a miserable, lonelier existence, far removed from everyone. This country is the wealthiest in the world because it has become an international tax haven, a revolving door corporate entity within itself--because it has globalized key strategic resources around the world.   
  
How can anyone take pride or ownership of that?   
  
2) Why pursue school in 2012? A university education is meaningless if everyone has one (including advanced degrees)--and in this country, we willingness choose to go into thousands of dollars of debt, why? To propagate the myth of American exceptionalism, democracy? To get a decent paying job so you can afford to pay taxes, your loans off, et al? To live "that life", with a 401k, two-car garage, house in the suburbs, two children? (I'm thinking about the opening scene to Trainspotting right now, love that movie, but the message holds true--we do this…because it's expected? Because even though the statistics show a college graduate earns a higher wage than a high school graduate, what difference does it make if this entire country is in debt, the economy is never coming back, and if no one can find a job? Why find inspiration in the pursuit of knowledge only to have that curiosity marred by the nonsensical and almost backwards approach standardized education seems to have evolved into over the last 20-30 years?   
  
3) How am I supposed to reconcile serving overseas knowing that civilians in Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Libya died in the last 48 hours from unmanned American drones raining down hellfire in undeclared, illegal wars? Do I tell myself that I'm doing this to further my own chances for success on all levels and turn a blind eye to the reality of it? And if I do this, how can I live with it without feeling miserable 24/7?\*\*   
  
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I have two relatively unstable parents, two grandparents experiencing PTSD, poor relationships with my siblings, but an awesome girlfriend (a healthy relationship, thankfully), and I can't help but feel overwhelmed at the benign indifference I've experienced over the last few years, living in this city.   
  
I can't wait to be done here.   
  
Thanks for reading.   
  
  
\*\*TLDR: 25 year old white male residing in Brooklyn taking this July holiday to tell you a story spanning three generations with questions at the outset\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/hq7rvp/on_my_second_leave_of_absence_from_a_prestigious/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: On my second leave of absence from a prestigious college and feeling like a failure

I went from my being one of the top students in my department during my first year, winning prizes and even being encouraged by my professors to publish, during my year, to one of the most disappointing, lowest achieving, most worrisome and inconsistent student probably on the whole campus.   
  
I don’t even know what year I am in anymore. I’ve lost count. I think I’ve been at college for a total of three and half semesters, but I’ve taken so many incompletes, withdrawals and even Fs that I’m afraid to look at my transcript anymore unless I absolutely need to. I’m too ashamed, it hurts to look at.   
  
I took my first leave of absence after just one semester at college. I started out so strong right away and absolutely adored my classes and my professors, and wrote two of the best essays I’ve ever written to date, but by the end of that first semester things had begun rapidly going downhill. I’m still not sure what happened, if it was laziness, ADHD, ADHD medication, poor study habits or a more serious mental illness but I was barely function by the end of that semester. I had literally no friends, but I didn’t mind. I had become obsessed with my English and philosophy classes, and was starting to see all of these amazing connections between everything I was studying, but totally neglected my French class which I ended up failing. I was staying up all night pacing around the campus, developing all of these theories, checking out thirty books from the library at a time, not really eating much or socializing ever, hooked on cigarettes and obsessed with one of my profs. I was making so many bad decisions but I was also really having a good time in my own little world in my head. But I was barely able to write a coherent sentence. My papers were starting to become more and more rambling and I wasn’t finishing them on time, sometimes at all. I eventually, slowly, developed a strange and elaborate paranoid delusion about my favorite professors and became very depressed about it, so much so that I felt unable to stay at school, even though being at home was the last place I thought I’d ever want to be. I decided to take a leave of absence. I didn’t tell anyone about the delusion because I was afraid of what would happen if I did, and at that point I had no idea it was a delusion. During my leave of absence I went to intensive outpatient therapy and was diagnosed with social anxiety and bipolar disorder and prescribed abilify and Wellbutrin, which my mom didn’t want me to take so I never took. Later they would take back the bipolar diagnosis. And then give it back to me and then take it back again.   
  
My delusion eventually went away after a long time and after telling therapist about it finally and being shocked into reality. I went back to college in the fall, and did okay. I stayed for spring. Did okay but struggled, barely keeping my head above water.   
  
My mental health declined gradually the next couple of semesters, and I was never as motivated or brilliant as I was that first semester. I wasn’t doing any of my work or getting out of bed. I was obsessed with life memories of my father French kissing me as a child and could not stop thinking about it. I got a little paranoid and even called the police because I thought my roommate was being sexually assaulted but apparently she was listening to music. I started to believe I was suffering from all sorts of terrible diseases. Eventually I became so stressed and depressed and confused that I was hospitalized in a psych ward for nine days. There was given abilify and had such a bad reaction to it I nearly died. But I didn’t seem as unhealthy as the other people there and to this day I don’t think I deserve to get any slack because I feel like my problems are mostly my fault.   
  
I’m on my second medical leave now and I’m living with my mom, working at a restaurant. I just share my money with my mom who doesn’t work. We don’t have a house of our own and just bounce between a bunch of places. It can be stressful at times. I’m worried I’ll never be able to succeed. It’s been four years and nothing has changed or been clarified or resolved. It just keeps getting worse and I lose motivation every day. My future looks nonexistent.  
  
I just took a class online which I barely passed but I did. I feel like such an enormous failure. I am still living with my mom at 23. I can’t even drive. I am hooking up with this guy who won’t actually be my boyfriend and even though it makes me feel bad Im afraid to end things or ask for more emotional support. I think he came inside me, and didn’t tell me, and got me pregnant. I had to have a medical abortion a couple weeks ago and didn’t tell anyone. My mom would have murdered me. I don’t know how he would react. I feel so guilty about all of this. I’m such a fuck up.   
  
I still don’t really have a diagnosis except depression and anxiety. I’m on depression meds and they help. A lot of psychs that I’ve been to try to prescribe me antipsychotics but I’m really afraid of them and my mom is skeptical of mental health field in general. She doesn’t like any of the therapists I’ve been to. I’m afraid of bringing it up to her because she gets upset when I do it seems. Right now I’m not seeing anyone, and just being prescribed antidepressants and add meds by my regular doctor, my mom tells me not to tell them everything because they’ll make me see a psychiatrist who we can’t afford and who will make me take meds that are dangerous. And im scared to be honest since I had such a scary reaction to antipsychotic medication last time and my blood pressure dropped so low. But I need the approval of a psych to go back to school. Right now it feels like I will never be ready to go back. And my mom needs my help here as well. And I’ve already wasted so much of my family and my university’s money. And the states money (during my hospital stay).   
  
I am likely going to need 2 more full years to graduate. Right now I am on my SECOND leave of absence. I’m amazed they haven’t just kicked me out yet. My dean says my professors say I’m brilliant and they believe in me but I think she’s just saying that to be nice. It’s a very expensive liberal arts college am on a ton of financial aid so I’m taking up the college’s resources. Everyone believes in me and has invested so much into me and I disappoint them time after time after time. I’m so ashamed and afraid. I can’t even walk down the halls of my university without feeling shame. All the profs know a little about my situation and have been so supportive and helpful and given me breaks and I have let them down time after time.   
  
Truth is I love college and want to go back so badly but I don’t think at this point I deserve another chance.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/f1t8l/dear_reddit_what_should_i_do_with_my_life/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Dear Reddit, what should I do with my life?

Hi AskReddit,  
  
  
  
Writing this from a throwaway so I can be totally honest with you. \*\*There’s a tl;dr at the end if you don’t have the time/interest to read this all\*\*, but I think it might be helpful for me to put all my thought down on “paper” even if nobody reads it, so here it goes:  
  
  
  
I’m in my early 20s and am very confused about what I should do career-wise that best balances job satisfaction, job security, expected income, risk of failure, etc. I know that I come from a privileged background and most of the options I am considering are good ones, so I’m not looking for sympathy, and I’m also not trying to brag. I'm lucky to be in my position, but I want to share it with you in order to get accurate advice. I’ll share a bit about my background and present situation, and then I’ll talk a little bit about the options I’m considering for the future.  
  
  
  
Background: I graduated magna cum laude from UCLA in 2010 with a degree in economics. I got a few bad grades at the beginning and then had a 3.9+ for the last 3/4 of my time there. My senior year I was finished with my major and got very interested in math and computer science. I almost exclusively took classes in these subjects that year and did very well (better than I did in economics), but I was about a semester too late in realizing I liked these subjects to complete either major.  
  
  
  
Present: I’m working at a “good” entry-level job at a company of the variety that likes to hire lots of 22 year old econ/finance/business majors every year. My job is secure, pays well enough (~$65k first year), and can be interesting at times, but I have a lingering feeling that I could be doing something that satisfies me more. The path I’m on at this company has more or less automated promotions where I would get promoted twice if I stayed here for 4-5 years, and I would probably be making around ~$90k at that point if I stick around that long.  
  
  
  
Since part of my dilemma is over how much money I need to earn to be satisfied, I think it’s relevant to share my financial situation. I am just trying to be honest so I can get good feedback. If people think this is distasteful then I will redact this information. I think I’m very lucky to be in this situation, and I do not intent to brag. I have no debt, ~$350k of inheritance from a relative that is invested in a diversified portfolio, ~$10k in retirement accounts, and ~10k in a savings account that I keep intending to invest but never get around to it. To be honest, I’m really not sure if this is enough to change my outlook on my career. It is important to me to be able to live comfortably and eventually have the means to comfortably support a family, and I do not know if this is enough money to significantly change what kind of career trajectory I will need to be on to make this happen. None of my friends know about my inheritance, so I don’t have a good idea of what this means in the real world. I am interested in anyone’s informed opinions on this.  
  
  
  
Thoughts about my future: I have considered several career paths I could go down. I will discuss them briefly.  
  
  
  
1. Go to business school, make $$$ doing something I expect I’d find boring  
  
Pros: I could almost certainly get into a top school if I stay at my job for a few years. This is probably the path with the most financial security.  
  
Cons: This sounds very boring and soul-crushing.  
  
  
  
2. Get a PhD in Math/Computer Science/related field. Become a professor.  
  
Pros: This seems to be the most intellectually fulfilling option I have thought of. I presently enjoy these subjects very much, and I love the idea of collaborating with and being surrounded by brilliant thinkers working on cutting edge problems, even if they aren’t relevant to the “real world.”   
  
Cons: It would be an uphill battle to get into a top grad program since I didn’t spend my entire undergrad preparing for this, even though I got top grades in the classes I did take. Even if I get into a good grad program, there’s no certainty of finding a legit tenure-track position afterward. The kicker is that I’ll be making next to no money until my 30s, and even after that the financial outlook for professors is probably worse than any of the other options I’m considering  
  
  
  
3. Get a M.S. in Computer Science. Become a programmer.  
  
Pros: Solid job outlook for computer programmers. I think this might be an okay compromise between options 1 and 2; I could still make a fair bit of money, and I think it would be a more rewarding career path than working in finance/marketing/management.  
  
Cons: Master’s degrees are expensive. I only have limited experience programming professionally, so it might be a bit risky to spend that much on a degree when I could end up not enjoying the career that comes from it.  
  
  
  
4. Get an MFE (financial engineering degree). Become a quant.  
  
Pros: I’ve always been interested in finance and trading. I would be able to apply my interest in math to my job on a daily basis. Big potential financial upside if things go well.  
  
Cons: It’s not clear to me what the job prospects are for a 40+ year old quant; seems like there will always be smart 20/30-somethings coming out of grad school to fill quant roles, and I’m not sure it’s very easy to keep moving up the ladder forever.  
  
  
  
If you have other ideas for things I could do that I might not have thought of, let me know. Tell me what you think I should do and why. I don’t expect reddit to be able to make my problems go away, but I still want to get some outside perspective. If you just read the giant heap of text above then thank you, but also I’m very very sorry.  
  
  
  
\*\*tl;dr I want to make money, but I also want to enjoy my job and not work totally crazy hours my whole life. I’ve considered going to b-school and doing that sort of thing, becoming an academic, or going back to school for computer science or financial engineering. What do I do?\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/g3v7s/am_i_fucked_i_really_dont_know/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Am I fucked? I really don't know...

\*\*TL,DR: 21yo male with around £8k of debt, probably gonna fail university, crap at home, cant get a job and so on - life is going downhill guys. Hope you're strapped in cos it's gonna be a bumpy ride. \*\*  
  
You don't have to read the below wall of moaning if you don't want, any sage words of advice would be helpful, regardless of if you read it or not!  
  
\*\*\*  
  
I'm feeling pretty stuck at the moment (being honest, I have felt this way for a fairly long time) and I'm really not sure what to do with myself and my life... Yes, its a throwaway account because I wouldn't want my sob story too easily matched up with me. I know I don't have it half as bad as most, especially with all the earthquake drama and whatnot, but I think I'm reacing the end of my tether with all the shit thats conspiring against me and I need advice.  
  
So, I'm a 21yo UK male, studying for a degree in computer games. I'm in debt, I've got family problems, I think I might be depressed, but I'm not sure how I'd be able to tell.. Anyway, on to the problems.  
  
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\*\*Problem 1: The Weed\*\*  
Been smoking weed for years now, on and off. I've always seen it as a fun thing, and I've only ever really smoked with mates, whether just me and a mate, or at a party, but only very occaisionally do I smoke solo. Sometimes I smoke it to chill and take my mind off stuff when I've got too much shit in my head, a lot of the time I just smoke it for fun. I can smoke with a mate anything up to like 3-6 gram between us in a day, for 4 days straight, or just have a couple of joints then nothing for a week or two. I don't smoke cigarettes at all, never have and never will.  
  
I wouldn't say I'm addicted, but I do have trouble enjoying myself without it - especially recently as the shit has started piling up a bit.  
  
The reason that this is listed as a problem is because I do realise smoking weed never helps. However, it's probably one of the only things I do enjoy doing these days. It's good fun and I'd hate to have to give it up.  
  
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\*\*Problem 2: Health\*\*  
I'm not unhealthy, but neither am I the perfect picture of well-being. Last year I was diagnosed with GERD (acid reflux disease), and IBS (irrittable bowel syndrome). Now this kinda sucks - neither are life threatening, but both will be with me for the rest of my life. It's always bothered me since the symptoms of both popped up when I was around 12 - I'm always burping up acid, or struggling to talk due to trapped wind, suffer from random hunger swings (eating tons one day, to eating nothing, to moderately etc) though recently I barely eat at all, most likely due to stress. If I go for a shit, chances are I'll need another pretty much straight after, might even need a third after that. And it's messy. Then I won't need a shit for like, two days. Or maybe 4. Or maybe just til tonight. Or tommorow morning. It's pretty random, but also damn inconvenient because when I have to go, I do \*\*have\*\* to go.   
  
Edit: was also diagnoised with [Scoliosis](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scoliosis) when I was around 14.   
  
I've always been very shy, even as a kid, but in recent years have managed to start building my confidence up and sorting myself out. These days, I've slipped into the guise of an introvert - I struggle to socialize and I have very few friends, and only one close friend who I regularly hang around with. My confidence is very low, and my self-esteem is lower.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
\*\*Problem 3: Debts &amp; Money\*\*  
This is probably the cause of a lot of my darker thoughts. I have a £3.5k credit card maxed out, haven't paid the bills in like a year. It's probably around 4k now. I also have my old student account, with a £1.5k overdraft maxed out (ill explain this under problem 4) as well as several other misc debts such as an old gym membership, an old insurance policy and such that I owe around 300-400 to each, and a few other bits. In total, it all comes up to about £7.5-8k. I'm constantly worried about debt collectors, or god knows what coming to fuck my life up even more. I regularly get threatening letters through the door from various debt companies, but there's not really much I can do - how can I phone them regarding my debts, when I don't have any money for them?  
  
Now, I've been in debt for several years really. Probably since I turned 18. I decided I wanted a motorbike to commute to uni on, because of the ridiculous train faires and so on. Not being able to afford the bike I wanted with my student loans alone, I was offered a pre-approved credit card by my bank and snapped the chance up. Two grand on a bike, five hundred quid on gear, and I blew the rest on booze. Big mistake, yep.  
  
At first I was very good at paying it back, but when a bailiff turned up at the door demanding £700 from my mother, due to unpaid council tax, or he was going to start seizing goods (ie: everything in the house that was worth anything, regardless of who had bought it/owned it), I emptied my bank account to pay off her debt. This left me stuck to pay my bills, but I wasn't really worried. I let it slip a bit, and then when my bursary came through I paid off the last few months I'd missed and carried on, until I was skint. This is when I started struggling, really. My student loans would come in, I'd spend my money on whatever I wanted, pay some bills, then not leave enough to keep paying my bills up until my next student loan payment. I got behind on my bills, and stayed behind, the bills mounting up until I was at the stage where I could blow my entire student loan on my outstanding bills and still not have covered them. Needless to say, I wish I'd done that now, but I didn't and now I'm in even more debt.  
  
It's got to the point where I can't phone the debtors, because I don't have any more nor any income to pay them with, and after having several nasty phone calls with them in the past, I've started having problems talking to people on the phone, I can't stop stuttering, I can't keep my thoughts straight and so on.   
  
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\*\*Problem 4: Education\*\*  
So, I'm an aspiring game developer - without a portfolio, as I've never been good at finishing projects, or simply lacked the necessary funds/time/effort/motivation to do so. I did freelance work for a while, several years back, but it was a struggle as it is to build a reputation in that world, and I got fucked over the several times when I did manage to find work, so I packed that in.  
  
I'm generally seen as a very bright person, and I've always loved programming (tought myself HTML when I was like 10, and it just escalated from there), but I always seem to have too high expectations really. I never enjoyed high school - my second to last year, I was several hours late literally every day for an entire year. On my last year, I must've missed 6 months due to "illness" before my exams, but still managed to pull 8 GCSE's (which is pretty good, I guess).  
  
When I went to college, I applied for a BTEC course in systems support. This was described to be programming, lab work, working with computers in the workshop, diagnosing faulty hardware - all that. It turned out to be two years of constant reports, A3 posters and powerpoint presentations on the various features of a keyboard, monitor, and so on. Very, very dull, boring stuff, and as you can imagine while my attendance was spot on at first, by the end of the second year I was behind in my work, rarely attending and in dire risk of failing completely.  
  
I just about pulled through, managing to pack about 6 months of work into 3 days, coming out with an overall Distinction Merit Merit (DMM). Fairly good, secured me a place at uni at least, giving me the pick of any of the 5 different unis/courses I'd lined up for myself previously.  
  
So, off to uni. I'd applied for several courses at several different uni's across the country. Eventually, I decided I'd like to stick close to home. My mother's never been very well, and me moving away would be a huge blow for her, so I decided to live at home and commute instead, and chose a course for a Computer Games Technology diploma.  
  
The first year of my course was absolute shit. It was boring, druging, mindless work and 5000 word reports on various irrelevant and boring subjects. However, I was assured that this was just a generic first year shared by all the computing students, and that the second year would be much more course specific. I pulled through the first year easily, passing all my units with 90% or higher (the pass mark being 40%), apart from my Maths, which I scraped through with 41.5%. Never been my strong point, oh well.  
  
Second year, absolute shit. I went from having tons of mates in the first year, to having very few friends in the second year - they just didn't seem interested anymore, or had other mates. Just one of those things. It was also around this time that I trashed my motorbike - insruance write off (not really my fault, some dickwad pulled out on me) - which was totally gutting, and began fighting for months to get some sort of payout from his insurer to get myself back on the road.  
  
I found it very easy at first, but it never felt rewarding. If they asked us to build a basic top-down tank game, they'd let you work on it for like, a couple of weeks, then give you tons of code snippets to make life easier as the deadline approached. I also saw a fair amount of copying, tutors doing work for people and so on. Fair enough, but seeing as I'd already figured out all these problems for myself, and implemented A\* path finding, random level generation, missions, upgradable tanks and god knows what else I could manage to pack into this crappy game made in a shitty engine, it felt a bit annoying that these people who put no effort in, or had no grasp of the subject at all, could still get decent marks because the tutors were doing the work for them, or they were copying off their friends.   
  
Eventually, my attendance started to suffer (due to the problems in problem 5!), and I missed a good few months, didn't pass my exams, and forgot to hand in several assignments that I'd actually completed to above-and-beyond standards months before. my own stupid fault, but I managed to convince the exam boards to let me stay on another year. Fuck it, it's not hard - may aswell get it over and done with and get the degree, right?  
  
So, inbetween my failing of the 2nd year, and my re-starting of the year in september, I get a letter - "Warning, your bank account is £1500 overdrawn." - great. I phone my bank to find out whats going on, and it turns out because I was a student who failed the year, my overdraft was immediately and automatically cancelled. I tell them that I've been allowed to retake the year, can I have my overdraft back please? They fuck me around for a month, then tell me they can't. Great. So I open a new Current Account (can't get another student account until the other one is closed, and cant close it until the overdraft is paid off) with a different bank, and carry on life. Just more stupid debts to worry about.   
  
I did great with my re-taken second year up until about xmas, when my attendance started to suffer again and I stopped going in until fairly recently. However, due to so much time off, I don't have any friends at all at uni anymore, and I feel like a total loner every time I go in. I can't connect with the people in my class, they all seem so childish and annoying - their little giggle-fits about stupid nerdy little things really don't do much for me... even though I used to be the exact same as them :/  
  
My problem now is that I'm very, very far behind, to the point where I don't know if I can catch up, nor if I even want to bother. I have like, two months left, to do nearly a years worth of work... and my problem is, the assignments and projects I've missed - I've missed. They're gone. I can only try to pass with whatever assignments are left available to hand in.  
  
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\*\*Problem 5: Family\*\*  
I live with my mother, at the moment, and my older brother used to live with us. He's always been a bit of a dick, prone to temper tantrums and so on. If you don't agree with his opinion, then you aren't listening, or he's not shouting loud enough. And he is a very, very opinionated person. In to politics, conspiracy theories, and god knows what else. Totally not my cup of tea. He was also prone to smashing things, pounding on the doors/walls/windows/whatever when he was frustated, so it never really made for a friendly environment while he was living with us. I've never been afraid of him, really, but I've also never really been a violent/confrontational person, so I just let it go by. Discipline was up to my parents, not me, was the way I saw it.  
  
So last year, my brother goes a bit nuts. Starts accusing people of some very random things, demanding answers about events that didnt happen, asking why we'd never told him his real name and so on, until he'd alienated himself from a lot of people - including myself, and my mother. This was the first sign to us that something might be wrong with him, and he might actually be ill... He ended up moving away to stay in his own flat, and decided to seek medical help on his own (we'd recommended it, but we couldn't force him, especially as he wanted nothing to do with us). Eventually, events long forgotten by me occured, and he ended up being sectioned - taken to a mental hospital. After he phoned my mum, she jumped straight back to his side, going to see him several times a week, spending money on keeping him happy and entertained in there, and fighting his corner to appeal, and get him out of there. Why? I don't know, I've never understood that. Eventually, he won his appeal and was released from his section, and came to live with us.  
  
Several months later, relapse, and he's back in, after smashing our front door down, scaring my mum and gf (the only ones in the house at the time) to death and some other pretty nasty shit. Even after all that, my disabled mum went back to help him, walking to the hospital multiple times a week to take him bags of clothes or food or a PS2 or whatever. By this time, I didn't - and don't - want anything to do with him, yet she never seems to be able to say no, no matter how he treats her. I know full well, she does all she can to help him at her own and my own expense, then in two months times when he's been released, she'll just be "a lying bitch" and all that again, and we're back at square one.  
  
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\*\*Problem 6: Job-search!\*\*  
Now, I know a lot of you are gonna say, just get a part time job while you sort your uni out, or whatever. Easier said than done. I spent months sending out my shitty CV to companies, never getting a response.   
  
I've never had a job before, being in continous education since high school, and I never did work experience. I never really attended very well in high school, college OR uni, so I don't have any professional references. This leaves me with a very blank CV.  
  
Bearing in mind, I'm not just applying for games design jobs. I'm applying for jobs at tesco, jobs answering phones, jobs delivering pizzas, jobs stocking shelves, jobs in warehouses, all that. And getting nowhere. Again, the lack of motivation is killing me - I can't bring myself to start applying for more pointless jobs with a useless CV, when my confidence is so low that even if I do get lucky and get an interview, im 100% certain that I'd never get the job.  
  
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\*\*Conclusion\*\*  
The last several years have been pretty tough, in general, but I've always pulled through. However, I've always had problems with motivation, and keeping myself motivated, but over the last few months it's all been a lot worse. I've never really been able to put weight on, but I've always kept fairly steady. However, now I'm losing weight fairly rapidly because I just don't bother eating anymore, half the time. Can't be arsed.  
  
I find myself living day to day, I give off a strong "don't really give a fuck about anything" attitude and people seem (or used) to think I'm a fairly sound, chilled guy, but underneath I'm a mess. I can't drag my mind out of the shitter, all I want to do is have fun with my few remaining friends and forget my worries. In the back of my mind I always know that the longer I leave my problems, the worse its going to be in the end, when I do have to sort them out, but even that isn't enough to kick me into gear to sort things out. I feel trapped, most of the time, like I can't do anything to solve my problems. Yes, I could just do my best with my uni work, but to be honest, I can't be fucked with it. Yes, I could just keep applying for jobs, til I get lucky, but to be honest, I can't be fucked with it.   
  
I feel down every single day, and I can be totally fine one minute, and as soon as someone reminds me of one of my problems (ie: asking about my uni, or my debts, or if i can afford to do this or that) then my mood turns sour. the rest of my day is pretty much ruined because I just can't pull myself out of the shit moods once I'm in them. Or maybe I'll just wake up with my mind dwelling on shit, and that's how itll be for the rest of the day, especially if I don't have anything planned to take my mind off stuff. I don't know if thats a sign of depression, or me just being a fanny and worrying about shit too much.  
  
I've been feeling disconnected with reality for the last few years, as if I'm living one big dream that I'm waiting to wake up from, but knowing full well it's not a dream. Yet I can't bring myself to really care about any of it. I get easy frustrated, while I used to be a very calm, patient person, and it seems like I'm turning into more of a judgemental recluse with a bit of a temper problem, and I don't really like it. I also feel I dwell in the past way too much - can't keep my mind off bad memories, no matter how upsetting or painful they may be - and I find it very, very hard to forgive and forget, which never used to be a problem.   
  
I could probably add several more huge paragraphs about my love-life, nearly being banned from driving, wanker of a step-dad and so on, but I don't think I will. Surfice to say I have a girlfriend who I love to bits, yet seems to be so self-centered and focused on herself all the time that she's not really a source of comfort. If anything she only adds to the stress with stupid arguements and childishness. I'm still biking, with 3 points on my licence (maximum 6 on a provisional!), and my step dad is no longer troubling us.  
  
Anyway, tell me what you guys think. Ask me anything, but I can't gauruntee I'll give you an answer. I'm quite a private person to be honest, not that you'd believe it... any advice is welcome, any tips, anything. I don't know.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/cpj0tb/clothing_essentials_for_college/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Clothing Essentials for College!

A lot of talk is going on about dorm room essentials and tips for college but I think clothing is very important in how you present yourself, how you budget, and how you feel at college. And that is something we have yet to talk about much in this subreddit. So I wanted to make a list of some things that may be useful to get when you start college (I’m speaking for females but males may find some of this useful):  
  
• cardigan/jean jacket (GAP, H&amp;amp;M, J Crew, Old Navy) - every girl should have at least one cardigan to keep in their backpack in case a class gets chilly. They’re good to throw onto a plain or striped shirt to complete a fall outfit.   
  
• tennis shoes (Nike, Adidas, Puma, New Balance) - try to invest in a good pair because it will make all the difference in how well you work out. Tennis shoes will go with any outfit and they’re super comfortable to walk in around campus.   
  
• sandals (Chacos, Birkenstock, Filas) - investing in a good pair of sandals go a long way. They’re the easiest to put on cause you can just slip them on and not have to worry about washing your socks. Your feet feel fresh and free and if they are a good pair, your feet won’t hurt. I have had cheap target sandals which look really cute but after a lot of walking my feet get blisters.   
  
• workout shorts (Nike, UnderArmour, Adidas) - so versatile and comfortable: they can be worn to bed, in class, and to the gym. Makes it so much easier to get dressed cause you can wear these with any t shirt and it’ll go together perfectly. I recommend underarmour shorts because they have POCKETS. they’re just like Nike shorts but with large pockets for your phone and keys and the quality is still amazing. They’re cheaper too! Only $18 for a pair on Amazon.   
  
• basic tees (UNIQLO, Target, Hanes, Amazon) - always a go-to for a chill day of class and if you want to dress it up, throw on a necklace... if you are feeling cold, throw on a cardigan. I recommend getting neutral colors like white, tan, brown, and dark green.  
  
• rain boots/umbrella/raincoat - I recommend getting a rain jacket from Charles River and I found a cheap pair of Chelsea rain boots on amazon for $15 and they are super durable and cute. And as for umbrellas I recommend those small ones that extend when you open it so that you can keep it in your backpack bottle holder when you’re not using it  
  
• A nice hoodie with a pocket (Champion, Hanes, Nike) I swear that pocket will save you and that hoodie will be your favorite article of clothing to wear in class during the winter  
  
• sweatpants (Nike, Adidas, Baleaf, Lululemon) - something you can wear at home or in your dorm to sleep and head to class without changing. Try to find some with pockets. I especially like those adidas track pants with the zippers on the \*giant\* pockets and down the ankle. They’re expensive for a college budget but trust me they’re worth it and last a long time.   
  
• flannel - works like a cardigan but a little more suitable for summer   
  
• lanyard - you can find these anywhere so find one that expresses you well and keep your keys and perhaps an ID holder on it.  
  
• water bottle (s’well, hydroflask, contigo) - not really clothing but it’s something that you should remember to carry on you. Some of these brands have new member discounts and S’well has a student store that you can access with discounts. If you want a hydroflask, keep in mind that you should find the standard mouth sizes so that they can fit in your side pockets instead of those giant ones you have to lug around by hand. Swell has very cute designs but hydroflask only has basic colors... that doesn’t mean it can’t be fixed a little sticker magic though!  
  
• cap - not really an essential but I feel like every college student should have a cap in case of football games or outdoor events that get sunny. It’s a good opportunity to get a collegiate cap and show your school spirit!  
  
Now keep in mind this is not a packing list and just some ideas for clothing items that aren’t so obvious. Some of the brands I listed are just my personal preference and I know it may not be feasible for the average student budget but some things are worth the money. There are so many ways to get a cheaper price on these things too so I recommend to check their websites for student discounts and daily deals on certain things. [Link to a complete list of discounts you can get for just being a student](https://www.retailmenot.com/blog/college-student-discounts.html) this list includes Nike, Champion, ASOS, UnderArmour, etc. Another way to save money is to get your free trial of amazon student prime for 6 months (after that I believe it’s $7/month) and buying your clothes there. Some prices are cheaper there including underarmour shorts and everything will be shipped in one box most likely which will save the earth. Just learn to check for any deals and make sure you’re not getting a 3rd party manufactured item.   
  
If anybody would like to add more to my list, feel free to do so. I know I haven’t completed it, and I’m also an incoming freshman, so I would love to know what everyone else thinks I should bring!

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/w1tac/are_there_any_other_third_generation_holocaust/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Are there any other third generation Holocaust descendants reading this experience the feeling of universal pain and sadness?

\*\*First and second generation:\*\*  
  
My grandparents on my mother's side are Holocaust survivors.   
  
While at this point in my life I no longer subscribe to the religious aspects of that historical narrative, the survival mechanism, the flight or flight response, is deeply imbedded within me, and I imagine that this is the case for Ashkenazi Jews.   
  
That narrative of persecution (and of course, Jews are not the only ethnic or religious group to face that sort of thing, but bear with me) has seemingly shaped me in a way that is acutely aware of life and death, sorrow and pain.   
  
During the war, my grandparents each experienced their own psychological and physical torments; even now, in their 90s, they still suffer from it.   
  
No progressive steps to face that pain and agony. It's like witnessing a time capsule with two family members stuck inside that can't or won't break themselves out of it.   
  
It stunted their ability to become self-aware, empathetic, satisfied, and mentally sound people.   
  
What they lack in emotional intelligence they made up for in resiliency.   
  
\*\*Unfortunately, they were incompatible, spiritually, emotionally, romantically--complete dysfunction, and incapable of loving one another--the loss and the pain and the unresolved emotions did not fade.\*\*   
  
I suspect this will never change as they live out the rest of their days.   
  
They decided to have children. The oldest (call her Sarah) was born in Germany, and the youngest, "Rena" (my mother) was born in the United States.   
  
This second-generation was seemingly treading two worlds, the old and the new. My grandparents, based on the stories I've managed to extract from what little family members remain, were incapable of giving my mother and sister the love and support they needed to flourish as adults--as of now, Sarah is a living embodiment of the personal failings that came with the so-called first-generation/second-generation immigrant dynamic, wrought with tension and unfulfilled expectation, their expectations clashing with the reality of a miserable situation.   
  
They lacked the freedom to live their own lives in the shadow of this loss that had preceded them. This has caused some problems in the here and now:   
  
Sarah has never reached a point in her development where she released herself from those burdens. She never became her "own person".  
  
\*\*My mother\*\*, on the other hand, managed to put some distance and space between herself and they; while she managed to 'get out', so to speak, she has still lived her entire life with parents who don't know who she is. In a sense, she was raised as a non-person. When you consider that, it is remarkable that she was as caring and nurturing to me as she was.   
  
What she (and I, through her) have gained through that strength and independence clashes with the lack of leadership with regard to family structure. True as it may be that my grandfather still remains our patriarch de facto, it does not change the circumstance. No one in my direct lineage, including my mother, has a clear precedent for child-rearing; though, to be fair, who really does? My mother never quite knew what it meant to have a real family, the result of her parents losing theirs some years earlier.   
  
\*\*My father's\*\* family immigrated to the United States nearly two generations before my mother's parents arrived. There was such distain between the two families; my father's grandmother generally referred to my poor, newly-immigrated grandparents as 'greenhorns', using derogatory ethnic slurs to make her point. Decades later, when my father's mother died, his older sister "Betty" declined to invite my grandparents into her home. Imagine that!   
  
There was equally as much tension and historically painful development in my father's family with consideration to the quick losses my father perceived at a young age. He witnessed his grandfather collapse on the floor and die in front of him at the age of 7, and lost his own father unexpectedly in his late-teens. We'll call him "Ned".   
  
My late grandfather (and Ned's father), "Julian", was routinely beaten by his father, "Saul". Whether or not Saul was re-channeling physical abuse committed to him is unknown. What I do know is that Julian failed to measure up in the eyes of his parents in his professional and personal life.   
  
We learned through chance several years ago, thanks to research that my older brother did, that Julian was previously engaged to another woman prior to marrying my late grandmother. This was a family secret. Why did the engagement not lead to marriage?   
  
It was because the family of his potential wife did not approve of his profession. They forced the break-up. He was forced out because he didn't make enough money.   
  
I will draw on this later for comparison.   
  
He married "Ronda", my late grandmother, who is the one person I know the least about in this context, as she was very secretive, and very closed-off, emotionally.   
  
Like her, Julian carried his own burdens silently. I suspect he simply wanted to retreat into his own mind without considering those things in his past.   
  
The result of that distance behavior manifested itself uniquely in their three children; "Betty" (mentioned above), "Ron", and "Ned", my father, also above.   
  
My late-grandparents placed such an emphasis on status, on keeping up appearances--whatever tension existed between the siblings was never dealt with.   
  
Age differences, personality conflicts, and a total lack of self-awareness and accountability shaped the choices each of the three children made. The siblings drifted apart, became passive-aggressive, and exerted a minimal effort to see one another over the last 25 years.   
  
Like his father before him, Ron was once in love with a woman whose family did not approve of him. Like his father (and remember, no one knew about this!), Ron was cast out. He never got over her. You can tell when the subject is raised, intuitively.   
  
And so he repeated the pattern of marrying someone who he settled for, and I imagine that marriage is understandably unfulfilling and empty, but that's pure speculation on my end.   
  
Julian never approved of Ron in the same way Saul did not approve of Julian. They pushed each other away, and Ron, in his late-60s, is still on some level harboring those feelings of sadness, guilt, misunderstanding, and anger. He is still fighting with his father. And this is why we never see him. We are perceived as subconscious emotional threats because we are living reminders of a life he has tried to forget. We all suffer as a result of this.   
  
In many ways, Betty is quite similar. She keeps a spotless home, but her marriage is one where she is domineering, controlling, and manipulative. She lacks genuine empathy and warmth. This of course is a combination of her upbringing as well as her personality. She has one son who I suspect will never marry and start his own family because she has spent his entire life smothering him. And he accepts it, even in his 40s. He is another example of someone who never developed into his own person. And yet, she could never admit this to herself. When you speak with her, you hear nothing but fallacies, blame, and projection. Neither she nor Ron are willing to be accountable. Neither she nor Ron have the capacity to understand this. Everything is always someone else's fault.   
  
My father, the youngest, will describe his childhood as one where he was materially comfortable, but out of place. He is a self-described 'anomaly' who never felt like he was a part of his family. He fought often with Julian, but to no avail--how could a man as insightful as my father show his own distant father anything? Julian had no idea what it meant to be a father. And because of that, he treated my father, and presumably his older siblings as non-persons, at arms length.   
  
It was as if he accepted their existences, but could not be troubled to be emotionally invested in their lives. When he died suddenly, my father was left to mourn his loss without any closure, and spent nearly a decade coping. His anger, rage, and belief that somehow his family was cursed fused with a general black-and-white world-view created a very bitter man who only now seems to be mellowing out as he ages--regardless of whether that anger has been resolved.   
  
He is self-made, but also very flawed. He did not have the luxury of having a father in the most critical years of his development. My father often says he has just wanted to be left alone his entire life--what he fails to see is that this is impossible. You might be able to live relatively unfettered if you get lucky regarding your spouse, your children and career, but life is constant change, and his reluctance to embrace that has also stunted his development in key areas.   
  
\*\*Third-generation:\*\*   
  
That was one thing my parents had in common; a total lack of leadership where it was really needed. It stunted their social growth in ways that I see today. Because they were so fearful of those negative influences, and because they were so wary of their own families, they tried to raise their children in a vacuum.   
  
Subsequently, home was a really stressful environment for me growing up without a proper support system. Because of this overarching emotional instability, I (the middle child, one older brother, one younger sister) and said siblings experienced a range of physical and emotional abuse in our early years. I believe my brother experienced the brunt of that physical assault. He seems broken depending on his mood. It pains me to watch it. My sister, her own struggles aside, has been in therapy for many years, and seems to be making a real effort to stop these patterns from re-emerging.   
  
As a naturally sensitive and introverted mind, I seemingly pushed out of my mind most of the torment that I witnessed. The strained, unhealthy, and downright dangerous relationship between my father and my brother put unreasonable and life-altering mechanisms on my personal development. And yet, as I look back on it, I had no idea this was occurring. When you're young, you tend to avoid taking a long-term view of anything, so without those reference points, I assumed what was going on in our family was normal, and I had to merely accept it. We have all suffered as a result of the clash in those personalities.   
  
As a result of that stress, I began to binge eat. I quickly gained a serious amount of weight, and this had interesting results. It started me down a long road. Poor eating habits and a lack of exercise lead to poor academic performance, leading to more stress at home, leading to more binge-eating, while all the while dealing with the fallout from the outright insanity that I was witnessing. How I managed to get through that is shocking to me, as I look back on it. Poor eating and stress lead to intense breakouts all over my body. I began to take harsh medications for it that did a lot of damage to my stomach. This in turn lead to me unable to feel good at any point during the day. This went on for years! What I didn't know was that my Mom went through the same thing.   
  
Again, another example of the patterns repeating themselves due to lack of communication and proactive assertion.   
  
I started to go through adolescence, and began to starve myself. Those underlying stresses relating to food went unresolved. My blood sugar was never where it should have been. My behavior was erratic and I was always unhappy. I began to drink heavily towards the end of high school for reasons I didn't understand. Thankfully, this never turned into anything more serious and I've never had a real problem with alcohol.   
  
I remember high school as a time where I had very little close friends. I felt very isolated, very sick, and very unhappy. This was still something I failed to recognize. I assumed everyone felt this way. Towards the end, I was in a relationship with a girl who I was convinced would be by my side forever, yet subconsciously felt myself rejecting that idea, and was already beginning to consider cheating on months before I went to college. I remember kissing another girl during that period of time. This was something I had also forgotten about. The angst that I felt towards the girlfriend after she cheated on me was real, but I suspect I was equally as upset at myself. Staying with her afterwards demonstrated to me at a young age that after that mistake, the relationship is dead. What a life lesson to learn at 19.   
  
I went to college and immediately began losing weight because of the stress and fallout of her choice.  
  
But I was really lonely, and seeing how awkward I was with the girls who lived down the hall lead me to try and join a fraternity, which I failed to do my first year, but succeeded in the second. I was so desperate for friendship, and a fraternity full of Jews seemed like a fresh start for me. What no one seemed to understand was how dedicated I was to the fraternity. I used to cry (seriously) with happiness those first few months. I was so willing to give my all to something that meant the world to me. But this process was extremely stressful, and now that I was exposed to people who were abusing themselves in different ways, I too began to find my own ways of coping. I began to smoke marijuana, not heavily at first, as a means of sleeping better.   
  
But I now suspect that by smoking, I began to both raise these subconscious issues I had neglected (otherwise undetected in a sober mindset), but because I was high, I was unable to sustain any real progress and do anything about it. In other words, I was beginning to understand why I was doing the things I was doing, but was unable to stop. I needed help, and didn't ask for it. I was stubborn and failed to see the connection.   
  
Or, on the other hand, the use of the plant helped to put a temporary wall between my ego and my emotions, and allowed me the platform to understand why things happened the way they did. My relationship with the plant seems to ebb and flow depending on the month. Currently not smoking.   
  
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
  
\*\*If you've read this far\*\*, you now have a fairly solid understanding of where I come from, how grateful I am that I didn't have to endure those experiences of the past, that the opportunities in this country are bountiful, and how inspired I feel at times to not "make a difference", but to act subtly and with good intent.   
  
But, with this in mind, I wanted to bring up some things I've been experiencing in the last few weeks:  
  
I know too many people in real life on Reddit who if they came across this post would know exactly who this is--but, the profile is important. I'm 6'0, 200 pounds, not un-attractive in the valuation of the American pop-culture mindset (I mean, I've got Russian and Polish genes flowing through me here!), living alone in Brooklyn (for the last 3 years), a recent Master's recipient at NYU, and leaving for the Peace Corps to serve in Tanzania in October.   
  
I seem to be surrounded by people who value these accomplishments. Their excitement is palpable, but it feels incredibly hollow to me.   
  
And not just those resume building activities--everything. I've actually been in therapy since January, no clinical diagnosis of any mental disorders--so while I say that today I'm "depressed", I don't want to say I'm suffering from "depression"--I want to kill myself, mainly out of not wanting to indirectly contribute to the suffering I perceive universally. I would rather sacrifice my consciousness instead of eating three square meals a day while some poor child, either down the street, or halfway across the world is struggling to survive. But it's not that I feel that I have "nothing to live for", so goes the cliche--it's just that life itself, for someone so sensitive and introverted, can be so unforgiving/indifferent that it really hurts to think about in full.   
  
I don't think anyone in my life really and completely grasps how miserable I really am. But I can say with full certainty that I wouldn't take my own life out of deference to said people--I should feel fortunate to have them, to have anyone to rely upon in this life--and again, this isn't because I think so highly of myself that I must survive in their lives--it's more that I don't want to contribute/add to their own struggle by taking the path of least resistance--but, is it fair to refer to suicide as the "path of least resistance?"--I'm not married to that sentence, consider it struck.   
  
My life, as a whole, seems to be a poorly coordinated series of misadventures going back to some poor decision of appeasement. But is this really unique? Aren't all of us "here by accident?"   
  
I got to this point in my life through that combination of luck, timing, hard work, but sincerely feel that I have accomplished nothing. Done nothing. Am nothing.   
  
And I can live with being insignificant in the cosmic sense--I know that we're all there. But I loathe putting my own needs first knowing how comfortable my life really is (in the here and now, I mean) and believe that everything I do on day to day is a convenient distraction to push those burning questions out of my mind. Thinking about it too much is overwhelming.   
  
\*\*1) Why pursue employment if this economy is built on the backs of the poor? It strikes me as a pursuit of social climbing to a miserable, lonelier existence, far removed from everyone. This country is the wealthiest in the world because it has become an international tax haven, a revolving door corporate entity within itself--because it has globalized key strategic resources around the world.   
  
How can anyone take pride or ownership of that?   
  
2) Why pursue school in 2012? A university education is meaningless if everyone has one (including advanced degrees)--and in this country, we willingness choose to go into thousands of dollars of debt, why? To propagate the myth of American exceptionalism, democracy? To get a decent paying job so you can afford to pay taxes, your loans off, et al? To live "that life", with a 401k, two-car garage, house in the suburbs, two children? (I'm thinking about the opening scene to Trainspotting right now, love that movie, but the message holds true--we do this…because it's expected? Because even though the statistics show a college graduate earns a higher wage than a high school graduate, what difference does it make if this entire country is in debt, the economy is never coming back, and if no one can find a job? Why find inspiration in the pursuit of knowledge only to have that curiosity marred by the nonsensical and almost backwards approach standardized education seems to have evolved into over the last 20-30 years?   
  
3) How am I supposed to reconcile serving overseas knowing that civilians in Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Libya died in the last 48 hours from unmanned American drones raining down hellfire in undeclared, illegal wars? Do I tell myself that I'm doing this to further my own chances for success on all levels and turn a blind eye to the reality of it? And if I do this, how can I live with it without feeling miserable 24/7?\*\*   
  
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
  
I have two relatively unstable parents, two grandparents experiencing PTSD, poor relationships with my siblings, but an awesome girlfriend (a healthy relationship, thankfully), and I can't help but feel overwhelmed at the benign indifference I've experienced over the last few years, living in this city.   
  
I can't wait to be done here.   
  
Thanks for reading.   
  
  
\*\*TLDR: 25 year old white male residing in Brooklyn taking this July holiday to tell you a story spanning three generations with questions at the outset\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qdtyr/i_just_watched_my_friend_breakdown_in_tears_this/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I just watched my friend breakdown in tears. This isn't a war on drugs. It's a war on the people. Please give any advice that you can...

I've written longer posts about a lot less here on Reddit. Right now I'm witnessing the Government screw with my good friend, all over a gram of keef (the shake from a marijuana plant).   
  
My friend, Alfonso is a standup guy and he just had his first child 2 months ago (he's 25). Al's a big stoner, always has been since high-school, but he's maintained steady jobs and never gotten into any trouble. About a year ago he got his Marijuana Rec card here in CA and began going to dispensaries. Last month he had purchased a gram ($20) of keef, which is the powdery shake that accumulates from the large bags of weed at the dispensaries. One day while he was outside of his house in his friends car, a cop just walks up to the car and says that he "smelled" marijuana smoke. When the cop asked if it was okay to search the car, Al's friend said yeah because they both thought that Al's rec card would cover him for the marijuana that he had purchased at the dispensary.  
  
Well, when the cop found the keef, they said that it was hash, and therefore a concentrated form of MJ. Thus, they considered it a controlled substance, akin to cocaine, heroin, speed, etc. When Al mentioned that he had his documentation in the house (card wasn't on him), which they were right outside of, the cop replied "it's not my job to make sure you have your papers". They arrested Al and brought him to jail. While he was going through the system, on the third day an officer told him that since the system was so backed up that Al could (wink, wink) have to wait up to 9 months to see a judge about this matter. Since Al and his girlfriend just had their child a month prior, he took the only realistic option on the table and signed his rights away to plead guilty to having a controlled substance, which automatically labeled him a Felon, and put him on 3 years probation. But, he was able to leave, go home and see his baby.  
  
Right off the bat, Al was given a probation officer and was made to attend nightly N/A classes on a program called "track one". He sits in this old, run-down building and has to listen to horrid stories from ex heroin addicts, tweakers and generally fucked up people. Well, on track one Al has to call a hotline number each day before noon to see if his name has been randomly selected from a pool of people to piss test that day. One week after he was released from jail his name was called, and he pissed hot. What the fuck, of course he pissed hot within a week, THC doesn't get out of your system for up to 30-45 days. But, still - he had to go see the judge that week who ALMOST put him on Track 2, which requires a $2,000 fee and one must attend two forms of N/A classes per day, for 9 months. But, the judge told him - "Although I'm disappointed in you, you get one more chance". I know that Al has not been smoking because even though he's been a stoner for a very long time, even the sight or smell of weed freaks him out now. If he pisses hot he COULD go to prison.   
  
Today, 30 days in his name gets called again. He goes back and piss tests thinking he'd be okay now. Nope. He pissed hot again (still within 30 days). The "tech" at the "lab" (shitty building, again) informs him that although there are ways to test for levels of THC in the body (to see if someone is actively smoking), it's too expensive so they don't test that there. The tech calls up his PO (who Al hasn't even met yet it's been so recently), and she says "put him on track 2. One more violation he goes to prison". I know that my friend fucked up by listening to the DA who told him that it was either the deal on the table or 9 months - but put yourself in my friends shoes. Not well versed in the (45 days for speedy trail) - 1 month old baby at home, and he thought that when he went in front of a judge that his reccomendation card would suffice - would be enough.   
  
Also, last point - on the mention of thinking the judge would say that his rec card was enough: Under some new law, Al needs to go to his doctor to get a $200 form signed in which the doctor states that there are "no other suitable alternatives to THC" that Al could be taking while on the drug program. This is the only way Al can think of having some defense, or protection from the piss test sticks which keep turning up hot - which even the techs admit is valid due to THC leaving the body within 45. But still... bureaucracy. Money making schemes. All of this has led my friend to turn into a felon within a month of having his newborn boy. When we were driving home he just broke down in tears saying how fucked up this all is. Gesturing with his hands to his head like he was going to blow his brains out. I mean... they've put him through the ringer in such a round-about way, we just don't know what to do. He has no money to pay a lawyer after all of these programs, fines, fees and shit he's had to pay. Is there anything we can do? I'm sorry if this post came out poorly written, I'm just stressed, too. Having to watch my friend break down at the hands of his corrupt fucking government.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/psychology/comments/y3ggd/i_need_some_serious_help_fast/), Subreddit: r/psychology, Title: I need some serious help, fast.

I was thinking whether to seek for help or not too because I'm really scared of what will happened at the end. Anyways, let me get started.  
  
Let me start off by saying, I was never interested in school.  
A few months ago around January or February I dropped out of school.  
A nice lady from school gave my Mom a number to call to ask for help. An agency that helps you with things like going back to school, therapy ect.  
  
My mom didn't call right away. So, finally around March or April a case manager came to my house. We talked about stuff, my plans things like that. I wasn't interested at first to do anything.  
I went through therapy but it didn't help much.  
  
Fast forward to around June or so and here where I start having real fucking problems. I smoked weed with a few of my Sister's friends.  
I've smoked weed before but I never had Deja Vu. So, we smoked and I experienced Deja Vu for the first time. I was really scared, everything felts so real, I try calming myself to see what will happened next. I guess the reason why I got Deja Vu was because the weed was actually good or because it had something on it because before I used to smoke weed, not everyday but I never had Deja Vu before. I was having Deja Vu the entire time I was high.  
A few things that I predicted that will happened was that one of my Sister's friend was going to get beat by my dogs. I was paranoid and I tried so hard to make him stay inside the house and not come outside no matter what. Another one was when I kept walking from the Kitchen to my room and the windows were open the way it looks outside felt so real, so vivid. Another one was when my Sister's friend decided to go buy pizza. The way the car pull away from the house also felt so real like I've experienced before. Another one was my mom coming to the house and saw that were acting strange and caught us. The last one I had on the first day was that I was sitting down watching T.V and eating pizza and Mom coming inside of my Sister room. Everything just felt so real. No my sister's friend didn't get beat by the dogs, no mom didn't caught us, and yes my mom did come inside my sister room and saw me eating pizza. So, not everything happened how it was suppose to happened. I was really paranoid for a few days. Second time I smoked, same thing happened deja vu while I was high, mom caught us. One weird thing that happened on the second day was that I asked my mom to take me to the GYM. While she was driving, she was talking on the phone crying. And something popped into my head, oh my god she got fired. She was indeed crying but not because she got fired.  
Again, I was scared and paranoid for a few days. The third and last time I smoked weed, this one really hit the spot. I had the normal, everything felt like I've experienced this before moment. But this time I sat down and thought of my future, I also thought of my Girlfriend and I. I saw that I wasn't going to be with her, that really scared the fuck out of me, it really hit the spot. I started texting her, calling her, leaving messages on facebook. No answered for 1 week. That 1 week was horrible as fuck. Then I started looking through skype logs and saw that she said she was going to the beach for a week+. That calm me down for like an hour. I'm online dating, I know a lot of people don't agree with this. I've been dating her for 3 almost 4 years and I really love her and she means a lot to me. During the second week of not hearing from her I decided I needed to change my life around. I called my case manager told her to come over that I've made up my mind. I was already schedule to go see a real 'professional' she wasn't a lot of help to be honest, but I'll get into that a little later.   
While I was trying to find out if she is was ok. I kept getting stress and having deja vu. I kept having imagines pop into my head like how I was going to be with her and how I was sitting in my bed crying and my mom walking in and I yelled, "she is dead". I took all that stress and turn it into something good. Finally, she sent me a facebook message telling me how she was ok and how she was on the beach with friends. I was so happy. I told her all of this and how I was planning on going back to school and other stuff. I took all this stress and use it as motivation. I enroll in GED classes to take my GED. I'm going to take my ACT too so I can go to a university. I start school on August 21st. I went back to the GYM too so far I've lost 15 pounds. July 22nd was when she finally answered on skype telling that she was ok and that she was at the beach. She also told me how she was busy since she starting college this year and she needed to get her driving license and other stuff. Again, she didn't answered until July 28. During that time, I did the same I got worry, I got stress, try to turn my life around for her. Anyways, finally on July 28 she responded saying, how can I believe she is ignoring me. That is her sister signing on/off from skype since skype turns on automatically when you first startup the computer. I havent receive any messages from her since today, August 12. I also aware that overthinking leads to negative thoughts but I just can't stop thinking about her. So, this week tuesday I believe. I went to see my results from the evaluation test and also see the professional. I was very impressed with my score since I really stopped caring about school on 8th grade, didnt paid attention in class was always day dreaming until I finally drop out on 10th grade. On reading I got 9.0 out of 10. On math I got 7.5 out of 10, it could've been better but I didn't realize what time it was so I had to guess on like 8 questions and didn't finish like 5. On language Arts I got a 5.4., basically grammar and punctuation ect. After paying what I needed to pay and enrolling in classes I went to see the professional. I told her the same thing I'm writing right now. She wasn't interested she seem in a hurry so I had to cut down part of the story. She said I didn't need medication but to start doing therapy again. Anyways, what is really worrying me at the moment is that I keep having deja vu moments. Everything feels so real and I get scared, very scared. I keep getting imagines of how I won't be with my girlfriend. Before all this happened I knew I needed to change stuff in my life but I always had games that kept my mind busy and safe. Protecting me from getting hurt, at least I think why I didn't do anything about changing earlier. Yesterday I posted a thread on /r/depression, I talked to someone told her my problems. But while I was typing my story on skype I looked at her picture and again that deja vu moment. It felt like I've seen her picture before and I got scared and start making random connections and actually believing in them. She just said it was Puberty and then I said I'm 16. I started growing hair everywhere at the age of 11. Then she said Brain Development. At first I was smiling, it felt so good talking to someone. Then I started questioning the picture of her and it all went downhill from there, I got stressed. This morning before I started making this thread I was looking into how to lucid dream. So that maybe I can ask my subconscious questions. I did reality check, pinching my forearm, asking if I'm awake, then counting my fingers, and then that is went it hit me again, fucking deja vu. Something I forgot to mention when I went to see the professional was that she asked me if she could tell my mom I smoked weed and I said yes. I thought I would share something like that to my mom. Another time I felt deja vu that I remember it clearly because it happened yesterday was that the therapist that comes to see sister and my mom was talking to my mom on the table. While I was sitting down using the laptop my mom was telling her how we smoked weed. Then it felt like deja vu. Then I started thinking about the future and how a big fight is going to happen because my mom is going to confront my sister about it. I've been trying to change the future by warning people. I told my mom not to confront my sister and I told my sister that my mom knows that we smoked weed and not to invite her friends home anymore. She got mad and told me I don't care if my mom finds out.   
  
This is becoming very long and I just hope someone reads because I really need answers and help. I have 2 pieces of paper and a pencil. 1 piece of paper is to right down what happens on my lucid dreams and the other I will carrying it around to write down my deja vu moments.   
My girlfriend is 18, I understand she needs her own space. I'm living a life where 3 to 5 times I feel like I've experienced this before and I scared. This is the first time I have really cared about someone and I'm really afraid of losing that person. I just don't know what to do.  
  
PS: even while I was writing this it felt like I've done this before.  
Maybe I'm believing on something really strong that I start to also believe it. I don't think that made sense.  
  
Edit: Short Story is.   
I smoked weed, I got deja vu. I didn't know you could get deja vu from smoking weed. It scared me. I decided I needed to change my life around. I'm still having deja vu moments because im worry about my girlfriend.  
Maybe it's because im more aware of things, or because im overthinking things.   
If it makes any differences, when I was a kid I hit my head many times when I was kid and bleed.  
When I was like 1 year old I felt down from the bed and hit my head for the first time. But the doctor said I was fine.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/10lrtg/is_it_possible_to_mend_a_marriage_when_you_cant/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Is it possible to mend a marriage when you can't look at them because you're disgusted with something they did?

Please excuse any grammatical errors or typos as I am writing from work and IE9 doesn’t not have a spell check (blech). I will also avoid any symbolism of me or my spouses gender to avoid any sort of gender specific backlash or opinion influencing.  
  
Also this is going to be LONG… I really need advice but am willing to let this be a get it off my chest moment as well.  
  
For years, my spouse and I have struggled to stay afloat, and I’ve always tried to avoid fighting about money, because I know it’s doesn’t solve any problems and only creates a blame game. I lost my job last year and I’ve been lucky to even have found a new job, albeit a bit less pay, but work none the less.  
  
A couple weeks ago my spouse tried to bring up our bills and I abruptly stopped them and said that I don’t want to talk about it. And that if we can’t pay our bills then we need to consider a bankruptcy.  
  
The thought of bankruptcy bothers us because we feel like we should have to be responsible for our actions, even though more recently it’s not about extravagant things on credit cards, it’s been needs to get by. Rather than fighting about it I’ve been proactive and done things like call the card companies and ask them to close the account and lower or interest rate with a pay-off plan. Also had both vehicles refi’d to a lower rate saving us hundreds of dollars. Started working the late shift to make more money (even though I never get to see my family anymore) and found other modes of transportation saving us hundreds of dollars on gas so far this year.   
  
The past spring we had a vehicle blow the head gasket. It sat parked in our driveway all summer because we knew that we couldn’t afford to fix it. About a month ago I realized that one of our local tire shops takes the credit card of a furniture store in the area and decided that was the only means by which we would ever get it fixed.  
  
$3200 later we now have a working vehicle, but it had started a raging battle between the two of us.  
  
Ever since that vehicle has been driven home my spouse has treated me like a loser. That very day they decided that we need to start donating plasma to make ends meet. My spouse then left w/o me and stated that somebody had to stay home with the kids. When they returned they were very cold to me and treated me like \*because I didn’t go donate blood I’m not helping out with our money problems.\* Even though I’ve been the catalyst behind all the financial rearranging I pointed out above. This continued to escalate with my spouse telling me that I needed to get a second job during the day while the kids are in school to supplement my other job. \*\*EDIT: The kids are in year round and somebody school and somebody has to be home when they're not in school\*\* My spouse makes more money than I, but it’s never been an issue, and now suddenly they are telling me I don’t make enough to contribute to the family. Even though I was hurt by this, I took it and said nothing, hoping that their anger would blow over and we could have a civil discussion about it.  
  
Things escalated to my spouse asking why I don’t make as much money as my friends (people who have been in their respective fields for 10-15 years). OUCH! But I took that too. Things have to get better.  
  
My spouse began to be very cold to me, not speaking to me, making rude comments and just generally being hard to live with. I keep taking it, hoping it will cease but I’ve started avoiding my spouse because I don’t want to have to deal with the maltreatment.  
  
This past Saturday comes and my spouse tells me we’re going to their family’s house for dinner. At this time I’m not fond of being anywhere with my spouse and don’t feel like taking the car trip and risking a fight in front of the kids. I tell them that I don’t really feel like going but never tell them that I won't go.  
  
This prompts my spouse to ask our 3 children if they want me to go with them to Grandma’s house. They respond “no”. My spouse’s attempt at a guilt trip backfires and they quickly try to use the “no” answer in their favor saying that I should feel bad that they don’t want me there. What I jerk thing to do. So I tell them that I really don’t want to go, especially if I’m not wanted. Later that night when my spouse returns, not a word was spoken.  
  
\*\*\*THE good/BAD PART\*\*\*  
  
Sunday morning, we have a get together planned with some friends. I want my spouse to be tolerable so I try to be as sweet as possible all morning, but they aren’t haven’t anything of it.  
  
You know that voice you make when you’re describing somebody who’s been rude to you? My spouse spoke to me like this all morning. I wake up and jump in the shower. My spouse comes storming in and states that they wanted to take a shower. Any other day, they would just hop in with me and be done with it. I say, “I’ll be done in a minute” and quickly finish up. I get out and begin dressing and remember that my spouse offered to prepare some food for the get together. I ask “have you started on the chicken rolls?” They respond with “It wasn’t a priority”. Ok they’re going to be in a bad mood. I offer to start making them and ask what I need to start mixing. I’m told that the recipe is in the recipe box, in a rude tone. Of course it is, but I’m just looking for some interaction.  
  
I go down and begin to prepare the stuffing for the croissant rolls and by now we’re over a half an hour late and a text from my friends suggest we bring everything over and bake them there. Excellent Idea, then my spouse won’t feel so flustered and rushed to finish. As they come down stairs I say, “I noticed the recipe wants a cup and a half of chicken and one of these cans fits just a little more than one cup and since we’re doubling it I put 3 cans in” They reply that I ruined the stuffing and I did it wrong. I say, “well, the rolls will have more stuffing now” with a smile.  
  
Up to this point, I’ve taken everything my spouse has dealt me over the past few weeks, and let the water just roll off my back. As I start packing everything up to head over to our friend’s house they ask, “We’re not making them here?” I say, “no.”  
“Well maybe I just won’t go then.”  
  
I snap! I can’t describe really how I felt at that moment; it was almost like an out of body experience, everything was in slow motion and I can still see every detail so vividly, I don’t think I’ve ever felt that angry before in my life. I throw the Tupperware full of the chicken stuffing into the kitchen where my spouse is, not at them but into the kitchen, screaming at the top of my lungs “FUCK YOU!” over and over. The look of shock and stunned disbelief on my spouses face as stuffing is splattered across the cabinets and floor seems to only add fuel to the fire. I take a can of croissant rolls and hurl it into the kitchen. As it breaks the individual rolls separate in midair. The second tube is launched and then the third, “FUCK YOU!” spilling out like water over a broken dam. I grab the row of xbox games from on top of the entertainment center on my way out and spill them to the floor, “FUCK YOU!” and stomp out the door.  
  
I arrive at our friends’ house and explain that my spouse won’t be joining us and that I don’t have any food. They’re supportive and other people have brought other things to snack on, so the rolls were hardly missed. Mostly because everyone besides me has no idea how delicious they are. I go over what happened and most of them give a nervous laugh and say they’ve been that angry at one time or another. Another one decides to try to do damage control and go over to my house to talk to my spouse. When I return home I take a nap on the couch and don’t speak to my spouse the rest of the night.  
  
\*\*\*HERE’S WHERE IT GETS DIRTY\*\*\*  
  
The next day at work, my spouse opens a chat with me in gmail. They go on to say that nobody deserves what I did to them last night and that I’m a crazy bully for what I did.  
  
I’m beside myself with anger. I reply that if they don’t think they deserved what happened then they’re delusional.  
  
My spouse goes on to explain that I have been the one being cold, rude and avoiding all contact with them.  
  
I can’t believe what I’m reading. I explain EVERYTHING they’d done over the past weeks that I had let slide and what happened on Sunday morning was when it reached its tipping point.  
  
They explain that they didn’t’ mean any harm by what was said and that they didn’t deserve to have food thrown at them while yelling “FUCK YOU!”  
  
I tell my spouse that they are disgusting, and that I can’t believe they think they’re an innocent party to what went down. And after more debate I tell my spouse to die in a fire and lots and lots of other terrible things.  
  
I can’t look this person in the eye anymore. They truly believe I had some kind of psychotic episode when I freaked out at them on Sunday, that they had no part in the building up of what it became. Do I just give up 13 years and ruin the lives of 3 beautiful children? I’m not going to lie, I’m a proud person and I have a hard time just letting something like that go. I can forgive somebody who’s trespassed against me but I’m having the hardest time letting somebody who takes no responsibility for what happened, off.  
  
\*\*TL;DR: Spouse called me crazy for blowing up at them for after weeks of mistreament and acts like they're innocent\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qv7cc/very_very_long_my_grandmother_had_a_terrible/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: (Very very long) My grandmother had a terrible accident right before Thanksgiving, and I'm the only one left to care for her. Does anyone know what I should do?

This is a throwaway account, but I don't really care who recognizes this. My Grandmother fell right before Thanksgiving on a Friday, broke her hip, and lay on the floor in the kitchen until Monday night (I was going to check up on her on Tuesday when I go grocery shopping for her, but I decided I should head on over to see how she was doing). She was severely dehydrated, her pants showed that she soiled herself many times (and it dried), so I knew she was there for quite awhile. When I arrived, I found her there laying on the floor with soiled pants. I had no idea what happened, so I asked her "Grandma what are you doing?" She started talking, but none of it made sense at all. "Come over here so I can see you better" was one of the first things she said; she was looking at the counter laying on the floor. I panicked, called my mother because I wasn't exactly sure how bad it was (there was no blood at all anywhere) and she is a nurse, so I called her to see what she thought. Immediately called 911 right after. She had been laying on the floor for 3 days about, broke her hip, and was severely dehydrated.  
  
\*\*This is going to be really long, so skip down to the bold if you just want my issue now.\*\* I'll give you a little background on my relationship with my Grandmother now that I think about it. When growing up, my biological father (Grandmother's son) wasn't there. At around age 2, he got arrested for breaking and entering and then drug charges. My mother would have none of that, so she left him. My grandfather and my grandmother were very proper elderly people, but they cared something fierce. My grandmother grew up in a small town, moved to St Louis and became a secretary for Anheuser Busch, did well for herself, had my uncle then my father with her first husband, but left him because he was abusive and an alcoholic. She remarried with my Grandfather John, who already had two grown children like she had two grown children. My Grandfather John admittedly I don't know a lot about. He was in the Korean war as an engineer, studied Geology and Civil engineering I believe, and was very well off. My grandmother was well off too after working for Anheuser Busch for many years. She took her bonuses in form of stock option with the company, and put much of her money into the company in stocks as well. She wasn't millionaire rich, but she was very well off. My grandfather being an engineer and very educated also saved up money throughout his life, and they took trips to Cancun or other places around the country.   
  
By the time I came into the picture, my father had been abusing drugs for about 3 or 4 years. My uncle was in a relationship with my aunt I believe, which she already had two children. I was entirely an accident, my mother was told she couldn't have children at an early age (late teens) so it was literally not even a thought. But I came and was born. Because of my father, my grandmother and grandfather wanted me to grow up right, so I spent most of my weekends, summers, and in general most of my time growing up from 3-12 over at their house in a nice neighborhood. My best friends for a long time were two twins who lived next door.  
  
Well, my father got out of jail and worked with what he could throughout his life, doing concrete and construction mostly. But he still abused and used all his life. My grandmother spoiled me throughout life, taking me out to dinner with her and my grandfather, buying me my first and second bicycles, and even a electric jeep that the twins and I had, so we had 3; a mini-fleet. [here's a pic](http://i.imgur.com/BhEQt.jpg)  
  
I never had more than other kids, but most of what I had came from my grandmother. For my 16th Birthday she took me to a used car dealership to buy a car that I liked, I pointed out a car but told her I thought it might be too expensive, but she got it for me anyway.  
  
I'd grown up knowing that she only considered me her grandson, even though I have two cousins through marriage to my aunt (one of which I'd consider closer than a brother). I also knew that she would get me almost anything if I begged for it, so I didn't. I did get a few things that I've used for years and years through asking, but never begging and trying to get more and more for no reason (I got a computer, and a droid).  
  
My grandfather died and my father ran into more trouble with the law (lost his license, DUI, etc). My grandmother gave him her old car, then bought him a new one. She let him stay in her basement and when he stopped working, started helping him pay for child support for my half-brother (he had never paid a single cent to me, but I suppose my grandmother made up for it). I was doing my own thing, living at home and going to college, my father was at her house in the basement, not working and going out all the time. She gave him money to do so (she gave me an account at her credit union, joint account, and she deposited about $50-$75 if I ever needed money. I never told her I did, but she would call the bank every 2 weeks or so to see how much I had left), then he would ask for more and more. $20 for gas to get shopping right down the street, things like that. Then when she couldn't go grocery shopping anymore (I went ocassionally) due to shortness of breath, he went for her with a list. She gave him a check to do so with no amount specified, he would fill it in at the store.  
  
One time, he went to a different location, same store, and they called her house. Apparently for months he added on $100 to the total amount and got that in cash. Now the reason he always had an excuse for the receipt not being there came to light. She got pneumonia in February of last year, I stayed over the night like I do occasionally, and heard her coughing then talking to someone on the phone. I go to see what the matter was; she was coughing up blood. I freaked out a little, told her we are going to the hospital. My father was painting her den at the time. As we get her coat and everything on to go, he says "Hey ma, it's going to take two coats of paint for the den so I'm going to need another $100 to paint it". As she was going to the hospital for coughing up blood. I almost beat him then and there, but I wanted to get her to the hospital. Long story short, when she was in the hospital, all of her jewelery was stolen from her own home. Someone took her jewelery box, took it to an appraiser or pawn shop, found what was real and what was just basically plastic or prop, then told the stuff of value. Guess what my father said about that? "It must have been this girl I brought over, I didn't watch her for a little bit." Yeah, she snuck out with an entire box of jewelery right under his nose.  
  
He went to jail, eventually unable to dodge getting sent there for DUIs, DWI, possession and other things. This left my grandmother alone. I went down to Texas in the summer to stay with my cousin and his wife and visit, and was actually going to stay to go to school where they live (they just bought a house, both in the air force), but he was going to be deployed and staying in a house with just his wife and I wasn't something she would want, understandably. They married the year before and had only been in town to visit a few times, so we didn't know each other very well. So I went back home, a few months later my grandmother had her accident.  
  
\*\*Okay, here's where I need help.\*\* Throughout the entire process of her going into the hospital and being there, I am the only family member who still lives in St. Louis. My uncle moved to California, my father is in jail, my cousin is in Texas, my great-uncle lives to the south about 90 miles. Everyone comes to visit during Thanksgiving, but other than a few random visits I'm the only one there for her. Not unwillingly, but pretty much forced regardless. She has heart problems, blood clots in her legs, major dehydration, and during her visit she developed major memory loss/confusion. She didn't know what was going on or where she was about a week into the hospital stay. Throughout this I visited not every day after the first week, but I visited at least every other day. Checked up, see how things went, talked to the nurses, called and informed everyone if anything changed (about 3 or 4 phone calls each time), and got pretty exhausted. From the way things looked, she could never be home alone again. And there was no one else to look after her besides me. Cut through about 3 months (Nov to the end of January), she finally finishes her inpatient physical therapy at a nursing place, and she can go home.  
  
The past 3-4 weeks have been mentally and physically exhausting. She has bowel problems ([C. Diff](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clostridium\_difficile)), has to use a walker and hadn't developed enough strength to carry something in one hand, and has many medications she has to take that I have to keep track of and re-fill. First two weeks consisted of her calling my cellphone or calling out to get her a glass of water, milk, soda... or that she needed me to make her something and give it to her, or to help her get dressed. It was so often that one time I sat down to drink a soda and wake up, I couldn't get a single drink in over the course of 30 minutes of sitting down, then standing up because she needed something else.  
  
Maybe I'm selfish. Maybe I need to suck it up, but I cannot maintain going to school, taking care of her, doing homework, and filling her wants every 5 minutes. Over the past week or two we've established that she can get herself sodas and water and milk. And she can get herself food if she is hungry. But, she has wants. It doesn't matter if I'm currently in the middle of something online involving school (i.e. timed exams), she wants her Arby's/Ice Cream Bar/Steak and Shake right now. I asked if I could order her a pizza so I didn't have to leave (in the middle of something involving class), and told me she "doesn't want a fucking pizza". Recently, I stopped over at a friends house after finding out that I'm on spring break (and arriving at class). I had told her I would be at class until 5pm and be home at 5:30, she had scheduled a beauty appointment at 5pm without talking to me first. She got a friend to take her, so I didn't rush home after finding out about spring break. I called at 6:30 to see how her beauty appointment went and make sure she was okay; she said it wasn't as good as she hoped, told her I stopped at my friends on my way back, and she wanted Arby's since I was on my way home. Okay, that's fine. I'll stop and pick it up since there's one on the way.  
  
\*\*Here's the really really stressful part.\*\*  
30 minutes later, I check my phone and see that I have a voicemail. It's her calling saying I neglect her, there's no food in the house, I don't care if she falls, I don't make sure she has her medicine, etc.  
  
I don't have to tell you how absurd any of these claims are. She threatened to call her brother "to see how she was living". I told her to do it, because she was acting irrationally and would tell her the same thing. There was plenty of food in the house, her medicine for the next two days was in her pillbox (with it organized by time she needed to take it), basically everything I could do without waiting to her every need.  
  
  
I simply cannot take this anymore. She expects me when I'm home to wait for her every need at any time (once I woke up at 4 am to get some peace and watch a movie; she wasn't asleep). She even said I spend too much time with my friends and I don't care about her. I see my friends on Saturday nights and come home early Sunday morning. When I stepped up to take care of her, I didn't realize I would be expected by her to only do exactly as she wants or get yelled at.  
  
I need advice. If you've read this at all, or read all of it, thank you. I simply do not know what to do because I can't take another month of this. If you have any questions at all, or advice with how I can cut this down to be more concise, please leave a comment.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/p4w1q/not_sure_whats_going_on/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Not sure what's going on..

LONG AND RAMBLING POST  
  
ME(30M) HER(21F)  
  
Ok I'll start from lastnight.  
I've been doing Standup comedy for a while now(about 10months) and have been seeing this girl (21) around one particular spot that I perform at.  
  
Well we talk for a bit as I know one of her mates as he compares a night there, I gave her my number over Facebook and told to give me a call or TxT sometime .  
So a day and half after that she sends me a txt,end up txting each other about 3 or 4 times a day for about 2 weeks and had 2 two hour phonecalls that felt like they went by in minutes ,til last night .  
  
We met up for a coffee and talked for about an hour then headed to the spot where I perform ( we both know people there). Anyway I get talking to her and honestly I think she is amazing, she works at a expensive pub in central London,she goes to Uni (and is in the top 5 students in her subjects) and also she interns at a prestigious law firm.  
  
she's extremely well read and funny and clever. Her family are liberal caring and funny (she is also very pretty ,I think most of her guy friends have a crush on her) ,so her upbringing is pretty different from mine.  
  
Well as you can see now I'm totally smitten with her but she really busy only gets one night to herself, I asked her when I would get to see her again and she said probably in two weeks. Now let me tell you about my self  
  
When I was 5 I witnessed my father kicking the shit out of my mum ,it's pretty much affected my attude to violence, my father was a scary drink an could turn at the drop of a hat (not on his kids but adults)(also taught me how to handle drunk people).   
When my parents got divorced I would stay with my dad and his gf(who also happened to be my mums sister).between the ages of 6-10 I was sexually abuse by my dad(him touching me when he was drunk) and by an older cousin ( who I had to share a bed with,he would touch me too). I've never had a girlfriend and never had sex ( the closest I've come to sex was making out).I have suffered from depression for most of my life but most people never get to see that,they me see laughing and cracking jokes all the time.  
I think that we are different people who could compliment each other but I'm worried that with all my shit I would fuck everything up.  
  
I'm not sure she even likes me like that, she could just be being nice.  
Also could I ever be normal(I'm mean not be depressed and focusing on the past so much) ?   
  
I mean have a caring loving relationship with someone who I can tell everything too,someone who would love me?  
  
I want to believe that the answer is yes I can be loved and normal but when I get depressed I know that I will never be normal and never find someone who loves.  
I often think about suicide but won't do it till my mum dies, and I'm smart enough to make it look like an accident.  
  
So reddit this is the question,  
Does this girl like me?  
Can I find love and happiness?  
How do you get over witnessing domestic abuse and child abuse?  
Is life worth living?  
  
Here's a little story  
  
When I was 5 I started school,after the first week I was moved to a different class,I was given a letter to give to my parents explaining why I had to move class (I had trouble with my abc).  
So now I'm constantly told by my dad ( who could be very intimidating),that I'm dumb and need to learn my abcs.  
So at the weekend my mum drops my dad to work,as he's getting out he tells her "make sure jestersidiot learns his abc".  
  
Now in the car my brother and I convince my mum to take us to the park,end up playing football then go home and watch some tv.  
My dad gets in after work VIA the pub and see me in the living room watching tv and calls me over to the kitchen.dad is sitting at the kitchen table with my abc book while my mother is doing the washing up.   
  
Dad starts by making me read it but due to me being intimidate by him and him being a pretty terrible teacher I start guessing what I'm supposed to be reading rather then actual reading.  
So now he gets in to an argument with my mum about her taking me to the park instead of making sure I studying ,mum says to him that jestersidiot is a kid should have some fun.well the argument escalates to yelling and then he gets up out of his chair and starts beating her .  
  
punches to the face ,grabbing her by the throat and throwing her to the ground ,still punching and kicking her.then he gets down on her and starts punching her in the face like she's a man.while standing there my older brother(7 at the time) walks over to see whats happening with my baby sister(who was 3 at the time)  
stand at the door of the kitchen watching all this shit happen. While he's hitting her ,my mother is screaming for her mother till the day I die I'll never forgot that sound.he stops hitting her and moves me and my siblings to the living room where we watch tv,I make an excuses to go to the kitchen(to check on my mum) but she's not there ,instead I find her in the garden staring at the canal that runs past our house,that image still haunts me .  
  
  
ABOUT ME  
I am the darkest one in my family,so growing up I got all the dark/black jokes about my skin tone.I was constantly bullied by people(some times white or black but mainly southeast asians).  
It didn't stop when I got home because that's when my brother would bully me.I still get dark jokes now.I pretty much wished I was dead everyday when I was a kid.funny thing is if people were to describe me back then they would probably say I was a class clown.  
I recently told my mum,brother and sister about the abuse (just about my dad not my cousin).   
  
I've had to be there for a friend who has been diagnosed with liver damage so I've had to be there for him,telling him to be positive and what he can do(keep getting doctors opinions till he is satisfied,speaking to liver disease groups and ARM himself info about what going on with his liver). Also arranged for a party for him so people could see him.  
  
I'm still fighting depression and so times its hard to get out of bed.  
I drink too much and smoke ,eat the wrong shit.  
I've been unemployed for a longtime and my CV looks like shit.  
But sometimes I have hope.  
The thing with this girl I spent so much time alone that, i cant believe that someone could even like me that.  
  
  
Well I guess it doesn't matter now,I txted her but she never got back to me.  
I think I came on too strong Nevermind plenty more fish that don't want my bait. Or maybe she's busy ,or more likely she saw right through me.   
  
Here's the thing It's not even about the girl It's about the fact in the firsttime in years someone like me and got to know me ,and now wants nothing too do with me because I'm a loser. I lose at life. Death would be better then knowing you on your own till your last breath never knowing love from a women.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/dbxq1/i_hate_my_life_and_want_to_change_things_only_i/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I hate my life and want to change things, only I don't see how I can. Is reddit my only hope, or am I doomed to an existence of unhappiness? Help me, Askreddit. I need advice and answers more than ever.

Hi Reddit. I've made a couple posts, but I haven't really put much effort into it. Allow me to summarize my life story:  
Basically, my life has been /shit/ for the last year and a half or so. Cut to 2 years ago:  
I'm currently 19-20 years of age, going to school studying psychology. Things are going well. I'm a nerd/geek, so thusly, I haven't really had any serious relationships (I was a virgin). Doing well in school. Then my mother got sick. Breast cancer. She's been growing sick for the last year. It got to a point where the pain was beyond tolerance and she went to a clinic, where she got a quick diagnosis. This is where things took a turn for the worst.  
  
She began treatment, and all the normal shit associated with this came along with it. She started chemo/radiation treatments and lost the ability to work. As such, the funding for my education fell through. I decided to drop out of school and take care of her. While my dad was working (and his job ended soon thereafter), I was basically at the local hospital 24/7 with my mother, doing anything from fetching food to massaging feet, trying to actually do anything to help alleviate the situation. Shit was rough, needless to say.  
  
After about 8 months or so, my mother started getting better. She responded well to treatment, and things started looking up. She ended up being an out patient. Life went back to normal, somewhat. She showed increased amounts of vigor and energy. ONly this was concealed by her own pride. She was actually getting worse, and tired from the repeated rounds of chemo and radiation treatments. She was started on daily pills of Hydromorphone to help ease the pain. Me, being a dumb fucking bastard, decided to steal some to get high. I ended up getting addicted (taking upwards of 10 pills of 4MG orally each /just/ to get high) to the pills. About a month of this later, I detoxed myself by locking myself in my room. A very sobering experience, to say the least. And things started to look up. I got a job with my best friend, and gained the interest of a woman (introduced by said friend). after about 4 months of being aloof and 'ignorant", I ended up hooking up with said chick. This began a very long relationship. about 8 months into this relationship, things were going alright, when she cheated on me with a foreigner (a dude from Ireland who was in town for 6 months). I forgave her but broke up with her. It was rough, and I felt hurt and betrayed, but I felt an equal amount of love towards her. Then, out of the blue, my mother passed away. She was in the hospital for some influenza/trouble breathing type symptoms, and we were called in 3 days later and told she has passed away. This led me and my family (Father and my sister, 5 years younger) basically into a crying fit and a bit of depression. We stuck together but things weren't gonna be the same. The same night my mom passed away, me and my ex hooked up. She found out (through friend of a friend) that my mom had died, and contacted me to hang out and talk about stuff. She ended up spending the night and we decided to get back together. I then (over the course of a couple months) ended up moving out on my own, then in with my girlfriend, into my own apartment. With a bit of inheritance (almost 13k$). My only family (Father and sister) moved away or out of town. My relationship was going alright, although I had my share of issues. I was facing depression and lethargy, basically not wanting to do anything. Through my inactivity and my overall decision to disconnect from reality, I ended up bailing my gf out of credit card debt, about 2k$ worth.  
  
Then, shit hit the fan. She cheated on me, again. I dumped her, and kicked her out of my apartment. This lead to her having a breakdown (She's had mental issues in the past), and basically never giving me back the money she owed me. Before anyone asks, Yes, I know without a doubt, she cheated on me. When I confronted her with my evidence, she didn't deny it at all. She just broke down and ended up moving out. I basically lived off the rest of my inheritance until it ran out. Then I got a job (barely escaping being homeless), and have basically been working paycheck to paycheck ever since. The breakup happened about 5 months ago. 2 months ago, she texts me saying her friend was in the hospital, and she had nobody else to turn to, because i "kept her sane". We ended up hooking up again, but me refusing to go back into a relationship with her (thanks to the advice of some very good friends).  
  
So this leads me to my current situation. I'm in relatively active contact with the ex (we text/call eachother every couple of weeks), and I can't help but feel like total shit. I tried to go back to trade school, but was denied my application due to failure to produce documents, desite my incessant nagging towards corporate entities. So i was forced to get a job to pay rent (because I'm alone in the province), and have no choice but to work or else I'd end up homeless.   
  
I live in a shitty apartment (With a shitty fucking landlord, and no way to get out of my predicament.). This apartment is infested with cockroaches and a blocked/leaky sink. My landlord was notified of the situation a month ago, with 0 change in my situation.  
  
TLDR; My mom is dead, my family is out of town (up to about 8 hours drive away), my friends are a decent distance away from me, i can barely afford rent and food, I live in a cockroach infested shitty apartment, and I feel myself slipping and giving up on life. My girlfriend (First) and love of my life cheated on me and left me to rot with 2k$ of debt.   
  
So after trying for months to figure out what I'm gonna do, I have come to no answers. So I need advice/answers, askreddit. I feel like shit, I can barely force myself out of bed in the morning to face the day, and I derive no type of happiness out of life. What do I do? Do I kill myself? I'd love to go back to school, but any government support programs have obviously failed me. I'm lonely, subsist entirely on the social interaction of a few online friends, and can see absolutely no bright side to my life. I'm in tears, and can barely bring myself to submit this. Is it so much to just want a happy life, simple and without drama?  
  
If there's any more info needed, just ask, I guess. I'm just hoping some redditor out there can point out the bright side of my situation, because obviously I can't see it.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/57figq/question_for_librarians_or_people_that_are/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Question for librarians or people that are familiar with libraries. Also for people familiar with Computer information systems

I am a Computer Information Systems major with a double minor in English and Accounting  
  
Alright first a little about me... I have a mental illness called Schizoaffective disorder and a tl;dr version of that illness means my mind is fragile and can't handle stress well, roughly 80% of people with my illness are unemployed and the majority of those that do work only work part time, and work minimum waggish jobs.  
  
So "this other major would pay more" is not necessarily relevant, if the work that comes with it is beyond my mental stamina. A job I can actually survive with is more important than something that could theoretically pay more, but is very stressful and I will hate every minute of it.  
  
I have always been "the guy" among my friends and family with computer problems. I have a passion for the IT field. I wouldn't go as far to say I hate coding (you actually do learn to code with a CIS degree, just not as much as CS). I just get more satisfaction helping people in a direct way than a job where I'm stuck in a cubicle only coding. I have an INFJ personality type and get a huge satisfaction when I help people with their problems. While you are technically helping people with problems when you code, it feels much more abstract than going up to someone, physically meeting them, and help them get their computer/network to work.  
  
 With that being said, if I absolutely can't get a job without more coding, I can learn it on my own. I say this because (I've heard) you don't need a CS degree to get a programming job anyway. A friend of mine also tells me there are coding "boot camps", which I would attend if push comes to shove. That said I'm saving it for a last resort option, because I imagine a coding job as very stressful, and I personally doubt I would have the mental capacity to handle it.  
  
Based on what I hear, Accounting is a good compliment to a CIS degree. I'm also naturally good with numbers, making it all the more favorable. Beyond that, people with my condition are known to be exceptionally bad at managing their money. If nothing else, the accounting classes could help me with my own independence skills.  
  
Finally the English: Based on what I hear lots of STEM majors are bad with essays/grammar/critical thinking, so having a background in English as well could be icing on the cake. I have my own blog (which I won't advertise here due to the rules of this subreddit) but most people who look at it consider me to be a decent writer.  
  
Here are the different options I see for myself after graduating:  
  
1) work at a PC help desk. Even if it pays not much more than minimum wage, it would be a job I'd be easily qualified for, and thus could easily handle. Remember: the vast majority of people with my condition either work part time, or don't work at all. Thus, I'm already beating the odds.  
  
2) the same as 1) but work my way up to network engineer/database administrator/whatever, and after that maybe even quit working for someone else, and freelance as a network consultant. And with the background in accounting, there's a good chance I'd actually survive with my own business. It's also worth noting that people with my condition have highs and lows, in terms of energy. If I freelance that means I get to make my own schedule, which would be hugely beneficial.  
  
3) Work in a library. In order to become a head librarian I would eventually have to get a Masters in Library Science. The good news, though, is that this is a job (I think) I can easily handle. I was a library assistant at my school for 2 years (once when I was 14 and once when I was 18). I've also volunteered at libraries several other times throughout my adult life.   
  
The other good news (and please correct me if I'm wrong about this) is that someone with an undergraduate degree in CIS with a dual minor in English and Accounting would be wonderful for a library. Most people wanting to be librarians, major/minor purely in the liberal arts. While that might have been good 50 years ago, the library of today is quite a bit different.  
  
4) Become a CPA. I've already taken a lot of college hours (I used to be an English major but switched out of that when I realized I was wasting my time). You need 150 college hours to sit for the CPA exam, which I would have by the time I graduate. Becoming a CPA would pretty much be a last resort option, but it is at least technically out there. There's only 18 hours worth of Accounting classes in my minor, which is obviously not enough knowledge for the CPA exam. It would require additional college, but again, this is there as a backup plan.  
  
I would like to think I have this all thought-out pretty well... but obviously I don't know as much as people who have worked in these fields.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/6e7wo8/i_havent_been_doing_so_well_in_college_i_feel/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I haven't been doing so well in college. I feel hopeless and defeated. Any advice?

Hello everyone,  
  
I just need to vent my feelings. I just feel so hopeless. I would really appreciate it if you take the time to read this. I'm going into my third year of college, and so far I haven't been doing very well. I am majoring in Biology with intentions of becoming a Physician Assistant. I have been doing poorly in pretty much all my science classes. So far I have received two C's in my Biology courses, two C's in my math courses, and a D in General Chemistry. So far, I will definitely have to retake two of my sciences since they are the prerequisites for PA school, and most schools require that you have a B or higher in the prerequisite courses. I just don't how I'm going to make it to PA school or even get through it if I am having such a hard time in my undergraduate science courses. I feel like my biggest problems are procrastination and time management. For example, if I know that I have an exam coming up in the next two or three weeks I tell myself "Oh I have enough time". Then I wait until about five days before the exam to start studying. I cram so much of the material in such a short amount of time that I hardly remember everything, and then I end up not doing so well on the exam. Then I tell myself, "Oh I'll do better on the next exam". Then I end up doing the same thing I did for the last exam. I keep falling into this trap of procrastination and not using my time wisely. I know I should be studying for my classes or an exam for a few hours each day from day one instead of waiting until the last minute, but it's just hard for me to get the motivation to study. Another bad habit I do is, I'll tell myself "Okay I need to start studying for my upcoming Biology exam". I'll go on my laptop to start going through the power point slides my professor went through for the day and relistening to the lecture that the professor posts online. I'll do that for like 30 minutes then I decide to surf the net for hours on end. I know I shouldn't be doing this, but it's hard to break this habit.  
  
I get so jealous when my fellow classmates or friends do well on an exam and I do poorly. I also get upset when I score below average on an exam. I get jealous because they are are getting the results that I want and are on a better path towards grad school. I also get upset because I know that I'm capable of doing better. My assigned lab partner and I for my Microbiology lab this past Fall 2016 semester decided to exchange numbers to help each other out with lab stuff. I kind of struggled in lab, but he helped me out so much and was very patient with me which I am very grateful for. Biology labs at my university are intertwined with lecture. A few days after our third lecture exam, my lab partner and I were working in a group with a few other students for an experiment and he asks, "What did you guys think of the third exam?" We were all talking about it, and then he brings up the second exam which many people thought was very hard and since the raw average was low, the professor had to give a huge curve for that exam. He said, "Everyone thought the second exam was hard, but I didn't think it was that hard. And with the huge curve the professor gave I did phenomenal". After he said that I was curious to know how he did on the first and third exam. He said he got a B- on the third and I believe he said he also got a B on the first exam. He didn't say what his score was on the second exam, but if he said he did phenomenal I'm guessing he probably got like a 97 or 98. I just got irritated because he scored well above average on the exam that many people thought was hard and did pretty solid on the other exams and I was doing poorly. He was also doing well in lab. After the final grades were posted for the class, he texted me to ask me how did I do in the class? I got a C+ but lied and told him I got a B because I was discouraged to tell him I got a C because I assumed he got a good grade in the class, which he did. He told me "I actually did wind up getting an A. I studied 6-8 hours a day for a week for the final so I scored quite well." I told him good job, but deep down inside I was frustrated because I wanted an A in the class. I know I shouldn't be jealous of how he did because he worked so hard and I didn't and he helped me out so much in lab and was a nice guy, and is a pre-med student so he has to get good grades, but I can't overcome my jealousy. He ended up making the Dean's list for the first time in Fall 2016 and once again this past Winter 2017.  
  
So far my overall GPA is a 3.0. My science GPA is a 2.5. I already know I'm going to lose my scholarship again. I say again because it was pulled from me after my first year for not meeting the GPA requirement of 3.3 after only having a 3.0. I appealed it and luckily the Financial Aid Office gave it back to me to give me a second chance. They made it very clear in their email that this was a one-time exception. Once again I didn't make the GPA requirement and now my scholarship is going to be taken away for good which it should. They gave me a second chance to raise my GPA, and I still haven't done that. They're not going to give me any more chances because the scholarship could've been given to someone who was going to take it more seriously. And they're going to think I'm full of it because I stated in my appeal letter a plan to improve my grades, and they're going to think I haven't followed through with that plan. Now I have to solely rely on financial aid and student loans to pay for my tuition. It's discouraging because I did so well in high school. I maintained a 3.9 GPA in high school and was number seven in my class of 120 students. Once I got to college, everything went downhill. College is definitely harder than high school. Especially being a science major. I asked myself "Is the medical field the path I really want to go towards?". I can't see myself doing anything else, I would love to save people's lives and help those in need. I know I shouldn't be jealous of anyone doing well in college because the only person I can blame is myself. It's not their fault that I'm doing poorly it's my fault. They're obviously putting in the effort and trying their hardest and I'm not. And I know I shouldn't compare myself to other people, but it's hard not to because they're doing things I want. I just feel so discouraged and am developing low self-confidence. I feel like I'm wasting time, money, and my life by not doing well in college. Sorry I made you read all this, but I just needed to pour my feelings out. This is how I feel and this is what I went through. Thank you for taking the time to read this. I would love to hear your advice.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/qf2ks/please_someone_help_me_i_dont_know_what_to_do/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Please someone help me. I don't know what to do.

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/rq53i/meme_presenters_versus_meme_dissectors_two/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Meme presenters versus meme dissectors: Two different kinds of people? (Also: the epistemology of cooking shows)

This isn't a question, as much as a "I just had a thought. What do you think?". I guess this post is like an informal version of presenting a paper for peer-review. Is my model over-simplified in any important ways? Can it be further refined? Am I missing something that would invalidate it?  
  
It has recently occurred to me that there are two different kinds of people: meme presenters, and meme dissectors.  
  
Meme presenters pride themselves in presenting surprising, counter-intuitive, relevant, or otherwise interesting "facts". However, there is almost no rigor regarding the reliability of those facts. The source - such as "I read it in such-and-such a newspaper" or "The host of such-and-such TV/radio show said this" - is mentioned only in passing. What is implied is: You can trust me on this, I got it from an authoritative source.  
  
Meme dissectors are more rigorous with knowability. They too like to present relevant or surprising or counter-intuitive facts, but the meat of what they present in conversation comes when they then say "Apparently there was a study set up like this, and there was a correlation between this outcome and people with that characteristic" or "They think that this blurry area of this image points towards such and such an object or effect, so while it could be nothing, it at least points towards the next area for investigation" or "In my experience, this has been true every time, so while it's possible that it's not true all the time, I think it's pretty reliable". They are much more rigorous about why they have good reason to believe that the fact is indeed true, they recognize that their conclusion is only one interpretation of the data, they understand the motivations/agendas of the people pushing the "fact" and how that leads to bias… and they can think of an unbiased way (even if impractical or hypothetical) about how the truth could be established.  
  
(If you don't have much time to spare, you may wish to skip from here to the part about the epistemology of cooking shows).  
  
It seems to me that among engineers, techies, redditors, and atheists, there is a greater fraction of meme-dissectors than in the general population. My mother and her friends are definitely meme-presenters. My friends and my coworkers are definitely meme-dissectors. (Then again, this may just have to do with what the situation is, at any given time. In some social situations, dissecting memes takes more time and thought and concentration and rigor than anyone would like to use at the moment, so maybe the difference is not so much "kinds of people" as much as "kinds of conversations". Then again, I bet some people prefer one kind of conversation and some people prefer the other).  
  
In my experience, we all start out as meme presenters. Children are still using new facts as they building blocks for the web of causal relationships in the world around them, so any fact that would greatly enrich a child's model of this web makes the child impressed and appreciative. And kids know it, too, because they love surprising other kids with "Well, did you know that… Yeah! Wow!". But then we learn that people have agendas, and that some people honestly believe things that are false, so we need to be skeptical, we need to ask "How do you know?", and "What beliefs does this new fact invalidate, and how solid are those beliefs?", and "What would we expect to observe if this is true, or if this is not true?". However, some people apparently never do develop this sense very strongly. I have been in many conversations recently where someone says something about homeopathy or acupuncture or astrology, or about orthomolecular nutrition or drinks with "chlorophyll extract", or about Barack Obama… and everyone else is impressed, or shocked, or curious, or says "My gosh, this means I should do X Y and Z"… and I'm the only person in the room who says "Whoa whoa whoa. This sounds inconsistent with some pretty well-established models, with our understanding of how this kind of thing works" or "What mechanism could possibly link the things that happen in this real with the things that happen in this other realm?" or "How could anyone possibly know this?". I am met with scorn: "You can't possibly be claiming to know more about this than the guy who they had talking about it ON A TV SHOW". And then I fumble trying to explain "It's not a matter of knowing more or less, it's a matter of understanding how knowledge works, of interpreting data, of having a vague idea about what forces impact what kinds of systems".  
  
(Here are some easy examples: You don't have to be a biologist to suspect that tayloring someone's diet to their blood type is a ridiculous idea - you just need to have paid attention in high school when they explained what causes different blood types, and what kinds of vitamins/minerals and amino acids and fats/carbs a human body needs and why. You don't have to be a psychologist or neuroscientist to know that the position of celestial bodies during someone's birth will not promote this or that personality trait. You don't have to be a physicist to realize that magnetic/ion bracelets are thoroughly BS. You don't have to be a chemist to realize that homeopathy can't possibly work. You don't have to be a statistician to see that yes, we can pretty much know for sure that vaccines don't cause autism, to roughly the same extent that [we can know that reindeer can't fly](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qWJTUAezxAI#t=3m18s). And don't even get me started on Christianity).  
  
But this isn't just about skeptics' pet peeves. Those are black and white. (Of COURSE astrology and homeopathy and magnetic bracelets are BS). Usually things are fuzzier. Here's a more illustrative example;  
  
The epistemology of cooking shows:  
  
I was at the gym the other day, and they had a cooking show on TV. (I include this detail as a way to imply that I would never dedicate time solely to watching a cooking show, although I'll be honest and admit that this implication may or may not be correct. Anyways…). The chef was talking about how to make a certain kind of dish. He made several generalizations of the form "Adding this substance will really bring out the flavor" or "This ingredient and that ingredient are a great combination". Always stated with so much conviction! To each of these claims, my reaction (which I thought to myself on the treadmill) was a disapproving "How can you know that?" or "What does it even mean to say that?". For example, some of his claims were about taste and flavor, which are subjective experiences and personal tastes. Unless you run a controlled experiment, asking a whole lot of people whether they prefer this version of the dish or that version of the dish, can you really know that adding this twist to the recipe really makes it better? All you can know is that "I like it much better this way", or "I tried this once and it was a big hit with all my friends" or "…with all the people who tried it that night at the restaurant". And even if you did know that - and even if you ran a large pharma-style double-blind controlled experiment - does that mean it's ok to say "This makes the dish better" in such a simple and absolute way? Whatever happened to \*De gustibus non est disputandum\*? The chef's statements were like saying "People who do X are more attractive than people who do Y" or "This chord progression makes the song be better than that chord progression". Isn't it necessarily dishonest to make that kind of a statement without preceding it with "In my opinion…" or "Once I asked a whole bunch of people and they pretty much all agreed that…"? Unless you can really point to the neural pathways that cause people to react to one thing more positively and to another thing more negatively, and explain why these pathways are probably present in almost all people (e.g. they are formed in utero rather than being significantly shaped during upbringing), I don't see how it's ok to claim "People will like the dish better if you do X" so authoritatively. Of course, it would be absurd to expect the Food Network to use neuroscience to back up claims. But it really seems to me that "In my opinion / According to everyone I have asked…" is not too much to ask.  
  
Afterwards, I tried to explain this to my girlfriend, and her primary reaction was feeling angry at how I apparently thought that I know more about cooking than the host of some show on the Food Network. I certainly do not. I probaby know less about cooking than the average guy my age. But it's not about thinking that what the host said was incorrect. It's about thinking that the way he said it implied an unreasonable amount of certainty, knowledge, authority, and/or experience. She tried to tell me that he DOES have that much authority, since he's been doing this for a living for many years, and they picked him to be on TV. I tried to tell her that no human being can honestly make that kind of claim. She tried to tell me that the "in my opinion / as far as I have observed" qualifiers were implied in what he said and that it was ok for him (or the video's editors) to leave them out. I disagreed, and said that at a gut level, I would have felt much more comfortable trusting him if he had included the qualifiers. (That having been said, I do still want to try out a couple of his ideas…)  
  
Maybe I am unusual in this way because of the kind of work I do. I don't want to give too many details, but my work involves deciding how to do some engineering analysis that could easily cause hundreds of deaths if done improperly. If you've seen videos or articles about large engineering creations failing (or almost failing) spectacularly, my work involves developing equations that describe those failures and requiring engineers to do certain kinds of analyses to ensure that their creations will not experience those problems. So I'm basically in a group of scientists that must satisfy some government regulators by saying "The engineers are doing this in such a way that those catastrophes will be avoided". A sentence often heard in my group - be it when talking with government regulators, with engineers, or just among ourselves - is "How do you know?". We may say "When you lay things out this way, that will make it less prone to that kind of failure". But laying things out that way is more expensive, so… how do you know it will protect us from that failure? Or: This failure mode always happens before that failure mode, so you don't really need to worry about that failure mode as much, just test for this one. Well, how do you know? This change will have a negligible impact on the safety of the system. How do you know? This test covers not only this thing, but any things that are the same size or smaller. How do you know? The question is so pervasive that most of us (especially our most senior researchers, the geniuses who have been in this line of work for years, who have overseen dozens of test programs and authored engineering textbooks and industry standards) always start sentences with "In my understanding…" or "In my experience…" or "As shown by this data…" or "The trend in this relationship…" or "My intuition, which could be totally wrong, tells me that what would probably happen is something like the following… but yes, we should find out for sure, because I can already foresee the possibility of slightly different outcomes, so we should't rely on this expectation". And we finish sentences by saying things like "I say this never happens because we always design using this guideline, and always assume that the environment will be roughly like this. But if we disregard the guideline, or change our assumptions about what this thing experiences, then yes, this other failure mode could start to dominate". Could it fail in such and such a way? We don't just say "Yes", we say "It has happened once or twice" or "It's a pretty extreme corner case but it could happen maybe once every couple decades" or "Only if this and this and this all happened at the same time, so the probability is negligible" or "absolutely impossible". How do you know? "Because this other thing would happen first, as predicted by our models" or "as shown by this series of tests" or "as suggested by this one test which admittedly isn't necessarily representative". We don't just have to know what we know, we also have to know with what certainty we know it, and what we would have to do to know it with more certainty… because our job is to define and request and oversee and interpret (and apply the results of) the research that expands our knowledge of how these kinds of systems fail. The question I answer isn't "How long can this very large and expensive thing last before it's unsafe to not replace it", the question is "What tests do we have to run in order to sharpen our understanding of what will happen to this large and expensive thing after a few decades, so that we can determine what failures to protect it against, and whether that can be done safely and reliably… And no, we just can't build a whole other giant thing and break it, so any data that we can afford will only give part of the answer". Anytime I meet anyone in a professional environment and they say "Oh, this never happens" or "This failure mode always happens before that failure mode" without that key piece of metadata (how do you know, with what confidence), then I regard their statement as useless. So it's possible that my career has led me to expect too many qualifiers in people's claims… but I don't think my expectation is that unreasonable.  
  
One final thought: I think that this line of thinking reveals why I, and many people I know, prefer to read blogs instead of print periodicals. Print periodicals just say "So-and-so, an authority on the subject, says this". Blogs (and NPR, and a few other traditional publications) often go further and say "You may be wondering how they can know this" or "…what leads them to claim this. They did a study, and surprisingly, this phenomenon was correlated with this characteristic…" and admittedly "Yes, the causality isn't clear, but the correlation is definitely there". Is that too much to ask?  
  
Is it so uncommon for most people to distrust a source when the source makes claims that are to be trusted on the basis of authority, without any metadata about how they know this and with what confidence and based on what observations?  
  
It seems like an almost binary property: Some people, and some publications, care not at all about that kind of metadata, while some others (like myself) are ready to disrespect a source based solely on the lack of this kind of metadata (even in matters as inconsequential as cooking).  
  
Thoughts?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/nw5wv4/academic_probation_appeal_advice/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Academic Probation Appeal Advice

Hello, I am in the process of drafting an appeal for academic probation. To make a long story short I made a bad choice and provided a peer with test info in a course that I then failed. Accordingly, I only got 10 of the 12 necessary credit hours to be in good academic standing. At my university academic probation isn't punitive, but it's supposed to be "supportive." However, I will lose my scholarships for the semester, can't participate in varsity sports while on probation, and cannot hold an elected position in any clubs.   
  
The school suggests the following for appeals:  
  
&gt;Outline the issue that led to you earning too few credits this semester, what you learned from that experience and how you plan to move forward, point out your academic performance in your remaining classes from the Spring semester, and propose why you shouldn't be placed on probation  
  
Members of r/college, if you would be so kind, please share your thoughts on my appeal draft. Do I convey my thoughts succinctly and appropriately? Do you believe I am making a fair argument. Thank you in advance.  
  
Note I have edited some things for privacy. I am a rising senior.  
  
&gt;I wish to appeal the motion for academic probation on the basis of my 2021 Spring Semester. In the Spring of 2021, I was enrolled in Course. I made a regrettable decision during the course of the class to provide a peer with test information. This resulted in an Academic Integrity violation and my failure of the course. Thus, I earned only ten of the required twelve credit hours for the semester. I have met with Dr. Professor, the professor of course, and Dean Dean regarding this incident, and completed all requisite ethics training.   
&gt;   
&gt;In reflection, I know and believe my actions were unacceptable. I undermined the learning potential of myself and my peer, as well as the atmosphere of academic excellence at this university. However, this isolated incident of poor judgement and forethought has reinforced the values I hold by showing me what happens when I neglect to adhere to them. It has also shown me the value in being candid and honest about my decisions. I hope that this isolated incident does not become a hallmark of my undergraduate experience or a roadblock to my future. Rather, it will serve as a personal reminder and a learning experience for the consequences of shortcuts and ill-guided decisions. I can say with utmost certainty that an incident of this nature will not, ever, happen again. I have learned much, and continue to learn and grow from this occurrence.   
&gt;   
&gt;I respectfully ask that the Academic Standing Board does not make a motion to place me on academic probation. The event that has caused my deficient credit acquisition has been resolved completely. It will not affect my academic performance in the future. This was an isolated case of one poor choice, and does not reflect a trend of poor academic performance. Through my written and oral ethics tutorial with Dean Dean, I have already engaged in and completed an extensive process that has allowed for meaningful reflection. It has also proactively prepared me to finish my final two semesters with diligence and esteem.   
&gt;   
&gt;I believe that my other courses in the Spring of 2021, of which I received A’s in all, and my transcript as a whole, demonstrate that I am a capable student; that the framework of academic probation is not necessary to continue on towards my degree. I fully understand that academic probation is not punitive in nature, but is a supportive measure that enacts rigorous guidelines to focus efforts in the classroom for success. Accordingly, I do not feel that I am a candidate for this measure. These missing credit hours have not altered my intended schedule, timeline, or outcome of my studies. Even with a sole failed class, I maintain a GPA of 3.78 and I am well on-track to finish my undergraduate plan, a dual major of Chemical Biology and Psychology, on time. I am confident that all courses I will take for the remainder of my time at University will be A’s or B’s, as has been the pattern throughout my undergraduate career thus far. I know that I can continue to be successful as an independent undergraduate, without the structures of academic probation.   
&gt;   
&gt;I would like to emphasize that I have maintained my current academic record whilst being a member of the VARSITY SPORT, and holding elected positions in both STUDENT ORG and STUDENT ORG. I take great pride in representing University as a student-athlete, and I would be honored to continue to do so as a rising senior in the fall semester. I believe that this host of extracurricular activities, in tandem with my academic record, demonstrates my ability to balance significant time commitments outside the classroom and excel in the academic setting. I have no doubt in my ability to continue my studies responsibly in future semesters. These activities, VARSITY SPORT in particular, help me to keep a well-planned and efficient schedule. In the fall semester of 2021, I will enroll in 15 credit hours of courses. In the spring of 2022, I will finish my undergraduate requirements and graduate. I also plan to retake COURSE, although not a degree requirement, to demonstrate my capability and honesty as a member of University.   
&gt;   
&gt;Finally, the financial implications of academic probation would place a significant burden on my family. As the recipient of a sizable scholarship from the university, it’s revocation would raise my tuition by over $X for the fall semester. As my younger sibling prepares to begin college this coming fall, my family simply cannot afford tuition for the both of us if mine increases so drastically. Therefore, I ask that if the board should decide to move forward with academic probation, they maintain the scholarships I am currently receiving.   
&gt;   
&gt;It is my hope that you will consider this 2 credit hour deficient semester as nothing more than an outlying data point in my undergraduate career, and conclude that I am not a student in need of the support structures imposed by academic probation. I would like to reiterate my most genuine regret for my academic integrity violation and the lessons I’ve learned from it, as well my steadfast dedication to excellence in my education. I sincerely thank you for your time and consideration, and I know you will weigh this decision with the utmost care and concern.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/6zktf9/i_came_to_the_terrible_realization_last_night/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I came to the terrible realization last night that I've never made a friend in college (or in life)

I've always had a bit of difficulty making friends. I've always been the "quiet kid" who never talks or the one who doesn't make eye contact, is very shy/introverted etc. In high school I had a small group of "friends" who were also a bit nerdy or whatever, but at times I didn't really feel like i was actually their friend. I never did anything with them outside of school even though they sometimes made plans w/o me, and I only sometimes participated in their conversations, etc. So I felt like I was the weird kid of the weird kids, but I thought maybe I was just being pessimistic.  
  
So now let's fast forward to college (where I currently am as a sophomore). Even though I should have an easier time making friends since there's way more like-minded people here , I was still struggling. There were a few people (like 5-10) who you could call friends, but again I never really hung out with them outside of class, and after first semester was over and I got new classes, those friends dissipated and I got new "friends".  
  
However, one friend I made first semester seemed to be more of a friend to me than anyone else (let's call her K, the first letter of her real name). I say this because every time she saw me she'd shout "HI THROWAWAY\_036!" and seemed really happy to see me. She was part of a friend circle I had first semester where I'd have class and then go to lunch afterwards. She seemed to get me to participate in the conversations with my other friends and really seemed to care. So if I had to label someone as being my best friend it would probably have to be her. Furthermore, even during second semester when she wasn't in any of my classes, we'd see each other in the dining hall and we'd find each other and sit with each other. Then we'd talk for a bit, and somehow I was never nervous or socially awkward around her. I never ran out out things to talk about. I even considered that maybe I should ask her out or something, but I never did and after what happened last night I laugh at that thought.  
  
So that was freshman year. At the beginning of Sophomore year (a couple weeks ago), I run into K outside my dorm and she says "OMG THROWAWAY\_036!!!" or something like that and never in my life was someone so happy to see me. So she says we should hang out and I agree and I say I'll just text her. So I end up doing that, but she never responds. I see her in the dining hall a couple days later and mention that I texted her and she just goes "ohh....uh yeah my phone broke" in an odd voice but says that she'll text me and then we can hang out, so I say okay. But over the next week, she doesn't do that. Instead, I text her again AND facebook message her (we're friends on facebook and she regularly uses the site and the messanger app), but still no response from either medium (except she did say "heyy got ur text this time" but when I immediately asked her afterwards about plans so hang out she says nothing). So I see her a third time in person and say I texted her again and she has a similar response but she just says she's been busy, which is completely understandable (and true by the way; she's taking 21 credits and doing 20 hours of research a week and she's in 3-5 clubs and she's an RA).  
  
That brings us to last night: I she her again for the dining hall and she says hi. I ask to sit with her since I had no one to sit with. She was sitting with another friend and just hesitates and says "well.....not now since I'm having a private convo about some boy drama with [name of girl she's with]". Odd response because I thought she trusted me and was her friend but I convinced them to let me sit with them. So I ask her how her weekend was and she says it was okay and that she went out with a bunch of friends, and that another friend came down from a nearby university. At this point I was confused because she hung out with so many people this weekend but she ignored me? If this wasn't enough the friend she was sitting with asked to get together and hang out with her right under my nose and she magically found a spot for her on her busy schedule, which was on her magically fixed phone. She was also texting other friends the whole time so yeah...her phone was not broken. And she never mentioned ANYTHING about wanting to hang out even after she mentioned how much she hung out with friends last weekend and says that "all she wants to do is hang out with friends" (but never mentions me). To top it off, she drops this on me: she says she's visiting New York next weekend, Phoenix another weekend, and Austin TX another weekend...during the semester, just on the weekend. I ask her how she does this (obviously how she has the time and money) but she just stares at me blankly and shy's "uhhh...you just go?" as if anyone can afford to do that.  
  
At this point I felt physically ill, as if I was about to pass out, cry, or both. It was a negative emotion which was some odd combination of confusion, betrayal, denial, loneliness, and depression all at once. It was so obvious after this conversation that she doesn't view me as a real friend. She really wanted to hang out with me, but couldn't even though she made plans right under my nose and casually mentioned multiple friends coming over (and when she said her "friends" it was clear I was not a member of that set...)? At this point I realized that not only was she not my friend, no one was. There's those people who talk and pretend to be interested in me like her but then they end up hanging out with their real friends and not me, which is exactly why I've never made any formal plans with my "friends" my whole life. those kids back in high school? Not my friends. It's so obvious now. I remember them all talking about their stuff that they did together outside of school without me but I just always brushed it off.  
So yeah, it sucks to come to this realization. Sorry I have to post this here because I can't tell anyone is real life since I have no friends.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/blxkjd/7_honest_things_i_wish_i_knew_before_i_started/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: 7 Honest Things I Wish I Knew Before I Started College

So you don’t want to spend $25,000 a year for college just to mess it up and have your life ruined? Great, let me share with you 7 honest things I wish I knew before I started college:  
  
Number 1: You’re going to have to figure things out yourself  
  
In college, there is no more hand holding and this means that your learning will entirely rely upon you. My experience was that in college, once you paid your tuition, having professors care about your academic success is rare, meaning that if you are struggling, you need to find ways to help yourself out. I remember starting university here in Canada and feeling totally overwhelmed in class and when I tried to talk to the professor, he would never make the time to go through my questions leaving me to have to work with his assistants in order to get the support I needed. Therefore, the first thing to know when starting college is that you will have to rely upon yourself in order to succeed.  
  
Number 2: Networking is key  
  
Sure, you signed up for college to party…I mean get a degree well one thing you cannot neglect is networking. Now, I know it is tough. As students, we are in a constant cycle of being bombarded by readings and assignments followed by midterms and finals which leaves little time to consider employment related activities. However, do you want to me the only one of your friends who graduates with no job prospects because you didn’t take the time to build relationships with employers? Therefore, the second thing to know is that networking should be prioritized when in college.  
  
Number 3: Resourcefulness equals success  
  
Honestly, I am not the smartest dude but I am probably one of the most resourceful. Being resourceful for me meant having a few high performing students in each class I could depend on for help on assignments when needed or to have available if I was given a group project to tackle. Alternatively, being resourceful also meant leveraging the school’s free services like resume writing workshops and networking fairs to help me find the best jobs possible. Therefore, the third thing you must know in order to succeed in college is how to leverage the resources around you.  
  
Number 4: You will be judged based on your major  
  
In high school, you were judged for just about everything but lucky for you, in college you will only be judged by one thing: your major. For me, I was always called a bean counter or a numbers nerd by my friends for being in accounting but guess is asking for tax help now…yeah you guessed it! Regardless of what program you are in, as long as you enjoy the subject and see a career path that will result from your hard work then don’t worry when people pass judgment on what major you chose.  
  
Number 5: College is a precious time in your life  
  
College is a fantasy land. You can sleep in during the middle of the week and any night is a good night to party. With that being said, college is still stressful and something you shouldn’t take lightly, but when in college, appreciate being able dedicate yourself to your studies and enjoy the lack of responsibilities that will soon enter your life once you start your career.  
  
Number 6: Your grades don’t matter as much as you think  
  
Sure, you’d love to bring home a good grade for your mom to put on the fridge but in reality your grades in college don’t matter as much as you think. My personal stance on grades in college is that you should try your best get the best marks possible but not at the expense blocking out all the other positive aspects. For instance, if you never attend social events, network or exercise then you are doing yourself a disservice because those grades you are striving to obtain probably won’t mean anything to you in the future. Therefore, the sixth thing you should know before starting college is that your grades matter but they aren’t everything.   
  
Number 7: Picking a major based on future earnings is wrong  
  
We all want to make it rain but at what expense? I feel fortunate that my career as an accountant has been very enriching but for a surprisingly high amount of graduates, their field of work is not as satisfying as they would have imagined even if it is paying them a fair sum of money. I feel strongly that you should follow your passion when deciding on a major in college because if you love what you do then you will surely become good enough at your craft to support yourself financially. Conversely, if you choose a major based on salary, you may be financially solid but dread each and every day you have to work making your career one long slog. So if you’re deciding on a major right now, keep in mind potential earnings but prioritize your passion for the subject if you want to maximize what you get out of college.  
  
Hope this provides some wisdom to those who are about to start their own college journeys!

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/financialaid/comments/6hynw7/how_can_i_raise_enough_money_in_3_months_to_study/), Subreddit: r/financialaid, Title: How can I raise enough money in 3 months to study in Germany?

tl;dr: I need some ideas to raise 8700 Euros (or equivalent) in 3 months.  
  
Hello, everyone. I am a young student from Mexico who just got accepted into a year-long Engineering Master's program at a very good university of applied sciences in Germany (I was pleasantly surprised, since I went to an unremarkable public university in Mexico for my undergraduate studies, and the stuff I know is mostly self-taught). However, I don't have the required savings to pay for it. It is true that universities in Germany charge no tuition, but to get a student visa (and for very good reasons) I do have to give proof of financial means for the entire year (to pay for food and accomodation), which is set to 8700EUR / 9722USD / 174,841MXN, I believe. According to my calculations, I can live in Germany with as little 500 Euros a month, but the legal requirement is higher than that.  
  
Before I proceed further, and to prevent any comments saying that "I should just work" or that "I should have planned in advance", I'll mention the following points:  
  
- I've been saving money for the last 5 years.  
- I worked while studying, lived at home with my parents (having to tolerate an unhealthy family life), skipped many lunches, etc., just to save money.  
- While I was allowed to live with in my parents' house and my father gave me a hand every now and then, I was expected to pay for my own school expenses, so that was a big money sink, even though I went to a public university.  
- I worked part-time for a relative as a web developer, but my take-home pay wouldn't exceed 3,500MXN / 174EUR / 195USD a month, because "I was just a junior developer", even though I did a better job than most people at the company. Other jobs available to students don't pay a lot better than this.  
- Salaries aren't that good for recent graduates, either. If I decided to start working right now, it would take me several years to gather the required money. At 15,000MXN / 835USD / 747EUR monthly take-home pay (in a best-case scenario), this is no surprise. It seems as though employers want talented workers but aren't willing to pay up.  
- Mexican currency has lost around 35% of its value from the time I started saving (2012), and exchange rates would annihilate any benefit I would get from saving in foreign currencies.  
  
Okay, back on topic...  
  
I used to have some savings that amounted to about 30% of the required money, and I thought I would be able to use them towards this; but I had some really big expenses lately, such as getting the Ministry of Education to process the paperwork for my Bachelor's degree, paying a certified translator to translate my university transcripts (to be able to send my applications for Master's programmes), etc., and after buying the plane ticket to Germany, my savings will drop to virtually zero.  
  
So I'm looking for alternative ways to make money, and I have 3 months left to get it. Here's a list of the things I've tried, along with an explanation of why they didn't work:  
  
- Working as an employee: as previously mentioned, I've been saving for the last 5 years, but it hasn't been enough, and the salaries in Mexico don't look very encouraging. I definitely won't be able to gather the money in 3 months as an employee, so this option is out of the question.  
- Working as a freelancer: this is a tough one. Freelancer websites certainly host a variety of well-paid programming/translation/tutoring/whatever projects, but it's hard to get chosen among the many bidders. I've literally spent days just tidying up my public profile and bidding, but I have only been chosen once for a project that paid 15 US dollars. I spent them taking tests to certify my programming skills, thinking that since I got good scores (9xth percentiles), it would be a little easier to get chosen, and I've also posted gigs on Fiverr and similar sites, but no luck so far.  
- Applying for a scholarship: in Mexico, there's a government entity (CONACyT) which gives very, very generous scholarships to study abroad. The thing is, the universities I applied to took a looong time to review the documents I sent. By the time I got the acceptance letter, scholarship applications were already closed. Besides, perhaps I shouldn't accept this scholarship, anyway, as I can't guarantee that I will return to Mexico and give something back, since my dream is to become a research scientist someday, and Germany is definitely a better place for this than Mexico is.  
- Blogging: I started writing some blogs with quality content (sometimes not 100% original, but it would be unique among the content within reach of my target audience, and I always credited the sources). When my blogs had a sizable amount of content, I applied for AdSense, but my requests were denied.  
- Opening a business: Okay, I didn't really go through the whole process, but after seeing huge amount of paperwork and the length of time it would take, it became clear that this was not a viable option. Besides, I would need to be here (and not in Germany) to take care of the business, which is exactly what I do \*not\* need. I have an entrepreneurial spirit, but apparently this is not the right time to unleash it.  
  
These are the things I'm about to try:  
  
- Developing a mobile app and deploying it to an app market: I'm very inspired by stories of relatively simple mobile apps that managed to get very popular (think Angry Birds, Flappy Bird, Candy Crush, etc.). This will take some time and won't guarantee anything, but I'm willing to take the risk.  
- Working remotely: If I'm not mistaken (and please correct me if I am), I will be granted the German student visa if I can show that I can make at least 730-ish Euros a month. I am looking for an online programming job that pays, at a minimum, 750 Euros a month (or equivalent). I believe that in the U.S., for example (and perhaps in other countries, too) companies don't need to sponsor foreign workers for a visa as long as they live outside the country, so I'll try that.  
- Applying for another scholarship: I've been looking for more available scholarships. I will hopefully find one eventually.  
- Living with a German host family: there are some families or elderly people in Germany who want people to help them with house chores in exchange for food and accomodation. This would be a perfect option. If somebody in Germany signs a paper saying that they will cover my expenses, it can be used as proof of financial resources. I think this is what au pairs do. Am I right?  
- Taking a loan: This would be a last resort, and I'd need to have a good idea of how I'm going to pay it back (interest and all).  
  
As you can see, I am willing to do some pretty unorthodox stuff to make this happen. I won't give up until I have exhausted all available options, and even then, I'll keep trying next year.  
  
I also have an admission letter to a very prestigious university in the UK, but the tuition is just ridiculous (more than 21,000 Sterling pounds), so I won't even bother trying, unless some sort of miracle happens that enables me to pay for it.  
  
Do you guys have any more ideas? I'm willing to work hard. I'm open to many things, as long as they aren't illegal or hurt somebody's honor or dignity (mine or otherwise).  
  
If you need more specific details regarding this situation, by all means PM me. Related comments or PMs will be greatly appreciated.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/end42a/feeling_like_ive_failed_at_life/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Feeling like I've failed at Life

This is really long, and I apologize for that, but please bare with me as I am really in need of support.  
  
I'm a 3rd year (out of 5) undergrad in biology. I began college majoring in Vocal Performance in the College of Music. I had never considered my future in terms of providing for myself or any type of financial or job security until my first semester of college and the harsh reality of it all led me to decide that I needed to explore other avenues.   
  
I took a semester to examine other fields of study and eventually decided on biology. My school has two different paths to take with biology, one being Molecular and Cellular, the other being Integrative, or organismal biology. Although I much prefer the MCB topics, I chose the IB route as MCB has a very strict path to follow in terms of sequence of classes and I saw pretty quickly that it would take me many years to complete the degree in that sequence with the extra foundational work I needed to get myself up to speed (I prepared myself in high school to continue with music and therefore very much lacked the math and science background I needed to begin biology) with other biology students.   
  
Anyway, I'm almost two years into my new major and I feel stuck and desperate. I love biology, with my whole heart. Music really was (and is) my dream but biology is my passion. I've thoroughly enjoyed most of the bio heavy classes I've taken and I know I chose the right major, but I'm not getting the grades I want nor the grades I think I deserve.   
  
Like most other college freshmen, I didn't know how to study. I graduated high school with a 3.85, having worked, what I thought at the time, was pretty hard. Looking back, however, I never studied but a few handful of times. Even still, I did very well. That level of work today would be earning me Fs though so I had to figure out how to be successful in college-level courses. I think I have done a pretty decent job and I've determined that on the metric of how well I feel I understand the content. I thoroughly enjoy reading my textbooks and diving deep into content, even supplemental content to help me better understand concepts at large and how they interact with each other rather than the general overview that is mostly presented in classes. By the time I am finished studying a concept, I can coherently explain pathways and mechanisms in great detail and I do so enthusiastically. When I practice, I turn to worksheets from class and sometimes problems from the text book. When studying for exams I turn to practice exams if offered and other material from class if they are not. Although I love biology and I want to learn more than just strictly the scope of the classes I'm taking, my time is very limited and grades are important so I try not to spend too much time on content beyond my classes and when practicing I focus on exercises given to me by instructors to limit any diversion away from course goals.   
  
Even still, I have a 3.1 GPA. I wanted to go to med school. My hardest classes are still yet to come (calc, physics 1&amp;2, 3 chem classes including orgo) and I have no background that will support me in these classes. I have been trying to practice and prepare my math skills as that is mostly where I falter, but I haven't been successful and I'm running out of time. I've taken precalc, finished with a C. I took a prepatory chem class, had a 90% in the class and a 91% exam average, then bombed the final despite studying and really understanding the content, ending with an 85%. I attempted physics last fall and after two panic attacks in the first couple weeks stemming from not being able to wrap my head around the concepts, I had to drop the class  
  
I put everything I have into my classes, I really do, but, somehow, I can't prove it. I have ADD and bad anxiety and for these reasons I am registered with my school's disability resource department and I get testing accommodations through them. Without my accommodation I would be doing much, much worse and I can be thankful for that. I go to therapy regularly as well and I am putting in the work to better myself and become the person I want to be. Still, sometimes I have to use the portion of my accommodation that I have for anxiety because I am too anxious to leave the house or my panic surrounding an exam is so great that I cannot take it that day. Typically this is no issue and my professors are supposed to excuse me from attendance and other assignments for that day, as well as give me the opportunity to take the exam the following day, but I had a professor this last semester that absolutely would not give me that chance and due to loop hole in her course policies and syllabus, she didn't have to. I ended with a C in that class.   
  
I've had to start considering other options after college because I know my chances of getting into a medical school are pretty slim and quite honestly I don't think I have the room in my schedule anymore to take the supplemental classes I need (biochem, a 2nd semester of orgo, psych, sociology) in addition to my major.   
  
I've been considering research, PA/NP school, and nursing school.   
  
PA/NP school seems unlikely being that they also require a higher GPA and supplemental classes, but mostly, I don't think my heart is going to be in it. I've watched some YouTube videos about PA/NP school and done a little bit of looking around online and it seems that a big thing in PA/NP interview is the \\*why\\* you want to be a PA/NP and not a MD. Although I could maybe bullshit this, I know my heart won't be into it as much as it would be in an MD and knowing myself, it will show.   
  
Nursing seems like a good option but I fear that I will always feel, or at least will have to dedicate a good portion of my life to overcoming, the sense that I am living in the shadow of doctors; Why couldn't I have tried just a little harder and gotten the MD? No disrespect to other nurses, they are incredibly important, but ever since I changed my path, I dreamed of myself in other shoes. Additionally, I have really bad feet and seeing how nurses run around for hours upon hours, I don't think I could withstand the physical demand.   
  
And research, it just doesn't seem like anything I'm interested in, although I'm starting to feel that it is my best option. I have no background in research whatsoever outside of the lab portion of my classes. I will be looking for a lab to get into this semester as it is an important part of the curriculum for bio at my school. Again the only experience I have is in the lab for class and although I understand that they are not the same, I have hated every minute of the labs I have been forced to endure. Collecting samples is mind numbing, figuring out what tools to use and for what purpose for an experiment is honestly way above my head in difficulty and analyzing data is the absolute last thing I ever want to do.   
  
I took the time last semester to get my EMT license in addition to my normal classes, just because I really like medicine and I wanted a little taste of what it was like. Now, I really have a hard time accepting the idea of a future without a medical career. The notion of being presented with a problem, investigating in order to diagnose and then dividing a plan to treat, all under the premise of not only helping and supporting someone, but providing them with a better life, is exactly the piece of me that I want to give to the world. But, due to the poor metric used measure the capability and understanding of students, I don't think I ever can. Additionally, due to my poor grades, I feel that even if I do put myself into research job, I'll never make the money I need, especially not the money I want, to support myself, a partner, a family, and my mother who needs great financial help.  
  
What can I do?  
  
Edit: I also want to add that the idea of "starting over" at a community college is something I have considered but not really an option for me as I pay for school entirely unassisted by my family, through a $15,000 scholarship that ends next year and loans for all the rest. Financial security is extremely important to me and being $100,000 in debt seems to override financial security of any kind unless I somehow become a millionaire.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ahc9s4/some_advice_from_a_senior/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Some Advice from a Senior

Hey guys I made a post a few days ago with some advice as an RA pertaining to living in dorms mostly, this is just some things I’ve learned over my years at college, hopefully it helps   
  
  
- It’s okay to not know what major you want to be  
  
Don’t decide on a major if you’re iffy about it. Give yourself time to think, you have probably a year’s worth of prereqs to blow through before you likely need to decide for sure. High school places a lot of emphasis on knowing what you want to do but the truth is: there’s a sizable amount of people who go into college not knowing, even people who have declared a major may not know. If you’re hesitant to get started on something, switch your major to undeclared until you’re ready.  
  
- Switch majors if you’re unhappy   
  
Don’t keep paying for something you don’t want to do. Even if it sets you back, that’s better than being stuck with a degree you don’t want to pursue and regretting it later on. The conversation may be hard to have with your parents or your partner or whomever but in the end you’re there to find your success and your happiness, not to wind up somewhere you don’t want to be.  
  
- Take advantage of student services   
  
Your tuition is covering a lot of services you may not know about but are free to you to use. Many campus have an on staff therapist or two if you need to sit down and talk with someone. Even more campuses have a health center that will provide you with basic medical supplies and medicine; some even give free STD screenings and shots. It’s likely every single college has a gym of some sort where you can go to run, lift, or use the courts to play basketball or other games. There’s a lot you campus has to offer, use it while you can before you’re out of there and are have to pay for it out of pocket.  
  
- C’s get degrees but don’t expect a reference  
  
If you’re aiming to just get your Bachelor’s or Associate’s degree then getting C’s are fine. You’re overall GPA does matter depending on what field you’re going into, and especially if you plan on continuing to graduate school, but in the end getting straight Cs is not as detrimental as it was in high school. THAT SAID, don’t expect a reference from any of your professors if you’re putting in the bare minimal effort just to pass.  
  
- Don’t EVER buy a textbook until the first day of class unless told to do so ahead of time   
  
Plain and simple, text books are a fucking scam. They’re overpriced when brand new and some classes force online portions just to ensure you can’t get it rented or used. Don’t spend the money unless you have 100% confirmation you have to, and even then if you don’t need a brand new text, use Chegg.com to save you loads. Even then, some classes will claim to need a textbook but wind up never using it so ask around to see if you truly do actually “need” it.   
  
- Hang out anywhere else but your dorm room  
  
I know it can be intimidating when you’re in a new place but it’s not healthy to be hold up in your room during all of your free time. Most dorms have a lobby of some sort, so if you want to read a book or play a game on your handheld, go do it in the lobby; it’ll get you out of your room and maybe even meeting new people. People who stay shut in their dorms tend to be more lonely and even depressed.   
  
- Make sure you know each of your professor’s attendance policy   
  
Each professor is different with varying levels of how strict they can be. If you can only miss three days, you better be sure you count how many you have left before they start docking you points. If they are incredibly lax about it, don’t abuse it because you’re only going to hurt yourself   
  
- Just get up to use the bathroom if you need  
  
Don’t make a big deal about it. Don’t try to draw attention to yourself. Just get up and leave and no one will care. Professors cannot forbid you from leaving under any circumstance and if they try to then you can challenge that with the dean. You’re an adult, you do what you need to do.   
  
- Be nice to your professors  
  
This should go without saying but remember they at people too and deserve your respect. Not only are they taking time from their life to help you further your education but they are also a valuable resource. Many professors have some sort of credibility and can be a great reference down the line if you’ve put in the work and haven’t tainted your name.   
  
- Don’t join a frat or sorority until your second semester at the earliest   
  
College takes time to get used to. It’s a different lifestyle with a different type of workload and you will need time to adjust. As fun as frats and sororities may seem, they’re also going to ask to take a good chunk of your free time that you may need. At that, depending on what sort they are, if you’re going to get into the party lifestyle with these organizations, at least know you can handle your work and school life first. I’ve seen so many students join a frat or sorority their first semester only to get completely burnt out because they weren’t able to handle balancing both of these completely new lives.   
  
- Don’t abuse your newfound freedom  
  
For many freshman this is your first time away from home, and while freedom is nice you do need to realize that it can easily be taken away as well. Yes, you’re going to want to party and stay up incredibly late and try a ton of new things you never got to do but realize that you’re paying a lot of money to get an education first and all these other things second. If you don’t take care of yourself or your educational duties first, you can easily find yourself right back at home with your parents should you screw up too bad. Realize that this is a privilege you have, and while you are an adult and you’re now making your own decisions, you still have to abide by the rules of the school. Be responsible.  
  
- There’s so much free stuff! Take it!  
  
Health services provides condoms. IT usually provides Ethernet cables for the dorm. Various offices likely have free pens and notebooks if you need them.   
  
- Assigned seats aren’t a thing but they sort of are  
  
After the first week everyone tends to settle into a pattern. If the class is small enough there’s no harm in switching seats but just keep in mind if it’s already taken. Its not a major issue but most people resort to sitting in the same spot just out of habit.   
  
- Take a semester off if you need to, or withdraw if college isn’t for you  
  
College is fucking expensive and your personal health and well-being comes first. If you need a break, the campus isn’t going anywhere and you can always come back. College is not for everyone, and though I will always promote furthering your education and bettering yourself in that regard. The truth is that the college environment isn’t for everyone and depending on what you want to do, you may not even need it. Don’t put yourself in debt for an experience you’re unsure of or don’t need. So many people are pushed into college before knowing what they want to do, don’t rack up the debt if you’re unsure of what path you want to take. It’s better to wait and be sure on where you want to go rather than get halfway through and realize you’re not following your passion; you’ll be wasting your time and be in debt you could have avoided. It’s okay to not know. It’s okay to take your time. It’s okay if college isn’t the route you want to take.   
  
- Don’t take a semester of all online classes ever if you live in dorms and/or don’t work  
  
I’ve had a few friends think this is a good idea and found themselves bored out of their minds. Online classes tend to be self paced and you can get most of it done a lot quicker than you would otherwise. While free time sounds great, if you don’t have anything to fill that time then the semester is going to drag on. If you think you’re going to spend that time with friends, remember they all have classes too and are going to likely be busy when you’re free.   
  
- Sleep is important  
  
For the love of god get some sleep. I only just learned how to have an actual okay sleep schedule and I’m finding myself being so much more productive than I ever was. There will be nights where you’re up until 3am writing papers or doing research but for the days you’re not, please get some sleep. Take melatonin if you need, it’s a life saver. You will be amazed at how much better your life will be when you’re not heading to bed at 3am and needing to be up at 7 or 8am.   
  
- You don’t need a ton of supplies  
  
Every freshman makes the mistake of overbuying supplies and in reality you’ll only need a few notebooks, some pens and pencils, and whatever specific material is needed for a class. Save your money, don’t go overboard. Buy supplies as you need them, don’t preemptively purchase a ton of things you’ll never use.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/t6x3x/i_dug_myself_into_a_hole_in_my_life_and_i_could/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I dug myself into a hole in my life, and I could use your help, Reddit.

Hey there, Reddit. I have a bit of a story to tell about the mistakes I have made in the past year that have gradually brought me to the lowest point of my life thus far. It is all a bit jumbled, but it all adds up to where I am now. I apologize if it is a bit long.  
  
All the way up through high school, I didn't have to try to do well in school. It was a walk in the park for me. I graduated high school with a 4.0 and was accepted to a university with scholarships that basically paid for everything, which is extremely nice because my parents cannot afford to put me through school. So I picked a college that was only a few hours from home and moved into an apartment with my two best friends. When the semester started, everything was great. I had over $4000 in the bank from leftover scholarship money, a job doing web coding from home, and classes that I really enjoyed. I also had a girlfriend of over 2 years whom I went home to see every weekend. It was great.  
  
But it didn't last.  
  
It started with the realization that I didn't always have to go to class since attendance wasn't a big issue. I didn't have anyone but me to push me to get up and go to class in the morning, so I didn't go all the time. It caught up with me though, and at the end of the semester, I ended up with a 2.89 GPA. I told myself that I would make up for it this semester by taking 19 credit hours. In reality, I could have really helped myself by doing this, but it only hurt. I started giving zero fucks about going to class and doing homework. Instead, I sat at home and played video games all day long, which I used my scholarship money to pay for. I actually ended up spending all of my scholarship money on a variety of things, from video games, to TVs, to $300 light sabers, to whatever the fuck I wanted. Did I mention I lost the job I had at the beginning of the semester? Basically, I ran out of money, and I killed my grades by not going to class. To add to it all, I've been lying to my family, my friends, and my girlfriend about my grades, so they all think I'm doing great. I'm not.  
  
What I have yet to mention are my relationship troubles, but here I go! Basically, I have been living a lie for the past 3 years. I acted like somebody that I'm not around her, but I did it because she was my first girlfriend and I didn't want to lose her. She fell in love with me, and I convinced myself to fall in love with her. Besides that, in the first month of being with her, I cheated on her with a random girl I met at a camp over summer. I cheated on her again my senior year with a freshman. I cheated on her two more times over summer with a close friend of mine. And those are just the times that I got lucky enough to be able to cheat. The worst part is that the reason I have been cheating on her is because I don't love her. There was a time when I did, but I don't now. We just don't fit. She doesn't find me funny, she doesn't like that I play video games, she hates Reddit, she hates my roommate whom I have been best friends with for 12 years, she doesn't like to hang out with my family (now I'm ranting), and for some stupid reason, I can't seem to end our relationship and move on, and it is eating away at me.  
  
Now I sit here at the end of my first year in college with no money, no job, and no scholarships. On top of that, I continue letting myself be torn apart by a relationship that I can't stand. Hey, but at least I have my games! I'm just tired. I find myself saying this quite a bit. I'm just tired. When people ask me what I'm tired of, I don't even know what to say. But I do. I'm afraid to admit it to myself, but I'm tired of life.  
  
I am really unhappy right now. It's the main reason I play video games so often. They help me escape to a life that isn't this. But I can't do that forever.  
  
Honestly, good people of Reddit, I am not going to kill myself. I am not going to start doing meth. I am not going to give up. But I sure as hell feel like doing all of it (in that order!). The worst part for me is that I feel like these problems aren't that big of a deal, and that my life could be a lot worse. I feel like I need a reset button, like I need to go back to the beginning of August and redo everything. But I can't. I have to push on.  
  
This is where you come in. What can I do, Reddit? What do I do about school? What do I do about my girlfriend? I am just so lost, and I need advice, guidance, anything. I need someone to tell me to quit being a pussy and get back to work. I need someone to tell me that I'm not the only one who has been through this. I need someone to tell me that everything will be ok in the long run. Because right now, I don't feel like everything is going to be ok. I used to be so happy-go-lucky about everything.  
  
Help me get back on my feet, Reddit?  
  
TL;DR: I am broke, jobless, going to lose my scholarships, and I'm in a relationship I don't want to be in. Any advice?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/tqixm/unsure_what_to_do_after_brother_in_law_almost/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Unsure what to do after brother in law almost beat me

My dad owns a construction company. I've worked for him as I guess what you would call the secretary since I was 16. I handle all the paper work, bookings, meetings, phone calls etc. I'll admit the pay sucks but I guess I'm doing it more as a favor. In return I get to live in their giant mansion rent free and eat their food. My family is Russian and old fashioned. They're convinced a girl is supposed to stay at home until she gets married. He says there's no point for me to live in my own apartment slave away for rent money when their house is big enough for ten families. I don't mind it and I'll admit, I wouldn't want any other job. They pay for a lot of my things even if I don't ask. So I don't feel bad I sort of have this system where if the item I want is something I want and not need I'll pay for it myself. Like video games, nail polish etc. My dad sometimes shows up with random expensive items every few months. I know it's sort of a "I don't really know you and never spend any time with you so here, have a brand new Xbox". He's done it since I was a kid.   
  
My sister married the worlds biggest douchebag. He wants to be rich but he doesn't want to get his hands dirty. He has a huge temper, say the wrong thing and you better hide or you'll see something flying at you. He's really, really big on saying hurtful things but can't handle it if someone else say things to him.  
  
My sister was 16 when they started dating. My parents didn't want her dating him. He was about 10 years older than her and they knew he was an alcoholic and knew about his temper. Of course she didn't listen and ended up hating them because of it, she did a lot of stupid shit to hurt my parents. I think they eventually gave up and let her do what she wanted.  
  
I was about 14 at the time. I was a geek, building computers, video games, making money off freelance web design. He had an issue with geeks and would constantly make fun of me. It didn't bother me at all since my entire family makes fun of me for being a geek. I was pretty snarky when I was younger, everytime he would say something to try and hurt me I usually had something to return to him. Like hey, how's your bank account? How does it feel knowing that a 14 year old can make more money than you and I don't even have to leave the house. At first I thought he was mostly joking so I did too but one day after a chair came flying at me I found out he in fact really had issues with geeks.  
  
When I built my first computer I had a friend over who in fact had a huge crush on me but I friend zoned him. He was helping me when my sister and her future husband walked in. I can't remeber what he said but my friend was shocked at how he was treating me and trying to defend me he immediately said "Whats the point of making fun of nerds? You'll end up working for one someday". He threw such a fit that he stole the keys to my Camaro and totaled it.  
  
Short story about the car. My dad never had a son and it's really big with Russians to have a son and I know he wishes he did but I guess he's in luck because I love cars. Taking them apart and putting them back together gives the same thrill as if I were doing it on a computer. One weekend we ran into an old retired guy and his Camaro. The car was amazing, had literally never been used. He said he wanted to give the car to his son but the motor was way too powerful. My dad and I admired it and the next day I found out he bought it for me. I wasn't even 16 and couldn't drive. I fucking loved my car.   
  
My parents tried to hide it from me. My dad said he sold it back to the original owner but my mom couldn't stand lying to me and told me the truth. After my future brother in law got to it, my dad and I decided to sell it instead of fix it. After I found out he totaled it I walked up to him and said "Seriously just stop. You're the biggest fucking douchebag I have ever met just fucking stop". He's never said a word to me ever since. It's been 7 years and he can't even look me in the eye. He does however, talk a lot of shit about me. I hear it from family and other friends. It's like he literally has such a huge thing against me he'll go out of his way to talk shit about me.  
  
After they got married he got fired from his job for being lazy, showing up late, drinking on the job etc. He did nothing for years. My sister ended up taking two jobs all while he sat at home and complained about not being rich. After they had their car taken away from them and house my dad did them a huge favor and bought them a house if he promised to get a job. After months my sister begged my dad to give him a job. My dad knew it would be a bad idea but even my dad was too scared to say no. Of course this meant he now has to take orders from me. The very first day my dad told me to not go easy on him because he's family. My dad likes getting the job done.  
  
As expected, he didn't show up on the first day, or the second, or third. I didn't feel like calling him personally so I called my sister and said "Hey you know dad is doing you a huge favor for giving him a job the least he could do is actually show up". I asked my dad what he wanted to do, he just got a blank look on his face and said "Nothing for now". I knew I had to let it go. I knew my dad was too nice to say something. I knew I had to write his first pay check that he didn't deserve and mail it.  
  
Aparently my sister had told him what I had said over the phone and it pissed him off greatly. My office is above my dads workshop. I knew I was the last one to leave since I always am. There's a window right next to my desk that shows the parking lot and I remember that day there were no cars except mine. I walked down a huge set of stairs and saw him there. I usually try to avoid him as much as possible because I'm afraid I'll open my mouth and end up saying something that will piss him off. I didn't know what to do, I didn't feel like running back upstairs and wait for him to leave. I kept on going. The door wasn't far. I'd lock up and leave. When he noticed me coming down the stairs he laughed and said a bunch of shit. Shit like my parents hated me and I was the biggest pathetic loser on the planet, that I was a burden to my parents and my entire family wished I was dead. I opened my mouth and said "See you Monday?". Knowing he's been working for my dad for months but never actually showed up for work for a single day. He immediately threw a wrench at me. I guess all my years of playing video games paid off because I dodged it quickly. I was a little pissed off at that but kept on going. He kept throwing things at me but missing. Clearly drunk. Screw driver, small tools. I had dodged them so far and his aim sucked I figured I could make it to the door. Half way down the stairs I look up. I see a saw blade flying at me. I lost my balance trying to dodge it and ended up falling off half a set of stairs. I hit my head on the edge of one of those metal work bench tables. I don't remember anything after.   
  
I was in the Hospital for a while after. Aparently the blow to the head caused a seizure and I had multiple seizures while being in the Hospital.  
  
The sad thing is he didn't even bother calling 911 or anyone else. He went home. When I didn't come home for dinner (I am never not home for dinner. I wouldn't miss my moms cooking) and didn't answer my phone my dad came to the office looking for me.  
  
I've been out of the Hospital for a few weeks now but feel absolutely shitty. I feel incredibly weak like energy is constantly being drained out of me. My body tremples. My head feels fucked up. I'm constantly dizzy. Not the spin in your chair dizzy but like warping. It's hard for me to explain to Doctors. Sometimes the dizziness will get so bad I have to lay down and I'll get nauseous. The nausea will cause me to throw up, a lot. The only way to explain how my head feels is I feel like I'm constantly under water. I've had mulriple MRI's but there's nothing wrong with my brain. If I lay completely still and don't move my body will start feeling fine. My head will stop pounding but once I move or get up it goes back to feeling like shit. I'm still undergoing lots of tests but they're taking long.  
  
I guess it doesn't help that I feel somewhat severely depressed. I know I didn't get lucky and find a guy at 16 to marry like my family wanted. I know I didn't go to some fancy University and get some fancy degree. I know I don't have a real job but never thought I needed one. I know I'd rather spend a Friday night at home doing whatever makes me feel good if a bubble bath or video game but my parents have never said anything about my life style. In fact my mom still praises me for not getting into drugs like the many cousins I have. I want to leave. Completely. Move away from my family for good. Get out of their lives and stop being a "burdon" but the fact that I can't do anything at all right now pisses me off. I barely finished high school. I've never had any job experience other than working for my dad. I'm scared to death when it comes to driving. What if I get a seizure while driving and cause an accident and kill someone.   
  
My mom and my dad imedietly talked to me after I woke up in the Hospital begging me not to press charges or even speak of it. I didn't even think of it since him being angry to the point where he wants to kill you is kind of a normal thing. But now, after feeling so shitty for so many weeks it's been on my mind. I know it would tear apart my family. I don't even know if it's a "case" or what I would gain from "winning". My sister and I have never really got along good. I don't want to make my parents choose a side. I don't want to cause any more drama. I've learend that with my brother in law you smile, never say a word go along with whatever his plan is and everyone is happy.  
  
My brother in law is telling friends and family that he in fact wasn't there at all. My dad caught me watching the security tapes once and locked them in his safe after. I'm not sure if he's hiding them from me so I wont continue to watch them and feel like crap over it or if he's locking them away for some other reason.  
  
Just yesterday my dad got an ear full from my brother in law asking him why he doesn't defend his daughter more (my sister). I know he didn't say anything back to him but he did say to my mom "What about my other daugther? How am I supposed to defend both of them?".   
  
I can let it go. I just wish it never happened because I physically feel like shit.  
  
Please excuse the bad English. It's not my first language.   
  
tldr; feeling like shit after taking a blow to the head which caused a seizure because my brother in law threw some tools at me.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/8s0d61/ive_been_thrown_into_a_situation_im_completely/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: I've been thrown into a situation I'm completely unprepared for and have no experience with, and it's severely impacting my mental health. Can you give me some advice to cope?

I don't mean this in the way that working a regular 9-5 sucks but is manageable, I mean that the job I'm working at until August is so genuinely depressing that I need advice on what to do.  
  
I'm a 21 year old male (rising senior) working at an NGO in Athens that helps unaccompanied refugee boys with social services and legal aid. These kids have been through absolute hell, and seeing them try to make sense of the shitty hand they've been dealt is way beyond anything I can handle right now. I help the lawyers that they have on staff and do some fundraising/clerical stuff, but my main job is teaching English and working at the study/drop-in center so I interact with the boys a lot.  
  
The stories I've been privy to and the way that these kids have dealt with it is both deeply saddening and incredibly inspiring. These kids are in a country that's hostile to their mere presence most of the time (I'm not blaming Greeks at all, but fuck the EU for their handling of this) and are deeply traumatized. Most of the kids really try to make a connection with the staff, but they're very emotionally guarded and don't know what to do about it. One moment they'll be fine and just acting like kids and the next they'll lash out at one another and start fighting. I have two brothers, so I know that boys fight and it's not a big deal, but the look in their eyes is just fearful and deeply angry. I used to be homeless, so I understand the deep sense of insecurity of not knowing where you're going to sleep or how you're gonna get by. But I had my mom and brothers to lean on, and these kids are just on their own. Some of the boys (they're all under 16) have had to resort to drug dealing or even prostitution just to be able to scrape by while living in squats or parks, and it absolutely breaks my heart to see. A lot of the kids are depressed and many self harm (visible scars on their wrists).  
  
And while the staff are all great people and genuinely want what's best for the kids, sometimes they get overwhelmed and lash out at the kids. For example my boss absolutely berated a young Afghan boy for messing up a lacquer job on a table (the NGO is partnering with a well-known US research university to do technical workshops) to the point where I had to step in and tell him to chill, and the kid didn't even react. He just shut down, and it made me so incredibly sad. This kid is 13 and did carpentry in Turkey just to get here, fuck off with shaming him for slightly messing up lacquering a table when he's never done it before. Like what are these kids gonna do? That profound sense of uncertainty about your own future is pernicious and toxic.  
  
It's just incredibly jarring to be talking to a kid (mostly in a pidgin language of Farsi, English, and Greek) normally and have him drop an incredibly traumatic detail. Last Wednesday I was doing a private English lesson with an 11 year old Kurdish boy from Syria and we were talking about soccer, and he asked me if I were any good. I told him I liked to watch, but I'm better at other sports and told him about the time tore a ligament in my ankle playing soccer. He chuckled at the thought of that and then told me about the time he stepped on a landmine when he was 7 years old and how he can barely see now because of it. This kind of shit is so common when you talk to these kids, and we're just collectively so absolutely cold and uncaring in response. It's an incredible societal numbness that I can't even begin to understand. They're just kids, but their childhood has been robbed from them and they don't know anything else. I'm also living in one of the big immigrant neighborhoods here, and it's disgraceful to see the way that needy people who are absolutely capable of making a contribution are being absolutely left behind.  
  
I understand their situation on a very limited level because when I was in high school me, my mom, and my two brothers were homeless for a little while and I can remember just how helpless I felt. We had to steal from grocery stores and sneak out of dingy motels when we couldn't pay, but somehow I got into a good college that's funding this whole summer for me. Believe me I don't take any of this for granted, but it shouldn't take a stroke of blind luck to make sure that kids have the opportunity for a decent life. This whole thing just makes me feel so helpless and hopeless because a lot of these kids remind me of myself when I was their age, and it's so sad to look into their guarded and leery eyes and reassure them when I have no idea what's gonna happen.  
  
You can see from this post that I'm getting very cynical, and my thinking is maybe a little too emotional. What can I do about that? How can I cope with this job? I can't quit because I would feel so incredibly guilty about leaving these kids behind just because I'm uncomfortable.  
  
TLDR: My summer internship is very depressing, and I don't really know how to cope. Do you have any advice?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/faco8e/to_the_people_who_dont_want_to_go_to_their/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: To the people who don't want to go to their graduation and think it's stupid, I hate you.

I live in S. Korea. I moved away from my home, to another country, and took a different life path than the norm. I was previously a college drop out and i felt stuck and helpless. I spent one year in language school learning Korean, and saw the opportunity to study and get my degree at a well-known insitution (of the top 3 in the country) for MUCH cheaper tuition cost than in the USA as an opportunity. I worked my ass off, adjusted to a completely different educational system, took half my classes in my 2nd language. I visited home \*\*twice\*\* over the past 7 years that I have lived here. Every summer and winter vacation I could have taken extra classes to graduate sooner, but I couldn't because i needed the time to take on extra part-time work to earn my tuition and living expenses. It was hard but I survived it. I experienced a serious sexual assault case on the eve of my birthday by a complete stranger as I was going home from work, spent half the day in the police station and the other half packing my stuff because my male flatmate and so-called friend decided that being raped meant i was no longer a trustworthy housemate. I spent time homeless. I endured abuse and manipulation from messed up relationships with narcissists and fuckboys.   
  
I failed my first semester because i got pneumonia during finals while trying to work a bartending job 5 days a week. A year later I almost died of a heart infection triggered by what later came to be found as a diagnosis for an autoimmune disorder. I joined my school's women's soccer team, which i liked and found a way to make some new friends and have some sense of a social life and be able to do something that felt part of my identity. I got into health and fitness and started taking better care of my body, stopped working unhealthy jobs where i was badly mistreated as a foreigner and as a female, even if the pay was less. Then I tore my ACL and had to have surgery, and was out of sport and the gym for several months. I dove into my studies and said "fuck you" to everyone around me, I cut out my social life (which was already not much to begin with) but I blasted through my courses and kept my GPA up and my bills paid. Eventually I got into a routine and was able to start being social again and I met some of the best friends I thought I could have, and my current boyfriend who i've been together with for over a year. He's as asshole sometimes and nobody is perfect but he definitely loves and respects me. I got closer to God, and found new peace in faith. It took me 11 semesters (5.5 years) but i finally finished all my credits and I was set up to graduate this week. (our academic year starts in March) I finished a dual degree and a minor.   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Then because of the coronavirus and increasing tensions regarding the situation, our school cancelled the graduation ceremony. Then they cancelled the opportunity to rent the gowns and at least take pictures on campus.   
  
I went in today to pick up my diploma. The lady in the office just handed me two pieces of card stock and gestured to a table for the hard cover book and told me i can take one to put my certificates inside. Then I went outside, and for some reason, people were all over campus with their friends and families, dressed up nice, taking pictures, wearing the gowns, getting flowers, happy and excited. Despite all the chaos and stress with this virus situation. Yet there I was, not even showered, with bloody gauze in my mouth (i had dental surgery earlier that morning), alone, with this stupid book in my hands. I felt angry and bitter. My family can't fly out here to celebrate with me. None of my friends remembered, and I couldn't invite them out for photos and stuff since the event was supposed to be cancelled. With the virus, and people usually busy with their lives and other things on the weekends, I didn't bother to plan a graduation party because I already knew that half of the people I really wanted to be there wouldn't come. My boyfriend didn't even call or text me today to congratulate me. Instead, I have endured waiting for him to tell me about how much stress and pressure he has been under because his parents are splitting - i know about it, but not the details, but after over a year he still hasn't said a word to me about it. So whatever happened today put him in a bad mood and all he could say to me today was "leave me alone." Wow, babe, thanks. I couldn't even get a "Congratulations babe, i'm so proud of you, listen i'm sorry things are not good for me right now, but i love you and let's celebrate later. " I know that if I hadn't posted a picture of my diploma on social media not a single person would have remembered to say anything to me, and even then, i get a bunch of comments on IG and Facebook but no personal messages, no phone calls. Nothing. Because of time zone differences I can't even call my family and talk to them.   
  
I paid for this out of my pocket. I uprooted my life, and suffered through so much, I'm about to be 30 this year and I'm finally a college graduate. Yet this most important milestone, that's supposed to be a most important day full of happiness and celebration, I spent the entire day alone in my apartment crying all day long without anyone giving a single shit, eating soggy spaghetti because of stupid stitches in my mouth. With all of that, it's impossible to feel happy for myself. Spending so many years in chronic anxiety and stress just pushing and pushing all for this day, and nothing comes. Yes I'm grateful for the opportunity to even go to school and graduate at all, i'm grateful that i'm not sick with coronavirus and i'm healthy and i have my home to live in. I'm grateful for the people who did support me and stuck around when i went through dark times, and made the less-dark times more light and enjoyable memories. But TODAY, no one was there for me. Nobody. And i didn't even have a cheesy boring ceremony to at least make it somewhat special and give me the acknowledgment I fucking earned for my achievement.  
  
So all of you people who don't want to go to your commencement, who think graduation is stupid and a waste of time, \*fuck you\*. You should appreciate the opportunity you have to have such a thing. Even if your parents or family isn't supportive, even if your GPA wasn't that great, you have your friends and classmates and the atmosphere. you have photos to look back on as proof and reminders of that amazing thing you achieved. You at least have the choice.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ogn4s/dear_reddit_my_cousin_was_wrongfully_reported_by/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Dear Reddit, my cousin was wrongfully reported by her husband of being mentally unstable and violent towards her daughter. Subsequently she was arrested and he is now mia with their 6 y.o daughter My family is confused, shocked and very hurt by his actions.

My cousin and her husband moved to the bay area from Bangalore, India 5 years ago. Both of them were born and brought up in India. He has a masters in computer engineering and she was a veterinary doctor in India. They have a beautiful 6 year old daughter. Her husband works in IT in the bay area and as of the past year she stays at home to take care of her daughter. This past christmas break her husband did not allow her or her child to come visit our family for our usual christmas get together.   
  
My cousin's parents (grand parents of the child) had been staying with them and when they said they were planning on driving down to visit our family anyways he refused to allow them to use any of the cars. They ended up renting a car and staying with the rest of our family in central california until early dec 24th morning. While they were with us my uncle expressed his concerns about his son in laws erratic behavior. He would often ask him to invest in what my uncle saw as a plain out pyramid scheme. My uncle repeatedly refused to invest is the schemes and he would get very angry with him. My uncle and aunt drove back on the 24th since they didn't want my cousin and their grand daughter to be alone on christmas day as he did not permit going to any of the parties they were invited to there.  
My uncle and aunt left to visit India 2 weeks ago and so it has been cousin, her husband and daughter alone again.   
  
The following events lead up to the arrest of my cousin:  
My uncle called my dad up, from India concerned about the fact that my cousin's husband had taken her to a psychiatrist this past Thursday and gotten her a 'diagnosis' of schizophrenia. She was given a prescription by the psychiatrist (who we have now found out is apparently a friend of her husband's), who told her to take the medication that evening. My cousin is unfortunately a very naive person. When she recounted to her sister, later that evening, that the psychiatrist had said "You should have been a more diplomatic person in your marriage otherwise you wouldn't have gotten yourself here would you? In a psychiatric office". She didn't seem to realize there was anything off about the Dr. saying that to her until her sister pointed it out.   
  
My uncle got in touch with my dad who is an Internal Medicine Dr and explained the situation. My dad reviewed the diagnosis with her while her husband was at work. He basically found it to be complete horseshit and the medication prescribed (i will find out the details asap) as absolutely unwarranted. He made sure to consult with three psychiatrists at the hospital he works at and to over the treatment plan that was given to my cousin. They all unanimously said that it was absolutely unnecessary for her to be on such strong medication after a first time visit. Basically something that would knock her out for a good 16 hours after she took it.   
  
Upon calling my cousin back with this information my Dad found himself admist an argument between my cousin and her husband. She had hid the medications because she felt uncomfortable taking them (since she had an idea of what they would do to her) and her husband was furious and was yelling at her to find them and to take them. My dad spoke to her husband, to both of them and said trying to calm them down and told them he would drive up to the bay area first this Friday morning and they would all sit and talk. He also told them that he would get my cousin an appointment a well qualified UCSF psychiatrist he is familiar with so that they could have another evaluation done. My dad ensured them he would help figure this all out and had talked them down until they seemed to be calm. He also said that and absolutely under no circumstances should my cousin take those pills. My cousin's husband was very disgruntled with my dad at the end of the conversation.   
  
My cousin called her sister a little bit after this conversation and recounted to her that her husband stepped out of the apartment and she overhead him speaking to on the phone to someone she didn't know on the phone. Apparently he said "Looks like our plan is going to fail now, she's got her uncle driving up here tomorrow morning".  
  
 Friday morning her husband dropped her daughter off at school but 2 hours late. He then called up the police and claimed that his wife physically abuses their daughter and that she is cruel to her. Child protective services was called into her daughter's school and questioned her about if her mom hits her etc etc. She answered yes to a questions such as "does your mom hit you". Her husband gave a colorful police report about my cousin being mentally unstable and a diagnosed schizophrenic hence he wanted a restraining order. He then with his daughter in his car directed the police to his apartment where my cousin was alone at home. When she answered the door he was there with the police to positively identify her as his wife. She was taken too the station and was very confused about what was going on. He husband didn't say a word to her as they took her away he got in his car with his daughter and that is the last anyone has heard from him. My cousin was arrested and was to be held until tuesday at which point she would be admitted into a psychiatric inpatient clinic for evaluation.   
  
When she questioned on her husband about if he was a good father etc she replied yes and spoke of him only in a positive light. She was still confused that he was actually pressing charged against her. She thought that maybe a neighbor had mistakenly heard them yelling or something and her husband was actually somewhere in the station trying to explain things/get her out. She was also given a 2 month restraining order from seeing her child on the ground of her being mentally unstable as per evidenced in the psychiatric evaluation she had received the day before. She called up my parents and they drove up to the bay area this afternoon and bailed her out. In the meantime her husband has not picked up any phone calls from his relatives or her relatives or friends. The neighbors have been periodically checking their apartment to see if anyone is home and so far they had reported that the lights have remained off. And no one seems to be home.  
  
My mom is a pediatrician and is quite familiar with child/physical abuse cases. She often visits my cousin and her daughter over the weekend and while she is no expert or a social worker she seems to be convinced that she has not seen any signs of physical abuse or indications. My mom seems to think that the few hours that my niece turned up late for school her dad may have been having her rehearse what she should say to social workers. I've grown up with my cousin and find it extremely shocking that someone would accuse her of that. Our entire family is in shock and were still trying to gather up all the information to get a full picture.  
  
My uncle tells us that, while they stayed with them, my cousins husband would often provoke her into an argument and when she became heated enough to yell back he would record it on his phone. When asked why he was doing it he would lie or evade the question.  
  
It seems to us that at the bottom of all of this is an unhappy marriage that her husband was possibly trying to get out of and have sole custody of his daughter. A year and a half ago my cousin enrolled in a graduate veterinary course in Louisiana that allowed her to complete a certain number of credits and give her experience to practice as a licensed vet in the US. She lived in Louisiana for 8 months, during which she visited the bay area only 2 times as her husband had said to much flying back and forth would be expensive. It is now seeming very likely possible that during this time period her husband may have met someone. It seems to my family that a lot of her husbands actions have been premeditated so as to gain sole custody of their child upon separation.  
  
There is also a concern that he may have had money problems while being tied up in the pyramid schemes he was asking people to invest in as I had mentioned above. The other factor is that divorce is extremely taboo in the south asian community still and someone must take the blame when it happens. In this case we feel that my cousin being harmful to her child was the case her husband wanted to build for a separation. In addition they have both in the midst of the process of getting a green card and my family seems to think that having her arresting may lead to deportation when they review her for any criminal record.  
  
At this point what can we do at this point to ensure that her daughter is safe? Since my cousin cannot see her due to the restraining order and no one has been in contact with the husband we are worried that we will not see her again. The husband has not even answered his own parent's phone calls. Can she go to the court and try and fight this? What are the most important things she should do at this point. We are also very worried that it is very hard for my cousin to disprove a lot of the accusations that her husband has made as she has no evidence to back her up. Any social workers, attorneys, people who are familiar with custody issues please offer me any advice and guidance in this situation.  
Sorry for all the grammatical errors or punctuation issues I'm just writing everything in a hurry. I will update with more information as soon as I receive it. And thank you for reading through all this up there for all those who managed to!  
  
\*\*TL;DR- My cousin's husband seems to have completely screwed her over got her diagnosed as a schizophrenic by a questionable doctor as a way to get sole custody of their child. He had her arrested for child abuse and as she was in jail trying to figure it out he has now disappeared with their 6 year old and no one has heard from them.\*\*  
  
Edit 1: I added paragraph breaks I didn't notice the formatting first pass! Sorry about that! Punctuation and grammar fixes.  
  
Edit 2: My cousin's sister called the cops to report that no one has heard from the husband since and they are concerned for the welfare of their niece. The cops said that since he is the biological father there is nothing they can do but they offered to go check the apartment and no one was home they arrived and they said if no one hears word to call back again tomorrow.  
 My cousin is also now bailed out of jail. She told me Psychiatrist she was scheduled to see did not actually see her and another lady introduced herself as "not the doctor who usual works there but came in just for this case since your husband requested". She didn't state her qualifications and the prescription she was given was written on the pad of the original doctor who was supposed to consult her. Her husband was very insistant on seeing just this doctor and no one else.  
  
Edit 3: There is a psychiatric nurse that my cousin's husband supposedly kept company with. She was known to my cousin as one of his close friends (looking like possibly more than that) and she set up the appt with the psyc doctor.  
  
Edit 4: I read the statement given by her daughter that supposedly qualified for abuse it read "My mom slapped my hand with a spatula 5 times because I misbehaved"...when asked if it hurts my niece replied "Sometimes it does"...When asked has she done it before her reply was "once before in November". I feel like they should have sent someone home to to interview my cousin as well?? This was done at her daughters school. In addition when the police arrested her they said it was due to her "mental illness" to which she replied I'm fine. And they said they have information from her husband that she had seen a psychiatrist and questioned her - did she go out of her own will. And her reply was "He said if i didn't he wouldn't give me a second child and or a house to live in anymore".   
  
Edit 5: My parent's got a call from my cousin on Friday afternoon around 4pm saying she was in jail and they wanted to keep here there until Tuesday. She had also called her husband as well and he said there was nothing he could do to bail her out she had to wait until Tuesday. He apparently told her he was "working with an attorney" to get bail. My dad called up the station and asked about bail and was she not allowed to be released, to which he was told thats absolutely not true. He asked when can we get my cousin out, they replied as soon as you fill out the paperwork and pay $500 dollars of the $5000 bail. At approx 7pm my dad received an email from her husband stating the same bold faced lie that he was still trying to "get bail set with an attorney" but unfortunately cannot get my cousin out. When he sent this email my dad had finished all already the paperwork and was waiting for her to be released. During this whole time period he had not picked up his phone just sent out one email. He has yet to answer any phone calls from any family or friends.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/czmar9/im_an_adjunct_professor_and_every_single_day/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm an adjunct professor, and every single day makes me angrier than the one before.

For those new to how academia is structured, adjunct professors are part-time, hired on a per-course basis, paid very little (I think national average is under $3k per 3-credit course), and are largely folks fresh out of grad school hoping to get a foot in the academic door. (Some others are older people with decades of experience teaching because they enjoy it, or as a form of semi-retirement.)  
  
I used to have some hope that if I paid my dues, eventually I might be able to work my way into a term faculty position -- full time, but not tenure track. My department has basically closed the door to that. All new term faculty positions will conduct a national search for faculty, no preference is given to people already working there, and in fact having years of experience as an adjunct is a \*negative\* on your application. Since that happened, things that I used to let slide off have started piling up instead. It's fucking awful.  
  
To start, the pay, god damn. I get paid less than 5% of the total sticker price of tuition for my students (their tuition just for the class, not the total each is paying for everything). I know lots of students get scholarships and stuff, but even if the average student was paying only \*half\* sticker price, I'd still be paid less than 10% of the total. Students might think they're paying for an education, but they money isn't going towards educating them, it's going towards creating a new vice-deanling of setting money on fire.  
  
A ton of us got our hours cut this year. The norm was to teach a 2/1 schedule, meaning 2 courses in the fall and 1 in the spring, or a 1/2. The university caps us at 3 total. But, this year my department hired a \*ton\* of its own fresh graduates as adjuncts meaning there's not enough classes to go around and most of us just get 1/1.  
  
I can't get our administrative assistant to answer a god damn e-mail and have to track them down in person, which isn't feasible when I have class starting \*before\* the department office even opens, and then office hours following that. When I do finally get a response I get repeatedly lied to. Just one small example, I got told by e-mail that dry erase markers are well-stocked in the supply room. Just plain false, they're under lock and key in the department office and have been for years. Last year we had to sign them out. 50 cent markers.  
  
Our "office" space is a fucking joke. I'm in a windowless basement cubicle farm with ancient computers and busted up furniture and have to time-share my space with 3 other people and then get moved to another cubicle every semester.  
  
This semester I needed IT support with both my ID card not logging in to the printers and my computer not even being connected to the printers. But, when you teach a morning class, IT doesn't even arrive until an hour after I'm done teaching.  
  
They used to have locks on the paper trays in the cube farm for god knows what reason. And guess what happens if you need to refill a printer tray before the admin office opens? Rekt. The only reason there aren't locks on any more is because someone forgot to lock them back and I just fucking hid the locks behind the printer.  
  
Despite massive expansion on campus (we just got 3 big new buildings) we're still somehow over-crowded and classes are now being held in an auxillary building. It's not super far, but it is about a 15 minute walk from the rest of campus. A lot of faculty and students complained, asking to have classes moved back to the main campus, so what does the administration do? It sends out an e-mail clarifying that this building is part of the "main campus." Not "we're sorry for the inconvenience but we're doing the best we can," nope. Just "fuck you for complaining, now watch as I lie to your face about it." I replied to the e-mail with a link to the campus map which clearly distinguishes the building from what the map calls "main campus."  
  
We have an adjunct professional development fund that amounts to a whopping $50 per faculty member to help pay for things like travel to conferences. It's only enough so that about 50 out of 650 adjuncts can get the full amount available. And it's first-come, first-serve, so fuck you if your conferences are in the spring.  
  
There's a $17,000 projector in my classroom that I don't get to use because the university won't provide me with a $150 tablet. Their response was that if I want to use it I need to bring in my own personal laptop. You know what happens if my laptop gets damaged from the wear and tear of traveling back and forth to campus? I'm homeless.  
  
And I know someone's going to be thinking "you should unionize"... we are unionized, and the union sucks! The last two contracts they've only managed to negotiate wage increases to match inflation. The board of trustees allocates money for our pay way before negotiating begins, then their lawyer shows up and just says they can't give us any more and the union's been taking it for years.  
  
One last thing, paying adjuncts more would \*not\* cause tuition to go up. Tuition isn't based on how much the university needs, it's based on how much the university can squeeze out of you.  
  
Thanks for attending my TED talk.

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

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

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/z1tav/manipulative_family_members_wont_move_out_of_my/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Manipulative family members won't move out of my parents house. We're out of options. Please reddit, what can we do?

Okay Reddit, this is something that has been going on for over 4 years. Let's start with some backstory. I am the youngest of three children and my middle brother is 6 years older than me (I'm 22 years old). We haven't always been friendly towards one another, in fact he hasn't always been the best brother to any of us or the best son to my parents. My brother, in short, is a manipulative baby. He cries to get his way and will circle you around when you're trying to have a conversation with him so it ends up looking like you're the bad person. He'll bring up past mistakes of yours in order to win his point which he never really has.  
  
He married a woman who he got knocked up a little over 4 years ago. Their relationship is ... an interesting story. He met her in high school and shortly before her senior year ended, her family ended up moving away without her. During this time, she stayed in my brother's closet without any of us knowing. Being young and at home all the time, I figured it out and even found her in the closet one day. She wasn't the best girl ever either. Her family moved away from her ... with reason. She was difficult to control, she was manipulative, she was harmful and insulting to her gay brother, and she was a teenager who thought my brother would take care of her. They ended up eloping without our knowledge because he got her pregnant. She had her baby and they decided that they were going to stay in Alabama with her grandparents while they would try and find a place to live down there.  
  
That Christmas changed everything. We had received a call from them saying they were coming to visit for Christmas. I was happy, I hadn't met my nephew yet and it would be a nice time at Christmas for us to seem like a family. They came in a blue van with all their stuff packed inside. They said they were only staying a couple days ... which turned into over 4 years today. My parents obliged at first because they wanted to be involved in their grandson's life and they figured it would help my brother find his way without him having to worry about rent or other expenses. My brother claimed they left Alabama because it was too "racist" for him (I'm Asian) and that everyone would make fun of him. Later, from talking the grandparents we found out that they had just kicked them out because they were planning on staying there the same way they tricked my parents.  
  
It started off alright. They moved in my brother's old bedroom. It only had a bunkbed but we figured they were only staying a couple weeks at the most. I was glad there would be other people in the house to help my parents while I started my first year of college and I felt that our family could start to include my brother and his wife again. It didn't get better. My brother and mother would have constant fights over the state of the house, over what his wife would or wouldn't do, over how my brother never helped with common household chores, over how much they would spend, over how they weren't saving for a house of their own, etc. It got better for awhile when my mom stopped buying so many groceries because she was sick of having them eat everything in the house. They bought their own food and it seemed like everyone was just staying out of everyone's way for once.  
  
I moved back into my parent's house after my second year at college to help them around the house and to continue school up there for awhile. I saw what they were doing to my parents. I felt so sad for them. My mom was always stressed and upset but couldn't see how she could do anything about it. My dad was always tired from working late at nights and then having to deal with things in the house my brother refused to do (mow the grass, take out the trash, clean anything in general, etc). I helped out the best I could while I saw my brother yell at them, buy things he didn't need, continue to leave messes, and to disregard how accomodating my parents were being to them. My brother and his wife were just rude. They constantly nagged my parents to buy them more food, to buy things for their child. They insulted my brother (who lived on his own and worked hard to pay for everything he owned). The worst part was that no one understood my family's situation. I would bring over friends and they seemed like they were nothing but nice to them. They were so manipulative to strangers. They were so manipulative to everybody. My parents fell into their traps about how they'd find a house soon, how they were saving money (even though they ate out all the time, bought new expensive toys for their child, and bought over 1000 movies that fill up their entire room). My dad especially couldn't bring himself to kick his son out or to ruin a relationship with their only grandson. They were stuck in this situation where they wanted to keep a family together but the family was so self-destructive.  
  
Fast forward to 2 years ago, our older brother was getting married. He invited all of his family to his wedding. Everyone was excited. His wife would tell me about the dress she'd bought for the wedding. Then out of nowhere, my brother tells my parents that he and his wife were not going to the wedding. This is where things exploded. My mom and dad were angry that my brother chose to not go to his own brother's wedding. Why did my brother decide not to go? He told us that it was because we "didn't support their marriage." The marriage in which they eloped somewhere and told no one. He screamed and cried at my mom, telling her that they never supported him, they never supported his wife, etc. My parents, the people who gave them shelter, somehow did not support my brother.  
  
This isn't the whole story. It's a flash of only the worst things they've done. I moved back to my college city to continue school and I get calls all the time from my mom who gets more upset day after day. They've tried talking to them, it just doesn't work. My brother will either cry about how they're not supporting him or bring up past events where he felt like he was left out (speaking of which, I've invited them to every family function we've had, they choose not to go because his wife is "scared of the city" or just because they refuse to do any family activities with us). I come home every once in awhile to hear that his wife has stolen family heirlooms, broken things in the house, won't control her child, etc. Today, I got probably the worst call from my mom. My brother's wife is friends with our neighbors and frequently talks to them about her daily life (which is sitting at home in my brother's old bunkbed room because she doesn't have a driver's license or a job). My neighbor comes up to my mom and dad to say hello and asks if my brother's wife has given birth yet. BIRTH. TO ANOTHER BABY. THAT THEY HAVEN'T TOLD MY PARENTS ABOUT. Apparently it's due in September and they still, after 4 years, haven't found a place to live and there's no way my brother's old bedroom is big enough for 4 people. The worst was that through all this, not even one thank you was given. No thanks for the house my parents graciously let them stay in, the food the provided them with, or the overall niceness of letting people live in their house for 4 years.  
  
So, I guess what I'm asking is - what do I do? How do you handle something like this? It's getting to the point where I think my mom might snap and I don't want anything to happen to her. By this point, I could care less what happens to my brother or his wife. That sounds selfish, that sounds rude but there's no way to truly explain the pain they've caused in my family. We're out of options. We're definitely past talking to them. I'm not sure what to do. I get so upset when my mom calls to tell me what they've done that week. I just feel so bad for my parents. They're such good people for taking them in and they deserve so much better than all of this. They're scared to lose their son to whatever may happen but he's put a strain so much on their relationship, that it doesn't even matter anymore. They just need to move out. My parents refuse to give up their house just for my brother but they're not seeing any other option than to sell the house and force my brother to move out. It's definitely a last resort.   
  
Please help Reddit. What do can we do?  
  
tl;dr my brother and his wife are manipulative people who refuse to move out of my parent's house. What do I do?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ve88g/whats_one_goal_that_you_need_help_to_complete/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: What's one goal that you need help to complete?

Alright here goes, my first post to reddit after being a 5+ year lurker. I would recommend only beginning to read this post if you have some time or actually care about other people's bumps on the road of life. The goal that I am in need of help in completion is saving enough money so that I can not only pay the rest of my tuition for school, but ALSO be able to afford a car before I am 26 years old. Here's my story:   
  
I attended high school in a highly affluent area. We're talking the high school where students turn 16 and are bought a new BMW or Mercedes by their parents. Having a large family, my parents obviously could not afford to do this for my four siblings and I, especially when they were in the process of saving money to put the five of us through college. I graduated in 2007 and like most graduates immediately after high school was encouraged to go to college without taking time off to work or travel, or for health reasons. So I did, and I went to a University that was about 400 miles away from home.   
Initially University was extremely exciting. I began working out, making new friends with my dorm/suite mates, and setting goals for myself. (I later found out that the dorm I stayed in produced the lowest GPA and highest dropout rate of any on campus housing due to its prison like appearance and being the only all male dorm on a massive campus). During the course of my freshman year there, my parents failed to send me my depression medication on time every month (I was diagnosed as clinically depressed as a freshman in high school). This lead to periods of deep depression which included feelings of hopelessness, periods where all I could do for relief was hope to stay asleep, and bouts of random crying/suicidal thoughts. In turn, I began to miss my classes and perform poorly academically. I even resorted to periods of drug experimentation, as a way of self medicating in an attempt to not constantly feel horrible.   
  
My sophomore year I found myself on academic probation. My first semester I was so depressed I believed that I did not want to be in school at all, and took four F's. The next semester I was on academic warning and told I would have to achieve a certain GPA to be able to continue attending University. I fell short of that GPA by about .2.  
  
The next year I was out of school, but living at home with my parents who have been fighting for about 30 years now. (This is where I still live but I am getting there.) I decided that it made more sense to move back to the town in which I attended University in as that was where my friends lived and where my girlfriend at the time was going to continue attending. I said goodbye to my parents and moved back to Greenville, NC on my own with about $400 dollars to spare for finding a place to live and getting my first month's rent out of the way. I rode there with my now x-girlfriend.  
  
I found a cheap apartment to share with others and took a minimum wage job as a dishwasher in a Mexican restaurant downtown. I was working 5 nights a week sometimes until 2 in the morning for minimum wage. Yes I was scraping half eaten food scraps from the plates and getting recycling "juice" spilled on me when I took the trash out. However, I had to work to be able to afford something that I wanted, and this made me happy. I was glad that I had a new perspective and work ethic that many people I went to high school with will never experience in their entire lives. (To this day my friends credit cards, cell phones, car payments, and insurance are still all taken care of by their parents.) I made dirt money for hard work, but I continued doing it for a while as I had my girl and I had my friends.  
  
After working and living in Greenville for about a year and a half, I had an awakening. I was 21 years old, living in a crummy apartment, had no cell phone, and was working a dead end job to stay broke. I realized that the only way I was going to make it out of this lifestyle of poverty I had seemed to have chosen was to move back home to Pennsylvania and get into community college. There, I realized, I would be able to raise my GPA to the point where I could get back into a University again.   
  
At some point I woke up, and began being productive in some way every day. I have come such a long way in just two years. I am now 23. I am living at home so that I have access to a vehicle that allowed me to commute these past few semesters. (My parents car.) I recently graduated and got my associates degree in general studies from a community college with a GPA of 3.51 while simultaneously working most days out of the week. Using my GPA and writing a letter of intent that had many of the details of this post, I was able to get accepted into the Microbiology program at my local University. The money that I have been saving is going to paying my cell phone and gas money in commuting every day. In addition, whatever money I save my grandfather told me that he would match, and we could put that sum together toward my massive tuition bill coming up in a few short months. I received one grant for school and a good amount of money in loans, but the cost of tuition and books for University now is simply astounding.   
In October I will turn 24. I will be attending University in a Microbiology program and have so many new opportunities and my whole life ahead of me. Unfortunately, I may have to go five semesters in order to get my degree. I will not be able to work nearly as much as I am going to have to be studying many hours every day. This pushes off my projections of being able to afford my own car until I am about half way through my 26th year of life. I don't wish this for myself. I know that when I do eventually get a car I will appreciate it infinitely more than most all of my peers, but this doesn't make it any easier. I finally wrote out my story as I have been wanting to document it, but I also turned to reddit for help. Yes, life isn't fair, and everyone has their own problems. I suppose I turned to reddit because of some of the amazing things I have seen everyone do over the years. I'm sure that I will get plenty of angry or mean comments from this thread. My goal is to be able to save enough for University AND a car, and at $9.00 an hr part time work this is realistically impossible. This is my goal that I am in need of help with. This is something that has been making me depressed for quite some time now. I ask those of you who read this far, please help me out in realizing my dreams. I don't care if it is advice, networking, or a small donation. My paypal account is spl1014@gmail.com. In addition to working part time I have also been selling items out of my basement on ebay, but even this is a tiny drop in the bucket of what I will need to be able to afford a vehicle. Please redditors, if you found yourself identifying with some of the things that I have been through or understand what it's like to be unable to afford something other people had when they were teenagers, help me out if at all possible.  
  
TL;DR: Went from being a dishwasher at minimum wage to attending the Microbiology program at my local University in two short years. Got help from grandparents in putting me through community college. In need of help in saving money for tuition and for my first car. If I can't find some sort of help I will likely not own my first vehicle until I am about 26 or 27 years of age. In a first world capitalist society this makes you about as desirable as a homeless person.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/114lt0/reddit_i_seem_to_be_stuck_in_life_right_now_what/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I seem to be stuck in life right now. What can I do to make it better?

Hello, Reddit. I’m a 21-year-old woman from Virginia. And, I’m afraid I need some help. My life is currently at a standstill and I can’t seem to find a way to change anything in a manner that is healthy. It’s becoming unbearable and I am in desperate need of outside advice.  
  
  
My family and I live with my grandmother on a dirt road. I am the only person in the house that has a job. I work for pennies over minimum wage, 2-3 days a week, 5-6 hours a day, at a McDonalds not too far from here. My mother receives government aid in the form of SNAP (food stamps) and Medicaid. However, the insurance does not extend to me because I am too old. My younger brother is covered for 3 more years and my sister has a few months left, as they are 16 and 18. When my sister turned 18 and started taking classes at a local community college satellite, she was no longer covered as a dependent in SNAP, so the total household food budget is not enough to keep everyone fed. My money goes straight to food and other necessary items such as underwear, etc. that my grandmother can’t cover for us. My checks are usually gone within hours of their deposit.  
  
  
I have major depression. I first began medication for my depression when I was 17 and still covered under my mother’s Medicaid. I have since been ‘kicked’ from the system because I am too old. I called the social services office for my area and was told that I could only receive some kind of medical assistance if I was pregnant or already had a child, neither of which I am/have. I have a terrifying medical debt hanging over my head from seeing a doctor for this depression and trying different medications to get rid of the symptoms, which varied in cost from 20$ a bottle to 100$+. The last medication I was on was really ineffective in the treatment of my depression, but, because of the giant medical debt, I can’t go back to the doctor to get something else to try. And, even if I could, the medicine might be way too expensive for me to budget into my little paychecks. The depression is a huge weight on me. There are days I can’t even get out of bed. I have panic attacks bi-weekly at least. I’ve even considered suicide and harmed myself physically.  
  
  
Money is an obvious issue. So, I figured that I should get a second job to help get rid of the scary debt and maybe even build up some savings. We live in a rural area and the jobs are slim to none out here. My best bet for getting hired somewhere else would be to travel into town. However, I lack a driver’s license. My mother takes me to and from work. I had a learner’s permit, which has since expired, for a few years. I don’t really have anyone to teach me how to drive. I have read all of the books, I know what the signs mean, but I have less than 4 hours total experience behind the driver’s seat. So, I need more practice. But… there is only one car, and it’s my grandmother’s. It’s her pride and joy, she’s even named it. When asked if I could practice driving on it, let’s just say that the reaction was negative. I’d like to get my own vehicle, but, again, I am the sole worker bee in the family.  
  
  
My mother won’t work. She also won’t take classes or work towards any kind of certification, even though she could probably get grants, to learn a trade for a not-basic job. When asked about this, she completely shuts down. She refuses to talk about it and is completely content to use the government, myself, and my grandmother for all of her needs. My father is not in the picture, and, even if he was able to assist me in any way, would not. My younger sister refuses to work from pure laziness. She’d much rather mooch from my grandmother and me. My sweet, little brother is in High School, in all advanced classes, and does homework for hours a day. My grandmother is 70 years old and, without us living in her house, would be more than okay with social security and things left from my grandfather when he passed.  
  
  
So, at this point, I’m unmedicated, broke, unable to drive, in debt, and grasping at straws for ways out of this situation. The current situation in which I live is extremely unhealthy and taxing on me both physically and mentally. I have big dreams. I want to move across the country to Colorado to attend a college out there and become a chemist. I want to make the medicines that people like me need to take so that they feel better and can do whatever it is that their hearts and dreams desire. I realize that those particular goals are out of my reach right now. So, for the moment, I just want to leave my grandmother’s house, maybe finally assert some independence, but I can’t because of money issues and medical debt. I want to get a second job so that I can get rid of some of those money issues, but I don’t have a car or a means of getting further than the McDonalds where I already work. I can’t get a car because I don’t have enough money and I also don’t have a license or any actual practice driving a car. I can’t seem to find a way to make it out of this vicious cycle on my own. Please, does anyone out there have any advice for me?  
  
TL;DR: I’m caught in a circle of fuckery! Wat do?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/fnhwm/how_to_live_with_agoraphobiaibs_especially/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: How to live with agoraphobia/IBS, especially financially? Proving my problems for disability benefits require leaving my home, the ultimate catch 22.

I don't even know where to begin, this has the potential to be a very long story but I'll try my best to limit it as much as possible.  
  
It all started when I was around 12 (20 now), in the 6th grade I started to develop these panic attacks while in school. Which lead to stomach cramps and pains, almost like the feeling of diarrhea without actually having diarrhea the majority of the time, that's the best I can describe the feeling. So obviously being a child, I would complain about the stomach pains (symptoms) and not particularly the issue (the panic attacks). After multiple trips to countless doctors that study all sorts of systems linked to intestinal issues, I got multiple diagnosis' of IBS -- Irritable Bowel Syndrome. This was absolutely devastating for me, being a shy kid just starting out middle school. It got to the point where when I was 14 I would take 6 Imodium AD pills the night prior to school. It helped me for a few years, probably more mentally than physically. Thankfully both of my parents had jobs at the time, because I went through bottles so fast and they were so expensive. During school I would not eat nor drink any liquids... at all. Not under any circumstances. I would come home and eat one meal immediately following school, and wouldn't eat till the following day at that time. It was just plain unhealthy.  
  
Fast forward to High School, the downhill descent from this point was much more rapid entering 9th grade. Everything was on a much grander scale and I just couldn't handle it mentally, I was weak. The Imodium at this point wouldn't work for me any more. Half way through the day the panic attacks and subsequent stomach pains returned with a vengeance. I started to miss out on the AM bus by hiding in my backyard till my parents would leave for work, and then enter in through the back door to stay home. I was so ashamed for having to do this, hiding in my backyard like a coward, it was embarrassing. So that act didn't last long, I was finally discovered and driven to the school by my parents where they spoke with the guidance counselor and some other front office people. This ended up working out for the best for me because they suggested a program that runs in my county that allows me to be schooled at home over the phone with teachers employed by the county. This is how I spent the last 3 years of my high school career up until I graduated.  
  
Throughout the years, I've sought professional help from doctors to psychiatrists. I've taken every pill to suppress my anxiety prescribed to me, nothing worked, everything got worse. I felt like no one could help me so I frankly just gave up. To get to these people I had to overcome my fear every time I visited them, why keep sticking my hand in the fire if I was getting burnt?  
  
That's some of my past story, here's a little bit about my current or most recent doings.  
  
I run a website where I make a very modest amount of money, roughly $500/m. Nothing substantial, enough to buy my own food, certainly not enough to support myself entirely. I don't want to live with my parents forever, I really wanted to leave and live with a friend 2 years ago but I obviously couldn't pay the money necessary for my stay there. Which is why I looked toward disability benefits, I applied once and was denied. Partly because I didn't see the doctors assigned to me by the people who oversee my application, mainly because at this point in my life it's to the point where I can't even drive to the corner store literally blocks away. It all manifested over the years and just exploded around the time of highschool unto now. I have a fear of having the uncontrollable stomach pains that it makes my anxiety worsen to the point where leaving the house is a no go. It's almost like a snowball effect, one thing feeding the other to the point where they're both uncontrollable. I didn't even bother to appeal my disability application because that would more than likely lead to an appeal in front of a judge and all that good stuff. Obviously out of the question.  
  
That's where I am at. I really didn't see it ever getting to this point, needing Government assistance like this, it's like admitting defeat. I hate living like this but no one could find out a way to help me. Some may not find this believable, and I really wish I was lying, but I'm not. I'm embarrassed to post this all, even on a throwaway, but I ask for advice from Reddit. I would welcome any advice or answer any questions to help lead to better advice.  
  
\*\*tl;dr -- Diagnosed with IBS 8 years ago at age of 12. Have had panic attacks since that time too. Over time I couldn't leave home despite the best efforts from professional help. Need advice going forward, especially trying to acquire disability benefits.\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/f076t/anyone_else_have_very_difficult_parents_more/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Anyone else have very difficult parents, more specifically a very distant, non-maternal mother? How do you cope?

My mother has always been quite strict, difficult, very distant; I have a collection of pictures from my childhood birthdays with bloodshot eyes on every one of them from her screaming at me about this or that. When I got shitty grades in school, she took all my toys, put them in bin bags and locked them in the garage.   
  
My sister and I know very little about her life before she came to France but from what I found out very recently, she was pretty privileged. My grandfather (an army guy who wasn't a lot of fun) paid for all her studies, she spent a year in an expensive school in the UK and he bought her the place I grew up in.  
  
I moved to another country when I turned 18 and 6 years later, because my career wasn't going the way I wanted it to, I decided to go home for a year so I could save some money, have more time to work on my projects etc. before I move to America. I assumed she would mellow out with age but she hasn't.   
  
She had breast cancer (caught early so masectomy but no chemo) and she was just horrendous to be around at that time. Not sad, just really angry and unpleasant to be around; I know for a fact that it was so bad, my stepdad thought about divorcing her. She's been just as bad since.  
Despite already having a guest room (and that she receives guests that stay over about once every two years) she decided to redo my room and that I would have 'no choice in decoration' while I was still here which was pretty hurtful, that it wasn't going to be 'a shrine to me'. Most of my friends, some in their thirties, still have a room with some of their things at their parent's place, is that insane? I mean I'm barely 25, not married or anything so it feels normal for my stuff to be there.  
  
She visited my sister who lives abroad and just had kids and apparently spent the whole time criticizing her home etc. My sister was anorexic for years and I'm pretty sure my mother was at least partly responsible for it. The way I now experience it, she makes you feel like you should disappear.   
  
She is a mega-purger, when I buy food and put it in the cupboards she presses me to get rid of it because it 'takes up space'. You can't leave a sweater in the living room without her freaking out and making you take it up to the room. I went to work abroad for a few months and she went through all my stuff, tossed tons of things, my autograph collection, some important payslips, poured an expensive bottle of sloe gin I'd been gifted down the drain etc. The other day I found my entire record collection in our public garage (30 people have access to it); she's been after my stuff for years, she opens my wardrobe and says I own too many t-shirts etc etc. It's true I do hoard a bit, I keep some news clippings every now and then and I do own a lot of clothes; I plan on selling a bunch of stuff on ebay but I'm not a 'hoarder' in that way.  
  
Whenever my sister and I asked her how she was during or after the cancer, she would reply with a snappy fine and then get angry later for 'never asking how she is'. While I was still abroad, she called me to yell at me because my artist myspace page had written in the end of my bio that I liked 'astronomy, art, and dirty jokes!' She yelled at me to remove it etc etc. (I'm in my mid-twenties and I work in arts and video games, there's not a chance I'd ever work in a bank or somewhere they would care).   
  
A few years ago I had a big shoulder operation and I was quite freaked out beforehand, when I got her on the phone all she could say was 'grow up stop being such a baby'. Honestly I could write a novel with the amount of stuff that have been said and done over the years. I'm sure I haven't been the perfect kid either, but I don't do drugs, I don't even really drink, I graduated university with top marks, I supported myself since I was 19 or 20, I don't eat all their food, I don't use the phone, I don't watch tv, I don't play music loud at any time of day, I don't ever bring people over, I'm polite. I mean I try to not minimize my flaws but really there are worse kids.  
  
Today she told me she had spoken to doctors about my case and that I was sick in the head, that I needed to see someone which was just such a horrible thing to say. There is no way to win with her, no way to make her understand she sometimes might be wrong. I actually cannot cope anymore and want to hear about what you've done in similar situations, how you've kept yourself up etc. These days I'm so upset, I don't have the strength to work on my projects, I just browse reddit and the internet to get my mind off things. Fuck and I'm a really strong person, I've been through super difficult and psychologically draining jitsu training and gradings for years, people saying horrible stuff, being poor in an unknown city, finding out my dad had kids before me, living with horrible flatmates etc etc. It gets to the point where I almost wish she was hitting me physically instead of being how she is. Honestly I try to love her and do everything to please her but it's starting to be really really not feasible. I don't think she's a bad person but as one of my close friends puts it, she is the nicest person to everyone except her daughters..  
  
\*\*TL;DR\*\* My mother is an incredibly difficult non-maternal person, I'm having difficulty coping. How have you dealt with a similar situation?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/supu6/whats_the_most_shameful_thing_youve_done_in_school/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: What's the most shameful thing you've done in school?

Be it yourself or someone else in your school.  
  
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Not necessarily proud of this but I was petrified to get a suspension.  
  
I played football (soccer) in year 12 for my High School, as I did every year as well as for a recreational club (not playing any more). One particular game we had was against one of the more prestigious schools located within our general area and was well known for being an expensive high school with a knack for enticing students to play sports for them with scholarships. Fair enough; schools do this!  
  
Throughout the second half of the Football game, as I play Striker, I was marked by this one player from the opposition team. He was fairly average though did tend to stay on me for the most part. I guess he got annoyed that I was making him work a bit harder than usual, as I would always slip past him when on my attacking runs. He became more vocal and physical with his disdain for me, telling me to "fuck off" in almost every sentence he addressed me with and also grabbing at me, pulling at my arm, pushing me in the back, etc. I was fairly used to this so I paid it no mention, though it did get on my nerves.  
  
Our team was in no way full of scholarship players and despite our amicable efforts, we lost. As per usual, we end our game with an obligatory handshake. Something clicked in my mind and I had suddenly built up an unmistakeable hating for this guy and wanted to get back at him for all of his bullshit during the match. I had felt cheated that I didn't get to do much except have to deal with his nonsense; I didn't score a goal so I felt pretty useless.  
  
As we went to handshake, the smug look on his face got the better of me. I pulled my hand up to my face and tried to spit in it, but my mouth was very dry and I only managed to blow air and a dabble of saliva into it. He obviously saw this and slapped me across the face, catching me off guard and throwing me to the ground. (A slap not a punch and I wasn't expecting it, strangely!)  
  
From this point on, everyone starts running onto the field. Players from my team come in to back me up, players from his team run on, the referee runs on to break things up. Everyone keeps asking me what's going on and I just sit there holding my face. I get pulled away by my father and we go home.  
  
The following week was completely guilt ridden for me. For the first time in my life, I felt as though my friends were genuinely on my side, which crushed me because of my deceitful behaviour. People were giving me words of support:  
  
"Don't worry, Twin, he was a douchebag!" "We'll beat the shit out of him!" Yada yada yada.  
  
I felt extremely unwell whenever someone mentioned it to me and tried my best to just shrug it off and tell everyone to stop talking about it.  
  
What made it worse was that the whole incident was now under investigation from the head of my sports department. Let's call him Mr. Footy. Mr. Footy has never liked me for who knows what reason. I've been relatively well behaved in the past and never so much as mustered more than a lunch time detention. I kept getting sent to talk to him about the incident for the entire week of lunch times to discuss the incident further, which incidentally made me more and more nervous. He kept insisting that a parent had seen me spit in my hand, however I hit back that I was just "wiping my nose" and that was why I brought my hand up to my face. He asked me to write a note of my recollection of events on the Friday afternoon and for me to bring it to him as soon as possible.  
  
The following week, I had written the note and had prepared to bring it to him, but I was far too scared. I had heard that the other guy had been given a week long suspension, which I was NOT keen on receiving myself. I spent the entire week with the note in my wallet and I spent every free second trying to avoid Mr. Footy like the plague.  
  
Cut to a month later and he's announced that he is leaving the school at the end of the year. The end of that first week was the last I heard of the incident and no one asked me anything of it since. I consider myself very lucky that I got away with it and also carried the guilt with me for years before I told the first person, who quite humorously started laughing his ass off, slapped me on the back and told me I was "fucking hilarious!"  
  
So, does anyone else have any stories of shame that may or may not have caught people's attention in High School?  
  
\*\*TL;DR: I spat in my hand at an annoying kid during a football game then lied about it for the next 2 weeks to avoid getting suspended\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/jtv1y7/i_feel_like_i_wanna_drop_out/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I feel like I wanna drop out

This feels like something I'd post on r/self or some similar sub but since it involves college I thought it'd be better here.  
  
I know that dropping out is a legitimate option, and lots of people do it. But I feel like if I drop out I'm just giving up. It's not like I've found a perfect job or career for me where I don't need a degree and drop out for that reason. I'm just a 2nd year college student. I only work at a grocery store deli weekends only because otherwise I'm a full time student. But I really don't think college is for me.  
  
I was forced by my family to go into college under the idea that if you don't go to college you'll be stuck working at McDonald's the rest of your life. I know that idea is a bunch of bullshit because there's plenty of people who have led successful careers without going to college. I wanted to take a gap year after high school because I didn't feel I was ready for college just yet. But my mom said no, and forced me to go anyways.  
  
That first semester I majored in architecture. I thought it was what I wanted to do; I had an interest in buildings, and after previously looking over all of the majors my university offers, that was the only one that stood out to me. Come the end of the semester, I had stopped going to my architecture studio class. I felt left out my members of my studio group. Everyone was making things much better than I was. I had no real will to continue in that class anymore.  
  
I ended up dropping that major and going exploratory the next semester. That's when I discovered a new major coming from a satellite campus that had just expanded to the main one, where I was. It was an animation &amp; game design major, which focuses on 3D modeling, animation, digital design, etc. I figured since I like video games and computers it might work out well for me. That's what I've been doing this semester, and I'm starting to feel the same way as I did my architecture class. I don't feel like I'm into it. Everyone else in the class is making things much better than I am. I still have a good grade-- I think the professor must grade based on whether you do the work, not how good you do it. But at this point I'm just half-assing my assignments. I don't feel like I'm actually learning anything.  
  
Some people go to college because they want the "college experience." Yeah, well I haven't had that. My first semester I was in a dorm room by myself (by choice; thank god I didn't have to share with someone). I thought I was going to reinvent myself after high school. Back then, I was quiet, not sociable outside my small circle of friends, and never talked unless spoken to or when I needed to for class. I never did any clubs, never went to sports games, school dances including prom, etc. I was never interested in any of it (I actually couldn't go to prom anyways because you needed a date, but I didn't want to go anyways).  
  
Well, I didn't change in college. I never left my room except for class. I didn't do clubs because I went home on weekends (I lived in a dorm, but home was 50 minutes away, couldn't have my car though). No one ever really came out of their rooms on my dorm floor. I never made any friends and barely saw the two I found out also went to my university from high school. I mainly stuck to talking with old friends online, which is really what I always did.  
  
Then COVID happened.  
  
We all got sent home in March. I was so glad, I hated living on campus. My fall semester I made it so it was all online, otherwise I would've needed to pay for a dorm room to literally be there one day of the week for a class I was previously scheduled for that wasn't online for that one meeting time. I did the same thing when I scheduled for spring. But because everything is online, I feel like I'm learning nothing. Well, for most classes I prefer to do it online because they're bullshit core classes that need not exist and I can just google the answers to. But with my current 3D modeling class, even though I watch the videos my professor posts and follow along, I still feel like I've learned hardly anything at all.  
  
The same goes for a Java programming class I have to take. I was never into coding and am only taking it because it's required for the degree, but even though I follow along with the videos, I feel like I learn nothing. Well, maybe I would if I read the textbooks. But I cannot be made to read 40-50 pages per class each week of nothing but text. Hell, I can hardly read story books, I am so burnt out of reading walls of text.  
  
I'm just feeling like maybe college isn't my thing. But dropping out and not knowing what to do with my life isn't my only problem. I'm not in any debt-- I haven't taken any loans to pay for college. It's all been paid for via FAFSA and my mom. She's pretty well off, owning her own company. I don't know how much she makes, but it's enough to cover what FAFSA doesn't and still buy a $50K Ram here, turn around and trade it in on an $85K Lincoln there, etc.  
  
She's paying for my college, and expects me to go through and finish it. If I dropped out, it would absolutely piss her off. I can't imagine what she would do then. Essentially she would've wasted $20-some thousand by now (luckily because I'm not living on campus, all of my classes were covered by FAFSA this semester). I don't know if she would expect me to pay it back, which I sure as hell can't do. Also, back when I dropped out of my architecture major, I didn't tell my mom about it. I figured she'd be furious. The day I went home for winter break, she asked me how everything was going, I just said "fine" like usual. But she knew. The day we went back, she said, "when are you going to tell me that you dropped out of architecture?" She was mad about that, and on top of it that I didn't tell her. I can't imagine what she'd do if I fully dropped out of college.  
  
And then there's my dad. I haven't lived with him since he divorced my mom when I was 3. He sometimes visits for a couple days or a week or two per year since he's busy with being full time in the military. But recently when he came to visit in August, I told him about my major. He was so excited and supportive of me taking it, saying how it was the future, one of the biggest upcoming industries, etc. If I drop out, I'm going to extremely disappoint him. Not only that, I'll disappoint everyone in my family to the point where I'm pretty sure I'll become estranged.  
  
I just don't know what to do. I don't feel any motivation to keep going through college. But if I drop out, I don't know what to do. I don't want to disappoint my whole family. I don't know how I can go on. Nothing seems to interest me enough to make a career out of it. And of the things that I do have interest in, either you can't really make a career out of it, it's very high risk, or unrealistic. I like video games, but what sort of job can you make out of it? Streaming? I already know I'd be a bad streamer, and if my mom saw me drop out to do that, she would kill me. The only other stuff I regularly do is watch TV shows, movies, or Youtube videos, and of course I can't make a living doing that. I like cars, and if I could do anything I would like to try and design cars and manufacture them as my own brand, but that's unrealistic for someone like me to do. The only thing I have left is maybe writing. I've been wanting to write a story for a long time now, coming up with tons of ideas and whatnot. But hardly any authors become successful, and it's not something I can just bank on happening.  
  
I don't know what to do. But I'm feeling ever more so each day my time in college is just a waste of it.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/2z5btl/changing_my_major_and_chasing_my_dreams/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Changing my major and chasing my dreams

Greetings and salutations, my friends.  
  
I am turning to you in a dire need of assistance. Namely, I have gotten stuck in quite the rut. As a university student, I've naturally been having many troubles regarding my studies, but as for the grand problem that has been haunting me for a good while now I'm pointing out an insidious desire to abandon my current studies, therefore to procure a change of my major.  
  
I've been studying a joint mathematics and computer science program for three years now. In all this time, I've achieved little progress in regards to the succesful completion of my exams, and have had an inconsequential degree of self-imposed research of the topics correlating to my field of study. I would have had many thoughts in the past of abandonment than I dare count, but my stubborness would always prevail, leading me to a change of premises on the matter. Nowadays, I'm unfortunately finding an unsfurable dullness to my lectures, and just the act of being present at the aforementioned lectures brings me great pains, and leads me to feel a fool.  
Thus have I – despite all my best efforts and intentions – quite recently indeed passed the relieving decision to relinquish my ambitions of obtaining a mathematics degree. Before I outline what would it be the major that I'd then wish to declare, I will want to display what have been my reasons of entering this faculty, and of what nature have been my successes, such as they were:  
  
From a young age, I have had many an interraction with computers, making me glad of the comforts of the modern age I lived in, as many would I dare say agree with me. I loved the joy of discovery, of experimentation, and of the solving of logic puzzles. I have then naturally been led me to a high interest in mathematics throughout grade school and middle school. However, straight A's don't necessarily mean a higher-than-normal aptitude for a subject, so alas I'd have quite a weak success in maths competitions, and more often than not I would need an assistance from private tutors as I found my understanding at the school lectures to be unsufficient for a further proliferation of my mathematical understanding. Entering university, I was intensily struck with the stark difference between college and high school maths, but I still proceeded forward. Unfortunately, I am a much sicklish individual, and my chronic illness would beset me in a debilitating state, leave me inpacatitated for months at a time, nullifying any progress I might have achieved in my maths studies, leading me to incur a forgetfulness of much of what I had knew afore, and progressing me further behind my peers in my lectures. My state had become better, but I can't ignore the fact how I have been led me to a twice-repeat of my first year. Luckily, my university has been more than understanding of my condition, and I did not have a pay for the repeat. Regardless, it doesn't negate the fact that it has led me further away from mathematics, no matter how many times during summer would I rediscover the joy of discovery in mathematics, and successfully instrument on my own a proof of a formula or a theorem. I have always comforted myself with the fact how mathematics and computer science are one of the fields most in demand, and how I would always have a job with this degree. But nowadays it is as if I've lost the mathematical mind, and problems that I could solve with ease before have become intensily difficult and dull, even the programming ones.  
  
On the other hand, I've always had an immense love for literature and deep thought. I would always relish in self-reflection, and ask myself many hard questions. As soon as I learnt to read, I remember picking up Tolkien's Hobbit, and completing it several times in a row. That's when I knew I wanted to make it my business to read as much as I can, and create enticing stories and conclusions for my own behalf. I would enter writing contests and attend history competitions, at which I had much more success in comparison. I would enroll in drama sections, and I would be handed out main roles in plays. I loved typing; I would take a book, and copywrite a vast majority of it in my computer. Later on, I would become active on gaming forums and I would write content and articles, compose interview questions, archive data and links, and actively moderate my sections. Of course, all of this was pro bono, but I appreciated the chance the community administrators gave me, and it just helped me to further improve my writing skills. I wasn't always the most consistent, and I would have many breaks in such efforts, the longest lasting an entire year even. But I returned to writing articles relating to games on a more freelance basis, before I got accepted at a different community, and once even getting a paid job offer, which I unfortunately had to turn down due to my health becoming worse yet again. Now I won't argue that my writing efforts were of any high quality, but at least as I matured, I could notice a marked improvement.  
  
Ever since I've been enrolled at my university, I've moved away from articles, and instead I've been composing for my own satisfaction. The nature of my composition has mostly been journal-like, that is, I would describe my actions and thoughts in the manner presented here. But I would also find myself creating short stories, again for my personal enjoyment. What I find somewhat paradoxical is the fact how most of the composing has actually been done in my mind, and I would always remind myself how I would have to write it down before I forget, but alas I rarely do so. It is as if a strong fear is still gripping me, and if I were to give in myself to my inner desires, I have a feeling I would lose my own self. Still, at times I get an irresistible desire to just write, and were it after a dream in which I would experience the most unusual sensations, and even find myself reading prose in my dreams, – or were it rather while I'm solving problems, and a sudden inspiration strikes me, I find my hand moving of my own accord, and recording my thoughts.  
  
In recent time, I've felt an even stronger pull for writing, perhaps due to the fact how I've been trying to forget my aspirations, taking it for foolishness, listening to idle and mean voices. It is as if someone has attached a string to my heart, and is nudging it ever so firmly each time I ignore my inner self. I've lied to myself for too long, and I've managed to comfront myself and prevent a further suffering. I understand it now how mathematics (more specifically, computer science) may not be the path for me, no matter how much I might have wished it to be, but I would rather have to then turn to my other big love and interest.  
  
I understand how to be an author or a writer, one not necessarily need a degree, but it doesn't negate the fact how I wish one for myself, hence arising the question of what major should I pursue. In truth, only two fall to my mind, those being philosophy and languagues (or literary studies).  
  
When it comes to philosophy, I hadn't realized how much love I had for it until recently. It had also been one of the things I've been trying to ignore, colouring it again to be foolish and listening to the doubts of my associates, but as to not repeat myself too much, I've decided to discard the opinions of the skeptics. Nowadays, I'm enjoying in the classics, and I've mostly been studying Plato and Descartes for now. I'm relishing in their arguments, and I'm drawing out papers of my own accord. I've taken an introductory class to philosophy, and I'm enjoying it immensely. I believe if I were to pursue a degree in philosophy, my options could be varied. For example, if I were to stay in academia, I could take in the study of logic and epistemology, and perhaps even return to my study of mathematics. Or I could take a study in ethics, and I could write about the morality of modern conflicts and war, for example. If I were to work outside academia, I believe I'd prefer a freelance or self-employed position. Or I could finish another major (where I live, double majoring isn't really possible, but I'd rather go for a double degree; a time consuming effort, one that I'm not entirely sure would I like to pursue), and combine whatever skills I were to obtain from studying philosophy to that other discipline. Or I could hope to build a programming portfolio, and strike a junior coding position.  
  
English not being my mother languague, I've always strived towards obtaining a better understanding of it. I wish to obtain a truly commendable ability in my knowledge of the languague, thus hopefully making it ever so easier for me to compose prose. Having this line of thinking lead me thus to consider philology studies, where I would declare English as my major, alongside with a minor in German and Arabic. However, I am uncertain would I enjoy languague studies more so than studying philosophy. I view this matter currently as this: I could always study languagues in my free time, but if I were to focus in philosophy, it would serve to my personal betterment in a more diverse fashion. It's funny how many people tell me the exact opposite, how I could always study philosophy in my own free time, and instead focus on more a marketable major.  
  
As you can see, I've questioned this matter extensively. I have displayed a sort of a portrait of my interests in this self-reflective study, leading me to hope it will help the composition of your comments when you take these facts in consideration. Thank you in advance for the time you might take in reading and responding to my doubts and offering your suggestions and opinions.  
  
\*TL;DR.\* I thought I loved maths and compsci, but I was wrong. I wish to pursue writing and academia, so I'm considering between philosophy or languagues, despite what all the doubtful voices may say. I am seeking for reassurance, if you please.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/adyny/does_she_just_have_cold_feet_or_is_the_wedding/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Does she just have cold feet or is the wedding done for?

\*\*Edit:\*\* This is too long, so I'll label the sections so you can skip what's irrelevant to you.  
  
\*\*Background\*\*  
I'll be marrying my fiance in July of 2010, assuming the plans are still on. I'm 100% into this idea. By the wedding, I'll be 26 and she'll be 25 and we'll be together for four and a half years, living together for three years. We recently bought a house (technically it's in my name, but we think of it as ours). I've got a pretty decent job as a technical support analyst for a software company, and I'll be a pretty good provider. She is a manager at the restaurant my mother and sister own and operate. This is one hell of a sweet setup. It's not like we're two crazy star crossed kids straight out of high school.  
  
\*\*Her Problem With Me\*\*  
Until recently, she was definitely happy in this relationship. But out of nowhere, she's been really irritable. She tells me that she feels like she doesn't have a voice and that I make all the decisions. Last week, this discussion resulted in her taking her ring off, which is a theme we haven't really recovered from. Since then, she's unsure about the marriage. She contends I make a lot of important decisions without consulting her. Examples: I bought Christmas presents for two of my friends and she thought they were too expensive (we're talking 40 bucks each)...one of them bought me camera last year that had to be around $90-$140 I'm guessing. At work I arranged to roll five vacation days from this year into next year for the honeymoon without discussing it first with her ( ? ). I'm letting my beard get a little long for winter. I think my winter coat is fine and I don't want a new one, so she feels like I'm ignoring her when she brings up her contention that I should get a new one. Most of this stuff is probably pretty petty, but since there's a lot of petty things, she views it as a large issue, which I do understand.  
  
\*\*My Efforts To Solve The Problem\*\*  
In the last week, I've been doing everything I can to make sure she knows she has a voice. I've been consulting her about daily decisions: What do you want to do for dinner (previously I would just cook something for us both, otherwise we'd be forced to snack on crackers at 9pm), When do you want me to pick you up from the bar (previously I would mention that 1 am would be great for me), What movie do you want to watch (she chose Chicago...do you really think I would have watched a musical voluntarily prior to all of this? Interestingly enough, I actually enjoyed it). Aside from these examples, there's the wedding plans. She chose her bridesmaids dresses, so I always thought I was going to be picking out the tuxes with my buddies, but she wants me to go with her instead so that she can weigh in. I had always thought that was unfair, but it looks like she cares more than I do, so in the interest of picking my battles, I've since let that one go. She wants cupcakes, I want a real cake. Again, this seems more important to her than me, so I've let that go as well. She likes cats, I like dogs, I finally got her a cat for her birthday. These are just a few examples, but you get the idea.  
  
The point is, I've been spending the last week doing everything I can to address her concerns that she mentioned about us last weekend. Well, last night, she made it abundantly clear that she hasn't noticed any improvement whatsoever.  
  
\*\*My question to AskReddit\*\*  
That brings me to AskReddit. Great minds of the Internet, help a brother out. The problem is I'm doing everything I can in order to show her that I do care and that she does have a voice in all of this, but she doesn't see it.   
  
The thing that really scares me is that she's telling me she has a serious problem, and it can be solved with solution X. When I perform X, it's as if I may as well have made no changes at all.  
  
My question is: \*What am I supposed to do--is she permanently incapable of recognizing my efforts or is she just temporarily blinded by cold feet?\* If it's the latter, then I can just wait it out and everything will be fine. But if it's the former, then there's nothing I can do. Anytime she ever has a problem from here on out, I'll be unable to solve it. It's like trying to change your spark plugs but someone's changed all your tools into Jello and Twinkies. You can't fix anything if your tools are ineffective.  
  
Of course, I could just wait and see, but a divorce later is going to be harder to deal with than a break up now. As a reminder, I completely want to marry this girl, so it's not like I can (at this stage) cut my losses and run. My concern is that I'll never be able to help her with what ever bothers her in the future because she can't see when I'm trying to effect a change for her.  
  
I'd ask 4chan what to do but I'm pretty sure they'd tell me to marry the cat instead.  
  
\*\*Edit: Conclusion\*\* So we started talking last night. She ended up reading about 70% of this thread. Long story short, Reddit is way better than 4chan. One of us is not as nice as all of us. My future kids thank you Reddit! I'm keeping this fucking beard though.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/14hgbh/reddit_do_you_feel_that_despite_the_technological/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, do you feel that, despite the technological advancements of the last 30 years, the opportunities of Generation Y are more constricted than those of Generation X?

Though I have had a number of small personal achievements, my current situation has me feeling like a complete failure. I look around at all of my friends, and it seems like they are all in similar conditions. When we were just kids, we were told that we lived in the land of opportunity, and that we could be anything we desired. In grade school we were told that if we made good grades, attended college, and worked very hard, that we would find the success we all dreamed of. Now as adults we are living a harsh reality. Nothing we were told was true. Our parents had less and achieved more. I often think about the successes of my father and others I know of his generation. I supposedly have all of the same opportunities for success that they had, but I cannot help but feel like it is less of a reality for me and my generation. Despite the technological advancements of the last 30 years that would seem to give us an edge, I feel like it is harder than ever to achieve the successes I dream of every day. Are times that different? Am I just naive? Is it still as easy to achieve success as it was 30 years ago? If not, what has changed?   
  
Here is the backstory that explains the way I'm feeling:  
  
My father was born in 1959 to a working class family. A Gen X baby. He graduated high school in the late 70's and did not attend a single day of college. He acquired a vast knowledge of telecommunications networks by in the 1980's, and started his own telecommunications equipment brokerage in the early 90's. He worked from home, with no employees, and managed to make over $500k a year after taxes. Even so, we lived very modestly. In 1997, he started a CLEC (competitive local exchange carrier) providing local/long distance telephone service, as well as high speed internet service, to basically all of the Southeast United States. He was one of the five original founders and acted as Executive Vice President. On paper he was worth about $65 million dollars, but that was, of course, in stock value that he never got to cash in on. His salary was actually much less than he made when working by himself from home. He was not your typical executive. The company eventually fell victim to the telecom bust in 2000, but, with more capital from the original investors, it managed to stay afloat when similar companies went bankrupt. The same investments that saved the company had the effect of essentially diluting his shares down to nothing. That CLEC went through a series of mergers, and is now part of one of the largest telecommunications companies in the United States. He left in 2004 to form a small, local business, which never really turned a profit. My father succumbed to depression and took his own life in the summer of 2008. Even though he never benefited financially from his telephone company, I feel like it was a great success. He created thousands of well paying jobs, and competed, successfully, with giants like Bell South. His company donated large sums every year to charities that made lives better. The network he built is now part of the backbone of telecommunications in the United States, and we are likely sending communications over it right at this very moment.   
  
Now a bit about myself: I am a 24 year old male. I graduated high school with a 3.9 GPA, and thus was able to attend college on multiple scholarships. My parents did not pay for a single penny of my college career. I graduated Magna cum Laude in the spring of 2011. For as long as I can remember, I have wanted to be an Airline Pilot. I started flight school in June of 2011 and finished in November 2011. I passed all but one of my FAA check rides on the first attempt (the initial instructor check ride has a notoriously low first time pass rate). I am a commercial rated pilot and multi-engine flight instructor. While I knew that none of that would guarantee me a job, I felt like with some hard work I would get where I wanted to go. I returned home from flight school last November, but I have been unsuccessful in finding a flying job. I can't even get a job as a lowly flight instructor. I guess people aren't doing a lot of flight training in this economy, and without the hours I would build as a flight instructor, I will never reach the 1500 hours required by the FAA (according to a new law taking effect next year) to become an airline pilot. I had to do something to make some money until my flying career takes off (pun most humorously intended), so I started a small business utilizing the knowledge I have for another passion of mine: audio/video installations. I sunk almost every penny I had into starting this business with a friends from college. We specialize in residential and commercial installations of audio and video components, but we also do phone systems, networking, security and surveillance, home automation, acoustic treatments…. pretty much everything electronic. We spent a considerable amount getting established, yet we have nothing to show for it. The jobs that we've had have been few and far between, and mostly by word of mouth to close friends and family. We don't have the money for any substantial advertising, and we have pretty much maximized the free marketing available to us. We have even invested money into some online local advertising, like Facebook. People seem to prefer to pay the Best Buy "Geek Squad" much more money to do much less work.  
  
So here I sit, a college graduate, FAA certificated commercial pilot and flight instructor, and small business owner… barely making ends meet. I moved back in with my mother, and I've started selling off any possessions that are worth anything to invest that money into my company, which is pretty much a failure. I have no idea how to turn it around. All I want to do is fly, and I cannot even afford to do that. Since I haven't been flying, I am no longer "current" and would likely have to invest a few thousand dollars in training to become proficient again. Worst of all, I feel like my father would be very disappointed in me if he were still alive. He came from much less fortunate conditions than myself, was given no help, and he achieved so much success at a relatively young age. He created jobs and helped others. I cannot even help myself.  
  
I'm trying to look at the bright side of things, but it is pretty hard to find the silver lining when my dreams are falling apart around me. I feels like I take one step forward and two steps back. Are things going to get better, or is this the kind of life that I should expect to live? Am I alone in feeling this way, Reddit?  
  
TL;DR: My father and his friends came from lowly beginnings and achieved great success with little to no help. Despite my personal achievements, hard work and outside help, I cannot even make ends meet. Are times just different these days, or am I just being a little bitch?  
  
EDIT: I seem to be off on the Gen X thing by about 5 years years. I guess my father was technically a "Baby Boomer", but my point remains the same. Are the opportunities of Gen Y more limited than those of their parents?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/mmjnmf/a_message_to_incoming_freshmen_from_a_senior_bio/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: A message to incoming freshmen from a senior bio major/phys minor

The following is a list of tips that genuinely helped me over the last 4 years in university, and I hope some incoming freshmen can gain something from them as well. (Based on [this thread](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/mmdid6/what\_are\_some\_dorming\_tips\_youd\_give\_incoming/?utm\_medium=android\_app&amp;utm\_source=share))   
   
  
  
1. \*\*Go to your professors' office hours!\*\*   
  
Try to make a habit of going to every one of your professors office hours at least once each week (even if it's on Zoom). This way they can learn who you are both as a student and as a person. That'll make it both easier for them to help you, and be more willing to help you (e.g. they may not take points/as many points away on quizzes and exams for topics they know you've been struggling with [this is not guaranteed, but I've personally experienced this at least one time every semester for the last 4 years]).   
  
Your professors want you to be interested in and learn the material as best as possible (well at least most of the professors I've had felt this way). If you show them that you're making a conscious effort to work hard and do well in their class, more than likely they'll reciprocate some, if not all, of that effort back into helping you. "Helping" could mean anything from spending a little extra time in office hours, to spending non-office hour days trying to help you through problem sets, to not taking points off for parts of assessments that you got incorrect (when other people would get points taken off for the same mistakes).   
  
(\*Tangent\*) Prior to COVID, I tried to make sure that I went to each of my professors office hours at least once a week. I started doing this for two reasons 1) because my father recommended it in our father son talk the night before my family took me to school, and 2) I felt awkward asking questions in front of large classes. Since COVID hit, I've personally found it harder to attend Zoom based office hours, even though I know I should.   
  
College can be incredibly intimidating at first, especially if you get stuck with rigid first year/semester professors. However, from personal experience, as long as you show them you're interested (even if you're not because it's some gen ed., just act like you are) they'll be very willing to help you. As they get to know how you learn and who you are as a person, they'll be able to explain things in ways that make more sense than they did during lectures/while reading the textbooks.   
  
2. \*\*Try to sit in the front row of your class\*\*, you might get picked to answer questions by the professor more often, but that will be an incentive to learn the material!   
  
3. \*\*College is exactly what you make of it\*\*   
  
College will be based on your mindset/outlook, and it will be exactly what you expect it to be, regardless of what your expectations are.   
\*If you keep a nonchalant attitude, you'll see that even the most stressful challenges will come to pass.   
\*If you came to party and chill, you'll have a great time... But try remember to submit your assignments prior to the night they're due.   
\*If you're dedicated to working hard and trying to do the best you possibly can (i.e. me), it's okay to try and cool off every now and again, you don't need to work yourself to death before you even hit the workforce.   
The examples can continue forever.   
  
(\*Tangent/Message to past me\*) I can't tell you how many times I've heard this last point over the last 4 years, but it's true; I know that there are countless experiences that I let slip through the cracks because I felt as though I couldn't take a break from my work - do as I say, not as I do. If you're working hard, you'll do fine. So feel free to let loose every now and again, meet new people (literally, if you're given the chance to meet new people, do it; I don't mean just walk up to some random person with your hand outstretched and ask "what's your name? My name's [name here]!" that'll get weird looks... or pepper spray...), get out of the library/your dorm a every now and again if for no other reason than to get some sun and fresh air.   
  
4. \*\*Try something out of your comfort zone!\*\*   
  
This could mean answering a question in class, speaking to that person you find attractive, joining a club that seems interesting but deals with something you've never tried before, and the list goes on. However, this doesn't mean to try something that you find morally wrong, like if you're against doing drugs and alcohol, don't feel obligated to join in (peer pressure is not like it is in movies, or how high school taught it, but it is still a thing); but also, don't try to tell everyone that they shouldn't be doing it because you don't think it's okay (unless it involves hurting another person, then you have every right to speak up).   
  
5. \*\*Don't feel shy, ask other people if you can hang with them!\*\*   
  
If a person's door is open in your hall, and you see people hanging out, feel free to knock and ask if you can hang with them. If that group doesn't turn out to be your crowd, just continue this process until you find the right people. The "right people" may not be in your hall, or maybe in your building, just try to open yourself up to talk to people and you'll find your best friends eventually :)   
  
If it just so happens that you were the only one from your high school to go to your university and your feeling like an outcast, use that as your literal opening line. (Preface, in high school I was very shy, I wasn't against talking to others, but I struggled to initiate conversations with new people) This is how I felt when I first went to school, the last person from my high school that went to this university graduated 12 years prior to me starting. On my first day, I saw a small group of people talking and laughing together outside my building, so with the help of my father's words from the night prior, I mustered up the courage to walk over and just introduce myself. To the best of my recollection this is what I said (or at least something very close to it): "I'm sorry for interrupting, but my name's Daniel. I don't know anyone so I was wondering if I could hangout with you guys?" They welcomed me with open arms, stating that they were the exact same. That one interaction has stuck with me more than really any other, because it showed me that it's not that challenging to talk to others, you just need to muster up some confidence (even if, in the back of your mind, you're freaking out).   
   
  
All in all, good luck. This is a crazy world we're living in, who knows what could happen over the next 4 years. Also, if you read all of this, good job! Go get yourself a cookie as a reward!