

## 10 Things I Hate About Uni

[Jack Davies](#) moans about what's pissing him off of late

Tuesday 31 October 2017

1. The ever-ticking clock of doom that is third year has this week gotten much more real, **as I recently turned 21**. I am now at the age that I will be when I leave university. The prospect of the real world is shit scary.
2. On the subject of turning 21, the scheduling robot decided that a 9am **seminar the day after my birthday** was a great idea. How can I be expected to be anything other than a drunken shell so soon after such messy celebrations?
3. In a completely unrelated matter, I had to miss a 9am seminar the day after my birthday due to a sudden and crippling illness. This meant I had to **self-certify**, a process I loathe. Surely it's pointless due to the ease with which you can lie? Not me, of course, but, y'know, other people...
4. Freshers don't seem to have got the message that Stone Roses bar should be home to indie and rock, and **keep queuing poppy-chart rubbish on the jukebox**. I don't want to listen to Avicii surrounded by photos of the Gallagher brothers. Fuck off to Kuda you pop gremlins.
5. **Emma Goff-Leggett**, former Nouse sub-editor.
6. **York Council** keep haranguing me and my housemates for council tax, despite our numerous confirmations to them that we are students and therefore exempt. This warranted a never-ending phone call and what felt like hours of sub-par, classical-style hold music. Hours.
7. Despite my status as a millennial and therefore supposedly all-round, tech-savvy dude, I still can't get my head around **Asda online shopping**. I somehow managed to arrange a delivery for 7am on a Saturday. Weekly lie-in ruined.
8. I'm aware that giving the freshers a second mention makes me seem like a grumpy old man, but fuck me their **keenness in attending lectures** at the start of term hasn't half made getting a meal deal from Nisa a right palaver. The queues are despicable.
9. Having recently stepped down from the Nouse senior team, I felt more than a little pang of sadness at leaving...until I realised **I'd have to train the new lot** in how to use the laying-up software. I hate newspapers, Nouse, computers, and especially Adobe InDesign.
10. Finally, in my perpetual drunken stupor, I easily forget the **substandard quality of York's nightlife**. I praised Fibbers to a visiting friend, only for us to go and him to tell me, "Jack, you've been in York too long if you think this is a good club". Wounded



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