

The Student Notebook: My Shit Week So Far

Never go shopping with your girlfriends...



By [Tom Fennelly](#), Sports Editor (2013/14)
Tuesday 22 October 2013

I'll tell you what does suck. Hoovers. Well, mine doesn't. After taking each individual bit of the filter apart, emptying all the dust and sucked up Swann filters into the bin, and then sneezing a large part of my brain out, I finally found that the source of the blockage was somewhere else completely. The nozzle at the end has, it transpires, been blocked for the past couple of weeks, which means that I've been scooting dirt across my laminate fortress up against the skirting board for the best part of a month. To make matters worse, farting about with the Hoover meant I missed the sound of the postman knocking at the door so, once again, I've got to traipse all the way into town to the poxy sorting office.

I decided to break up the monotony of my shit week by going shopping with my best girl buddy. And by "going shopping", I mean "being dragged around and watching her shop" - in hindsight, this was a shit idea. The task was simple: all she needed was a pair of black jeans. In Miss Selfridge, they were the 'wrong fabric'. In Topshop, we found better luck and she tried stuff on, which left me doing the awkward male linger around the changing rooms like a 1970s BBC light entertainment presenter. I got some of the usual funny looks but, thankfully, I did have one male ally to seek solitude with. His name was Alan, he was from Warwick but now lived in York working as an electrician, and he was also waiting for his wife as she tried things on.



Brandon Seager

But then he left. Several clichéd, edgy girls are now watching me from the corner of their eye with intent suspicion as they compared tops draped in tie-dye and sparkly things with pictures of multi-coloured tigers on (this is how I see fashion). Then, being a useless, inept male, I had to pass wind. I'd become a public menace and I'd certainly aroused suspicion. I could have got away with it, but sadly I was unable to withhold my giggling. Thankfully, Beth emerged (unsuccessful) shortly before I was about to be 'asked to leave' and we made a swift exit to New Look. Once more, she wanted to try more things on as she searched for 'something that suited her figure' (you're human: that's the figure that I work from, but apparently it's not that easy). By this point, I'd had enough. I'm a no-nonsense, down-to-earth kind of fella. I'll always take the lift ahead of the stairs, and the last time I was concerned about Blurred Lines I was struggling through an eye test. So I decided to eagerly wait outside until she eventually re-emerged and we went home to actually carry on with our degrees.

“
”

“In Topshop my female companion tried stuff on... Which left me doing the awkward male linger around the changing rooms like a 1970s BBC light entertainment presenter.”

Asides from scheming up plans to catch my postman in the act of 'making my life a bit more bloody difficult', I've been dreaming up other plans that will improve the lives of students indefinitely. It's exciting that our ninth college will be named after 'another semi-famous bloke who once did something in York' (interestingly, women are somewhat ignored in this process, although my college was named after the local bloody river). But with college ten as of yet unnamed, I have a clear, money-making solution in mind: we sell the naming rights. This is certainly something that I would vote on.

In the cash-stripped times in which we live, the University is in desperate need of some extra cash, because I sure as hell can't afford to give them any more of my own (even though I borrow that from the state, but I digress). Having a Red Bull College would certainly be a welcome change, and inter-college competitions could easily become a fun world of endorsements, advertisements and random free stuff for campus students. I'd certainly love to see Kallum Taylor posing on nights out in his Virgin Media-endorsed gear (well, it beats double denim). And a Virgin college would be great for the freshers' week college chants. Imagine a College Cup final between Derwent Dulux paints college against the Halifax Building Society college and the revenue it would bring in for JCRCs. I hear that Haribo will soon be opening a new factory in Yorkshire - I see this move as a great opportunity for them to put their name on the campus map. Kids and grown-ups love it so - the happy world of Haribo college. Come on, it beats naming a college after our Chancellor, Greg Dyke; York Vision would have a field day running that story.

Or they could just put some genuinely necessary services on Hes East. At the moment, it has all the attraction and liveliness of a YuSay event or a house party in Alcuin, which I can only compare to having an audience with the Pope



One comment

Johnny

22 Oct '13 at 4:16 pm

There is way too much negativity in these columns. I'm a negative person but half of me wants to write a column as an overjoyed school girl just to increase the amount of positivity on Nouse!

Other than that it was quite funny I guess

[Report](#)

Most Read Discussed

1. [What is the difference between tax evasion and tax avoidance?](#)
2. [Review: Little Mix - LM5](#)
3. [Penalty for submitting work up to an hour late halved](#)
4. [UK government in contempt of Parliament ahead of key Brexit vote](#)
5. [How to depose a Conservative leader](#)
6. [Led Astray - The Case Against Greta Van Fleet](#)

More in Columns

[Saskia Starritt thanks the ghosts of Nouse past](#)

[Andrew Young introduces his embarrassing self](#)

[Your Third Year Google Search History](#)

[Findings of a Fresher 30/10/18](#)

[A note from the Editor ... 02 October 2018](#)

[Izzy Moore tries optimism for the first time](#)

- [About Nouse](#)
- [Who's Nouse](#)
- [Website Credits](#)
- [Contact Us](#)
- [Advertising](#)
- [Archives](#)
- [Student Discounts](#)
- [Print Editions](#)
- [Mini-Sites](#)
- [Nouse on Twitter](#)
- [Nouse on Facebook](#)
- [Nouse on Google+](#)

