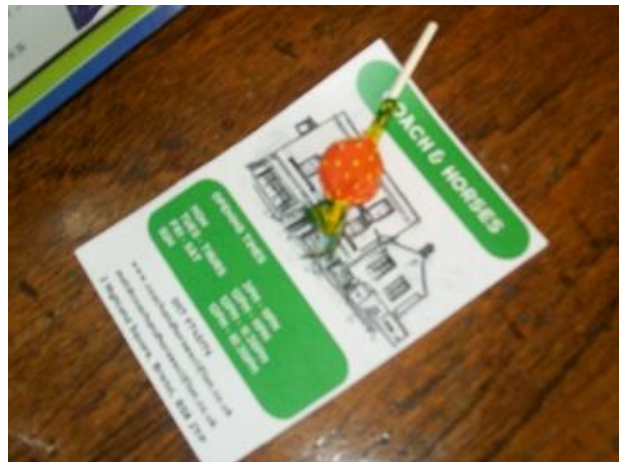
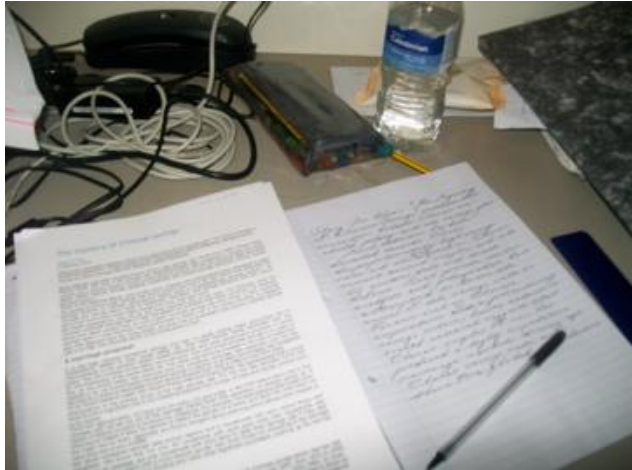


A Day In The Life of A University Student.....

Well, my day kicked off relatively badly. I got myself up at half seven to attempt some work, none of which I understood, so that pretty much put me in a bad mood for the majority of the morning. I guess that the first three pictures of my day are pretty ambiguous; one is just a shot of my desk, one is a picture of my outfit (the previous weekend, my girl mates took me out shopping and pretty much told me that I'd never get a boyfriend if I continued to dress the way that I did. Backhanded compliments all over the shop. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to be happy about the fact that I finally have a group of friends who are willing to hurt me in order to help me, or massively insulted about the fact that I didn't even hesitate to be so brutal. But I digress!), and the third is of a free lollipop that I managed to acquire on the way to university. That temporarily cheered me up. I actually live for free stuff. The freshers' fair was hilarious; the amount of mailing lists that I'm now on due to my craving for free things is ridiculous:

My only lecture of the day (I love Wednesdays) was (LECTURE), which went straight over my head, because I just could NOT focus. Anyway, I took a photograph of the ceiling in the lecture theatre. I have about eighty percent of my lectures there, yet for some reason, I've never really looked up. To be honest, I should probably be focusing on the course as opposed to staring at the ceiling, but it's beautifully done, surrounded with all of the zodiac signs:



After my lecture, I wandered into the computer room in a last-ditch attempt to make myself less of a failure academically. But I just ended up working myself into a state, so I decided to leave. For some reason, I've been ridiculously stressed out this week; my head actually felt as though it was about to burst. I've been so drained of energy that I haven't been able to do anything. I missed a korfball session, I pretty much had to drag myself to choir, netball nearly killed me, and I haven't been to the gym for about a week.

The only extracurricular that I'm actually managing to stick to quite effortlessly are my piano lessons. I've been learning for two or three weeks now, and although making a mistake is the most infuriating, soul-destroying thing, it feels amazing when you finally get it right. The piano calms me right down; it seems to be the one thing that I can control.

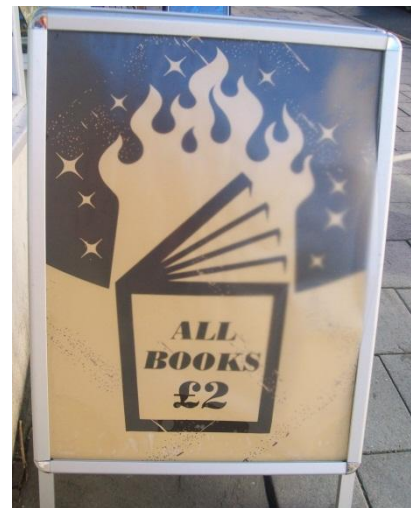
So I popped down to my lesson (via McDonald's and town; I like to have a bit of a wander on Wednesday afternoons; play some music and spend some time alone. It's pretty odd, because unlike most teenagers, I'm actually fairly content with being alone.

Today, I found a bookshop, where every book cost two pounds. I haven't actually sat down and enjoyed a book for years, and it's a shame, because I think that in five or ten years, most bookshops will be obsolete.

In addition to this, I found pretty much the coolest shop that I've ever seen. It's filled with quirky objects such as the rainbow-coloured teapots as pictured...I can't wait until I have my own house; I'm just going to fill it with random things), which is located above a music store



in quite an urban-looking area in Bristol.



Before my lessons start, I like to just have a play on the grand pianos (before stopping because I don't yet feel worthy enough to play one). For some reason, I've always been attached to the piano, so perhaps that's why I'm learning so quickly. Well, I THINK that I'm learning to read music; perhaps I just have a very good memory.



When I returned to the flat, I got some laundry done and after that, I'd usually just chill and watch random programmes on 4od...but I still had a fair amount of work to be getting on with. Bad times!

