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LEADERSHIP CAMP 2017



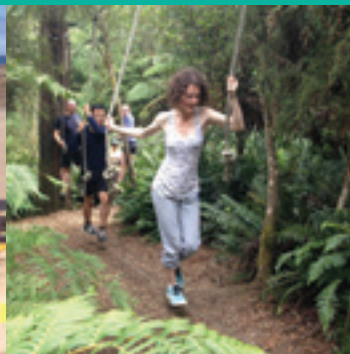
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SPECIAL THANKS

FedPress would like to extend special thanks to everyone who contributed in 2016. We thank you for your time, apologise for all the emails, and we wish you all the best in the future.

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New Year, New You

by Sarah McLean

Tomorrow is the first blank page of a 365 page book. Write a good one.

- Brad Paisley

Everyone has been told that a new year means a fresh start. It seems as if all things reset on the first of January. Maybe this will be the year that you stick to that New Year's resolution, the one you've tried to keep for the past few years. A new year looks promising. We set goals up on New Year's Eve, but then seem to ditch them on New Year's Day, thinking that it was a stupid and unrealistic idea in the first place.

It wasn't though. Maybe 2017 will be the year that you finally achieve those goals. Yes, a new year does present new and exciting opportunities, and whether you're just starting out at university or returning to study or work, you shouldn't let anything hold you back. The challenges that come your way are chances to shine; they are a chance to become better and stronger. The seemingly big hurdles will become small, and perhaps that resolution will finally be completed. It's a bit of a cliché, but it's a good one.

Don't let the negative things get in your way or bring you down, and don't be afraid to dream big. Everyone can make this year amazing in their own way. If an opportunity arises, take it! If you say no, you may never find out what might have been in store. Taking a chance can be a good thing; as Ted from *How I Met Your Mother* once said, "If you're not scared, then you're not taking a chance. If you're not taking a chance, then what the hell are you doing anyway?" Taking risks and agreeing to do something new can be overwhelming and scary, but that's all part of it, and taking a chance can turn out to be rewarding.

Although it's February, it's not too late to begin making goals. There are still ten months left in the year, and each day is just another chance to achieve them. The quote at the start of this article applies to everyone. It's also a good way to look at the year ahead: a new year is a new book and every blank page is waiting to be written. So go ahead — do what it takes to write a good one.



Surviving Life on Campus Residence

by Selin Kasif

University life is full of many exciting, yet also challenging, experiences. When coming to university, I never thought that living away from home on campus would be the most challenging thing. I moved out of home fresh out of school, little to no money, and a whole new world ready for me to take on.

Here's a list of tips I believe may help you survive living away from home and on campus. Good luck to the first timers. Res will be some of the best years of your life, enjoy it!



Selin's survival list for Residence:

1. Your swipe card is your lifeline, if you lose it you can't get into your room or your unit, so carry it around with you all the time!
2. Label all your belongings, particularly your kitchen utensils. I guarantee you that your stuff will go missing or be misplaced.
3. Wash your dishes after use. No one likes a person who is untidy. Wash your dishes, dry them and place them into your cupboard.
4. Take on whatever is on offer: attend special dinners, sporting events and all the other things FedUni Living has to offer. It's a great way to meet people and have fun.
5. Close your windows when leaving your room, no one wants an unwanted visitor, especially if you're living on the ground floor. In summer, mosquitos will find a way into your room, and in winter possums are known to make a visit.
6. Respect your housemates, sometimes people will want to be alone to study. Respect each other's private space and wishes.
7. If you have a car, park between the lines! Also, be mindful when opening car doors not to smash them into the car next to yours!
8. Most importantly, have fun, enjoy your time on Res, and make unforgettable memories!

Have a great time on Res in 2017!

When You're a Course Chameleon (and why it's okay)

by Dakota Richards

 @kotastrophes

I've been at university for almost three-and-a-half years now. In that time I've transferred universities once and changed my program three times. Yes, you read that correctly, three times.

When I first applied for university I wanted to be an exercise physiologist working for the AFL. Upon researching the Bachelor of Exercise Science/Master of Exercise Physiology on the university website, it seemed like a perfect fit for my intended career. However, nobody tells an overexcited first-year student that reality is far different to what is on the website, the university course guides, and what you're told during course information sessions once you commence your classes. I'm not saying that these guides and information sessions are completely useless — they are there to lay the basic foundations to help you decide which course is right for you, but it can still leave a lot for the imagination to fill.

First semester sailed along smoothly, largely due to my first-year naivety and the fact I began my semester with Health Sciences core classes (think Biosciences, Determinants of Health and Nutrition) during which I learnt a lot and thoroughly enjoyed it.

However, this naivety seemed to have wavered somewhat by the beginning of second semester when I commenced a compulsory Exercise Movement class. About two weeks into the class I realised maybe this degree wasn't for me. I struggled to participate in some parts of the class due to my cerebral palsy and it created a sense of self-doubt of how good I would really be at this. I'd sit in the class every week learning different

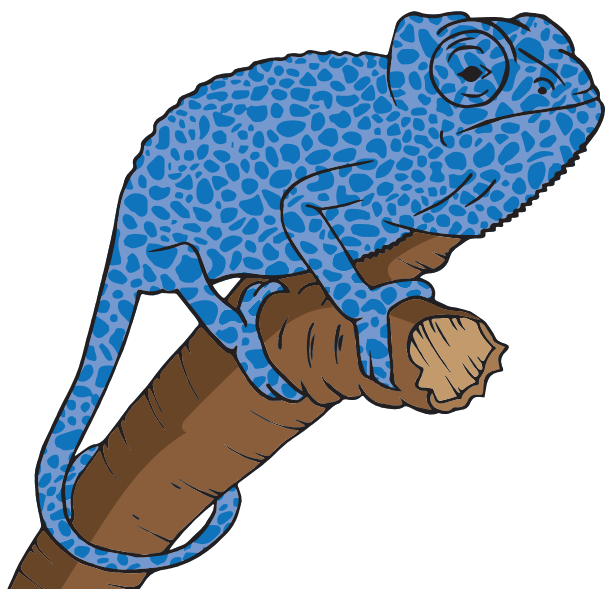
exercises for potential clients, growing increasingly frustrated when I was struggling to mirror what we were to demonstrate and prescribe. I'd leave the classes feeling embarrassed, constantly questioning my ability.

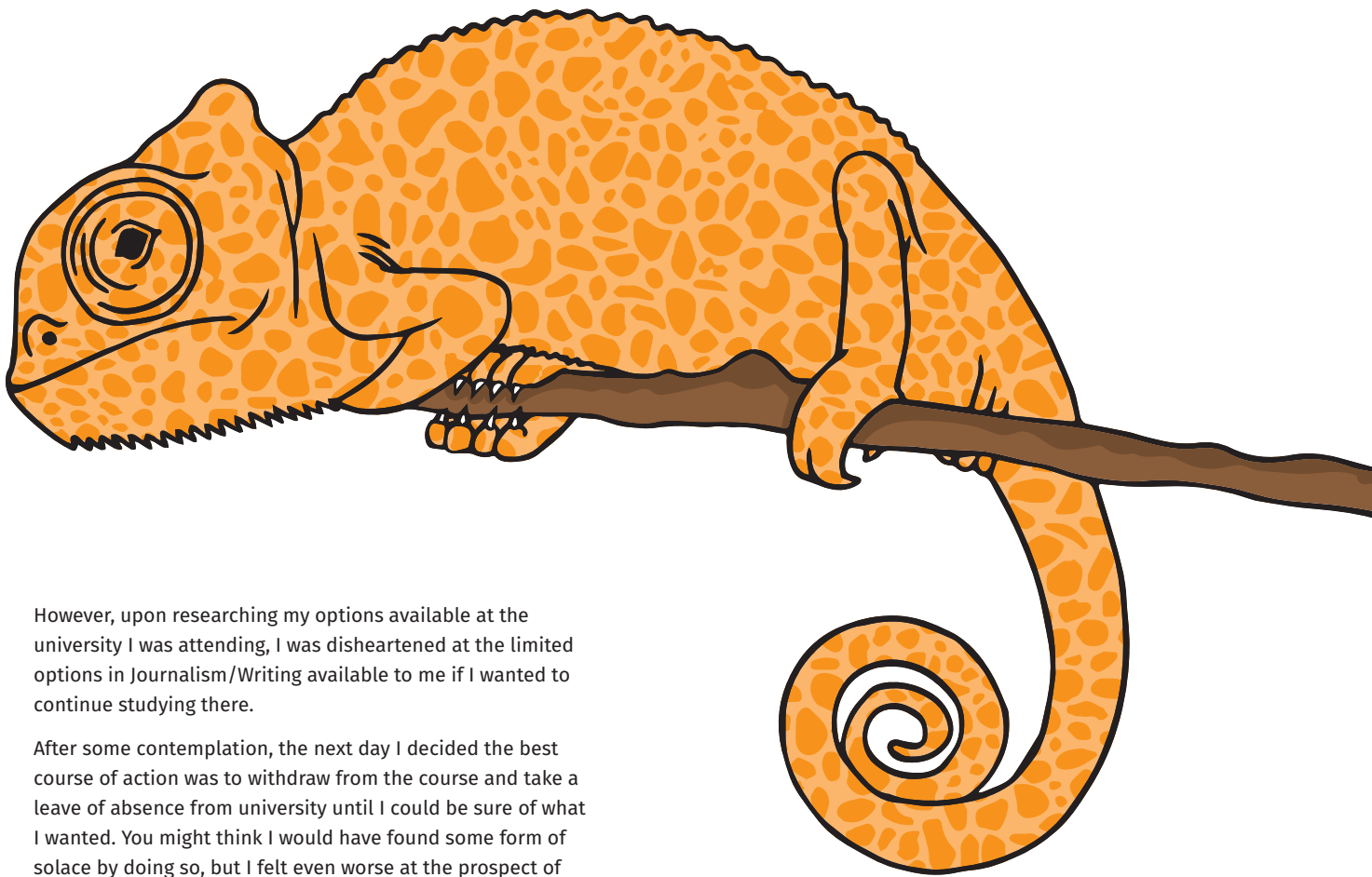
The fact that I was even questioning all this this made me realise that maybe my heart just didn't lie with becoming an exercise physiologist, and maybe I should just stick to something I had experience in. So, after a chat with the program co-ordinator I transferred from the Bachelor of Exercise Science/Master of Exercise Physiology to the Bachelor of Information Technology. I was confident that I had made the right decision. I had always enjoyed and performed well in VET IT at school and completed a school-based apprenticeship giving me a Certificate III in Information Technology with my high school's IT department, where I worked for two-and-a-half years.

So, the first semester in my new course began. At first, I was content with the course change. Even though I knew I was going to struggle with Mathematics for IT, I was confident that it was something that I could receive tutoring for and hopefully pass the subject. However, about five weeks into the semester I was struggling both physically and mentally with the course. I was trying so hard to achieve a pass in the weekly tasks we were given; by that time I was burnt out and would walk out of my classes in tears because I was losing my passion for something that had been an interest of mine for so long.

In a last-bid attempt to try and salvage the course, I went the program co-ordinator for help, hoping there was something I could do to keep me in the course, despite my math blunders. He told me that due to my issues with the course, maybe a Bachelor's degree in IT wasn't for me, and perhaps I should consider leaving university and complete a Diploma instead.

Hearing this completely shattered any self-confidence I had left. I slowly shuffled to my car, not knowing where to turn next. I just remember feeling like I had failed myself, as well as knowing that my family was going to be so disappointed that I wanted out of this course too. Upon the return home, I again found myself browsing the university handbook desperately trying to find something else of interest that I could undertake. In that moment, I had a flashback to writing an 'About Me' section in primary school. It asked, "What occupation do you wish to have when you leave school?" and I wrote, "I would like to be a journalist and travel the world." It was a lightbulb moment.





However, upon researching my options available at the university I was attending, I was disheartened at the limited options in Journalism/Writing available to me if I wanted to continue studying there.

After some contemplation, the next day I decided the best course of action was to withdraw from the course and take a leave of absence from university until I could be sure of what I wanted. You might think I would have found some form of solace by doing so, but I felt even worse at the prospect of technically not even being enrolled in a program anymore. I felt like I had just disregarded all my hard work to earn an offer at a university in the first place.

About three weeks later, I decided to relocate to a different university, no longer feeling that my current university wanted to help me consider my options and keep me there. I'd always heard good things about Federation University and had initially received an offer to study there. Further research led me to discover that they offered solid writing majors through the Bachelor of Arts, and it just seemed to be a no-brainer as I had more of a support system located in Ballarat and I was sold on the colder climate!

I applied direct to the university and received an offer within two days. So I found a place to live, packed up my things, and made the move from Bendigo to Ballarat. I can honestly say it was the best decision I've ever made. The support made available to first-years who commence a degree at Federation University is second to none. At my previous university, there was no mentor program and no Kickstart or book bursaries to assist first-year students with textbooks and other necessities. My faculty have also been very supportive in helping me to choose the right subjects to undertake so that I can be prepared to gain employment as a sports journalist.

My only regret that I have with changing courses so much is that I wish someone had drilled the census date into my head more and made sure I completely understood it. Because this wasn't the case at my previous university, I've racked up an extra bit of HECS debt trying to persist with subjects that I now need pay for. I really feel like when you want to and try persist with a subject/s, the timeframe in which you should decide this and still have enough time to enrol in another subject, without having to stress about catching up on the assessment due, isn't enough. In contrast, it's a difficult situation to address, because

if the time was extended, you wouldn't have enough time to enrol in another subject or program if you end up deciding that it really isn't for you, plus the disruption it may cause to the class and the amount of work that would need to be caught up.

As a closing statement, let me tell you this: despite popular opinion, you are not hardwired to automatically know straight off the bat what you want to do at university. Some individuals have a passion for something that carries on into their tertiary education, and that's fine! But just because they look like they have it all figured out, it doesn't mean they do or that you should have it all mapped out too. What I wanted to pursue as a career at eighteen isn't what I wanted to pursue at twenty-one. Sometimes a few more years of maturity and growth can provide more clarity in these areas. A lot of my friends that gave me grief over changing courses dropped out of their degrees in their final year to study something else, or dropped out of university entirely.

I always said that I would rather figure it all out whilst I'm young and already enrolled at university than finish a degree I had no intention of working in just to either conform with what everyone else was doing, or what other people wanted you to do, and then try and regain entry into university ten years down the track. I'm glad despite what everyone told me, I trusted myself to know what I was doing.

Just remember that at the end of the day it's all your time, effort, and money required to obtain a degree, so make sure it's what YOU want, because that piece of paper and those career opportunities are your reward at the end of the road. It's a journey of self-discovery, and I can promise, even at times when you're unsure about the destination, you'll find your way.

How to *Survive University*

by Emma Gamble

Congratulations, you made it. You pushed yourself through those year twelve exams and now you are stepping into the new world of university. University doesn't come with a manual, but here are some tips and tricks that have helped to get this third-year student through it. I could go on and on about the expectations and all the fun you guys are going to have, but I feel I need to give you this survival guide, a guide I never got.

1. Take a deep breath. And another one... Go on, one more. There will be a lot of new information thrown at you for the next few weeks and it will be overwhelming. Everyone will tell you all these new things: where to go, who to speak to, and when free food will be offered. Trust me, go to these events (especially the free food); staff and students have put blood, sweat, and tears into these events and it really does pay to go. You will get to meet faculty members that may help you out one day.

2. You see that map in your hand? Go get a pen (maybe that glitter gel pen with the funky smell) and mark out the following:

- Your lecture and tute room(s)
- The café/canteen/uni shop
- The Library
- ATMs
- Where the uni parties are going to be held
- Toilets

These are the places it's essential to find and know on your campus. Even the smallest universities have their mazes and hidey-holes, so it's best to know your landmarks.



3. Make a friend or two. No seriously, make friends. Friends are great for:

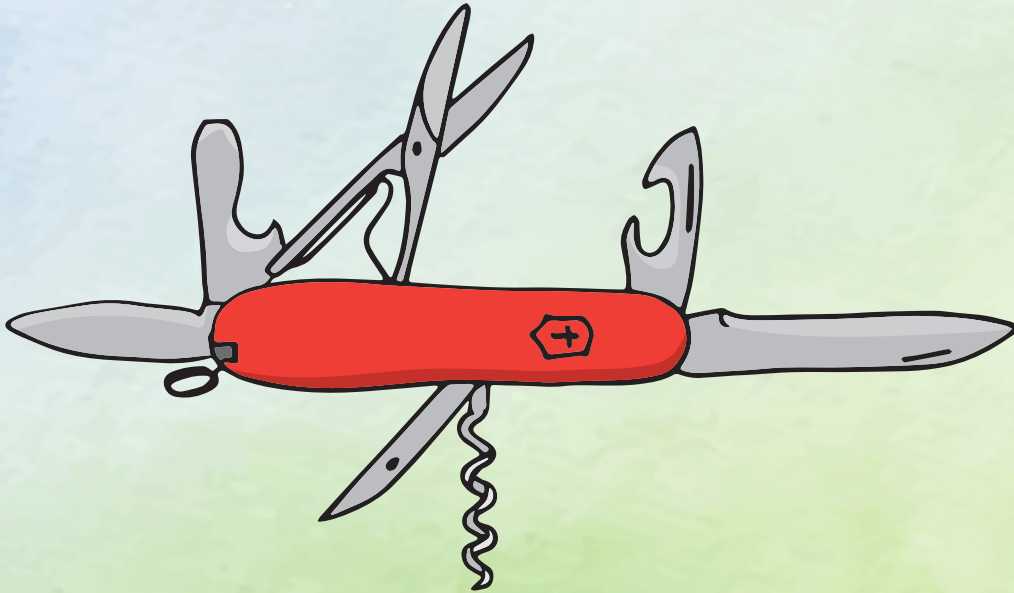
- Reading over your essays
- Making you feel motivated to go to class
- Grabbing a coffee with before or after class
- Carpooling
- Talking to (except in the library... not the best place for D&Ms, just saying)

Here's the thing: you are going to feel out of place and apprehensive about being here, and some of you may have moved onto campus. Making friends makes transitioning into everything so much easier, especially if that friend is someone going through the exact same experience as you.

Okay, you guys still taking those deep breaths? Well keep it up, still a bit more to go.

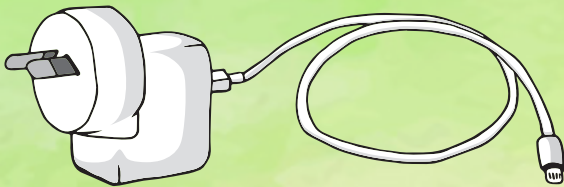


4. I feel now is the point I tell you a sad truth: you may fail a subject. Sorry, but it's true. Don't freak out, okay? It sucks to fail a semester (trust me), but it's honestly the best mistake you could make. It is the biggest kick up the legging, but you might need it. Life and uni sometimes don't balance and you may not study as hard as you should, or not put enough effort into an essay, meaning you get a bad grade at the end of the semester. While I'm not saying fail anything (I want to leave here with a bit of paper), failure is completely normal and how you deal with it will shape the rest of your uni experience.



5. How can you deal with the stress? Well, check out the local junk mail and see where is selling the cheapest Sour Monkey and go for it... Okay okay, this a temporary fix for your stress. For stress relief gives these a try:
- Talk to the uni counsellors
 - Talk to your lecturer or tutor about a tricky assignment (most of them don't bite)
 - Have a study free day, unless you've had three weeks of study free days...then open those books
 - Again these are just tips, if you have any issues take them up with a health professional.

6. These are the essential items to bring everyday:
- Phone charger (also available in the Library)
 - Water bottle
 - Small amount of cash as the café can be very tempting
 - Homemade lunches, those large hot chocs with full cream and marshmallows are VERY tempting
 - Student I.D.
 - Extra bag in case you are borrowing out books that might not quite fit in your bag



7. It's okay to be selfish...sort of. You are here at uni because you want to be, so it's okay to stay in and study or have a night to yourself. Uni is a huge commitment that needs dedication and time, BUT don't forget to balance life. You still need to socialise and no, Snapchat IS NOT a face-to-face conversation. Meet up for lunch with your new uni friends or old school friends or your other half or that-guy-you-hooked-up-with-once-but-it-got-awkward-very-quickly.... okay, maybe not him... but you get my point.

8. The big, scary R word: responsibility. You are now responsible for your own studies and no lecturer or tutor is going to chase you for that late piece of work. If you have reasons as to why you can't hand that piece of work in on time, you can ask for an extension, but that IS NOT an excuse to binge-watch Supernatural...
9. If you work, you'll need to find out what will now work with your uni timetable. It may mean dropping shifts (which sucks) or working days you wouldn't normally. Now is also a great time to start budgeting or learning to save for those rainy days. Then when you finish up a successful first semester you can celebrate.
10. Tute discussions are awesome. Period. It's good to get involved in tutes, and remember those elusive friends? They may join in with you and soon you're bonding over your pets. Getting involved will help with this transition and make it a lot less scary. The first step is the hardest but after those first little stumbles, you'll be running for that degree.



From Yesterday's Teenagers to Today's Millennials: *a comparison*

by Damian Brown*

*FedPress' Raoul Duke

It was a humid summer's afternoon in Bendigo's CBD. The fountain on my left was as dry as a bone and would continue to be so until Bendigo's inhabitants cease requiring hydration to stay alive. My size 11 hooves, encased in a battered old pair of dark blue Rivers sneakers, began to cross the street with the authorisation of the traffic light. My right hand was curled around my latest purchase, two volumes of the *Chandler collection* (1979 edition) by Raymond Chandler, the father of detective fiction. On the other side, a man was walking parallel to my path, going in the opposite direction. He wore a t-shirt with jeans with skater shoes, long wavy hair flipped at the back, and a battered, old skateboard tucked under his left arm. He would not have looked out of place on a street in the 1970s. We subconsciously took different paths so as to avoid knocking each other's possessions out of our hands. Much later, the creative side of my brain was spurred on by the visual differences between the two of us: separated by no more than five years in age, going in opposite directions, and most likely having different mindsets on how to spend an afternoon. In a long-winded way, I arrived at the point of this article: what are the differences and similarities between yesterday's teenagers of 1977 and the new millennials of 2017?

Fashion

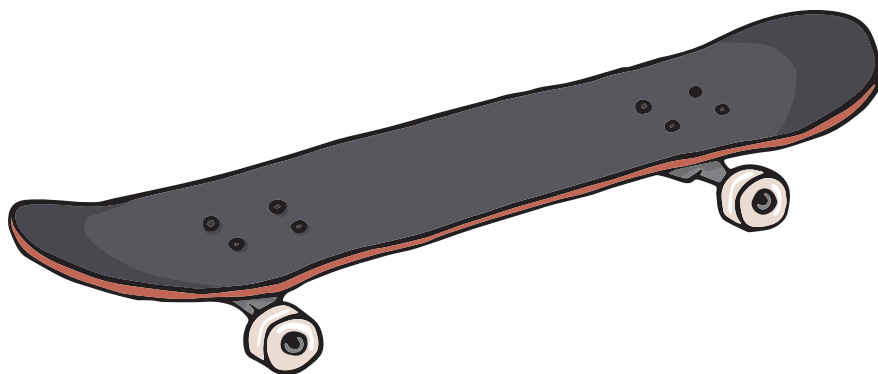
A 1977 teenager wore a t-shirt, jeans, disco wear (flared pants and wide-collared, loud shirts and tie-dye t-shirts). Platform shoes were worn by both men and women, a continuation of men wearing heels since ancient Egypt. Long hair was fashionable for both men and women. Teen fashion was greatly influenced by the anti-war movement.

Millennials wear printed t-shirts, skinny jeans, Ugg boots, yoga pants, skater shoes, baseball caps. Undercut hairstyles are fashionable for both men and women, with many celebrities wearing the cut. Fashion is mostly influenced by media and popular culture.

Film

Star Wars was released 25 May, 1977, and would prove to become the biggest blockbuster movie up to that point. The biggest movie of 2016 was *Captain America: Civil War*, showing how much comic books have moved into the mainstream.

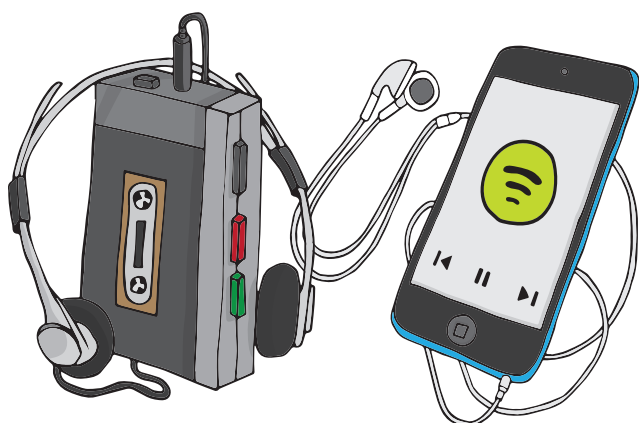




Music

The biggest album of 1977 was *Saturday Night Fever* which, depending on which account you believe, either pushed disco music into the mainstream or resuscitated it for another two years of popularity. Vinyl records were the mainstream, with cassettes and 8-tracks holding a smaller proportion of the market. Walkmans were also popular as a mobile music listening device.

In 2016, Adele's third studio album *25* was the biggest record of 2016 when combining sales and streams. Physical media has been in decline for decades, but streaming services such as Spotify and Soundcloud have taken off. The majority of music is consumed through smartphones.



General activity

In 1977, a teenager's entertainment was usually peer interaction and physical activity. Parks, rivers, football ovals, and local milk bars were all local sources for socialising and fun.

In 2016, more than 60 per cent of kids between 11 and 14 owned a mobile phone in the United States. I challenge everyone who reads this article to find someone who doesn't have some kind of handheld device. Home activities have become the norm over outside activities due to fears regarding potential injury, and the convenience of home entertainment devices



After reviewing my information, I have come up with my final thoughts on the subject of today's millennials and yesterday's teenagers. The reality is, in many ways everyday life has not changed much in forty years. As far as I can see, the biggest changes are the proliferation of smartphone devices and the rise of the information age, fostered by the internet. Not all these changes have been for the better. Many researchers believe that smartphones and other digital devices have contributed to the decrease in attention spans among millennials. I see evidence of this all the time in lecture halls, where students get their phones out immediately after sitting down. I have also seen students with their laptops out spending almost the entire lecture on Facebook or another social media site, never mind the fact they are accruing at least *five hundred dollars' worth of HECS debt a day* just to be at university. But I digress. Everyone is on their own personal journey, and commentators like myself have been berating the younger generations for centuries. Consider this quote,

"The children now love luxury. They have bad manners, contempt for authority, they show disrespect to their elders.... They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs, and are tyrants over their teachers."

This was allegedly written by Socrates, the ancient Greek philosopher, who died in 399 B.C.. So, it can be drawn from this that the youth of humanity have barely changed, even if the world around them has.

“YOU MUST

BUT THE

CHANGE

YOU WISH

TO SEE IN

THE

WORLD”



Clare Hartigan



Clare Hartigan, a recent Diploma of Graphic Design graduate, is now starting her second year of the Bachelor of Communication Design at FedUni. Clare was awarded the 2016 Brian McLennan Art Scholarship for her artistic ability and commitment to studies. She has experience in photography, having worked for a photography studio in Daylesford, and a great interest in graphic design. She has always had a passion for art and design, and aspires to one day work as a graphic designer in the fashion industry. Check out more of her work on Instagram.



@clarearoha



clarehartigan.weebly.com

Ladies Who Lunch

by Tanya Bird

 @TanyaBirdFreelanceWriter

My husband knows her as Perfect Kate. We know three Kates, but only this one looks well-slept and slightly bronzed at all times. This Kate supports charities for illnesses that I have never heard of and wears lipstick around the house.

When I called to suggest lunch, she told me it was a six week wait. Her calendar is filled with fun runs and brunches in trendy cafés the size of my laundry. “Bring the kids. I haven’t seen them in ages,” she said, in the same casual tone one would say ‘bring a coat’, or ‘throw in your togs’. Six weeks later she sits across from me wearing peep-toed heels and ironed jeans.

“I’ve always loved that blazer on you,” she says.

I’m sure it’s meant as a compliment, but it reminds me that I’m wearing the same blazer I wore when we worked together at LAC mags, six years ago. Underneath it is a five dollar t-shirt from Kmart and a stained maternity bra that has survived three pregnancies and three years of breastfeeding. I’ll burn it when I’m done.

“It’s so old,” I say, looking down at baby. The only new things of value I get nowadays are more children.

“It’s a classic piece,” she says, teeth flashing.

I’m reminded of why she always got more sales than me, why she is now head of sales. She is exactly where she said she would be according to her five-year plan, the one I overheard during a client dinner at Vue De Monde. It was before all of this. We ate five courses that night, with matching wines and palate cleansers in-between. I had worn strappy heels. I could walk for hours in them back then. Someone warned me during my first pregnancy that my feet would change forever. People with children love to scare people without children. They were right though. My collection of heels gathered dust, until they were eventually sold off on the local buy, swap and sell page. I made sixty dollars. That’s two boxes of nappies.

“I’m hungry,” says my three-year-old daughter next to me. She is kneeling on a high-back leather chair, the kind prone to tipping children. Her hands are splayed on the white tablecloth, and not the paper-covered kind that kids can draw on. This restaurant does not hand out crayons. I have given up telling

her to sit properly. Instead, I pick up the polished cutlery in front of her and place it in the middle of the table. All I see are toddler weapons.

I glance past my daughter to my five-year-old son. He is slumped in his chair with his knees pulled up, iPad resting against them. His pants are too short in the leg and his pilling socks and scuffed sneakers are on display: ninety dollar sneakers that are dragged alongside his scooter in place of a brake. He had wanted green shoes. All of the sale items had been blue. I had been preparing to negotiate when Miss Three wet her pants. I watched it pool around her feet as Mr Five announced it to everyone in the shop. We left with the green shoes.

“Ta. TA!” says baby. The clang of knives has drawn baby’s attention. Her chubby body strains against my experienced grip.

I move the glass of water into the middle of the table. This is when I realise the napkins are cloth, the starchy kind, useless for mopping up spilled drinks. I need the disposable serviettes, the ones in stainless steel dispensers that can be grabbed by the handful in an emergency.

“Did you bring a toy for her?” Kate says. “Looks like you brought everything else in that bag.”

Her jewellery is blinding me every time she moves. Rows of silver bracelets and gem-infused charms, no doubt romantic gestures from her husband for her amazing efforts at self-care. Her earrings almost touch the tops of her shoulders. It reminds me of when Mr Five was a baby and had taken hold of one of my earrings, almost ripping my earlobe in two. I still remember crying through clenched teeth as I tried to pry open his iron hand. I haven’t worn them since.

I glance at the bulging nappy bag hanging from the handle of the pram. The zip is undone, my life on display. I try to remember what toys might be buried among the wipes and sippy cups. My eyes trail over to Kate’s Burberry handbag. It’s the size of a wallet, the kind without loyalty cards and expired petrol coupons. I have designer handbags at home. They are a lot like my old shoes.



I pick up the paper menu in front of me and hand it to baby. It's secured on a wooden board with a leather tie. It does not stand a chance against her.

"It won't matter what toy I offer. She will want something dangerous or breakable." It is meant as a joke but it sounds like a complaint.

Kate picks up the wine list, as thick as a bible, and begins to slowly flick through it. My jaw tightens as I watch her. I have a forty-minute window before baby turns. If she gets overtired, she will be up all night. I will be up all night. Tomorrow we all suffer.

A waiter dressed in a black, buttoned shirt and pressed pants passes the table. His eyes flick to the children before briefly meeting mine. I give him that look that says we're ready to order. He continues past with his empty tray and I immediately forgive him. In an hour he'll be scraping our squashed food off the floor.

"Mum, when is the food coming?" Mr Five says, blinking at me with reddened eyes. He's been on the iPad too long. Another mummy fail.

"As soon as the waiter comes we'll order," I say in a whisper. It feels like a restaurant I should whisper in.

Kate is still reading the bible. She has paused on a page of Spanish wines, finger gliding slowly down as she considers, each, one. "Do you want to share a bottle of something?" she says, looking up.

I stare at her tinted brows. "I have to drive home." And keep the children alive for the rest of the day.

She smiles and waves a manicured hand in the air. "Of course. I forgot you brought your car."

Baby throws the menu and it knocks over my glass of water. The white tablecloth drinks it up greedily. "How else would I get here with three kids, a pram, and a fifty-kilo nappy bag?"

Kate is trying to mop up the liquid with one of the water-repellent napkins. I don't help. I do it every other meal.

"I thought meeting in Richmond would make things easier for you." She glances at me through a wall of waved hair. Her hair is naturally curly so I know that she would have straightened it first. Blow-waved it, straightened it, and then waved it. I am so grateful to get mine washed.

"MUM! I want chippies," Miss Three says.

"Please," I say, like a good parent does.

"They don't do chips," Kate says, "but they have rosemary fried potatoes on the tapas menu."

Brilliant. I get to pay four times as much and listen to the kids complain about the green bits which I will end up having to brush off with my fingers.

"Richmond may as well be the city for me." I wince at my sulky tone.

Kate lives in an apartment, a stone's throw from the casino, the kind with a gold-plated foyer and a concierge. She has a cat worth more than my car and a cleaner that comes once a week with fresh flowers for her Vera Wang vase.

Baby is arching her back now, she wants to get down and explore the forbidden floor. If we were at home I'd be trying to make lunch and she would be whinging at my feet to be picked up.

"Do you want me to take her for a bit?" Kate says, clapping her hands and offering them up to baby.

Baby leans towards them and is swooped up. I watch her settle into the new lap, a chuffed smile matching the glint in her eye. Kate gently takes hold of her hand and studies her tiny fingers. I try to remember the last time I cut her fingernails. Then I realise how long it has been since I cut my own. Mr Five bites his which both worries me and reduces my workload. Miss Three screams as though I am extracting them. She is that way with most things: hair washing, medicines, new foods, battery-operated toys that move on their own.

"Must be so nice having that big house filled with children now," Kate says.

It's claustrophobic.



Miss Three has taken advantage of the vacant seat and climbed into my lap. She immediately reaches for my cutlery and I catch her hands mid-air. “The kids kept coming. We had to buy the big house when number three surprised us.”

Kate blinks, revealing shimmery eyelids. “Be grateful it was so easy for you.” She looks down again.

“I’m sure one day I’ll be incredibly grateful. Right now I’m just trying to survive them.”

She tucks her hair behind one ear. “I wish we could swap problems.”

I shake my head, mentally blocking the sentiment. “Don’t wish that. You’ll understand why when it’s your turn.” She flinches at this and I realise that I am an appalling friend. I’ve dismissed her problems because I have my own under a giant magnifying glass. “Sorry, I’m tired. Not just the ‘I haven’t slept’ kind of tired, but the ‘I haven’t toileted alone in a long time’ kind of tired.”

Kate is looking only at baby who has burrowed into the nook of her arm, fat little legs pushing happily against her free hand. She is watching baby’s toes curl around her finger. “She has the sweetest feet,” she says, nose scrunching a little.

We all watch baby’s bare foot roll over her finger. A rare moment of stillness. Miss Three has gone limp in my arms and her thumb is in her mouth. I wonder if there would be more moments like these if I stopped treating life like a to-do list that I have to smash through.

“She really does,” I say.

“Everyone tells you how hard it is,” Kate says, ending the moment. “It doesn’t make me want it any less. I can work hard to achieve anything, except this.”

I see it then. The way her finger is stroking baby’s foot. The way she is studying baby’s hair. Longing. Her five-year plan is up and I’ve forgotten to ask her about her new plan. It’s a conversation for another time, when the children aren’t around.

“I’ll let you pick the wine. I need re-educating.” I pick up the food menu, ignoring the splashes of water. Miss Three pretends to read it with me. She feels important in my lap. She only got two years in it before she had to step aside for baby. She is as

bewildered as me. “There are no chips,” I say to her, “but there is fried ice-cream. I am fairly sure you guys will eat fried ice-cream.”

Mr Five’s eyes have gone as wide as the bread plates. For a kid that never hears a word I say, he has comprehended perfectly. I am not the kind of mum that lets them eat ice-cream for lunch. This suggestion challenges everything he knows about me.

‘Ice-cream!’ says Miss Three, pulling the attention of the room.

Baby throws her hands up in excitement. She has no idea what she is agreeing to, but she’s in. Mr Five is suppressing a smile. He is the kind of kid that squeals on the inside, like me.

“I think I’ll have the same,” Kate says. She smiles at Mr Five. “I don’t often have an excuse.”

I press my lips against my daughter’s messy braid. She smells of apple and popcorn. After a moment, she turns her face up to me.

“I need to do wee,” she says.

I exhale into her hair. “Ok, sweet girl!”



New Beginnings

by Freya Fogliani

Misdirected — felt distant, inept
unaware of where to next

Waves crossing a pebbly shore, bubbled out, wobbled —

Through the air
wind catches

Soft music playing —
not acquiescently

Come before, existed for a while —

Born again

In renewed dawn, morning dewglistened grasses

Alive, promised adventure awaits

Apprehensive, excited, daring

To succeed

No longer misdirected

Voluntary traveller on unbroken dreamroads

Education once started never ends

The sea uncharted

land barren

Dust carried on the wings of mistakes
made, forgiven

Try again

Song
(forever

Rise
lasting)

Fall

New beginnings equate to neverbeforeseen possibilities

Carve the way forward through
the world of undefined

Questioning and answering
inquisitive, inspired actioners defined

Voices of those ready

attend to reality

Hear them

Crying on the winds

across the pebbly shores of time

Note to Reader:

New Beginnings was inspired by the style of E. E. Cummings, who stepped outside the normal conventions of poetry and grammar. I like this style because it's more out-there and that's what you should experience at university, the chance to be creative and experiment — make the most of it! Whether you're new to uni life or an old hand at study, you'll relate to the free flow and (perhaps) nervous energy present here.

End of the Day

by Amanda Mill

It's late. The air is chilly and the wind blows. My muscles shiver at the contact and my skin erupts with a continuous stream of goose bumps; my hair also stands to attention, although it doesn't last long with the sun being so strong, even in the lateness of the day. I have my glasses on, the ones that block the sun from burning my retinas. They have three main purposes: the first has already been mentioned, the second is so I can rest my tired eyes and the third is so I can observe people from the privacy the shades allow.

I am waiting for the rest to come. They take forever. One has arrived, he stands beside me. There is no need to talk, he knows exactly how I'm feeling. Even if we did start talking, it wouldn't be appropriate as it would be about whom we're waiting for. Someone walks out and she smiles at us, sighs as she puts her bag down, and retrieves the cigarettes from her bag. She lights up and fouls the fresh air with chemical-enhanced smoke. She says about the day and I reply with something trivial. And that's it. Our conversation already dried up.

The door rolls open and another joins our cluster. This one thinks she's funny — she's not. I let her words wash over me, I even manage a small smile, a choked laugh as well. I say something, small, irrelevant, unimportant, to keep her going. I don't want to talk and am more than relieved that she talks enough for all of us. I shiver as the wind blows again.

Another workmate bursts forth. She is laughing, forever laughing. She is happy and I shouldn't scorn her for that, but I am not in the mood for her glee. Hers or the rest of them. They're the parrots, not me. I am released from duty.

The others file out of the door, one after the other until we all stand huddled. I reach up my hand, ready for the descending roller door. I am, it turns out, the only one who can pull it down to the bottom without effort. They always look on in amazement when I do, stunned that someone could have that much power in such a small frame. The wind blows.

We move away as one, starting the long trek to our cars. I do not speak, I only move; one foot in front of the other is all I can manage. If I utter one more word I may fall over from exhaustion. I am so tired that I lean into the gusting wind.

We've got halfway across the carpark when people start to drop off, their cars a shorter distance away than the rest of us. Mostly it comes down to bone laziness, but that's not my problem. They're the ones who risk a fine every day, not my prob. Soon it's only two of us left. Me and him. We continue across the bitumen surface, avoiding the cracks and broken rubble until we reach the normally busy street. It's quiet for the moment, almost no traffic, and we cross over to the painted island in the middle of the road. A few cars go past then an opening reveals itself. It's not very big, but we can make it if we're fast enough. The wind blows at our backs and I gather some energy. I go, but he hesitates. I just make it while he waits for another gap. We start walking again when he joins me.

"That car almost hit you," he grins. I shrug and we continue on, entering the tunnel below the train line, our footsteps echoing off the bricks. *I wish it did*, I think. The wind blows.

America's Angel, Ariana Returns: *Dangerous Woman*

by **Scarlette Baum**

 @scarlennemua

From one 'scandal' to the next, baby-doll dress donning diva Ariana Grande has kept her name and her image in the media between studio album releases. Finally, Grande is now newsworthy for more than licking and ditching a doughnut! Her third studio album *Dangerous Woman*, released in May of 2016, is Grande's refreshing return to the music scene since her 2014 album *My Everything* and a stint of unremarkable features.

Featuring collaborations with music's biggest names — Nicki Minaj on 'Side to Side', whose verse admittedly makes the track; Lil Wayne on 'Let Me Love You' which features his clever and cool lyrics; Macy Gray on 'Leave Me Lonely' which is a soulful track, but not convincing; and lastly Future features on 'Everyday' bringing A-grade production to the track, highlighting Grande's immense vocal talent. *Dangerous Woman* is likely to cater to the tastes of many RnB and hip-hop fans, even if, like me, you're not a fan of Grande's Mariah Carey-esque vocal tricks.

If you only heard the album's opening and closing tracks 'Moonlight' and 'I Don't Care' you wouldn't believe that there's anything worth hearing on the album, but given the chance you'll find standout tracks including 'Greedy', showcasing Grande's exceptional vocal range; 'Sometimes', which sounds effortless without sounding lazy and non-committal — a first for 2016; and title track 'Dangerous Woman' which is James Bond-worthy, if you're that way inclined.

Overall, *Dangerous Woman* isn't 2016's 'must buy' album, but it's definitely worth streaming on your preferred audio and media platforms, purely for the effort it makes at shrugging off Ariana Grande's 'America's Angel' image.

I give *Dangerous Woman* three out of five stars and the ever overused 'see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil' monkey emojis.



A Hike to Higher Education: *Maria Island Trek*

by Jess Powell

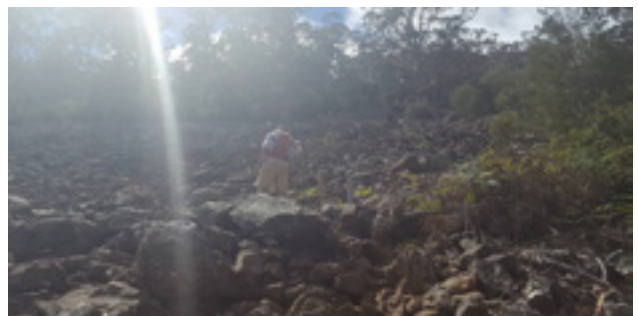
I had the amazing privilege of being a part of the 'Hike to Higher Education' program in 2016. Ambassadors from the Australian National Academy of Music (ANAM), volunteers from Anglicare Victoria, and representatives of Federation University formed part of the team who make this trek possible. I am so thankful Joshua Lloyd (our Outreach Officer) encouraged me to be part of this aspirational experience. We attended with Year 9 students from Horsham College with the aim of having organic conversations about higher education, potential educational barriers, and basically bearing witness to the reality that anyone can have a crack. In a way we were there to emphasise that no one is perfect. We all struggle from time to time, but just like a physically-challenging trek there are different ways to make it to the top. As a uni student undertaking an Education course this experience was so valuable. It was unlike any other placement, requiring you not to take on a highly authoritative role like you might in a classroom setting, but rather just to be you. The following was written as a recount for a compilation created by Horsham College:

What an amazing experience! Upon signing up for the trek this year I felt so excited to be part of it, but I must admit that I felt ill-equipped to complete the challenge. Being someone who struggles from time to time with fatigue and related anxiety, I was unsure that I was really an 'ideal' candidate. But as I came to see, this pattern of thinking was what the trek set about to defeat.

Throughout my time at Maria Island I have learnt so much from the students and the challenges we faced together. The themes of teamwork, resilience, and character development really resonated with me as I walked along. The energy of the kids and their determination that anything was possible really encouraged me. By following their lead and keeping my eyes up, I was able to overcome the weaknesses I felt and draw upon something far greater. Although being one of the last presented a mental challenge for me at times, it was a reminder of how making comparisons to others won't do us any favours in life. It was only when I let those thoughts fall away and focus instead on placing one foot in front of the other that I was able to endure the walk.

Being faced with my personal fears was a really poignant reminder of the similar feelings students can face during school and university. While it felt uncomfortable to feel vulnerable like this, it really gave me a heart for adversities 'unideal' students may face. Much like our trek up the mountain, school and further education can feel like an impossible climb. At times it feels like you'll never reach the top and you may stumble and feel as if you're not making any progress. You may also feel like you're the only one who's struggling and not be the first at the top. But surprisingly much can be gained by enjoying the view at your own pace and bouncing back, developing character in the process.

It was a pleasure to meet such a lovely bunch of students and people from ANAM, FedUni and Anglicare in such a beautiful environment. I really appreciated the students' interest in our stories and hope they gained something helpful from hearing them. Many prayers and thoughts to them and the continuation of this valuable program.



1, 2, what can we do? 3, 4, we can do more! 5...

#PickUp6

by Freya Fogliani

We don't need to look far to see rubbish all around us, on our streets, in waterways, oceans and yes, even on campus. Pollution is a major threat to our global environment. Although many global companies try to make us believe plastics break down over time, the truth is that plastics and other solid pollutants are not biodegradable and remain in the environment for 10s, 100s, or even 1000s of years before breaking down (some don't break down at all, ever!). Plastic is the most represented of all materials, making up to 80 per cent of all litter found at sea and washed up on our beaches.

What's more:

- Australians buy 600 million litres of bottled water a year.
- We use 10 million plastic bags a day (that's 3.9 billion plastic bags a year)!
- We use single-use plastics everyday

Everything that isn't thoughtfully disposed of or recycled ends up in our waterways and eventually drifts into the oceans. Floating underwater, plastic bags and other pieces of rubbish look appealing to turtles and other marine wildlife, who can die from consuming non-biodegradable waste. However, the solution is unbelievably simple. Say no to single-use plastics; just by being conscious of the waste that we produce we can Reduce, Reuse and Recycle, reducing the impact that we have on the environment.

Pick Up 6 is a campaign started by FedUni student leader Abbethia Rene, inspired by the 2016 FedUni Student Leadership Camp clean up. Pick Up 6 is an environmental movement aimed at promoting awareness and action within the community by simply picking up six pieces of rubbish. Furthermore, through social media, Pick Up 6 aims to raise issues, start conversations, and encourage engagement with a variety of issues that affect our environment.

So, what can we do to make positive change in our environment? Next time you go for a walk just pick up six (or more if you're keen) pieces of rubbish and dispose of them thoughtfully in the nearest bin.

Take a picture of the litter that you find and upload it onto social media, share with your friends and family, and help us to preserve our beautiful planet for future generations. Don't forget to include #PickUp6 so we can see it too.

Follow us on social media and look out for more info at our Mt Helen and Churchill campuses to get involved and remember — everyone can make an impact.

Pick Up 6 are also looking for Education students to help develop an education program to go into schools in Semester 2, 2017.

If you would like to get involved or have any questions, message us via social media or email at pickup6pu6@gmail.com.



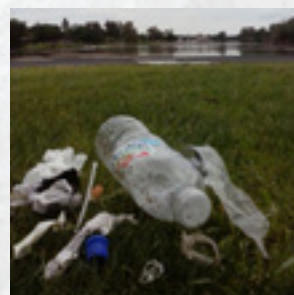
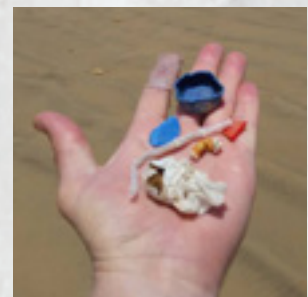
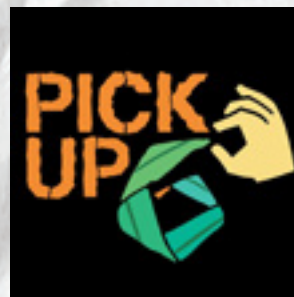
@pick_up_6



@PU6ix

Upcoming events for Pick Up 6:

- Schools Clean Up Day, Federation Uni Mt Helen Campus, **3 March 2017** (Week 1)
- Clean Up Australia Day, Glendonald Park Churchill, **5 March 2017**



FedUni Ultimate Frisbee Club



Looking for that something extra to fill your 2017 academic year? Something fun and active that's a great way to connect with new people? Then you should check out the FedUni Ultimate Frisbee club!

We know what you are thinking: what is Ultimate Frisbee (Ultimate)?

Ultimate is a fast-paced non-contact team sport suitable for both beginners and advanced athletes. It is a unique sport that adds a frisbee instead of your stock-standard ball and derives from a mixture of sports including touch-rugby, netball, and many more. It is quickly gaining popularity with local, state, national, and international tournaments run year-round; we have even seen some of our very own Fed Ultimate team members competing for Australia in world tournaments overseas!



What Fed Ultimate can offer you:

- Weekly training sessions, where you can meet new friends and get a feel for Ultimate as well as improving your skills
- The opportunity to compete in both the Southern Uni Games (2–6 July) and the Australian Uni Games (24–29 September)
- The opportunity to compete in local tournaments throughout the year in conjunction with the Ballarat Ultimate Club
- Social club events throughout the year
- A fun and active environment that can help with the stress of study

Words alone can't express how amazing Ultimate is so come on down and experience it for yourself!

We can't wait to meet you



For more information:

 @FedUniUltimate

 feduniultimate@gmail.com

Australian Uni Games 2014,
Fed Ultimate team video

 tinyurl.com/FedUltimate



FedUni Quidditch



Quidditch: it's not just for Hogwarts! The Federation Horntails (your FedUni Quidditch team) are looking for new members to come and join the Quidditch fun.

Want to know more? Want to get started? Come and see us at market stall day on 27 February at Mt Helen, or contact us on Facebook.

 @FederationHorntails

 feduniquidditch@gmail.com

Not sure about Quidditch but still reading? The Federation Horntails are also holding a raffle — the tickets are \$2 each and there is over \$300 in prizes to be won. Tickets available on market stall day. For more information check out our Facebook page.

Student Wellbeing and Support Services

Student Counselling

FedUni offers a confidential and free counselling service to all students. Our Counsellors are fully qualified and can help you deal with a range of issues relating to mental health and general wellbeing.

w: federation.edu.au/counselling

Disability and Learning Access Unit

The role of the Disability and Learning Access Unit is to support the development of a learning and working environment that maximises participation in University life. Learning Access is also available for elite athletes, coaches and performers.

w: federation.edu.au/disability

Health Centre

Doctors and/or nurses are available on campus or through our partner

providers. A range of health related services are available including travel vaccinations and health advice. Services are bulk billed and by appointments only.

w: federation.edu.au/health-centre

Scholarships, Bursaries and Grants

We have a range of scholarships, bursaries and grants available to our students through a simple one application process.

w: federation.edu.au/scholarships

Student Financial Support

Talk to a Student Financial Support Officer to find out what help is available to you as a student both within the university and in the community.

w: federation.edu.au/financialsupport

Student Advisory Service

We help students with concerns or questions about educational experiences. We provide support and advice to students for policy enquiries, complaints, discipline, academic progress and any other matters which may impact on the university experience.

w: federation.edu.au/studentadviser

Chaplaincy

The Chaplaincy service provides pastoral support to students and can discuss topics such as spirituality and faith.

w: federation.edu.au/chaplaincy

Student Engagement

Community and Student Development

We support student leadership and volunteer opportunities, locally and internationally. We provide leadership development, networking and community impact opportunities. Students are recognised for their achievements through our Leadership Awards.

w: federation.edu.au/student-leadership

Clubs and Societies

Students have a range of clubs and societies available for them to join. We also facilitate and help students start up new clubs.

w: federation.edu.au/clubs-and-societies

Events and Activities

We offer our students a range of fun, social and cultural events throughout the year. We encourage students to volunteer at our events and gain industry experience in events management.

International Student Support

A range of orientation, transition and ongoing support is provided to our international students. We also coordinate a range of inclusive social activities.

w: federation.edu.au/international

Cultural and Linguistically Diverse Support

Students from multicultural and linguistically diverse backgrounds are supported through a range of programs.

w: federation.edu.au/international

Sport and Recreation

We facilitate a range of sports teams and sports clubs and there are a variety of sport programs on offer. We also provide a range of free trips, social sports events on campus and placement programs.

w: federation.edu.au/sport

Student Career Development and Employment

Student Career Development and Employment Services

Student Careers and Employment Service provides great resources to help plan your career, find part-time work whilst studying, and obtain a graduate position.

w: federation.edu.au/studentcareerhub

Industry Placement Program

The program is an opportunity for students to gain valuable and relevant workplace experience. Students studying in the area of arts (selected major), business, engineering, IT and science are eligible to apply.

w: federation.edu.au/lipp

All the support you need

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