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Achieving an HD O-Week

Your Guide to a Successful University Orientation

By Dakota Richards

Congratulations! You've received and accepted your offer to study at Federation University. The next step is to attend orientation (also known as O-Week), which is a transition period for new students to prepare for the impending semester. As a third year Fed student, I've prepared a set of tips to ensure that you make the most of your orientation.

GET IN THE *KNOW*

Download or print a copy of your Faculty Orientation Academic program, as well as the Orientation 2018 Social program, to ensure that you are aware of what is being offered throughout the week and can plan accordingly. Current students can access their Faculty Academic program and the social program online.

Familiarise yourself with your campus

Your university mentor will show you around, however it doesn't hurt to take some extra time out to obtain a campus map and explore! The more you familiarise yourself with where your classes are and the locations of services you'll use throughout the year (such as Student HQ, Health Services, the 24-hour computer labs, the bookshop and the cafes on or near campus), the easier the transition to university will be.

Be budget-conscious

As tempting as it may be to spend copious amounts of money on the social events and parties associated with O-Week, keep in mind that it probably won't seem like a good idea the following week when you realise you have to purchase textbooks that will cost that amount, or more. The earlier you set a budget, the easier the next three-to-four years will be financially. There are heaps of budget planners available as apps for your phone and via the web such as ASIC MoneySmart Budget planner which can be found at www.moneysmart.gov.au.

Enrol in your classes

It seems pretty self-explanatory, but you'd be surprised how many of us students (especially as first years) get hung up on the social calendar associated with O-Week and leave enrolling in classes until the last minute. Take advantage of the enrolment days with assistance at your designated campus and get in early (this is also handy when collecting your student ID). It means that you'll be prepared, avoid long queues, and you'll have a little bit more flexibility when choosing your timetable as well.

CONNECT WITH YOUR MENTOR

Mentors are designated specifically to assist you as a first year, so use them. Don't be afraid to communicate with them about any issues that arise or questions you may have about something you may have missed throughout the week. It is understandable as there is a lot of information to be absorbed during this time. Your mentor will also help you out for the next six weeks, so they're a good person to know.

Take advantage of your faculty information session

Even if it feels like your career outcome is set in stone based on your chosen degree, it doesn't mean that you shouldn't attend your degree information session. Chances are you'll learn something you didn't know, and information sessions are usually run by your course coordinator, who will become a lifeline of communication throughout the duration of your degree. Even if you feel you know where you're headed after graduation, it's important to know who your course coordinator is, where they are located on campus, and their contact details.

Check out the societies or clubs on offer

This is something that I wish I had used more as a first year. Federation University has a multitude of clubs/societies on offer to match your hobbies and interests. From PE and gaming to the likes of Quidditch, there is something for everyone! There is a detailed list of current clubs and societies at each campus available online on the university website.

Last, but certainly not least, have fun!

WHEN A SUBMISSION DATE IS THE NIGHT BEFORE

**note: this is a rushed submission, and should be noted as an example of why you do not hand in work the night before. The grammar, spelling and other writing mistakes are deliberately left in as examples of a rushed submission. The author's head is currently swimming in painkillers and caffeine at 2 A.M. in the morning when he submitted this.*

So, as I sat down to write my submission for this year's o' week submission for the fed press article of 2018. I realised I only had a couple of days to do it. Thank god for Facebook event notifications, and its sync up to google calendar. Wonderful invention, isn't it? The Internet I mean. They say you should never work past 10 o'clock in the evening because your brain gradually loses functionality after then. I'm reminded of what the American general said to his German counterpart at the Battle of the Bulge in late 1944, surrounded by enemy forces and given a rare chance of mercy. His response?

“ N U T S ! ”

The German translator, at a loss as to how to best communicate that message and its intended meaning to his general, offered “fahr zur Hölle”, or “Go to hell”. As tempting as it is to say to wish submission deadlines would fahr zur Hölle, the reality is, they are a integral part of the university lifestyle, and in fact, life in general. At least in university, they will tell you when stuff needs to be done. My recommendation for all new students, who are currently standing in my shoes just as I did in 2013?¹

Start writing down your deadlines. Grab a wall calendar, buy a notepad, open a google calendar account. Look at the course description for all the due dates, and write down the ones that are there. If some aren't (because the lecturer hasn't set a date yet) wait until they do and then write it down. If you get an extension then write it down.²Also take note that you will receive a exam timetable in the near future. There will be two. A draft timetable and a final timetable. Some exams will move dates. Most don't. It pays to check. I've known people who show up on the wrong day, or the wrong time for an exam.

I've got the word count for an article now (500 words exactly), so I must be going.

¹ Note: There is a real possibility that a person reading this is literally standing in my shoes. I've given away lots of shoes to the local salvos in Sebastopol. I bet one of you is wearing one of my size 10 trainers with a left shoe held together by contact liquid.

² Note: I've had blanket extension when I haven't asked for them, and one where a teacher gave me one before I asked for it. This is a sign that ESP works.

and other helpful advice

By Damian Brown

Guidance for the Shell-shocked Graduates

by Lisa Tops

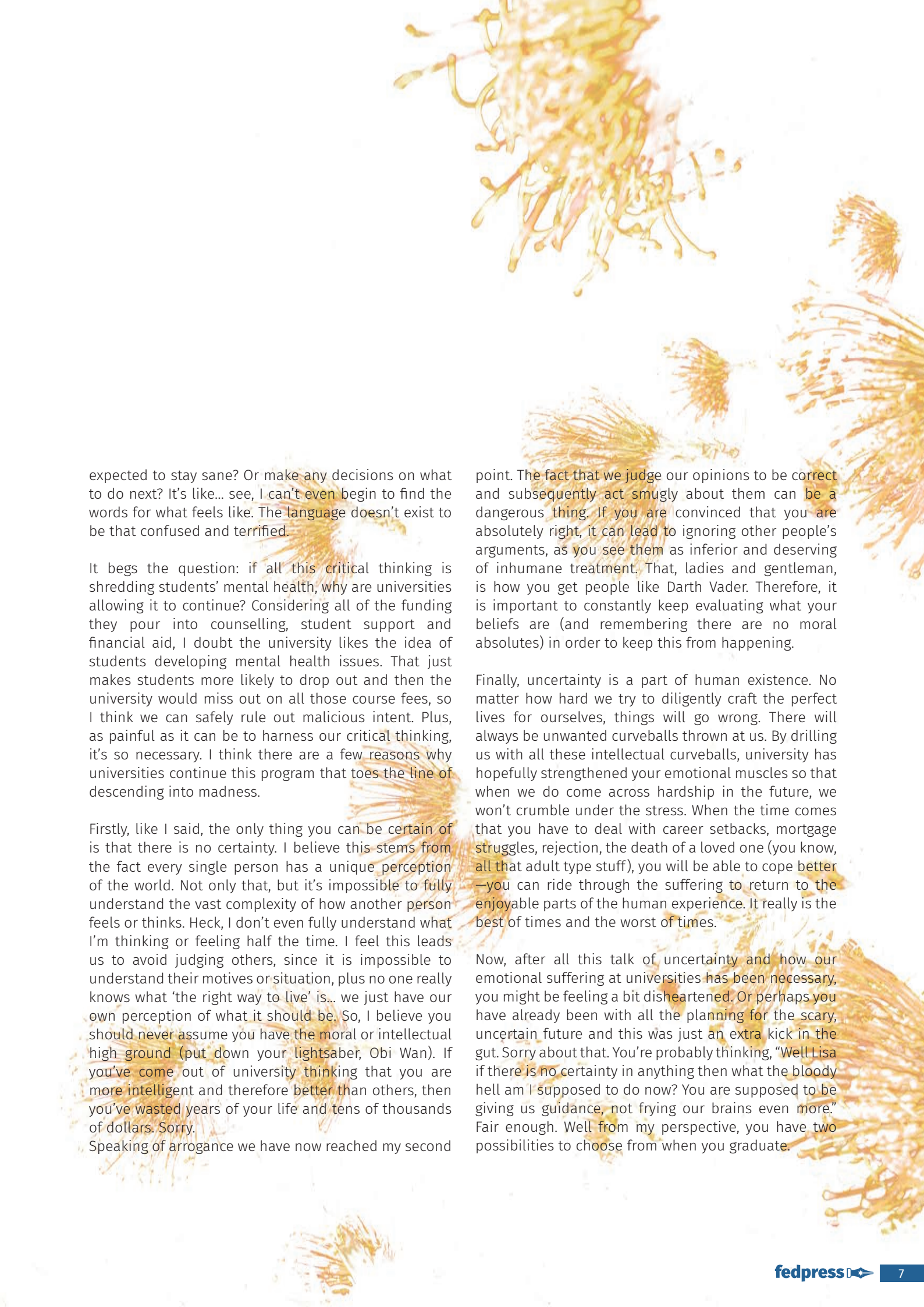
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times... Yes. I understand how lame it is to start off some great motivational speech with some long-winded quote from a long dead dude. And a Dickens quote to boot. Now you can feel my literature major seeping into the page. Yes, let the snobbery flow through you, my young apprentice. But when I decided I was going to write about my experience at university, I knew how important it was to express my gratitude for all the good things that have come from my time here. Because in my twenty-one short years of existence I have experienced some of the most amazing things at university. I discovered what I'm truly passionate about. For the most part, I have been able to walk into class and feel like I belong and that I wasn't being judged. I've managed to make new friendships and strengthen old ones. Yes, it was indeed the best of times. But I would be lying if I gave you this rendition of a magical Disney depiction of university life. Because it was also the worst of times.

Firstly, I'll ask you a question. Allow me to address the intangible audience from my hypothetical lectern: how many of you have felt anxious, hopeless or numb during your time at university? Come on now, raise your hands. Have a look around. Do you see how many of you raised your hand? This isn't just some fleeting moment that people experience minutes before a deadline or after hours of working on the same equation.

When I came to university I felt certain in what I believed and what I wanted. Up until that point, I had adults who explained how the world worked and for the most part I accepted it, which is kind of necessary when you are a kid. After all, adults know a lot more than kids. But once I came to university all those certainties went out the window. Suddenly I was asked to question every belief I ever had, every plan for the future I had ever made.

I was bombarded with different stances on different issues and asked to explain which one I felt was better. My position on everything, and I mean EVERYTHING, had to be demolished, reworked and destroyed again, all in the name of critical thinking. Because that is what we good little intellectuals need to do if we ever wish to get to the truth. But here's the sad reality that keeps us stressed out university students up at night — THERE. IS. NO. TRUTH.

Ah, I have lost you all now. I can't blame you for recoiling at such an abrupt statement. It's highly likely that you are now picturing me with one of those sandwich boards with a scribbled message that spells out 'The end is nigh' and a tinfoil hat on my head. But from my time at university, the only thing I can say I know for certain is that I can't be certain of anything. That's not being crazy, to me it's just being realistic. Just think about what we are taught in classes. In humanities subjects, we are taught theories that are presented to us in a way that makes sense, only to be taught another theory that is completely in opposition to the previous one the very next week. We're asked to explain ideas in essays and take a stance, but there are always advantages and disadvantages to both sides — there are never any absolutes. The STEM subjects are not exempt from this either. Oh, you may think that those facts and processes you are learning are set in stone, but that's only until the next scientific breakthrough. Then the rules will change again (alright, I must concede that there are always going to be those fixed mathematics like $1 + 1 = 2$, but you get the point). It's the same with our own beliefs, we think they're all set but then someone shows you a different perspective and all hell breaks loose in your mind. Those decisions we were so certain about in the past are thrown into doubt. When your reality is constantly changing around you, how can you be



expected to stay sane? Or make any decisions on what to do next? It's like... see, I can't even begin to find the words for what feels like. The language doesn't exist to be that confused and terrified.

It begs the question: if all this critical thinking is shredding students' mental health, why are universities allowing it to continue? Considering all of the funding they pour into counselling, student support and financial aid, I doubt the university likes the idea of students developing mental health issues. That just makes students more likely to drop out and then the university would miss out on all those course fees, so I think we can safely rule out malicious intent. Plus, as painful as it can be to harness our critical thinking, it's so necessary. I think there are a few reasons why universities continue this program that toes the line of descending into madness.


Firstly, like I said, the only thing you can be certain of is that there is no certainty. I believe this stems from the fact every single person has a unique perception of the world. Not only that, but it's impossible to fully understand the vast complexity of how another person feels or thinks. Heck, I don't even fully understand what I'm thinking or feeling half the time. I feel this leads us to avoid judging others, since it is impossible to understand their motives or situation, plus no one really knows what 'the right way to live' is... we just have our own perception of what it should be. So, I believe you should never assume you have the moral or intellectual high ground (put down your lightsaber, Obi Wan). If you've come out of university thinking that you are more intelligent and therefore better than others, then you've wasted years of your life and tens of thousands of dollars. Sorry.

Speaking of arrogance we have now reached my second

point. The fact that we judge our opinions to be correct and subsequently act smugly about them can be a dangerous thing. If you are convinced that you are absolutely right, it can lead to ignoring other people's arguments, as you see them as inferior and deserving of inhumane treatment. That, ladies and gentleman, is how you get people like Darth Vader. Therefore, it is important to constantly keep evaluating what your beliefs are (and remembering there are no moral absolutes) in order to keep this from happening.

Finally, uncertainty is a part of human existence. No matter how hard we try to diligently craft the perfect lives for ourselves, things will go wrong. There will always be unwanted curveballs thrown at us. By drilling us with all these intellectual curveballs, university has hopefully strengthened your emotional muscles so that when we do come across hardship in the future, we won't crumble under the stress. When the time comes that you have to deal with career setbacks, mortgage struggles, rejection, the death of a loved one (you know, all that adult type stuff), you will be able to cope better—you can ride through the suffering to return to the enjoyable parts of the human experience. It really is the best of times and the worst of times.

Now, after all this talk of uncertainty and how our emotional suffering at universities has been necessary, you might be feeling a bit disheartened. Or perhaps you have already been with all the planning for the scary, uncertain future and this was just an extra kick in the gut. Sorry about that. You're probably thinking, "Well Lisa if there is no certainty in anything then what the bloody hell am I supposed to do now? You are supposed to be giving us guidance, not frying our brains even more." Fair enough. Well from my perspective, you have two possibilities to choose from when you graduate.



Firstly, you could allow the uncertainty to continue driving you mad until you can't put your faith in anything. This could lead to adopting a form of nihilism that might render you unable to feel happy again and wallow in your sorrow — now I had to stare straight down this path myself, I even walked a step or two and I don't recommend it — but hey, the option is there. But doing so won't change anything except making yourself miserable. There's no reason to deliberately extend your suffering (unless you're going for that tortured genius persona but mate that's so overrated). Or, you could scream 'stuff it, nothing matters anyway' and proceed to do whatever you like regardless of how it will affect others. Now, whilst this kind of does adhere to the 'nothing is certain' argument, I still think it's a bit of a dick move.

Lastly, there is the option that I am going to try and take. Instead of avoiding the uncertainty or melting into a puddle of despair at the sight of it, I choose to look at that uncertainty in the eye, take it between my hands and French kiss it! That's right, embrace that uncertainty. The beauty is that no matter what you do with your life, as long as you're not interfering with anyone else's right to live as they see fit, you can do whatever you damn well please, because there's no right or wrong answer when it comes to life. The next step for me is to work towards creating stuff that makes me happy, and hopefully it results in me making enough money to care for the people around me. For now, that sounds like a good plan. So just find a path that sounds good to you right now and take it. If in doubt, remember what a wise Jedi once said, "Only a Sith deals in absolutes."

Pills

By Jordyn Presley

Her sweaty hands clench the cotton sheets in tight fists, and she closes her eyes against the glaring sunrise. The blackness of her eyelids is speared with amber and she tries to forget the nightmares that haunt her.

Easing her aching body out of bed, her bare feet hit the wooden slats and the iciness is a welcome relief from the heat of her dreams. She hobbles to the bathroom, trying to get the blood flowing properly in her legs and shaking off the last vestiges of the nightmares.

She twirls the pills in her hands. The sunlight glints off the top of the silver coating, the fractured splinters of crystalline colours dance across her mirror.

She stares at the face before her, wondering if anyone else can see what she does. Her once luminous green eyes are now tired and dull. Her sparkling golden hair now falling out in clumps and hidden underneath that awful khaki bandanna. Her once plump figure, something she was never entirely happy with, has whittled away into nothing more than skin and bones.

Her skin glows faintly yellow and her eyes are ringed in red. She has not slept for a full night in months and the exhaustion is plain for all to see.

She bends over the porcelain sink, one clammy hand gripping the edge while the other spins the pills. The three silver pills move in unison, a tempting dance across her small palm. She places one between her thumb and forefinger.

They are here to help. She traces the smooth, curved tip of the pill.

They create the nightmares. She argues vehemently, forefinger planted firmly against the blunt bottom of the pill. The pills help her sleep but they give her nightmares. Her husband walking out on her, the loss of her family and house all as vivid in her dreams as the day it all happened. Likewise, she is haunted by gruesome beasts with eyes as dead as autumn leaves and teeth like rotted wood as soon as she closes her eyes for more than a few seconds.

They will make you better. Her final and most compelling argument. She knows that she needs these pills daily but she always manages to delay the inevitable.

Her days begin and end like this. Always in constant war with herself, she spends at least an hour talking herself down from the edge.

The pills slip through her fingers and pool around the plug hole. She turns the cold water on and the pills are carried away in a foamy trail of blurred silver. She turns the tap off as one capsule balances precariously on the edge. One slight move and it's gone.

The pill wobbles gently, the pressure too much. It clangs loudly on the way down the pipe, nothing masking its journey. She sighs heavily, and rests both hands against the sink.

“One day at a time.”

As she walks away from the sink, one ivory capsule rests at the base of the rusted copper pipes, forgotten and alone.

This story first appeared in Tulpa Magazine

Shark!

by Jack Barnes

To my readers my name is Philip Johnson, a Melbourne businessman, who in recent times is one of the wealthiest Victorians to have ever set foot in Bourke Street. Last year I decided that instead of going to Switzerland for Christmas, for skiing or tea with the Duke of Cambridge, I would go up north to Northern New South Wales for a summer Christmas. To this day I still believe that money can solve all the problems in the world, but what this trip taught me is that it will not stop a weaponised beast.

I arrived in Byron Bay on the 20th of December with great haste. I didn't expect much of the rural surroundings but I planned to have an enjoyable trip. I was driven by my chauffeur to the small town of St James, near the border between New South Wales and Queensland. I was impressed with how many tourists were jumping into the Jackson River in the town. The river was named after the British settler Steve Jackson who colonised the region via the river. When I asked a local one day how Jackson got from the ocean to the town, a lady on the street answered, "The river connects to the ocean about 30 kilometres away." I wondered if any sea life swam up the river, however with such a great distance I very much doubted it. When I arrived at my villa right on the river, its glassy purity evoked a chastity untouched by violence or war that is so rarely felt in the outside world. Children screamed with joy at the cool sanctity the water provided from the harsh Australian sun.

The next morning I was having breakfast and I joined a table of what looked like fishermen. I introduced myself with a bit of unease, due to the smell that came from their distasteful mouths. They talked of how business was bad and how when the next election comes by they would vote out the pro-environmental party in the

area. I expressed some interest in the topic and one sea captain spoke up, "The environmental party have banned all fishing near the head of the river, so we are now are going to have to abandon this whole region." They were explaining the ban was to allow sea life to come back to overfished areas as I said goodbye and, with a few butlers that I had taken with me on the trip, prepared to go on the river. By midday I was enjoying champagne on my small but luxurious boat. Sea life swam past the boat at great speeds making me understand in the reasoning behind these bans — maybe they would help the environment.

I saw a family who looked like they were on a holiday as well. Their small child waved at me and accidentally made his mother drop a bag of meats that I expect were meant for lunch. While the mother slapped the child in anger, behind him a large, dark shadow came from the other side of the river. I was surprised I could even see it with the width of the river. It looked like a boat's shadow at first but then it began to speed up, waves skimming through the pure water. Then I saw, through the harrowing dust in the water, that heartless eye staring right at me. At that moment I realised a beast had broken into the Garden of Eden and was about to hurt Eve. I screamed, "Shark!". The people in the water saw the devilish white mouth open in horror and a panic erupted, mothers and fathers screaming for their children to come to safety. Then, terrifying as it was, the shark leaped out of the water, gashing those blades of terror as they ripped through the flesh and bones of the family in the boat, dragging each one of them to their shallow death. My butler got out a cricket bat however it was too late, the deadly fin bolted away.



St James had lost its purity. Priests blamed atheism, fishermen blamed the ban and I blamed the peasant of a shark for making me drop a 1910 bottle of champagne into the bloody swells of the Jackson river. In the evening the town was in shock, but I knew the shark would be nearby. In recent times more shark attacks have occurred in the evenings because of the gravitational effects of full moons. This was a lucky thing for me because it was a full moon that evening and I didn't believe that shark would leave St James that quickly. My butler Fred and I, armed with harpoon guns and swords, took my boat for a little sail down the river. When we left a local priest watched us leave the town dock, at the time I thought nothing of it but now I think of the spiritual support he may have provided to us that day. I ordered my butler to begin banging the side of the boat. The reason for this was that I knew sharks are attracted to unusual sounds. This is probably a reason why sharks get so close to humans, because they hear the abnormal swimming of human feet and arms. Around 10pm we saw some movement in that dark, heartless water. I drew the harpoon gun with great fury as waves began to swing and that dark great fin stormed towards me. This bulky, weaponised animal smashed itself into the boat,

turning and slashing its teeth, hoping for an easy kill like earlier in the day. I pulled the trigger on the harpoon gun, holding it right to the head of the shark. Blood flew through the air, however he was not dead, only amused at the pitiful attempt to render him so. My butler grabbed a sword and continually slashed the skin of this beast.

When I looked into the shark's destructive eyes he knew he had won; the shark had terrified the whole town with his evil attack on them. While St James would never be the same, it could have some of its security returned. I ordered my butler to tow this live, evil beast by boat to the dock of the town to make sure they won. When we arrived, we dragged this wailing, half-dead beast to the main street of St James. People came out of their houses to see what we had done. I tied up the body and hung it from a building, for the shark did not deserve to die an honourable death but to be humiliated for the crime he had committed, and to restore the heart-warming sanctity for which St James was known. The priest we had seen earlier came out to shark and said, "Evil begone." The very second those words left his mouth, the shark stopped struggling and the evil left the town.

HOW TO BE A WRITER

By Emma-Lee Winters

1 Sit at the desk with pen, paper and your preferred drink; wine is best.

You do this step first because you believe this is how every author should work. From the second you wanted to be a writer, you convinced yourself that you needed a writing desk, and some form of alcoholic beverage — like that man you saw in that movie once, where he set out to write an entire play, spending all day sleeping and all night writing — because that is how big, famous authors make their works better. Of course, you don't have to do it in the same order as the man in the movie, but you have yourself convinced that you must conform to crazy alcohol-infused archetypes of well-known authors to be marvellous. You also need a wad of paper — about two inches thick — and a pen or two to last you the night, so you'll be able to write an entire first draft. You kid yourself out of the idea of cramped hands, neck and back. You convince yourself that to become better you just write about the same thing repeatedly, until it works. Until you are satisfied. You tell yourself that sleep is for the weak and a full bottle of wine will get you through, at least this first stage of writer's inspiration. Until you realise that the idea you have... is fruitless. It won't get you the Nobel Prize in Literature, or the Man Booker Prize, or even admiration from your parents, because you already know they will say you are wasting your time and that you're really a hopeless drunk.

2 Stare off into space and think for a moment. Sip your wine.

Take another sip as you ruminate over how your parents are going to greet you the next time you go home for dinner. Keep thinking about it as you stare intensely at the wall, the ceiling, that one shoe you cannot find the friend to, that weird-shaped mark

just above your little toe on your left foot. Look at anything until you believe that you have the right, just like anyone else, to create a piece of artwork — no matter how shit it may come out. Maybe even start writing about a boy whose parents continually tell him that writers never get anywhere in life, that their only accomplishment is deterioration by alcoholism, drug abuse or starvation. Then change the story up a bit and turn the boy into a cold-hearted man who turns away every love interest, until one day he falls in love with another man who is dying. But he can't profess his love because he doesn't want to be more of a failure to his parents, he doesn't want to be a vulnerable man with nothing but shame and a soured attempt at a woeful career. Ending up with nothing, like his estranged uncle. So, he finds a wife. Within a year his marriage dissolves. Three months after they divorce his ex-wife remarries, and he kills her out of blind hatred. Then, before you can really think about what you've just written, scrunch every piece of paper up into a ball and chuck them at the walls. Start all over again. This time fill up your glass of wine all the way to the brim and take a big gulp because you are hell-bent on making this work. You will not prove to your parents that you should've taken that university offer and should've given up this ludicrous idea instead of taking three months off work and spending all your savings on rent JUST SO YOU COULD WRITE THIS DAMN BOOK.

3 Now put pen to paper; start writing. If nothing comes to you, keep staring at the wall.

Wait... You already did that. But start writing anyway. Scribble every last scrap of dialogue, description and utter passion onto that page until you at least have a starting point. It doesn't matter if you run out of paper: you can steal some from your

roommate that you hardly see anymore. Keep writing. Throw away every pen that runs out of ink, just drop them onto the floor. It doesn't matter; you're not going to leave your desk. All the pen casings can wait until inspiration has dwindled and you have nothing left to write, but that will not happen because you are now sipping drunkenly on your third glass of wine, and it's cheap wine too, and you feel like an empire has fallen at your feet, and you are now their ruler. With just pen and paper you can make them bow to your every whim. Just don't stop writing. Whatever you do, whatever happens, you cannot stop writing now. This is it; this is your chance. Wait... Now what? You've run out of inspiration... Really? Stare at something with a really blank expression on your drunk face, until you feel like you can break down walls with a single word again, or until you faint.

4 Continue process until you live up to the (often incorrectly attributed to) Hemingway quote: "Write drunk; edit sober."

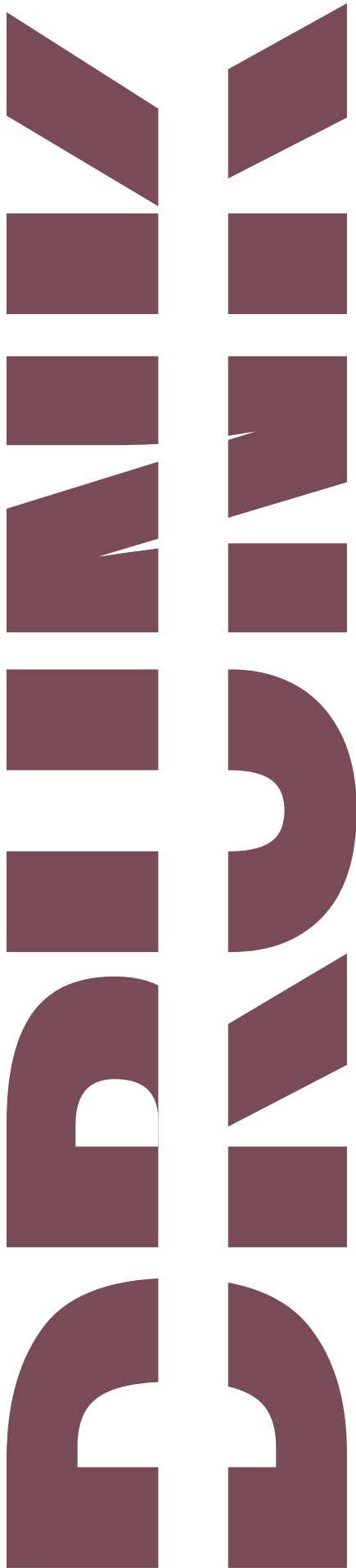
You have nearly exhausted your paper pile, and you've only written on one side of each page. Don't bother about that; keep going. Yes, your hand is cramping, well, maybe you should have written this all on a slow, grating computer that is full of old porn videos your ex-boyfriend downloaded before he decided to bugger off with your loving baby kitten. That doesn't matter right now. You are going to make yourself into the best damn writer you can be. And, once you've finished this book, you can edit it yourself. Who needs to hire an editor, and waste their time running back and forth between tedious fucking meetings? No. Hey, don't start editing; why are you editing already? Stop it! There is no point going back and rewriting that bit of the book if you haven't even thought about the ending. Keep writing. Write until your fingers bleed, and keep writing until you reach the end of your characters' story. That is how it is. Remember the man in the movie? The one who sat all night writing and slept all day? Who enjoyed the pain that writing brought him and the pleasure he got in publishing his work? Soon, that will be you. Soon you will be publishing book, after book, after book. Your parents won't care that you never went to university or if you go to university and study some shit-ass degree that means nothing on a resumé because you will be rich. You will have made it. You will have shown them. You know you can because,

when you put your mind to it, you are the ruler of your own damn kingdom. No one can stop you.

5 If all else fails, become a florist who talks about a lost dream with every customer.

You tried. You went through ninety-six bottles of wine and two bottles of vodka to get to where you are today. The manuscript is tucked away and mostly crumpled in your desk drawer. You did it. You may have been told your novel will never be published, but you wrote it anyway. You lived up to Hemingway's quote. You wasted three months of your young, boisterous life, and now you're here standing behind the counter of a small florist in London, wrapped in a hideous cardigan two sizes too big for you, with your hair knotted and tangled in a messy bun at the nape of your neck. Droopy eyelids and cracked lips: you look terrible. You sound terrible too, with your monotonous voice and your whingy complaints. That's okay because deep down you feel kind of accomplished. Four years later, with no degree and a meagre wage that warrants you renting the small room above the florist, you are going to make it your mission to tell anyone who walks into this overly-scented shop that they couldn't get any lower than you. You pull out a packet of cigarettes and light one, while standing behind the counter watching customer after customer pick out their favourite blossoms. You wrap them as the fag hangs from your mouth, and ash floats down to the waxed paper with every puff you take.

This story first appeared in Tulpa Magazine



By Rebecca Fletcher

The searing pool of lava in my brain was horrific, unrelenting. Its seething pulse jarred my own, undulations of discomfort pumping straight into my head. It peristalted down my neck, slowly pushing its poisonous message into the rest of my body, like a cursed tide. My body lapped it up, washing in its toxic creed – my muscles ached in accord, my stomach churning in acquiescence. There was a rebellion within me, or rather, without me.

The night before had been long. Not just too long, momentous – it had started with a moment then gained momentum. Everyone who was no-one had been there. Cardboard-sign junkies, lipstick lesbians, lovers and leavers, veterans of the jam riots. The woman who said she was the country of Albania in the form of a person. A rolling, pulsing mass of people and wine... and music, oh god the music. The baseline was the beat now whipping in my head like a tethered skipping rope gone wild, a snake in a bucket, thrashing, flailing.

Now there were just four walls, a table and chairs. A dining room. The party had been a taxi ride away – my place could barely contain the thought of all those people. The guests were gone, the food and music long gone. But still that beat remained, the seed for my mental earthquake, fracturing my sanity and releasing its searing void into every inch of me... and every inch danced with pain.



For now, I sat at my kitchen table, a glass of water and an Alka-Seltzer in front of me, a cold flat lay of my impending relief. I stared blankly, the full highball on a glass surface messing with my perception. I didn't have the capacity to process there was something under the table right now. Picking up the large pink disc, I moved my hand over, hearing the dull clink of the tablet as it brushed the edge of the glass; primed for salvation, I let it go. I heard the pause before the splash, in fact, I lived it. Although I let go of the tablet, some part of me held on, because as it fell, I fell too. Plop! The dull glump fell over my head and I was submerged entirely in a tumbler on my own kitchen table. As soon as I hit the water and I began fssshhhing my way into the glass, my feet instantly starting to bubble. It felt like all of me was stuck in a spa jet, rattling myself loose. Suffused in clarity, time must have passed — my feet and fingers had begun melting away, staining the water around me. I blipped and kssshhheeed my way slowly to the bottom of the glass, time splaying as I fell, my descent slowing ever so slightly as I disappeared into the wet around me. When I hit the bottom of the glass, there was barely enough left of me to register the impact, a feather landing on sand.

On immersion, I was complete, comprehensive, exhaustive. Slowly I slipped, submerging, subsiding, sinking, fragmenting, falling, fizzing. Now I felt smaller, tiny. Pieces, tiny pieces broke from me. I was less. I am less.

**Then I
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I lurked in that murky mix, the final vestiges of me yielding, the parts too small to dissolve. The parts of me my brain had fought, those not privy to the insurrection

of flesh and pain, the parts forever unseen, were now a chalky residue resting on the bottom of the glass.

No, one side of the glass.

Suddenly I was upended, sliding down an invisible wall, or was it up? The glass had tipped! My world had turned upside. I could feel nothing of the parts spilt from me, forced from me — we had been divided and conquered in our lust for relief. Our escape had pulled us apart. Darkness fell over me as I reached the end of my glass fortress — wrenched by gravity, I was exposed to the elements in a brief shock before reaching skin, warm and full. A rush of warm air caressed me as I slid over a bumpy cushion, no a muscle, a disgusting writhing mass, steering me over its bone rocks. A nightmarish tentacled aberration with white bone masses instead of suckers, drawing me over them, battering me into submission.

It was then that I truly fell, pushed by the pulsing peristaltic pushes, bathed in the rhythmic beat that danced through everything that touched me. I felt forever, then everything was gone, and then I felt nothing. No inky void, no infinite space. Absolute nothing.

Then, I had eyelids. I opened my eyes, feeling my hand gripping the glass — I had a hand! Greedily draining the dregs of drink, I desperately wiped the few remaining drops from my lower lip. I felt the cool water hit my stomach before the heat reclaimed it. Relief radiated from my stomach, sealing away dissenters, the heat had been removed from my stomach. Caustics caught in my core, cauterising... coreterising?

I returned the glass to the table and sat a minute. The walls had stopped moving when I blinked, this must be a good sign. Imagine that my own deconstruction and dissolution and subsequent consumption could permit resumption of normality? Such a presumption! I felt reinflated and revived, vivacious and alive!

A burp warned me that I had moved a step too far, too soon. I lay my head down and closed my eyes, waiting for the negotiations within me to continue.



DEMI GERARDI

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Powershift Youth Climate Summit 2017

By Freya Fogliani

“If not us then who, if not now, then when?” This was one of the themes throughout Powershift, the climate summit I attended in Melbourne from 22–24 July in 2017. Powershift was organised and run by the Australian Youth Climate Coalition (AYCC) in conjunction with the Seed Indigenous Youth Climate Network. Each day was set to challenge our ways of thinking about our society, lifestyles and how to action change in how we live our lives, in order to better preserve the world we want to leave for the future.

We discovered that maybe we are the ones we’ve been waiting for, and that it’s our turn now to shift the power away from corrupted, greedy mining companies, businesses and governments to us, the ones who care the most and are part of a generation that will not wait. We will not wait for climate justice, for Indigenous people’s rights to be respected, for coral reefs to not be destroyed by coalmines. We will not wait for the change we want to see in the world to arrive.

We see ourselves not as this country’s problem BUT its solution, and we will work every day until we have

been freed from its restraints. Fearing change only increases the fear of the thing itself — what’s holding us back, what’s stopping you from creating your own personal utopia? I don’t know, but one thing I learned at Powershift is we don’t have to have all the answers now, but we must begin the conversation and once it has begun, keep building it up until it smashes down some of those barriers that keep polluting our planet. Then we will walk with those who have changed the course of the world’s history forever.

One of the most important actions that came out of Powershift was the lead-up into the AYCC’s latest campaign, ‘For the love of the Reef’. This campaign is to stop the Northern Territory gas pipeline and the Adani Coalmine, preventing destruction of the beautiful and widely known Great Barrier Reef World Heritage Area off the coast of Queensland.

What will you give up for our reef?

For more info and to sign up head to fortheLoveof.org.au

what will you give up for our reef?

#FortheLoveoftheReef



Think *left* ← and
think *right* →
and think *LOW* →
and think *high*
Oh, the *thinks*
you can think up
if *only* you *try*



DR. SEUSS



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Your Horoscopes

read this month by **Zaleister Zrowley**.

Aries the Ram

MARCH 21 – APRIL 19



Capital punishment is still used in some countries as a deterrent — removing a hand for theft may seem severe, but it ensures culprits think twice next time. You should think about that the next time you hurt yourself in your plush first-world confines.

LUCKY AWARD: BIRTH CERTIFICATE

Taurus the Bull

APRIL 20 – MAY 20



Much of society is very self-centred, focussing on one's own needs and wants and manipulating others to do so — be cautious of people try to force you to change to serve their own self-interests, like Sweeney Todd.

LUCKY FOODSTUFF: PIES AND PASTRIES

Gemini the Twins

MAY 21 – JUNE 20



The dual nature of life and death encompasses everything around us — even stars and galaxies are born and die. Basically, the stars are saying that they have their own shit to worry about, so you should go somewhere else for advice.

LUCKY HOBBY: ASTRONOMY OR STAYING AT

Cancer the Crab

JUNE 21 – JULY 22



“Non omne quod nitet aurum est,” as the old saying goes — it means that not everything is as it appears to be. Even bad news could be good news in disguise, if you're willing to look hard enough for it.

LUCKY TRAIT: OPTIMISM

Leo the Lion

JULY 23 – AUGUST 22



Yoga has long been said to promote a healthier body and lifestyle — improving and increasing spiritual strength, inner peace, self-awareness and concentration. Your after-class habit of getting blind drunk doesn't really help with any of these.

LUCKY POSITION: HALF DOG AT THE WALL

Virgo the Maid

AUGUST 23 – SEPTEMBER 22



Pinocchio was brought to life because of the wish of a lonely, old man — granted by the supernatural 'Blue Fairy'. The moral is to be careful what you wish for as you never know what sort of malevolent being is listening.

LUCKY SONG: *WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR*

Libra the Scales

SEPTEMBER 23 – OCTOBER 22



Everyone knows the pain of finding a tangle of cords in their bag, purse or pocket — nowadays you can save stress by buying wireless devices. However, not every problem can be solved by removing its tether; sometimes that just creates new ones.

LUCKY PATRON: SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA

Scorpio the Scorpion

OCTOBER 23 – NOVEMBER 22



There are many different types of astrological stylings — every culture has their own take on starry fortune telling. Don't be too alarmed by all of those strange zodiacs, especially the ones suggesting you have no worries at all, especially not snakes.

LUCKY ANIMAL: FERRETS AND MONGOOSES

Sagittarius the Archer

NOVEMBER 22 – DECEMBER 21



People speak of Sisyphus's punishment as onerous — pushing a rock up a steep hill forever doesn't seem like fun to anyone. Try to imagine your bugbears as practice; the next rock you have to move may not be so figurative.

LUCKY COUNT: FOUR REPS OF 15.

Capricorn the Goat

DECEMBER 22 – JANUARY 19



Videogames are cited by some as a reason the world is falling to pieces, but it used to be role-playing games. Remember that you play them to unwind and relieve stress after a hard day, even if it does last till 4am.

LUCKY SAYING: JUST ONE MORE TURN

Aquarius the Water-bearer

JANUARY 20 – FEBRUARY 18



We currently live in the wonderful Age of Aquarius — nobody is exactly certain when it started, but most can agree that it was sometime in the last 30 years. Your boss just wishes they could be as certain about when you started your shift.

LUCKY CHALLENGE: GETTING OUT OF BED BEFORE MIDDAY

Pisces the Fish

FEBRUARY 19 – MARCH 20



Philosophers and religionistas have debated the meaning of life for centuries — why are we here and what does it all mean? Your own life experiences have given you a meaning most people don't have, because yes, that toilet will always need cleaning.

LUCKY ACCESSORY: ROSE-COLOURED

Masterclass

MASTERCLASS SERIES 2018 SEMESTER ONE

Luke Owens

Founder of Bendigo for Homeless Youth

Finalist 2014 Young Australian of the Year



Berwick Campus
20 March 2018
Mt Helen Campus
23 March 2018

Kalvin Hart

Community Engagement Manager, Thankyou



Gippsland Campus
(via Skype)

27 March 2018
Mt Helen Campus
24 April 2018
Berwick Campus
14 May 2018

Dominic Soh

Founder & Coach – Industry Bootcamp



Gippsland Campus
23 April 2018
Mt Helen Campus
14 May 2018

Johanna Parker

Life + Confidence Coach

Speaker

Writer – Heart Sparks



Gippsland Campus
17 May 2018

The Masterclass series is FREE for all current students

To find out more, contact the Student Development and Community team:
development.studentengagement@federation.edu.au | federation.edu.au/student-development

Luke Owens

A talented musician, Luke Owens understands the power of music to inspire change and transform lives. Luke established the Bendigo for Homeless Youth campaign to address the fact that up to 700 children and young people in Bendigo have no safe place to sleep at night.

Luke hoped to raise \$100,000 by Christmas 2012 to contribute to a community housing project. Harnessing a team of more than 100 volunteers, Luke staged charity fundraising dinners, concerts and pub gigs, produced a mini-album and even collected money at traffic lights. Bendigo for Homeless Youth raised \$500,000 and with the support of corporate donations, charitable foundations and government funding, \$6 million was raised in total.

Luke's initiative and willingness to stand up for what he believed in has given young people in Bendigo a second chance in life.

Session Content and Learning Outcomes

In this session, Luke will focus on his own experience of starting a grassroots non-profit organisation as a first-year university student. Luke will explore some of the challenges and highlights of this endeavour, as well as the key skills he has acquired since embarking on this journey.

Upon completion of this session, participants will have a greater understanding of the knowledge and skills required to pursue causes that are important to them and be inspired to harness their talents to create change within their own communities.

Kalvin Hart

Kalvin Hart is the Community Engagement Manager at Thankyou, a social enterprise that exists to empower people to play a part in ending global poverty through simple everyday purchases.

Thankyou gives 100% of profits from its range of over 45 consumer products across water, body care, food and baby to fund access to safe water, sanitation, food and maternal and child health respectively. So far, they've given more than \$5.5 million to help hundreds of thousands of people in need.

Kalvin has a passion for empowering people to reach their full potential. His current role plus his previous experience running youth programs equals an affinity with students of all ages. He speaks the language, and has a genuine knack for keeping young audiences engaged.

Session Content and Learning Outcomes

Kal shares the lessons we've learned along the Thankyou journey, and empowers students with the belief that they have the power to change stuff.

Dominic Soh

Jobless international student turned international speaker. Dominic has spoken to more than 1000 students and professionals in Australia, Africa and Asia. He has been featured on 10 Australian media outlets (The Age, The Sydney Morning Herald and News.com.au), has interviewed CEOs, Navy SEAL commandos and Olympians, and is a Certified Mental Coach. Some of the organisations he is working with include New York University, NAB, Chartered Accountants, City of Melbourne and UN Young Professionals Network.

Session Content and Learning Outcomes

Are you just another face in the crowd? Or are you the one the crowd faces? In a competitive world, it pays to differentiate yourself and to stand out because those who don't risk being ignored and made irrelevant. Develop the necessary mindsets to set yourself up for career success.

You will discover:

- What is personal branding and how to define your own personal brand
- How to produce and communicate your value
- How to network like a boss
- Strategies to take ownership of your career
- See success as your duty and service to the world around you

Johanna Parker

Johanna Parker is a Melbourne-based, heart-centred life and confidence coach, international speaker and MC, authenticity-advocate and founder of her greatest passion and life work: her life coaching and personal development business, Heart Sparks (www.heartsparks.com.au). She has an extensive professional background in social work, counselling, leadership, people management and project work for systemic change in the Youth sector and is an internationally certified life coach through the International Coach Federation (ICF)-accredited coaching studies at the Beautiful You Coaching Academy, where she now also works as a Senior Trainer supporting incredible people to become phenomenal life coaches.

Session Content and Learning Outcomes

Increased confidence in:

- Recognising triggers for change
- Planning, implementing and evaluating personal, group and community change
- Gaining support and agreement from key stakeholders
- Defining personal leadership and communicating the benefits of empowered reflection and decision making
- Communicating change for mutual benefit

Participants will have identified:

- Their core values
- A personal, individual change plan and schedule for a change they aim to implement
- Personalised change implementation self-care strategies
- Personalised stakeholder and support lists and contacts
- A personalised change risk analysis

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