

Living by degrees



Kristin Conard has a housing crisis

I get in trouble sometimes when I expect my life to be like a film. It's not a conscious thing I do, but I realize it when things go wrong. If my life was a movie, all my troubles or heartaches or stresses would be dealt with within two hours, at the most three, and things would be OK. This is assuming that my film life would be a nice romantic comedy and not a slasher film. I'm quite happy not being hunted by a crazed killer or trying to run away from the police for a crime I didn't commit.

"So I'm off to wash my shirt and indulge in some Ben and Jerry's. I can always count on those two to cheer me up"

It's not to say that I don't expect ordinary ups and downs but it seems like the downs come all at once. Beyond getting your doughnut stolen by a seagull. That could have been quite cinematic if some cute, tall guy had seen my plight and bought me a doughnut and we had lived happily ever after.

You may notice a bit of a theme here, that it's something to do with guys. It started with my housing agreement from uni. Instead of looking for a place for the whole year when I got to Brighton in June, I decided to look for a place for the summer and let the university arrange my housing for the year. I looked at the little housing pamphlet and at the bottom of the description of the one I opted for was a disclaimer that said prices would be higher in 2005-2006. Fair enough, I thought. And they were right – they went up by 15 pounds. I couldn't believe it. I can't refuse to pay the amount they're asking for a tiny room in a smelly block of student flats. I just can't afford it! Not smelly in a bad way, just the smell of halls. It's impossible to explain to anyone who hasn't been in student housing, but those of you who have, know what I'm talking about. So, I decide to start looking for houses. I put my name and a little blurb about me on some accommodation websites trying not to sound freaked out that I don't have anywhere to live after next month.

After that, I talk to my quasi non-boyfriend you may remember from a few weeks back. I tell him the story all dramatically and sad so he sees how stressed I am and that there's a perfect opportunity for him to jump in and make everything better. In the back of my mind, in the part that thinks my life is a movie, I was hoping that he'd say we should look together since he's looking to move out. Sounds a bit sad doesn't it? Not even dating the guy and I expect him to want to move in with me.

He doesn't say let's move in together; I get inexplicably annoyed and start crying over the phone, going on about when are we ever going to really be more than friends and why doesn't he want to live with me, or at least in the same town and on and on. Thinking back on it, I probably should have kept some of what I said to myself. Aren't women supposed to be mysterious? Then I could just have been imminently homeless, instead of imminently homeless and pathetic with snot all over my shirt. So I'm off to wash my shirt and indulge in some Ben and Jerry's. I can always count on those two to cheer me up.