



Quiz: How Many Days Into Semester Does It Take To Regret Every Decision You've Ever Made

Pick a number between 1 and 10.

THARUNKA

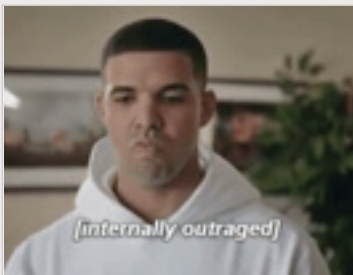
Those Wankers Over There Are Trying To Satirise A Digital Media Platform And Someone Has A Job That Is Just Putting GIFs On Paper

Putting that degree-in-progress to good use; 100% worth it.



Another Post About Ibises In Sydney Because Apparently That Is What The People WANT

Why can't we just let those beaky kids live?



People Should Really Feel Some Kinda Way About Something Somehow

This isn't hyperlinked so you'll never know.



18 Horrific UNSFW Experiences You Can Only Hope To Avoid Forever

Everyone gets more jaded as they go through university but there are some things no human being should ever know.



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The UNSW Student Body
Carla Zuniga

Tharunka acknowledges the traditional custodians of this land, the Gadigal and Bedigal people of the Eora nation, on which our university now stands.

www.tharunka.arc.unsw.edu.au

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Any complaints should be made in writing to the Marketing & Publications Manager.



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Tragedy **More**



LUNGOL WEKINA

Managing Editor

What's great in theory but pretty terrible in practice? What's that one thing you used to do in your twenties that you'd never dare repeat because you know better now? And what's supposed to be a mutually beneficial experience that always ends up with one party being fucked more than the other? If you answered 69, congratulations, you're correct! If you guessed UNSW, pat yourself on the back, because this year, they're one and the same!

As UNSW claws its way closer to another decade of “Never Standing Still”, *Tharunka* celebrates everything we love about this wonderful institution. Ranking as one of the world’s top universities in the fields of “science”, we decided to immerse this edition in a scientific practice just as legitimate and reputable as UNSW’s greatest prides of medicine and engineering – astrology. Our university also boasts its membership within Australia’s Group of Eight, a supposedly distinguished organisation trying to emulate the already arbitrary prestige of America’s Ivy League, so we decided to follow suite and model this issue after the world’s leading publication currently paving the way for modern journalism through thorough research and comprehensive investigative techniques – BuzzFeed.

UNSW's commitment to ensuring the deterioration of our quality of education through the introduction of trimesters and the bold move from face-to-face teaching to face-to-screen "learning" has inspired us to minimise effort while maximising profits like the capitalist pigs we are. So, dear students of UNSW, brace yourselves for Muzzfeed, a sad excuse for journalism that you'll have no choice but to accept while we take your money anyway.

So Happy 69th, everybody - looks like we're all getting fucked here.

Tragedy More



SAHANA NANDAKUMAR

Digital Sub-Editor

“Why is Tharunka the most grievous magazine ever?”

“When will you guys ever make or take a joke?”

Issue: Foundation. Can you take this?

Some of us walk into uni with the satisfaction of finally being relieved of high school drama, trivial politics and cranky teachers only to realize you moved out of the frying pan.. into the fire. This edition would soothe every mind that sits alone at the Matthews food court and goes “why did I do this to myself?”.

UNSW is a 69 year old bloke now, with many stories to tell. Some of these sides are clear-cut and you'll read right through the author's mind, but the skeptical lines and cheeky clues will also speak their own tale. For a straightforward and boring writer like me, this edition has wonders on its turns and you'll hear my 'Ooohs' and 'Aaahhs' even though I know half the lines off the back of my mind. Muzzfeed has brought on some amazing wittiness and satire to the table to toast for many more years of our glorious university.

AMY GE

Designer

Let it be officially noted that print and digital platforms work in very different ways, and that we obviously don't take either very seriously here.

Um yeah so I guess this is probably the most painful document I've ever had to work on; on par with my uni diploma. Cheers Muzzfeed.

Tragedy More



JACK MANGOS

Features Sub-Editor

The online space has become filled with trash-tier “journalism”, and here at *Tharunka* we think that’s a damn good thing. We can see it everywhere: listicles, clickbait, Twitter rants, and 300-word op-eds written by journalism grads on why the Pope should wear orange. At no point in history was it ever easier to receive the lowest quality, crowd-sourced thinking, from the least qualified writers, right at our very fingertips.

And you know what? We like it that way. We're fed up with pompous intellectuals looking down their nose at articles on *Love Island*. Enough is enough of supposedly qualified "experts" telling us that the cure for cancer isn't "just around the corner". Yes, I want to believe that cold fusion is a year away. Yes, I do want to know what type of garlic bread I am. And yes, I am deeply concerned about the effect of activated almonds on my liver detox program.

Yet there is a gap in this newly post-enlightened age. In-print journalism is lagging behind. Writers are still trying their best to give “reasoned” accounts of the facts, reporting events days, or even weeks, after everyone else has already lost interest. Print journalism was once considered a relic of a bygone age - but not if *Tharunka* has anything to say about it.

We're bringing the trash to you, hot off the printing press. Print journalism is dead. And *Tharunka* has killed it.

Tragedy **More**



MAGGIE HILL

Creatives Sub-Editor

Every wondered who you really are as a person? Ever felt like your degree defined you? Or perhaps like your identity can't exist outside your family or culture? Well worry no more. Through a journey of blood, sweat and tears, the team here at Tharunka can provide definitive evidence that the only thing that will ever matter to your existence, is in fact, your star sign. So it's time to tell all the naysayers to fuck right off, and start making every decision on a verifiable science.

Which is why in the first ever edition of UNSW's newest student platform, *MUZZFEED*, we're providing you with that high quality, #relatable content that comes at you like a punch in the face; so you have more time to focus on which crystals you should buy online to ace your exams this sem.

To celebrate the birthday of our beautiful institution, we've created a magazine that mimics the values it appreciates most. Look closely to soak in the themes of student disillusionment, poorly organised events, a level of socialism only idolised in the first world and an overall lack of respect for working students.

We've got haikus, vox pops, coupons and more than anything, we've got high quality journalism. So here's to good old UNSW, and let's all raise a glass to another 69 years of mutually beneficial partnerships.



Reflections Of A Cult Survivor

Author has remained anonymous in order to protect their own safety

Avic Tim

Tharunka Contributor

It all started because I wanted a fucking hoodie. I was nearing the end of my second year when I first saw the poster on campus. I didn't really have any friends at uni and I hadn't gotten involved in much around campus. I'd seen them around campus before but had never dared approach them. There they stood on the poster, smiles plastered onto their faces and shirts so yellow it was like looking directly at the sun. I thought about it for roughly a week before I decided why not? Uni couldn't get much worse. Oh, how wrong I was.

The application took me 3 hours to complete. That should have been the first red flag.



By the time I got nominated for an interview, I had almost forgotten I had applied in the first place. I thought I may as well go; after all the effort the application took. But this was no normal interview. Taking 4 hours in total, I was poked, prodded and quizzed for what felt like an eternity. When the sun finally set we were freed. It was exhausting, but there was something about it that kept luring me back in – like a seagull to a hot chip.

After I was accepted as a volunteer, I had to undergo a sum total of 3 training days, attend a compulsory camp and have a GPS inserted into the back of neck. All in the name of quality assurance. Arguably, this should've been the second red flag.

We quickly became close, the others and I. We spent our days learning how to stretch our smiles across our faces, how to keep our shirts that pristine

shade of yellow and how to convince all first years that the first week of classes actually matter. It was good, for a while.

The days were long, but mostly rewarding. But the darkness was always lurking slightly in the background.



I made a friend at the interview, his name was Harry. We instantly became close after we realized we were in the same class and lived near each other. He was a great guy and I was really looking forward to getting to know him... before the incident. I still find it hard to talk about, I've never really been able to talk to anyone about it before.

It was the first training day. We started early in the morning, but the room was already abuzz. It was 10 minutes past 9 when Harry arrived, exactly 10 minutes and 12 seconds late. A silence quickly fell over the room, as our almighty leader's face took a sour turn. Harry was apologetic – he told them how desperately sorry he was, but his bus had broken down halfway and he had to run the last 3kms to uni. It was truly a shame; I had really liked Harry. We heard nothing but screams once the door slammed behind him, dragged down the hallway by only his arms. His bag flew across the room but he never came back to collect it. Nobody has seen him since. Rumour has it he's transferred universities, but I am afraid the truth is much more sinister.

The days were long, but the nights were longer. But the thing that truly haunts me is the nightmares I suffer every night. Waking in a cold sweat I grip to my sheets as all I can see is that fluorescent shade of yellow. I've sought medical help, but nothing seems to unhinge the grip they have on my mind. Perhaps one day I will be free, but for now I live in the shadows. Even just hearing the words "O-Week" makes my skin crawl.

The biggest irony of all? I didn't even get a hoodie, I got a fucking windbreaker.

Got a confidential tip? Submit it to tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au.



GEMINI

New moon, new you?
Same old face in the
mirror though.
Bummer.



CANCER

We think you might be
a bit shellfish this
month...#treatyoself?



LEO

This month, you're
basically Mufasa at
the exact moment the
stampede hits.



VIRGO

So you're a "day-
dreamer". Ugh, come
on we all know you're
just procrastinating.



LIBRA

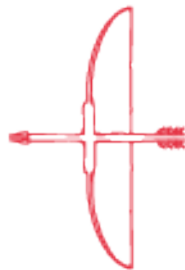
Forgive & forget...or
Catfish them and
make them regret.



SCORPIO

Feeling bitter? What's
your poison? Make it
a double this month.

HORRORSCOPES



SAGITTARIUS

Swipe right to your
heart's delight, just
make sure your
partner doesn't see
your phone...



CAPRICORN

This might be corny,
but we think you're
feeling horny. Find a
partner...or your hand.



AQUARIUS

Life's a bitch...just
when you think it's
over, there's another
wave coming.



PISCES

Unlucky in love?
Plenty more fish in the
sea...but UNSW is
more like a pond.



ARIES

Stalking your crush on
Insta doesn't count as
communication, my
dude.



TAURUS

Be true to yourself.
Unless that makes
you unpopular, then
be someone else.



How I Overcame Heartbreak In Three Easy Steps



Hamish Duncan

Tharunka Contributor

Life sure knows how to throw a curve ball at you when you least expect it. Me? I used to think I could handle anything. A few months ago, I had a good job, was killing it at university, and was fresh into a relationship with a girl I had always had a thing for. Where could I go but upwards?

Things burned bright and fast between me and this new flame. Within a couple of weeks of hooking up we were spending most of our time together, considering moving in together and even talking halfheartedly about baby names. *Baby names!*

But—and I'm sure you saw this coming—things went sour. She met someone else, an old flame of her own that had already broken her heart once, but who had come back onto the scene. She got confused. She “needed time to think”. She became distant.

Texts went unanswered, dates were broken, hypothetical babies disappeared back into whatever strange and dark world they came from... And then one day those four dreaded words came out of her mouth: *We. Need. To. Talk.*

I knew what was coming; I'm well versed when it comes to relationships and I feel like I know what women are thinking. I picked a neutral place where we could meet up and we had a very level-headed conversation. I think I walked away with my dignity intact. For about ten minutes. The second I got home I wept like a baby, and it felt like a 500-horsepower engine had torn my heart into two meaty chunks.

I became a different person... my friends got fed up with my complaining, I tore through the entire seven season run of [Buffy the Vampire Slayer](#) in two days, and I learned just about every Shania Twain lyric ever put down on magnetic tape. Don't even get me started on the late night calls to my ex, the creepy text messages, the begging and the pleading for something that was already long gone, like dust in the wind.



After a long, torturous month of feeling sorry for myself, and gaining an unsightly amount of ice-cream related weight in the meantime, I decided to do something about the way I felt. I took three drastic steps to change my life for the better.



I'm fully healed, and so I think it's time I shared those steps with the rest of the world. This method isn't perfect, and no-one's situation is going to be exactly like mine, but even the smallest amount of help can transform a life.

This is my fool-proof, patented, three-step plan for getting yourself back on your feet after a breakup.

Let me explain.

1. HIT THE GYM

Before too long, the gym became one of my closest friends. I started out doing simple, easy weight routines and walking idly on a treadmill, but before long I was running miles at a time and lifting weights I never thought I'd be able to handle. In a few short weeks the weight was falling off of me, and my confidence was at an all-time high. Not only did I feel better, but I looked better, and the two played off each other. I also made a lot of life-long friends at the gym, where a rowdy crew of mates surrounded me with their unabashed goodwill.

2. REMOVE THEM FROM SOCIAL MEDIA

You don't have to block, delete or unfriend them if you don't want to, but it's a good idea to at the very least unfollow your ex ASAP—Facebook will let you do this, and it's a drama-free workaround to an awkward situation. Seeing their face will deliver a vast amount of pain in the early stages of a breakup, especially if they're with someone new, or off having the time of their life at a load of parties. Ease off on social media and you'll find yourself thinking about them less and less. You might crack and want to see what they're up to, but trust me: whatever you see, you won't like.

3. SEE IF YOU CAN PRETEND YOU ARE ONE OF THE GUYS FROM THE TV SHOW ENTOURAGE

This is the third and key step in this patented program. I've always loved following the adventures of Vincent Chase, E, Ari Gold, Turtle, Drama, J-Bubby, Shemp, Crime, Saul Bass, Nino the Milfhunter, Serj Tankian and good old lovable Chicjx as they navigated the trappings and rewards of Hollywood. *Entourage* made me want to be a better person, because as we all know, successful people are — deep down — inherently better people than you or I. Whenever I watched *Entourage*, whether it was on TV, DVD, Blu-ray or just the regular way (on my ex's iPad, which I refused to return), I could feel myself becoming a better, more successful version of myself.

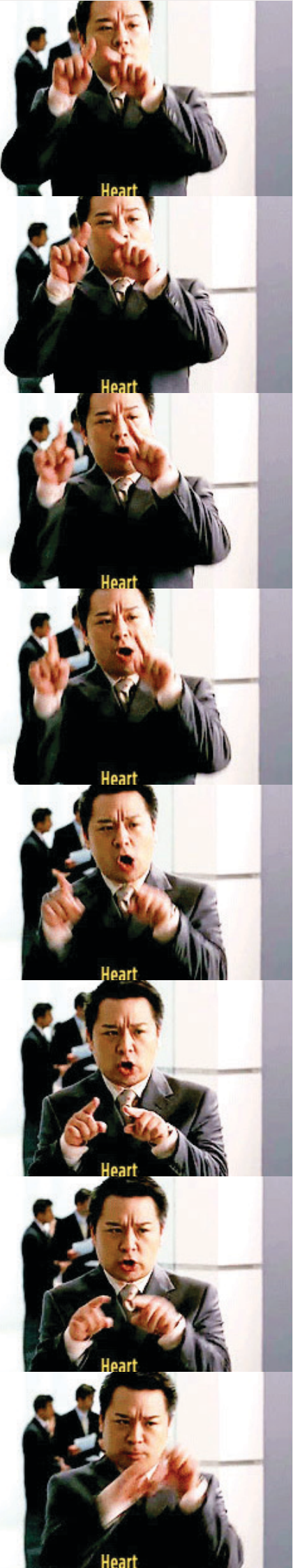
I laughed, I cried, I cheered, I napped, I hooted, I hollered... *I lived*.

But the problem was: I was only an outsider, looking in on events that were happening without me. I knew I couldn't sustain the feelings I was having for very long without making a drastic change in my viewing methods.

So here's what I did: I inserted myself into the show.

There were a variety of different methods I tried. The first was taping a photo of myself to the screen and watching the show with my face in every shot. Sadly that didn't always work. The photo I used was one of me smiling, but in sad scenes I just looked out of place. When Turtle miscarries in season 4, should I be standing there on the sidelines, with a smile on my face? No. That would be rude.

My clothing was all wrong most of the time as well. When the gang go back in time in season 12 to see if they can stop Desmond Jones' evil twin from being born, I was standing there in my modern day tank-top and cargo shorts, while they had all changed into Victorian-era clothing. I was disgusted with myself.



So, instead, I started to project the show onto my wall, and I would spend nights acting along with the projection. This method wasn't without its problems either - my housemates, for one, were upset with me taking over the living room most nights. But the living room itself was also a problem. I had covered it in wall-to-wall *Entourage* memorabilia, and the frames, novelty license plates and my life-size bust of Jeremy Piven's head and neck were interfering with the projection, turning smooth lines into wobbly morsels of distorted light.

I had to come up with a different way of convincing the imbalanced chemicals in my brain that I was, in fact, a member of Vinnie Chase's entourage and not just a lowly pleb, clinging to the bottom rung of life's ladder, merely listening to Jane's Addiction and not having it be the theme song to my entire life.

Instead of trying to pretend that I was inside the show, I brought the show to me. I stapled pictures of all of the cast members to various body pillows that I bought (alright, maybe I already owned them) and left them around the house. This way, whenever I felt like it, I could enter a living and not-quite-breathing world full of all my favourite *Entourage* moments. First thing in the morning, over my breakfast of a single egg on a mayonnaise base, I could listen to one of Ari Gold's insane, vitriolic rants. When I was up late at night, participating in my one-member Neighbourhood Watch program, I could kick back and hang out with the boys. My boys. The gang. The friendship circle. The together-feeling.

My housemates eventually moved out. It didn't matter, because I already had the best housemates one could ask for: the cast of HBO's hit smash TV show *Entourage*. Turtle. E. Joe Gippman. Ari Gold. And who could forget the Drama Man, TV's most beloved thespian?

They were my friends, and they were there with me, in full three-dimensional quality, and at night I spooned them and told them the secrets that would come spilling out of me like a never ending tape measure.

Before long, I didn't even think about my ex, didn't think about the hurt feelings, didn't think about the way her deceit and pain tore my heart apart like a hungry dog tearing into a fresh loaf of Bourke Street rye. All I felt was acceptance, forgiveness, entourage. And I think if you try this method, you could feel the same way too.

FINAL THOUGHTS

I don't think it's a coincidence that the tenth anniversary of the 9/11 terrorist attacks also happened to be the day that *Entourage* aired for the last time on TV. I believe that day was the beginning of the end of all human civilisation. I pray and hope that an icy wind will emerge from the poles and freeze all of society, to spare us our ongoing misery. We are not worthy to wander, to forage for whatever forgiveness we may be granted from the unholy demon that is the Lord of Earth.

But for the time being, try to keep your head up, and remember that you're loved by the universe, even if it doesn't show it all the time.

Remember the three steps, and you can start to heal. Because every journey starts with a single step... or maybe three of them!

xoxo

Hamish Duncan is a Tharunka contributor and is based in Sydney.
Want to contribute? Drop us a line at tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au.





Faculty Fuckboys

The UNSW Student Body
Tharunka Contributors

We asked, and you answered. Students from all across the UNSW student body (and definitely not just the Facebook friends of the Tharunka editors) were surveyed and asked to anonymously name one staff member in their faculty who they would classify as a ‘fuckboy’ in either three words or short phrases. For those of you out there under the age of relevant, the Urban Dictionary succinctly defines a ‘fuckboy’ as follows:

fuckboy

A fuckboy is a **weakass** dude who **ain't shit**.

So, behold the various Faculty Fuckboys of UNSW, accurately depicted by photographs conveniently already existing in the public domain. If you can guess any professor/lecturer/hellhound listed below, you can receive your prize by circling the description in permanent marker, putting this publication in an A4 envelope, and directly mailing it to them at their office here on campus.

1. “loves gang of youths, wears wire-rim glasses, pretty sure he could finish a book if he tried” – Faculty of Law



2. “Smug, mansplainer, goddamn good looking” – Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences



3. “Matched w his students on bumble” “Wrote an assignment about himself” – Faculty of Business



4. “Confident, smooth, horny” – Faculty of Medicine



5. “Kinda fucken racist” – Faculty of Science



6. “Cocky, ego, articulate” - Faculty of Built Environment



7. “Literally cannot shut up about his kids like wtf” – Faculty of Engineering



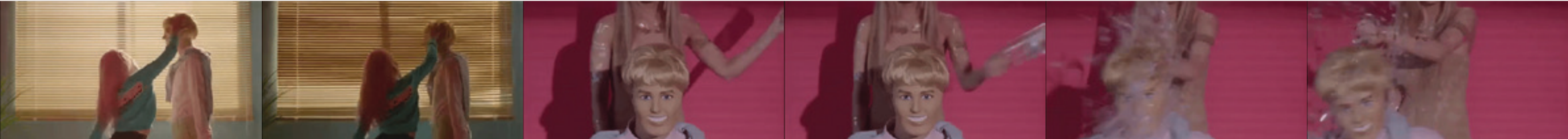
8. “Daddy, Daddy, Daddy” – Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences



9. “Narcissistic, thoughtless, immature” – Faculty of Art and Design



10. “Good in bed” – Faculty of Science



UNSW 2.0 Announced, Enrollment Rate Rises To 125%

“You know we had to do it to ‘em” – Chancellor Gonski

Jack Mangos
Tharunka Staff

Chancellor David Gonski stunned University students and faculty alike with his announcement on Monday of the new, upcoming, very exciting, totally refreshing, UNSW 2.0.

Gonski delivered the announcement from the Chancellery Pulpit, sporting a black turtleneck, frameless spectacles, and throwing apples directly into the faces of members of the crowd. Other esteemed heroes of the Knights of the UNSW Round Table, including [Merlin Crossley the Mysterious](#), gathered upon the Pulpit to support their fearless leader.

Including a list of updated features, software patches, and a Basser stairway that, for some reason, always goes upward no matter where you’re walking, UNSW 2.0 will be, in Gonski’s own words, a “gamechanger”. One hotly anticipated feature is its hundreds, if not thousands, of newly axed contact hours. In their place will be a revolutionary “pentamester system”, with five sets of equally-spaced exams throughout the calendar year, allowing ample time for self-directed learning, and removing all unnecessary faculty involvement in lectures, tutorials, pracs, group discussions, and spontaneous crying sessions on the Quad grass.



Chancellor Gonski also announced that UNSW 2.0 will be the first university in Australia to not only have an entirely casually-employed teaching and administrative staff, but will be the first University to have casually-employed buildings. Allowing a rotating-roster of buildings (which will blip into and out of existence, with great thanks to the casually-employed researchers of the School of Physics) will, according to preliminary estimates, grant the greatest flexibility for the buildings to balance work and home commitments. When pressed, Chancellor Gonski was unsure of the effect of casualising university infrastructure on UNSW 2.0 finances, but was optimistic that any excess cost could be more than made up for through graduate internships paid in “casual experience”.



To deliver course content “accurately and efficiently”, Merlin Crossley the Mysterious claimed responsibility for the new “flipped-flipped classroom” paradigm, in which the content of the course becomes so abstracted through classroom-geometry translations and rotations that law readings begin to take on the appearance of an Escher painting, and imprint, with much trauma, directly into the memory centres of the recipient’s brain. Shortly after bamboozling the crowd with the new classroom announcement, Merlin appeared to vanish into a cloud of purple smoke, although was later reportedly seen ziplining from the top of the Chemical Sciences building just in time for Roundhouse double happy hour.

One surprising attendant at the announcement was Professor Fred Hilmer, who joined the festivities accompanied by fifteen newly printed leaders of UNSW 2.0 campus political parties. Each campus politician, announced Professor Hilmer, would represent a “diverse and mature” spectrum of political positions, ranging from “Marxist-left” to “left-left-Labor”. In a display that deserved its own Westworld episode, Professor Hilmer ensured onlookers that their new campus representatives had been given the maximum possible amplitude of vocal power and greatest possible diversity of hair colour, courtesy of Merlin the Mysterious. It is unknown why Merlin the Mysterious was unable to save Professor Hilmer’s hair, although it is suspected that it was to best maintain his strange but precious likeness to Kermit the Frog.

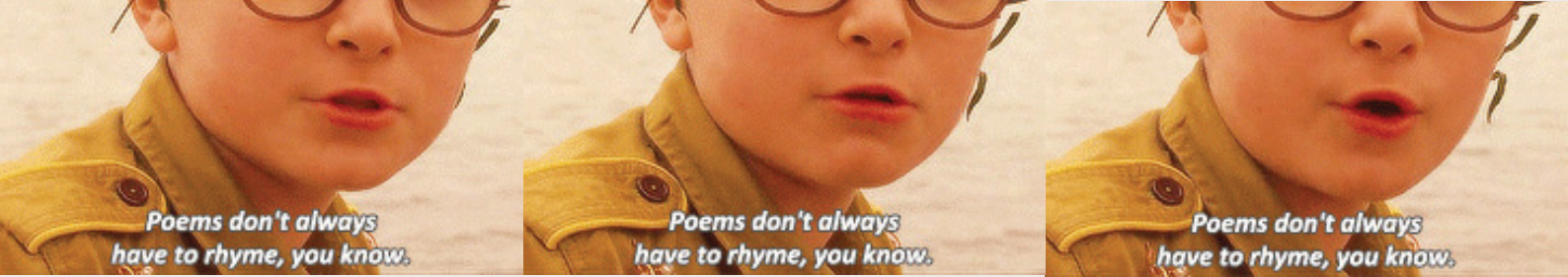
Arguably the most exciting new feature of UNSW 2.0 is its emphasis on student wellbeing. A dedicated reader of postmodern theory, Chancellor Gonski noted in his announcement that “No individual’s experience is like any others”, and used the opportunity to announce the implementation of the “safe-space 2.0”, areas which can capture each students’ exact problems and experiences, and reflect their exact thinking directly back to them. Casually-employed economists have noted how inexpensive and effective these rooms are, requiring nothing more than a mirror, a microphone, and a speaker with a feedback loop to construct.

Chancellor Gonski was quick to note the double benefit of these rooms, which have a Room of Requirement-like quality to them. Indeed, all UNSW 2.0 students are expected to read Harry Potter, preferably to the exclusion of all other literature. This requirement, stated the Chancellor, is in order to produce the highest-quality political commentary possible from UNSW 2.0 students, who will be each expected to maintain a personal semi-ironic blog of political posts analogising the real world to Harry’s story.

Although UNSW 2.0 is still many years away, the editors of *Tharunka* rest assured that the students on campus are doing all they can to ensure it becomes a possibility. Further updates can be found on the newly created *Tharunka* blog, “The Wizards and Witches (and non-binary spellcasters) of UNSW 2.0”.

Jack Mangos is the Features Sub-Editor at Tharunka and is based in Sydney. Contact Jack at j.mangos@arc.unsw.edu.au.





Maggie Hill
Tharunka Staff

Heaven

A beauty so true,
Yearning for my gentle touch.
Those Golden Arches.

Hell

Quickly here HE comes,
The man who dresses in grey.
WHERE is my opal?

Exams

The sun is shining,
The birds sing so sweet above,
And still I will fail.

Graduation

At the end of days,
I will stand there proud and tall,
Overpriced paper.



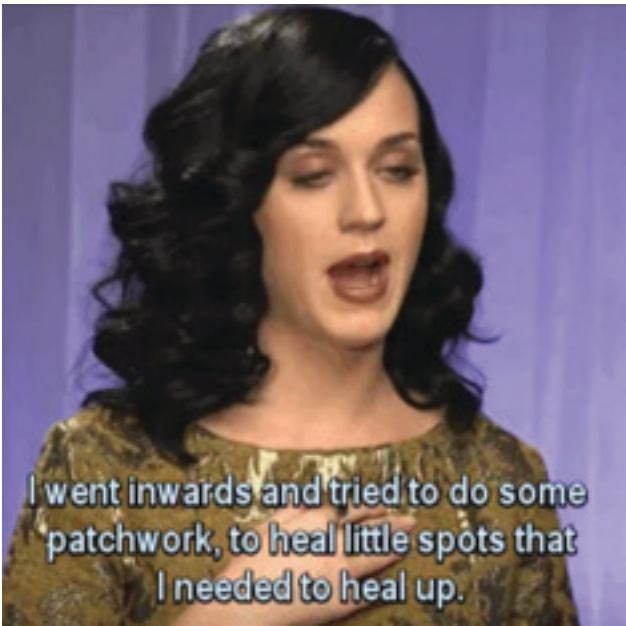
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Contact Maggie at m.hill@arc.unsw.edu.au.

Your Last Hookup with Another Guy Explained in GIFs

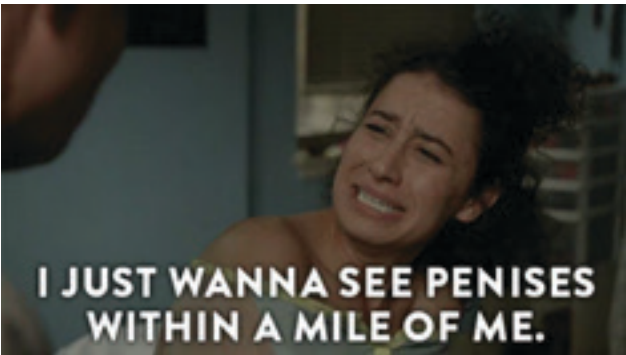
Not Lungol Wekina
Not Tharunka Staff

You know how it is. You're feeling thirsty on a Sunday night, and you've been single for longer than you'd like to admit. Don't stress, we've all been there. So how do you deal with this loneliness?

Expectation:



Reality:



So after lying to yourself about how you have standards for about half an hour, you finally open Grindr.

Expectation:



Reality:

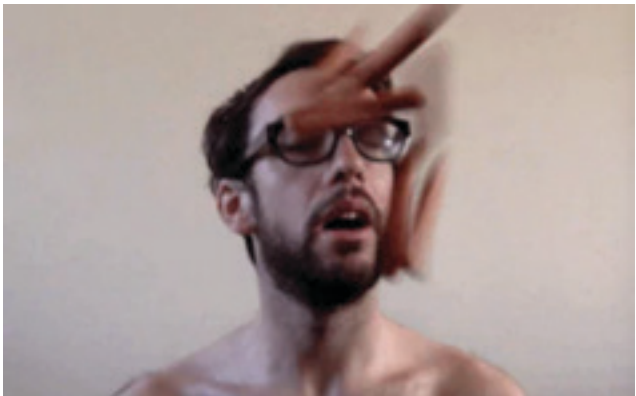


And the messages start coming in...

Expectation:



Reality:



Finally, after blocking like three dudes with blank profiles and very aggressive dick pics, a hot(ish) guy eventually slides into your DMs!

Expectation:



Reality:



Disappointed? Yes. Surprised? No, lol, this isn't Tinder (or a Disney movie)

Expectation:



Reality:

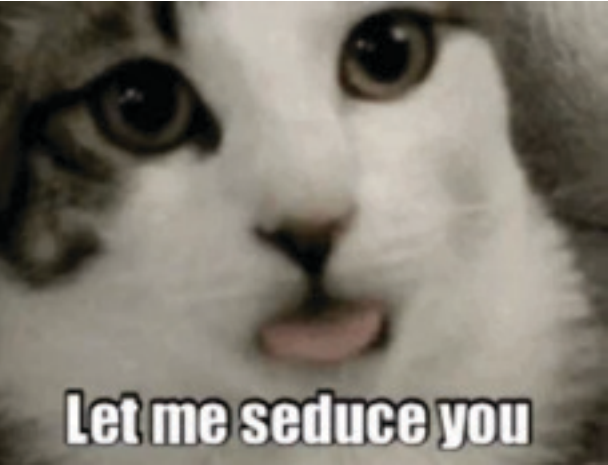


So you try not to come off as a complete hoe

Expectation:



Reality:



But that doesn't really work...

Expectation:



Reality:



So you show up at his place and you hope he didn't just catfish you and make you waste \$20 on an Uber

Expectation:



Reality:



TBH, you both know why you're on his doorstep so might as well get right to it

Expectation:



Reality:



For some reason, every guy always asks you if you want some water, so, um...

Expectation:



Reality:



OH MY GOD, JUST KISS HIM FFS

Expectation:



Reality:



OKAY, BONERS ARE HAPPENING, LET’S LOSE THE CLOTHES

Expectation:



Reality:



OMG THIS IS GREAT

Expectation:



Reality



YAAAAASSSSSS

Expectation:



Reality:



OKAY NOW IT'S GETTING GOOD

Expectation:



Reality:



So...

Expectation:



Reality:



Um, thanks I guess?

Expectation:



Reality:



The journey back home

Expectation:



Reality:



You'd think you'd know better by now, but we all know you're gonna be doing the same thing next week.

FIND A WORD

The UNSW Edition

B	E	I	R	W	Q	C	N
M	L	V	Z	U	B	V	A
S	T	R	E	S	S	K	N
A	E	X	O	O	S	G	G
N	R	U	T	J	U	I	S
R	F	U	R	I	O	X	Y
H	A	N	G	V	M	L	O
P	N	O	D	D	J	C	H
Z	D	R	I	F	E	T	D

MOTIVATION
HEALTH
FRIENDS

EDUCATION
STRESS-FREE
AMBITION

PASSION
HIGH DISTINCTION
WILL TO LIVE



COUPON*

VALID FOR ONE EXAM
QUESTION ON A TOPIC
YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF

* Terms and conditions apply



COUPON*

VALID FOR ONE FRIEND YOU
MAKE IN A TUTE AND WILL
NEVER SEE AGAIN

* Terms and conditions apply



COUPON*

VALID FOR THE SIX WEEKS
YOU SPENT COMPLETING AN
UNPAID INTERNSHIP

* Terms and conditions apply



COUPON*

VALID FOR ONE MANDATORY
ATTENDANCE LECTURE

* Terms and conditions apply

FINDING IT HARD TO
STICK TO YOUR BUDGET?
WE'VE GOT YOUR BACK.



COUPON*

VALID FOR A 891 BUS LINE
WITH MORE PEOPLE IN IT
THAN IN YOUR COURSE

* Terms and conditions apply



COUPON*

VALID FOR ONE \$100
TEXTBOOK YOU WILL ONLY
USE THREE TIMES

* Terms and conditions apply



COUPON*

VALID FOR ONE POORLY
RECORDED LECTURE

* Terms and conditions apply



COUPON*

VALID FOR ONE HOUR SPENT
LOOKING FOR A SEAT IN THE
MAIN LIBRARY

* Terms and conditions apply



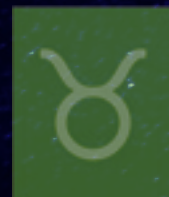
ARIES

Woah, "love" is a strong word. It was more of a hoe life than a love life tbh.

Extremely pitiful. Prepare for Friday nights with some Ben and Jerry's and a Lord of the Rings marathon.

Sadder than yours, that's for sure

Fuelled by teachers granting extensions.



TAURUS

Very undefined, sort of like an amoeba

Love life - useless
Sex life - maintaining fwd from 2017, have adopted a new one w a uni friend for semester 1



GEMINI

Steady and stable

In a happy and committed relationship!

everyone loves you, nobody fucks you

in love with my friend by can't ruin friends group by sleeping with them so guilt hookup at all faculty events



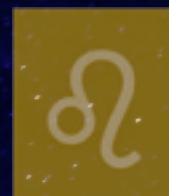
CANCER

Train wreck, lots of ups and downs went through many different boys whoops

Conservative

All over the place but lots of good times and sex

Had a boyfriend that already graduated. We were alright I guess.



LEO

Garbage

uneventful

i settled lmao

Found my one true love

Heartbroken



VIRGO

Depressing.

I had a few dates and a few flings but nothing ended up anything serious

my beautiful committed relationship flourished wildly

Banging



LIBRA

Nothing serious, lots of sex

Two words: Bumble boys

Non existent

Trash



SCORPIO

Met some potential partners but very unsure and unlikely to progress.

I have a boyfriend, so banging

Cute, romantic first dates, stable



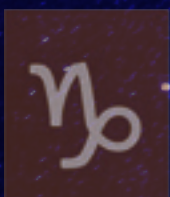
SAGITTARIUS

casual sex/flings

My partner is my world and we will be married and our first daughter will be called Electra

dead

Somewhat quiet as I'm a first year and difficult because I'm a realist



CAPRICORN

Pretty cute tbh

Non existent

Dry and barren



AQUARIUS

In a long-distance relationship, so had a very active but longing love life, and got very very active when we got together!

a joke

Sporadically saw a few people, but nothing developed due to my heart being broken last year



PISCES

zero, uninterested

I reached a new low when I thought I was falling in love with my hookup. Then I realised I was just cripplingly lonely.

Like searching for life outside of Earth. Hahaha...haha...uh yea...

MuzzFeed

Debt

Reflection

More



Poll: What Did Your Love Life Look Like In Semester One?



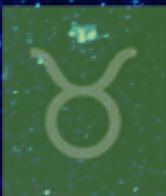
ARIES

Much the same but hopefully even more loving ;)

Probably just as pitiful. I'm preparing the Haagen Das and Harry Potter DVDs as we speak.

I mean, I have like five dating apps on my phone, so it better be pretty fucking lit

IDK!!!! Im hoping for some spice tbh i just need someone to cuddle me through the cold :((



TAURUS

I think the most fitting metaphor would be a bull in a china shop



GEMINI

Steady and stable lol

The same



CANCER

A lot more settled

More rowdy

Hopefully less all over the place with just as much sex

I might break up with my boyfriend. We'll see lol.

still terrible



LEO

Probably worse

good question

HOPEFULLY either single and fun or either i find prince charming.

Nonexistent with a hint of loneliness

Maintain the relationship



VIRGO

Doleful.

I asked this guy out who I really like and he said yes so hopefully better!

Banging



LIBRA

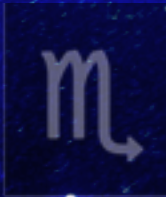
Trash (but make it fashun)

Four words: no more Bumble boys

Even less existent

Hopefully more optimistic and confident

Probably the same



SCORPIO

Probably the same as Semester 1, not really desperate for a relationship right now.

Still cute, epic love story

Hopefully the same!!!

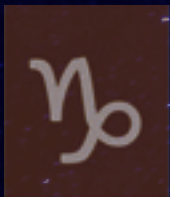


SAGITTARIUS

Most likely casual sex/flings

deader

???



CAPRICORN

Probably about the same

Non existent

Dry and barren



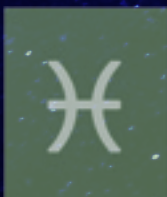
AQUARIUS

Hopefully staying in that LDR!

hopefully not a joke

Hopefully somethings polyamorous and funky

Even deader



PISCES

zero, uninterested

Hopefully better. More irresponsible hookups and less ghosting dates (dating is just the worst).

Not exactly the highest priority but if something happends, then something heppends amirite?



Which COFA Haircut Are You Today?

THE EDNA MODE



- Cuts their own bangs
- No filter
- An Intellectual™
- Psychic powers

THE SURFER DUDE



- Seems to have their shit together
- Secretly a mess
- Gives great drunk advice
- Belongs in the ocean

THE FUZZ BALL



- Quarter-life crisis ongoing
- Fatal romantic
- Soft but angry
- Fashion baby

THE EDGY MULLET



- The aliens are coming
- Powerful communist
- A big nerd inside
- Never sleeps



MuzzFeed

[Insomnia](#)

[Debt](#)

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Breaking News: Protestors Rally Against Woolworths 'Plastic Bag Ban' By Vowing To Bring Their Own Single-Use Plastic Bags On Every Grocery Trip In A Bold Act Of Defiance



Jayden Rathsam Hua

Tharunka Contributor

Reporting live and on-location at the Woolworths local, *Tharunka* investigates the grassroots organisation, "[Bring Back Our Bags](#)". The group was recently formed in the wake of the controversial decision made by Woolworths that the supply of complimentary plastic bags will cease, and as such, customers must use their own reusable bags in order to carry their groceries. The organisation leader, Gary Smythe, delivered a public address in the Toowoomba Woolworths parking lot in a bid to mobilise local residents against the recent decision: "It's an absolute disgrace. Plastic bags are an essential part of Aussie grocery shopping. Having to bring your own reusable grocery bag on every shop introduces an unwelcome burden to the already stressful daily ritual of grabbing eggs, bread and milk from Woolies."



Standing on a plastic milk-crate that he prudently assured was single-use, Smythe proposed a plan of action against the supermarket conglomerate: "We live in a society, which means that we're fundamentally entitled to whatever rights we're willing to protest about. We shouldn't be forced into remembering to bring reusable bags with us every time we go to the shops. Today will be a powerful statement about how resourceful, true-blue Aussies rely on being provided with complimentary bags, and that we'll never forget about it until it's addressed exactly to our liking."

It seems that "Bring Back Our Bags" has gained a formidable legion of supporters. We interviewed just a few attendants at the public address,





and it's evident that disdain for the recent policy shift won't subside any time soon. One participant, Richard Head, shouted: "Oi! where's [sic] they put the plastic bags!?" into the McDonalds drive-thru intercom adjacent to the Woolworths parking lot, angrily pumping his fists while obviously blinded and disoriented by his rage. Another local resident, Wei Tu Fa, expressed her anxiety that the plastic bag ban will have severe and lasting ramifications for future generations: "We use plastic bag for travel overseas instead of luggage because much cheaper. No plastic bag, no holiday! We keep plenty of plastic bag in box under kitchen sink, so this generation supply ok. But we worried about grandkid! How they afford proper luggage when they take family to five-star hotel in Singapore?"

Prominent political commentators have also weighed in on the debate, and have demonstrated an unwavering commitment to investigating the "unforeseen consequences" of the controversial ban. André Folt, in his most recent podcast episode, explained, with exemplary scientific and social literacy, that Woolworths' decision is far more complex when analysed beyond face value: "While many of the less-informed are simply telling the scapegoated true-blue Aussies to 'suck it up', or 'get with the times', they're assuming that making the switch to reusable bags is a simple change to daily habits." He continued in explaining the potential health risks associated with mandating the use of reusable bags: "What they're not telling you is that reusable bags retain deadly viruses and bacteria found on the groceries. Look, while I don't have statistics, I have a good feeling that at least a few, or many Australians have full-on died since Woolworths made the announcement." At this time, Tharunka cannot provide the current fatality count from the recent ban, but can confirm it is greater than, or equal to, zero.

These claims have attracted the attention of other major figures in the media sphere. Uganda Devile stated in an article in her recent column: "You can't hide from the facts. Groceries are covered in deadly bacteria. Reusable bags will spread the bacteria. I don't want these unsafe bags around me or my family while we're putting these groceries directly into our mouths. It's not logical, and if you don't mind me saying, it's frankly un-Australian."

While the future remains uncertain for what is slated to be one of the most impactful and eventful conflicts in Australian history, it's certain that this issue will remain, for the time being at least, a bag-full.

[More to follow.](#)

Jayden Rathsam Hua is a Tharunka contributor and is based in Sydney. Want to contribute? Drop us a line at tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au.



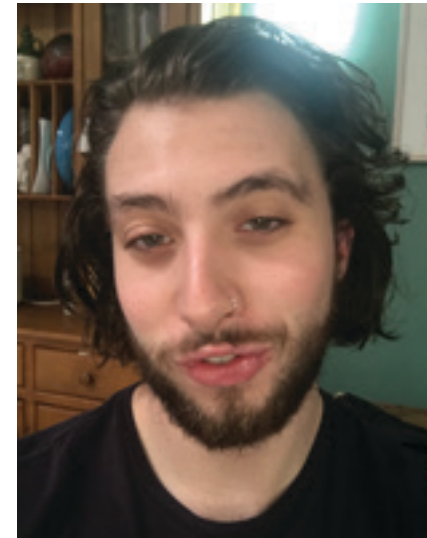
A Recent Study Has Found That There Is Always One Dickhead In The Group Project

Disclaimer: If you don't know who the dickhead is, it's you.



Maggie Hill
Tharunka Staff

1. "What's a group project?"



2. "Moodle? Moodle."



3. "I've never had a dickhead in my group"



HACKING THE HACKS

*a complete,
comprehensive,
totally legit
guide to your*

STUDENT POLITICIANS

Ahh, StuPol. You know, that thing no one really cares about except for the few people involved. The source of the anxiety you experience when you see campaigners waiting for you with flyers by the Main Walkway in their goddamn florescent coloured t-shirts when all you wanna do is go home. The cause of the frustration you feel when you get yet another Facebook message three novels long begging you to vote for some rando who definitely just wants a resume booster. You've ignored them, avoided them, and occasionally pitied them, but have you ever wondered just what their deal is?

Trust me, at first I didn't either. Much like an STD, the SRC is something most of us would rather not interact with, or even think about, until it's too late and you know you should have taken more precautionary measures.

BUT THEN I FOUND OUT THEY GOT PAID!!

So I had two important questions:

- 1) If they got paid, did that mean that they actually did stuff, since this was low key a legit job?
- 2) How much would I make if I decided to join the SRC?

LIFE HACK

Walk along High St, they won't find you there (it's like the condom of election season – you still get to go to uni, but you avoid all the campaigning).

So I embarked on what you can only call extensive, investigative journalism (aka five Google searches) and I learned quite a lot. Well, not really - it was way more boring than I had originally anticipated, and it turns out Australian student politics, especially here in UNSW, isn't relevant enough to garner many Google search results.

HOWEVER. I did learn some things:

- Student politics is just like real politics - ugly, petty, ego-fueled, and completely run by middle class/rich white people.
- Furthermore, StuPol "factions" are basically the less evolved Pokemon versions of the political parties here in Australia.
- Student politicians are apparently called "Hacks", and they seem to all know each other and all the hacks in universities all around Sydney, NSW, and probably Australia, but idc so I didn't bother checking.
- Hacks seem to be care more about consolidating political power and bossing resumes than actually representing the poor students that were harassed into voting for them in the first place.

Going back to the two important questions I had going into this, these are the answers I've found after this whole experience.

- 1) Whatever it is student politicians do, it seems like calling it a "job" is a bit too ambitious. I'd suggest, instead, calling it a "pretty pathetic hobby" that they somehow get paid for partaking in.
- 2) Even if hacks did get paid (which I assume they do, if we're taking memes as the factual pieces of evidence that they are), you will never, never, pay me enough money to wear those god awful neon colours come election season.

So in conclusion, I've learned that doing research and actual journalism is hard. Also, hacks are the worst. But they're supes fun to make fun of, so flip over the next couple of pages, grab a pen, and prepare for this relatable content.

CATCHPHRASE

Rank the following phrases from most **1** to least **15** commonly heard (or believed, if you so desire) in the UNSW StuPol Snakepit Community

- ☐ I study law, but I don't wanna be a lawyer
- ☐ Oh, what Grammar school did you go to?
- ☐ Lol, so apparently the Tharunka Managing Editor is homophobic?!
- ☐ "Hey, so I know we haven't talked in ages, but I just wanted to message you about..."
- ☐ Lol, USU, amirite?

- ☐ What faction is he in?
- ☐ Hackety McHack invited you to their event "Vote [1] Hackety McHack for Arc Bored"
- ☐ Where do you stand on Israel?
- ☐ But I thought we owned Tharunka...
- ☐ Oh, she isn't Labour, is she?

- ☐ Let Hackety McHack know if you can make it to their event "Vote [1] Hacky McHack for SRC Presidunce"
- ☐ What do you mean I can't get an autonomous issue?!
- ☐ Wait, what are the Libs doing?
- ☐ Did you go to the march/rally/protest/demon summoning?
- ☐ Don't forget to vote Hacktivate!

20 QUESTIONS

Tick all the questions you've asked yourself or your peers at any point in time. One point for each tick, and take a bonus two points if you still don't have answers to them.

- ☐ Wait, wtf, they get paid?! For doing what?!
- ☐ Oh god, has the campaigning already started?
- ☐ How many of these people do you reckon actually care about their offices and not their resumes?
- ☐ Why can't SRC voting just be online too?
- ☐ Will they just leave me alone if I keep my headphones in, volume up, and eyes down?
- ☐ Did this bitch seriously just interrupt my Billy Ocean playlist to ask me if I've voted yet?
- ☐ Do these people even have class?
- ☐ Should I just pity vote them?
- ☐ Wtf is a faction?
- ☐ Do you think any of them actually want to make a difference?
- ☐ Did they seriously not expect me to realise that they obviously sent this exact same message to over 300 people?
- ☐ Wow, can you believe she expected me to vote for her in front of her right then and there?
- ☐ Do these people actually care about us?
- ☐ This is like if Scandal and House of Cards had a really boring baby, right?
- ☐ Okay, but srsly, what do factions even mean?
- ☐ Which one is, like, the Penny Wong of the SRC?
- ☐ Do these positions come with actual power?
- ☐ Are there even any real stakes here?
- ☐ Do they actually expect me to vote in person because they harassed me for five minutes on the Main Walkway?
- ☐ Can Facebook, like, create a feature that automatically blocks people who invite you to campaign events?



MuzzFeed

