



Steven Sullivan
(19172168)
Faculty of Business and Economics





Mother and Son: A Day at the Uni of the Future

Johnny had approached me as I sat up late in the study going over my students assignments. To be honest, I loved an interruption. My subconscious had learned to depend on them whenever mundanity edged in. Johnny was one of those talkers, so his interruption was not unexpected. His typical conversations were filled with innumerable questions, comments, statements and suggestions of the like, that my inability to discern their relative importance faded long ago. Ofcourse, hindsight was always my judge and many a time blame was heeded on me for not taking Johnny's suggestions seriously when they proved the correct course of action. This time though, he caught me off guard.

"I am thinking of going to study in Melbourne. What Do you wreckon?"

In the 10 or so following sentences that he used in support of his argument, I can't recall one. I did have the distinct feeling of being informed about plans that were laid long before he knocked on my glass door. The other feeling I had was knowing that I had to let him go.

My little Johnny loved the stars as a child. I guess growing in a space age and taking holidays to Mars and Venus heightened his interest. So to be accepted into the astronomy degree at Monash University was a great step for him. The nine years the degree takes will be well worth it in founding his career. I heard they had campuses on earth as well as six other planets, but when Johnny told me it seemed so remarkable, so full of inspirational conviction. The day he packed his bags I gave him a hug and a convulsing nod to affirm the 1000 words my face painted but my tongue couldn't speak. A hug and a kiss later and Johnny was gone.

Although mum was smiling when I left, there was an acknowledgement that loneliness was imminent, and I found it hard not to feel bad. But, the first day of classes came and it was heaven. Fifty four degrees and five bottles of water later, 32 bikini clad student bunny's had already burrowed holes deep into my heart. As it happened, my astrophysics class, the only one of the day was delayed because of an IT problem. It



was further aggravated by the fact that the robot sent out to fix it, broke down. Unbelievable! A second robot was sent to repair both the broken robot and the interactive lecturer system. Once the system was working, it was easy to see why Monash was so highly regarded. The individual, interactive 3D lecturers assigned to each student are programmed such that they recursively adapt their teaching style and content to your mental and psychological characteristics. This optimises your knowledge intake. By the end of the lecture, I knew the name of 27 thousand planets and could calculate the energy from of a multidimensional solar system of suns a million kilometres away.

Lunch was where I met Gary. He sat at my table uninvited, as one does in a crowded cafeteria. Immediately though, I felt his aura. And within a few minutes he not only introduced himself, but his flagrant and despicably evil humour too. The robo-waitress serving us drinks did not sense when Gary quickly replaced its bottled inventory of orange juices with a bottle of what I could only have imagined to be a bodily fluid. Most likely Gary's. Cruel or not, I liked him straight away; he had buddy qualities. I also found out that he lived in my dorm so after discussing bunny hunting tactics he suggested we catch the gravi-rail home together. I agreed.

The gravi-rail makes commuting between campuses and dormitory simple. It is the first machine of its kind which manipulates gravity to create a forward pull. The on board eye scan that necessitates entry had been vandalised by some IT geeks. God bless their number crunching souls. The retina was unable to debit anyones accounts and we all got a free ride home. It was such a great first day I wrote about it in my diary:

A free day is a good day, as I say.
Growing up, moving away.
Watching bunnies and making a buddy.
Trying to learn what the teacher teaches,
Remembering mum and sunny beaches.
Living in a future of calculated and created creatures,
A world with no chance and determined features.
3D learning is great but sometimes a fuss,



It gives us a bright future,
A foundation which allows people to believe in us.
Today is a day gone, but tomorrows the future,
A day at Uni, a lecture, a tutor.
But 800 words later and I'm trying to remember,
What I started out to do tonight..... I know,
To finish my real uni work, tomorrows a lecture.