

# NOTHING'S BETTER THAN REVISION

PETE WATSON WASTES TIME

I pick up my pen. Turning it over in my hands, I marvel at the sleek contours and smooth action of the retractable nib. A work of design genius. I wonder who designs pens? 'Made in China.' I want to go to China. Maybe I'll visit a pen factory. I put it down. My ruler becomes a motorbike in my hands, making a sweeping turn around a pristine pad of paper and getting some sweet air off a handy file. Hang on. That file is definitely not in line with the edge of the desk.

That's better. What a lovely file. I allow myself a proud little smirk - this is an excellent filing system I have going, and believe me, I've experimented with a fair few. I make a list of all the filing systems I have ever used, and pin it up next to the list of my top one hundred root vegetables. Is that a bit of dust? Oh bugger this, there is just no way I am going to be able to concentrate in a room this messy.

**“I make a list and pin it up next to the list of my top one hundred root vegetables. Is that a bit of dust? Oh bugger this.”**

I get up and straighten the duvet. Look around. Everything else is in perfect order, even the trinkets in my room are organised alphabetically according to their name. Maybe I could order them according to colour? How would I do that? Would I adhere to the colour spectrum, or base it on the names of the colours? I have so much to decide.

I consult my handcrafted 3D pop-up revision timetable, complete with colour key. Mauve means I should be doing what at 3.39? Hmm. Don't really like that one. It's not like I've stuck to the timetable so far.

Clock check. Five minutes have gone by. Time for a break?

No! Diligence! I have so much to learn!

Oh god I'm going to fail.

Failure. A word with such bad connotations, but the most successful people are the ones who dropped out of academia. Probably. I'm practically holding myself back by revising. What would I do if I failed? Maybe write a bestseller, or trek in the Andes saving orphans. I could come back, dripping with wealth and experience, and give a talk to some students on how to really be successful. Ha! Shit. Maybe I would actually have to go and work in Woolworths and live on the minimum wage. The people in Woolworths look really weird. I have to do some work!

Pen. To. Paper. Good! Now move it. God my handwriting is good.

A title. I have a title on the page. I have outlined the subject I am going to learn. I'm pretty much half way there! This needs a careful choice of highlighter. The orange is too obvious, the blue acceptable but a little too subdued. The pink - well, this just isn't a pink subject. I replace my highlighters in the correct order in my smart stationary holder. There's nothing for it, I'm going to have to go and buy some more.

Maybe I can get some handy revision cards at the same time? They will definitely help me pass.

## THE MH GUIDE TO PLAGIARISM

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