

Five things no-one tells you before moving to a city

1. Everything is expensive. Especially if you've been living with your parents for the past few years and managed to avoid dealing with actual adult living costs. Rent, internet, public transport, food, clothing – all that shit costs money. Using credit and debit cards to pay for things when you're 18 and naïve is fun, but it loses most of its novelty when you have to start buying your own toilet paper. Only the rich and famous can afford to have 4 ply paper to wipe their delicate nether regions with.
2. Nobody is going to get your ass into gear except yourself. If you need to get somewhere on time, you have to get off your comfortable spot in front of the heater watching *Orange is the New Black* on Netflix and make it out the door and onto the right bus. Procrastination is the key to failure, but it's also more enjoyable than actually doing stuff you know you're supposed to. Like washing your clothes before they start to smell like they were dunked in a bucket of sweat and left to soak in some dark, humid corner.
3. It is inevitable that at least once a week you will be stopped by a charity representative trying to guilt-trip you into spend your parents' hard-earned cash on supporting Greenpeace with their mission to save the planet. Don't get me wrong – I think what's happening to the reef is terrible. But when a different charity attempts to convert you every other day it becomes impossible to recall how much money or time or blood you've agreed to fork out to a cute guy with a British accent who promises he'll use it for a good cause.
4. People. Smoke. Everywhere. Not that people in rural areas don't smoke, but in cities they do it in EVERY public place. Stepping out the door in a shopping centre or café and you instantly inhale the remnants of someone else's cigarette, rather unwillingly I might add. Holding your breath as you walk along the streets becomes a common practice, although sometimes there are so many smokers that this may just cause you to pass out from lack of oxygen. My friend likes to use the technique of coughing loudly in their face or waving her hand aggressively to ward off their smoke. Calling them a wanker might work too.

5. Whenever you're in a hurry, crowds suddenly appear and everyone seems to be walking slower than a sloth waking up from hibernation. If you try to step around or slip through a gap another person mysteriously appears to block your way. People in cities have the amazing ability to be exactly where you don't want them to exactly when you don't need them. And there's always that one person who walks about five metres a minute and stops right in front of you to contemplate the meaning of life in the middle of a narrow walkway. Please don't stop. I have a life to get to.