I calmly walk down an empty street with my headphones on, deaf to the sounds surrounding me, but not blind to the shouts of the advertisement around.

It attacks me from lurid posters and outside signs, inevitably escorted by a loud phrase, a slogan, something that would make its way through  my deafness, my blindness, through the fog in my head and the conscious ignorance of my mind on a Monday morning. Every single flyer desperately needs to get hold of me, to make me stop and listen to whatever it has to say for at least ten seconds. I stop. I imagine what it is like to spend your days writing catchy headings for flyers. Then I continue walking.

As the day awakens, so does my mind. I reach the university library and among the familiar setting I notice the same picture I just left on the street. Flyers and posters.

Shouting. To me.

I breathe in.

They need to shout out something the person standing in front of the poster could relate to. A word standing for an idea, an image... An identity, that is.

In a town inhabited by students, one of the most misused words almost voluntarily lets itself in for
us. It is everywhere, as if it were a magic password. Student. We have student accounts, student prices, student budgets, student advice, student rooms, student parties and student jobs. I am looking forward to student sandwiches
and student shoes.

Studentship has become a trend. A lifestyle. The adherent of the Student identity in Plato's world of ideas would be a surreal creature that is proactive, democratic, optimistic, career-oriented, self-conscious, world-conscious, with belief in the bright
future of Europe, with love for parties, techno or dance music, beer or cocktails, cooking and certainly of traveling. He can still afford replacing what will later become talks about the weather with talks about his studies.

His studies in turn are challenging and necessarily the most important thing in his life. After all, he is a Student in the first place. And everything else in the second place.

But hey... In this world of studentship I still want to be *myself* in the first place. I don't want to partake in the identity shaped by the neon signs outside, or by the friendly posters inside. If being a student means being the one the flyers
talk about, then I must have ended up here by accident.

Dear stereotypes, get lost!

I breathe out.