

Economy Attacks Wallet: 'I'm Broke!'

Contributed by Wesley Martin -- Black College Wire
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Student loans drying up

I'm broke. And depression comes along with being broke - simple.

I don't go out to the club anymore. I don't go out to eat with friends.

My cell phone isn't even on. I can't afford it!

Currently homeless, I spend several hours staring into the deep, dark abyss when I go to my temporary residence.

Residing with a lady friend, I've been called everything from a "bum" to a "no good brother" by her associates.

Truth is, I come from a good background.

I have college-educated parents who are middle class and all my needs were met while growing up.

But, I noticed that their "change" was getting a wee bit short my sophomore year in 2005.

The next thing I knew, I wasn't getting allowances any more. Now, I'm lucky if they send me \$20.

It's not that they don't want to help me, sadly they can't. The poor condition of the economy has gotten the best of them.

Rather than hurt their pride, I rely on my wit and "skills."

The bulk of my assistance does stem from federal sources though.

In layman's terms, my refund check is my bread and butter.

But, here we are at the end of the fifth week of school and I'm mooching off everybody I know.

I had to catch myself from asking for a third chicken wing from my friend Yewande last Friday.

Frustrated, I went down to the financial aid office.

They informed me that my lender was actually the source of my discontent.

So, like any desperate individual, I called my lender to check on my money.

Ever so nicely, a customer service representative informed me that because of problems associated with the economy, many banks have stopped doing student loans.

"What does that have to do with me," I asked while salivating over the chicken wings.

"Well," the rep said, "our loan volume went up. We have more customers and limited funds."

(Look up Lehman Brothers filing for Chapter 11 bankruptcy and Merrill Lynch going under).

There was silence.

Out the corner of my eye, I saw Yewande finish the last wing.
I hated her for a second.

Putting my attention back into the conversation, the customer service rep then informed me that the bank just didn't have the money to give to the school yet, and that

I would have to wait until the end of the month.

An invisible tear fell down my face.

I realized that there wasn't anything I could do but wait.

So to all of you who have received your beloved refund checks, have a great time this weekend at the Atlanta Classic.

I'll be here, hoping my money is deposited in the near future.

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