

Freelance journalism course coursework by Sandi Smith

A Year on Twitter

If your first year on Twitter was condensed into one week, it might go something like this:

Monday

Spend two hours thinking up a witty user name only to find out it's already taken.

Settle with @wobblytits, something you will later regret.

Follow [@stephenfry](#)

Tuesday

Add every celebrity you see on the TV and stare at your monitor desperately trying to come up with something interesting to say.

Tweet "I'm having an egg sandwich".

Sit back satisfied that you have both informed and entertained the virtual world.

Wednesday

Realise Twitter is better if you follow real people so add everyone Twitter recommends.

Miss most of Dancing on Ice because you're too busy tweeting about it.

You haven't eaten for two days and you're wearing the same clothes you were yesterday.

Thursday

Get over excited when people start following you. One of them is topless but is a 'social media expert'.

You follow them back.

Download the mobile app.

Your visits to the toilet increase as you hide in there tweeting because it's starting to annoy your husband.

Friday

Go out with the few 'real' friends you have who now seem boring compared with the Twitterati.

Spend most of the night checking your timeline and showing your friends the hilarious tweets.

Your friends respond with "Is that funny then?"

Saturday

Sign up to websites which measure your on-line social influence, such as [Klout](#), and obsessively check your stats.

You are unfollowed for the first time.

Buy a bottle of wine to numb the pain.

You are retweeted for the first time.

Buy a bottle of wine to celebrate and drunkenly tweet until 3 a.m.

Sunday

Regret your tweets of Saturday night and desperately try to delete them.

Dinner is ruined because you were kicking ass in a hashtag game.

Your husband left you on Thursday and you haven't noticed yet.

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