



# the water toddler

## preschool's alternative newsmag

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### mommy, where do babies come from?

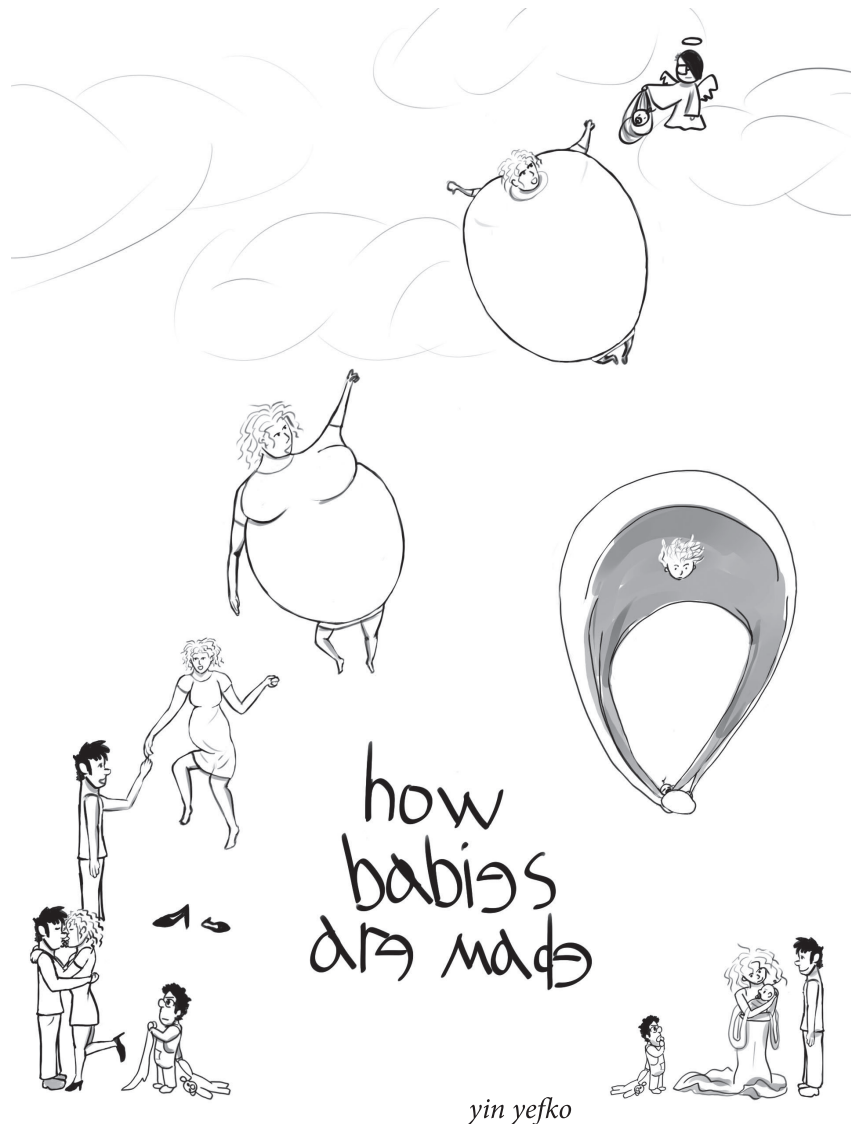
by staceybrandt

Contrary to previous speculations, I have come to the conclusion that human life is not brought down to this fine green Earth by some enormous bird, known as the stork by most nature enthusiasts and commonly known as Big Bird by children my age. I also find the whole you-were-left-on-the-doorstep-in-a-basket theory inconclusive in that, for that theory to work, I, the infant child, would have already been created—but by whom, or by what? I am fully aware that I am being quite radical in opposing the leading theories, but I must expose the truth of the existence of humanity.

Naturally, logically, the parents of a child must be involved. Today, James had an interesting observation: His parents seem to touch lips quite frequently, and perhaps this behavior is involved in the creation of human life. This seems extremely plausible. James also observed that, leading up to the appearance of a small infant whom his parents claim to be his sister, his mother's stomach was drastically enlarged—not "fat" per say, James explained, but, "like she had swallowed a beach ball."

Together, James and I constructed a new theory, combining both of his observations: When parents touch lips, the father is actually blowing tiny puffs of air into the mother. After months of this activity, the mother becomes fully inflated to the point of levitation at which point she may float into the sky and retrieve a child from a cloud of babies. I understand that newborns are practically weightless, so I contend at they are still mostly filled with cloud material when they reach terra firma.

Upon hearing our baby cloud theory, Angela Paggiolo scoffed loudly and denounced it. I was hardly surprised at her spiteful reaction because she regularly steals my purple and green markers and rubs boogers underneath her chair; she disgusts me. My utmost repulsion aside, Angela did offer some intriguing insights after twice referring to James and me as "real, live stupid-heads." Angela said that a woman does not, in fact, expand with air



how babies are made

yin yefko

when expecting a child, but rather that the belly is enlarged for purposes of housing the infant—an interesting claim.

recalls her mother would sometimes take her hand, place it on her belly, and ask, "Can you feel your brother kicking?" This horrifying concept of a helpless child imprisoned within a chamber of flesh, sloshing around with stomach contents (the broccoli Angela most certainly refused to eat), and the torturous squirms and kicks of desperation—I had to take a moment. James and I retreated to the snack line to discuss Angela's claim.

**"when parents touch lips, the father is actually blowing tiny puffs of air into the mother. after months of this activity, the mother becomes fully inflated to the point of levitation, at which point she may float into the sky and retrieve a child from a cloud of babies."**

Prior to her baby brother materializing one morning last autumn, Angela

### who really stole the cookies from the cookie jar?

by dannisim

It was a day like any other. School was uneventful, Tommy tried to steal my Tonka Truck, per usual, and Suzy threatened me with her cooties. I was looking forward to my welcome-home-snack of cookies and milk when I walked through to door to the most frightening sight: all of the cookies in the cookie jar were missing. The jar had been full in the morning. There were eight cookies; I like to count them from the kitchen table (I may still count with my fingers, but it gets the job done). Alas, a great mystery had presented itself. The game was afoot!

I started my investigation with Mommy, who had been home all day. Usually she'll go out to get her hair done or something, but today was Mommy's special ladies group. Other mommies will come over and talk about mommy issues like getting the Mac n' Cheese to taste just right or whole milk versus 2% milk. Mommy said that she didn't touch the cookies and that the ladies stayed out of the kitchen. I considered pressing the issue further, but she's Mommy and she wouldn't lie to her special boy.

Next up was Sparky, our Golden Retriever. Sparky's as loyal as they come, but you never know what he may be up to with those two extra feet. He appeared to be itchier than usual, but his heart rate was normal with no pupil dilation. I was going to reach for my kit of sodium pentothal just to be safe, but decided to conserve my stash.

My brother, Sammy, was my next suspect. He left for school after I did, giving him ample opportunity to grab the cookies and dash. When I confronted him he was evasive, refusing to answer any questions. I know I may only be six and three quarters, but I am big kid and do not like being ignored. I did a black light search of his room and found no traces of the cookies, but I did stumble upon some weird stains in the bed; I'll table that for further investigation.

With my third dead-end I was ready to give up. I considered any number of mythical creatures or ghosts, but thought the magical protections I put in place - which I made in Arts and Crafts - should keep the house safe.

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get inside me:

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# the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



Toddlers of the world!

Welcome to your source for the hard hitting stories, advice, and information relevant to you and your daily life. We here at **the water toddler** strive to give you, readers, the access to the things those adults don't want us to know. From Cootie prevention, to where your little sister *actually* came from, to the biggest issues in classroom politics, this issue has got it all.

We hope you enjoy what we've put together for you this week; look forward to more fascinating insights (like what mom and dad were really doing last night) in coming weeks!

-The Eds

Sometimes reading **the water tower** makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to

**thewatertowernews@gmail.com**

## the potty list with caito'hara

**Lunchroom Milk Cartons:** For the third time this week, one of these obnoxious little cartoons of cow juice exploded all over me at lunch. The laughter is bad enough, but my mom is getting really sick of the extra laundry. Can someone please make these things easier to open?

**The End of Second Recess:** Now what sort of nonsense is this?? There's a nation wide obesity epidemic going on, and we can't even have 10 minutes at the end of the school day to play any more? I get it, test scores have been poor and the administration is worried about losing funding. But we kids need outdoor time!

**8 PM Bedtime:** Mom, I get it. I'm a growing kid and I need to get enough sleep each night. But none of the good cartoons come on until 8:30 at least and all the other kids get to watch them! I'll have you know, you're severely stunting my social growth here, woman.

**Fruit as "Dessert":** I'm not a fruit hating crazy child. I've indulged in my fare share of orange slices and apples with peanut butter (and chocolate chips if I've been good!) and happen to enjoy them. But there is no way in hell that you can possibly convince me that fruit counts as dessert. Cookies are dessert. Cake is dessert. Fruit is not. ■

**the water tower.**  
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## what i'm told with dannissim

**"I hope you have children as annoying as you someday."**

- **Dad** tells me this one all the time. I never quite got this one. I mean, what else says I love you like playing sports indoors and painting all over the house? I hope my children are that much fun!

**"If you keep making that face, it'll get stuck that way."** **"I may look young and sprightly, but I'm no spring chicken!"**

- **My annoying cousin** keeps trying to convince me of this truth. I hope he enjoys the surprise I left for him under his pillow. - **My grandma**, trying to convince me that she's not as young as she looks. Please, Grandma. No one works the diner circuit quite like you.

**"You're my favorite, but don't tell your siblings!"**

- **My mom** always tells me this, but I have a hard time believing it's true. My brothers and sisters tell me that they've heard the same thing. How can we all be mommy's favorite?

**the water tower** is UVM's alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.

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**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**



# a (little) big issue

## the facts you should know about *Ref. 240*

by colinwalker

A time has come for some serious change. Not just Bryan's diapers, but Sarah's too, and some other things, like Naptime. Naptime, aka. "the z's" and snack time, aka. "munch-munch time", are poorly scheduled. Munch-munch time at 1:30, and the z's at 3? What are we, animals? We, the liberal tots of this Pre-K Republic, deserve better.

The current proposal, Ref. 240, seeks to establish a better balance of our time, for our own personal growth towards Kindergarten level. We are in agreement that munch-munch time should occur prior to our noon recess. It will provide us with the energy to play outside and still come back for some crafts. Following said crafts, we could have the z's. Ultimately, a storybook afterwards would get us all active again. Ref. 240 solves all, and only needs the structuring of adults with timetables to execute properly.

The previous proposal, Ref. 230, did not include such provisions as storybook time after the z's. The change is important to note, as it encourages peers to wake up from their naps instead of complaining for more z's. We feel this is desirable on the adult's end, as well as our own.

We understand our opponents who declare that munch-munch time is then too early into the day. However, the Diaper Inspection Association (DIA) has confirmed that there is no such surplus when activity follows munch-munch time. Additionally, while many whine of the grumbles later in the day, these are typically satisfied around pick-up time, when mommies and daddies re-

**"munch-munch time at 1:30, and the z's at 3? what are we, animals? we, the liberal tots of this pre-k republic, deserve better."**

turn. Meanwhile, with the current state of things, munch-munch time comes too close to munch-munch time at home. Ergo, it is wholly better that munch-munch time be moved to earlier in the day.

It is inherent that we distinguish ourselves from factions with similar but distinct ideals. We are in no way associated with those who promote chips for munch-

munch time over cookies. Such factions of our segment are irrational and do not represent our cause in any way. Cookies, such as graham crackers, animal crackers, Oreos, and Chips Ahoy, have been shown to be more delicious by both Joey Jr.'s Belly (JJB) and Tommy E.'s Belly (TEB). Studies have been consistent against chips, like Fritos, Gold Fish crackers, potato chips, and pretzels. In addition, we get milk with the cookies, and not with the chips. I too dream one day of living in a Pre-K where we can have both. Milk and apple juice, graham crackers and pretzels. Until that day, we must hold strong to the concept that if we can only have one, we must choose the right one.

All in all, we feel our arguments are strong enough and have considered logical and ethical methods towards a better solution. Although the JJB has proven unreliable, the Naptime Awareness Association (NAA), as well as the TEB and DIA, are still making progress with weekly research results and polls supporting our approach. In the history of preschool politics, we're on the verge of something greater than the recess extension of '08. ■

### COOKIE JAR - continued from pg. 1

I headed towards the refrigerator to pour myself a tall glass of milk to drown my sorrows away when I caught a trail of crumbs that I had overlooked. They lead right out of the kitchen and down the hall. My decoder glasses from the Lucky Charms box helped me follow the trail. Following, I burst open Gramgram's door and caught her mid-bite, clenching a cookie in her wrinkled hand. Even without the smoking cookie in her hand, there were crumbs all over her favorite sweater. She was watching her stories trying to look all innocent and unassuming, but there was no doubt as to her crime. I considered breaking down and throwing a temper tantrum right there, but at the last second I caught a glance of the last two cookies. I went over to her side table, snatched the cookies, and high-tailed it out of there. I pulled the milk out of the fridge and drank straight from the bottle; damn the consequences! One day Gramgram will have to pay for her crimes, but today I was happy to enjoy my afterschool snack with the promise of a brighter tomorrow. ■



julianna roen

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# around the playground.

## the *great food fight* of '96



by dustineagar

The events that transpired one fateful day in '96 shook the cafeteria for generations. Those events are the basis of a tale that has been passed from classroom to classroom, and older sibling to younger without fail. Its sheer gravitas and magnitude have elevated it to legendary status. What I'm talking about, friends, is the Great Food Fight of '96. Some call it by different names—the Food Fight to End All Food Fights being the most popular among them. Call it whatever you like, one thing is for certain: The Great Food Fight shook relations between the kids of the cafeteria to the very core. Much pudding was spilled, and many good kids lost their snacks.

It all started with a kid named Franz. Franz was fairly popular, the type of kid who hadn't ever really done anything to offend anybody. He was beloved by most of the kids in the cafeteria, really. That day, Franz and his friend Sophie were visiting Zlatan and Azer at their table. All of a sudden Gavrilo, who was kind of on the fringe and avoided by most of the kids in the cafeteria, rushed over from his table and threw his entire tray of food at Franz and Sophie. Franz had picked Gavrilo last in Red Rover the day before, and so Gavrilo hadn't hesitated when his friends triple dog dared him to do the dastardly deed. The cafeteria went silent and a thick tension filled the air.

Zlatan and Azer, along with their friends, started flinging mashed potatoes with their spoons at Gavrilo and

all of his friends at their table. Gavrilo and his friends were sort of hapless, and were about to cry when all of a sudden Olaf started throwing his vegetables at Katja! It took everybody by surprise. Even more surprising was when Olaf and his friends began to throw pieces of meatloaf at Pierre, who had stood up to say "That's not very nice".

When Olaf moved to the next table and ate up all the Belgian waffles in sight, Charles shouted, "Hey, Olaf, quit that!" and proceeded to launch a furious volley of crumpets. You see, Charles had been upset that Olaf had more and more toy boats to play with at recess and had begun to feel more and more insecure about his ability to protect

**"this was perhaps a *low point* in the history of the cafeteria. not only were kids *getting covered in food*, they now had to suffer a *condiment oh-so-foul*."**

his block city and Pokémon card trading interests from the imposing flotilla. Hiroshito yelled over to Olaf that he was on his side, but stayed on the other side of the cafeteria.

At this point, the grownups had decided to remain neutral, stating that they did not want to be involved in such childish affairs. Meanwhile, things were getting pretty ugly in the cafeteria. Everyone was getting covered with food, but no real winner was emerging from the fray. That's

when Olaf brought out his secret weapon and used it on Pierre and his friends.

"MUSTARD?!? NOT THE MUSTARD! OH, THE HUMANITY!" cried Pierre. As Pierre frantically searched for "the napkins", Charles began hurling ketchup at Olaf. This was perhaps a low point in the history of the cafeteria. Not only were kids getting covered in food, they now had to suffer a condiment oh-so-foul.

When Olaf and his friends tried to double dog dare Carlos to go across the hall and throw some eggs at the grownups, they decided that this was the last straw and decided to break their neutrality. The adults moved in quickly and ended the fray by spraying Olaf with a fire extinguisher. They imposed a brief timeout on everybody and told them all to be nice to one another. Olaf, having covered the walls with food in his excitement, received most of the blame. The grownups gave him an assigned seat in the cafeteria and took his lunch money for the next two weeks.

And so ended the Great Food Fight. Many good kids lost their clean clothes that day, and their innocence. Some still can't sleep at night, and others wonder how all that started over such a slight insult. Of course, we all know that Olaf was ticked off about what he viewed as unfair punishment and stewed in his anger during timeout. But the second Great Food Fight is another story for another day... ■

**WARNING:** content may dissuade you from ever attending college. Viewer discretion is advised.

## strange days at (perpetually high) uvm

by jessebaum

Late one night, an outbreak of a strange disease began in Harris Millis (where else?) and raged through campus until it was as ubiquitous as freshmen purging cheap vodka from their every pore on a Thursday night. It began on April first, on a cold night in this so-called spring...

**Day 1—The Index Case:** My friends and I knew something was wrong when Dave (our friend from Harris Millis) broke out in spots late last Tuesday. He started scratching, doglike, and hugs and kisses seemed to have no effect whatsoever. Our efforts exhausted, we got him a Marche smoothie, crumbled in a healthy amount of Ambien, and called it a night.

**Day 2:** When I next saw Dave, he had even more spots and had a fever too, so he looked pink and totally ridiculous. However, he did not appreciate being told so. My roommate, Mary, also started getting spots, and I noticed a few blisters on my cashier's hands at Brennan's. I also began to feel funny—I had the hunch that something big was about to go down. Also I felt itchy.

**Day 4:** It seemed that everywhere I turned people were blotchy and miserable. There are no baths on campus (besides a lone, terrifying tub in Jeanne Manse), so I tried to sneak some oatmeal powder into the pool, only to be told that I was "a contagion" and "had to leave" or they would "remove me". Damn it.

**Day 5:** I tried to get some rest, but I was awoken every fifteen minutes by a new CatAlert. Things looked grim. This "pox" we all had seemed sure to kill us all. The emails/texts/phone calls/pages from the University said that "the pox" was highly contagious and we were not to touch each other, nor share drinks or utensils. Thank god it didn't mention hookahs and bongos, or we would have been sick AND bored.

**Day 7:** A week in to the epidemic, and a calamitous calamine shortage gripped the school, with the little pink bottles going for over 20 dollars apiece. Over at Slade, the hippies

cooked up huge vats of coconut oil oatmeal salve, which they lovingly administered to the desperate scratchy masses while chanting in what they clearly believed to be Tibetan. It was pretty therapeutic.

**Day 8:** Most classes were canceled, and when I went out for a walk the only souls that I encountered were engineering students. It seemed they were immune to this plague, or simply could not catch it through their computer screens. Their pasty skin looked luminous compared to my blistery hide, and I cried with envy.

**Day 12:** Still ill, everyone's social life turned into an endless loop of watching the Friends episode where they all get chickenpox and Charlie Sheen wears a marine's uniform. During a bout of delirium I was sure I heard people shouting in the halls "No, I hope you get a weinie pox!"

**Day 15:** I felt well enough to get out of my room and go to an RA sponsored event, where instead of serving the usual pizza and candy they had stacks of saltines and bowls of soup. The event was about how to deal with chickenpox and white privilege, and I think we all learned a little something about ourselves. I personally learned that I am not above wanting to poison people that are willing to make me soup, which was troubling, but maybe not unexpected.

**Day 20:** The fevers broke, the birds sang and the blisters scabbed. Hallelujah! The epidemic was coming to a close.

**Day 25:** President Sullivan sent out an email with the subject line "fun-time is over" to the effect that classes would resume the next day. Hidden in the last line of the missive was a little reminder that due to the extravagant "vacation" we'd all just enjoyed, faculty benefits would

have to be cut and tuition would be doubled. It seemed like things were getting back to normal, after all.

**Day 30:** Following a negligible body count, UVM was back to business once more. A pox on our house indeed. ■



haley montgomery





# the best playground equipment ever (according to me)

by caito'hara

*Everyone who's anyone knows that not all playgrounds are equal. The joy of a day at the park is easily crushed when you find out it's the dinky little thing down the street rather than the sleek, new set-up at the elementary school across town. Playground equipment makes or breaks a day at the park, and it's important that, wherever you choose to go, it has at least one of the most awesome pieces of playground stuff around.*

## jungle gym

Like monkey bars, only better, the jungle gym is the veritable crown of the playground. The one on my playground is shaped like a dome, and you're the ruler of recess if you managed to be the first one up to the crest. Of course, once you're there you can't leave or someone will take your throne, but half the fun is in pretending the dome is a castle, and anyone you don't like was an enemy invader. Many kids will enter, only one will leave. The jungle gym is my castle, or fort, or home or really whatever I want it to be that day, and that's why it's fantastic.

## monkey bars

Monkeys are badass. Ever since I watched *Tarzan*, the coolest possible thing I could ever imagine doing was swinging from hand to hand across the monkey bars. Adults say we don't use our imagination enough anymore; clearly they have not witnessed me hooting like a chimpanzee as I swing from vine to vine, er, bar to bar. The monkey bars are awesome because there's so many ways you can use them. They can be a jungle canopy to your frightened monkey, or the only way across a pit of lava on your mission to rescue the princess. Whatever your adventure is, the monkey bars have got your back.

## swings

No self-respecting list of playground equipment awesomeness would be complete without this staple. Who hasn't dreamt about soaring through the air without a care in the world? Now, we aren't technically allowed to jump off the swings; something about possibly hurting ourselves or some stupid excuse like that. But who are we kidding? Do it anyway. There's nothing like swinging so high that the chains start to go slack, then jumping in a graceful arch to land in the sand pit below. For a brief second, I truly believe I can fly, reaching out to touch the sky.

## super slides

Who doesn't love slides? And I'm not talking the short little plastic things they try to convince us are, "just as fun but safer!" Bitch, I don't want to be safe, I want to go FAST. I'm talking the giant metal slides you can go fast enough to fly off the ends of. Climbing to the top of one of those feels like climbing Everest, but the satisfaction that comes with being able to see everything across the playground and the unbridled glee of going balls out down that beautiful, slick incline makes it all worth it.

## the carousel

AKA the spinny-thing of terror. These things are the balls. We didn't get one until last year and let me tell you, I was missing out! While it's always a blast getting it to go as fast as you can before jumping on, the real fun comes in convincing your friends to ride while you spin them. Maybe I'm just evil, but there's something so incredibly satisfying about whipping that thing around until my friends either shoot off of it or beg to stop before they puked all over the place.

*Well, there you have it folks, the greatest playground equipment of all time according to me. The list could go on and on, I'm sure, but these ones are clearly the most important of them all. If you haven't had the time recently to get to your local park, I'd highly encourage you to just go play. ■*

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## happy (half!) hour:

by katjaritchie

*Adventure time; come on, grab your friends! We're exploring the Land of Ooo with our best bros, Jake the Dog, Finn the Human, Lumpy Space Princess, and Beemo the gender-fluid GameBoy. Mom needs to buy a whole box of Capri Sun pouches for this one.*

### **Drink your juice box when:**

- Jake stretches into a weird shape
- Finn invents an exclamation ("Mathematical!")
- Lumpy Space Princess is sassier than you would ever be to your parents
- Gunther the penguin is on-screen
- Princess Bubblegum makes Finn feel funny inside

### **Finish your whole Capri Sun and blow air into the empty pouch when:**

- We're not sure if Beemo is a boy video game or a girl video game
- Lumpy Space Princess says "lump" but you think it's actually a word that would get you in trouble if you said it ("Lump off, mom!")
- Something happens that makes your big brother say, "this show is so trippy" (whatever that means!) ■

## adventure time



julianna roen



# discoveries.

## watch out for cooties: a guide to telling who has them

by phoebefooks

Boys are gross. They sport uncouth odors, are prone to bouts of spontaneous violence, and it is only rarely that they cease to argue about lightsabers, firetrucks, or other uncultured trivialities. Such behavior has been credited to the Coitus Grossus virus, colloquially referred to as “Cooties,” which many would argue is the most widespread ailment to affect our generation. While it may seem that one hundred percent of the male population can be positively diagnosed with Cooties, I’d like to reveal my tried and true methods which I have put to test in rare instances when my gut tells me that a particular male specimen may be Cootie-free.

First and foremost, Cooties emit a notorious smell. Very infrequently does one come across a boy who does not smell, though I can assure you that certain odorless boys do exist. There is one boy, “Alex,” for example, whose bus seat is directly in front of mine—a proximity that would normally cause an invasion of boy stench in my nostrils, however I detect no such odor when Alex boards our bus. In fact, his aroma is quite pleasant—L’Oreal Kids Watermelon shampoo, perhaps.

Once an odorless boy has been detected, further tests can verify whether or not his blood indeed runs sans Cootie virus. The cafeteria is a prime location for running such experiments, where the room-length tables provide ample opportunities for cross-gender interaction, specifically the trading and bartering of food items. Personally, I’m always ready to offer up my string cheese sticks (blegh) in exchange for some sweet fruit (blueberries are my favorite!). When a boy not only proposes a trade in my favor, but goes the extra mile to offer me his blueberries free of charge, such a display of generosity can be an indicator of a Cootie-free male.

A Cootie diagnosis can subjected

to additional testing out on the playground: an area where Cooties notoriously run amuck. In a common game of Tag, boys display a propensity to solely tag one another, which us females are admittedly guilty of as well. However, as often as one is lucky enough to have their mother hide a piece of chocolate in their lunchbox, a boy will tag a girl, or a girl will tag a boy. Should you find yourself in a situation where a boy is It and something way deep down, something unconscious ignites a sudden desire for you to become It per a tag from that boy, you may assume that he does not have Cooties. What else would ex-

“should you *find yourself* in a situation where a **boy is it** and something **way deep down**, something **unconscious** ignites a **sudden desire for you to become it per a tag from that boy**, you may assume that he **does not have cooties.**”

plain your acceptance for his boy-hand to graze your arm? Surely such an action would imply immediate contact with the virus, but, perhaps, not always.

So let’s say that you’ve found a boy who you’ve guessed to be Cootie negative. His smell is fair, he’s offered to share his fruit Gushers on more than one occasion, and you’ve made hand-to-arm contact on the playground. What to do now? As legend tells, a boy without Cooties is fit to be a friend. A friend that is also a boy—NOT a boy-friend... no Mom, definitely, absolutely, one-hundred percent NOT a boyfriend. So, with auspicious results for all three tests, you may have discovered one of the few cootieless boys out there, and I urge the formation of your friendship. But remember to always give yourself a cootie shot (circle, circle, dot, dot) before any interaction, just to be safe. ■

by meredithgrey

### Body Language

So, you finally got her to stop forcing you to chase her at recess and she’s sitting still for once. Bravo, my friend. If you’ve actually spotted her sitting still, then this is the perfect opportunity to start interpreting her body language. Is she frantically kneading her fists together with eyes bugging out of her head? Clinging to and/or hiding behind Ms. Frizzle’s leg? If you answered yes to either of these questions, you’re sunk. Does she seem comfortable around you? Did she subtly let her flaxen locks down from those nice plastic animal barrettes (your weakness, how did she know)? Does the strap of her Oshkosh B’Gosh jumper look like it’s falling off her shoulder ever so slightly? If so, she may be intrigued. Proceed to the next step.

### Offer Her a Drink

We all know the most important time of the day, and the best time to practice your social skills, occurs each morning around 10:00: snack time. Offer to provide your cutie with a beverage and see how she reacts. But beware: the selection of drinks you offer is a telltale sign of what kind of man you are. Does she seem like more of a juice girl? Capri Sun oozes cool while Hi-C screams, “I didn’t plan this ahead of time.” Never offer her Kool Aid—her mom will come after you with a wagging finger, screaming something about how hard the stains were to remove from her daughter’s clothing. Does she prefer dairy? Give her the choice of plain or chocolate milk by toting your home supply of Nesquik along. She’ll not only think you’re a gentleman for giving her such a wide array of options (swoon), but you can also get a sense of what kind of lady she is. Chocolate girls tend to be more sassy, spontaneous and free-spirited; plain girls are more, well, plain. Make your own judgments at this point, and decide whether to take it to the next level or not.

## the less than quiet epidemic: the rise of saccharin abuse

by wesdunn

The principals (who are *sort of* principals but only during recess or something like that) have been cracking down this year on pretty much anyone who tries to have a good time with something more than a sippy cup. Regular patrols of the sandbox, once considered rare, are now commonplace. As one student describes it,

“Before, you only really saw (principals – for the rest of the article however, we will be referring to them as “mean cranky people”) on the playground if there was like, some sugar or something like that fell out of someone’s pocket.

I remember one time last year, some kids were sneaking Coca-Cola into the cafeteria disguised as Capri Sun, you know, and they shook it a little too much and it fizzed out as the nurse was walking by them... needless to say, they totally got told on.”

This year, the mean cranky people (MCPs for short) and teachers (whom we will refer to as “annoying cranky people,” or ACPs) are taking no chances. Especially on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, students have encountered random bag checks and drastically increased hallway vigilance.

“It’s crazy,” one student opined, before breaking into tears. “It’s just a little bit of soda, maybe the occasional pixie stick, stuff like that, yet they’re treating it like we’re major criminals. I don’t wanna be in trouble!”

The MCPs have said that they’re not trying to treat us as criminals, but they “do have a responsibility to respond to what has been a very impactful increase in sugar-related incidents.” Said one principal who spoke to us under condition of anonymity:

“You can be walking around the playground at, let’s say, six in the evening, and some of these kids are still out there, bouncing around way past their bedtimes, sugar-high out of their little brains...”

MCPs point to the negative impacts sugar abuse culture has brought to the playground—chalk graffiti, students unsafely climbing “all sorts of things,” and numerous giddy-screaming-related noise violations, among other things.

They’ve also tried to cut off the supply of sugar to the school, finding out that large quantities of Pepsi and even the occasional case of more dangerous Mountain Dew were coming in

“mcp’s point to the *negative impacts* sugar abuse culture has brought to the playground— *chalk graffiti, students unsafely climbing* ‘all sorts of things,’ and *numerous giddy-screaming-related noise violations*, among other things.”

from the next town over on the school bus, with several busts occurring, resulting in arrests and a relocation of the transportation service’s stop location. This doesn’t seem to be stopping the influx, however. It is suspected that precocious entrepreneurs are doing strong business by raiding sugar packets from downtown coffee shops and selling them on campus. In addition, some students last year were able to pass a bottled water ban, cleverly making room for more sugar-laden drinks in vending machines and dining halls on campus.

As a result, increased hyperactivity has taken over much of the campus population.

“It’s really not a question of ‘who’s doing it’ as much as it is of who *isn’t* doing it,” one student explained. Teachers have complained of class-

rooms filled with, “constantly fidgeting brats who just blurt things out before raising their hands” and they have had their hands full with illicitly-fueled parties lasting until as late as ten in the evening.

On a darker note, there has also been a rise in incidents of overdose, with numerous students imbibing more sugar than their bodies can handle and having to spend time in detox. Many students have taken advantage of the MAP program, allowing for anonymous reporting for friends who are in trouble. One student remembers,

“I had to call in one night for my friend – she was lying on the floor; all of her limbs were shaking really fast and she was talking a mile a minute about how this Crayola color was like, the best thing ever...and that’s when I knew that she had taken way too much. She doesn’t even like crayons, she likes colored pencils...”

MCPs have taken another step to combat the surge in saccharin abuse – levying fines for possession. A first offense of possessing under six sodas will run you two dollars, while an “open source” container (defined as more than a dozen sodas, sugar packets, candy bars or any amount of pixie sticks) can set offending students back as much as ten dollars.

“It’s really harsh. That’s like almost all my allowance,” one student complained. Even worse are the penalties students may encounter in the future – any student caught with sugar will be “blacklisted” and never be allowed to be a fireman, astronaut or vet. Still, until the problem shows signs of subsiding, there isn’t likely to be any decrease in these new measures. ■

## five signs she’s down for naptime

Girls are hard to figure out; we all know this is true. The fine line between “oh, she said I have cooties, she must hate me” and “oh, she said I have cooties so she must think I’m cute” is quite hard to decipher at times. If you’re leaning towards the latter, gentlemen, here’s the quick way to figure out if your honey is down for naptime.

### Converse

As she’s slurping down her beverage of choice, try engaging her in polite conversation. After exchanging the usual pleasantries, start to work some of your greatest personal accomplishments into the small talk: “Oh this old thing? This is just the macaroni necklace I made for St. Patrick’s Day. I thought the gold flecks added some pizzazz that the rest of the class’s necklaces lacked.” “I’ve been working with Jake to finish building Hogwarts Castle out of Legos. I did most of the work, it’s almost as tall as I am.” See that twinkle in her eye? That is a twinkle of victory.

### The Yawn and Lean

After hearing your exhaustive list of accomplishments, your lady is probably getting a little sleepy. This stage can go one of two ways: Either she shrinks away to her mat by herself and rocks herself to sleep, or she does the oh-so-subtle “yawn and lean.” As she rests her head on your shoulder, and as that loose strap slips the rest of the way down her shoulder and exposes the lovely rose print of her turtleneck, you should (after helping her adjust that tricky thing back into place) lead her to the napping area where you’ve secured the best two mats in the classroom. Offset them from the rest of the class just enough to give you two some privacy, but not enough to be accused of “forming a clique.” Make sure she gets the better blanket and is snug as a bug in a rug.

### Nap

You did it, champ. You deserve a place on a Wheaties box and, more importantly, the nap you’ve been working towards for the past 30 or so minutes. Though the journey was long and grueling, you’ll dream a little sweeter with her lying next to you. ■

BABIES - continued from page 1

You see, there are already many problems with Paglioloist principles. I told James that, if we’re going to accept Angela’s argument as truth, we have to ask some fundamental questions, the most obvious being: How does the baby get out? The second most obvious: how did the baby get in? For the former, James suggested that a medical professional apply pressure to the mother’s stomach, causing a sudden reflex of regurgitation and the subsequent expulsion of the small child through the mouth. Let’s say that’s true. Who put the baby in there in the first place? The father? ...But how?

I had no other choice. I had to go to the proposed source: my own mother. I remained unsure whether even she, the apparent Mecca of infantile form, could provide answers to this lofty conundrum. So, I sat her down (well, she had already lowered herself to tangle my shoelaces in the customary fashion), and I gently inquired. “Mommy, where do babies come from?” Ceasing to decorate my shoe ties, my mother looked up and smiled a strange variation of a smile of which my underdeveloped emotional vocabulary lacks the capacity to describe. Though, I believe I have made this sort of smile on the toilet. She must have been pondering. Finally she announced that only when “a Mommy and a Daddy love each other very much...” And that’s when our cat, Midnight, jumped out of the bag that I was storing him in for safe keeping (I never lose any of my toys), and made the utmost ruckus, disastrously interrupting the answer I had been searching for. My mother told me to sit in the corner as she stooped down to collect the shards of the rather large flower pot Midnight had destroyed.

While in my timeout, which, after a bout of screams and tears became a time of solace, I came to the realization that I had in fact obtained a key piece of the puzzle. It was a component I had failed to consider: love. Love. My mother had used it as an action, a verb. To love. And they must love each other. But how? But why? What does one do to love? Touch lips? It must be more than touching lips. One time I saw Angela Pagliolo and James touch lips behind the see-saw. Poor James. I think she forced him to. I think if Angela had a baby it would be a stupid, green and purple dragon. ■

## shoe tying 101 by zackpensak

The weather is getting warmer and the snow is beginning to finally melt. Every time you go outside, you need to tie those shoes to make sure you don’t trip on yourself and look super silly! It is important to tie them as tight as you can so that you can keep running around without having to worry about re-ties!

What? What was that? You don’t know how to tie your shoes? Haha that’s ok, don’t be embarrassed! It is a hard thing to remember and takes a lot of practice to get good at. There are two ways of tying your shoes, but trust me, my way is soooooooooo much better than the other way. Ok so what you want to do first is put your shoes on. Good? Ok that was the easiest step, it gets a bit harder here. Once you have the shoe on your foot you want to pull the long things, AKA the laces, really hard so that the shoe squeezes on your foot. If you are having trouble getting them tight enough, pretend you are playing a game of tug-of-war. You need to beat the other team, so pull your laces as hard as you can!

Now that the shoe is tight around your foot, take one lace in each hand. Slowly, so you don’t mess up, switch which hands are holding the laces so that the laces are crossing over each other, criss-cross-applesauce style, while you hold them in the air. Now that the laces are crossed, take one of them and put it through the hole that the laces created when you crossed them over. Imagine that you have to pull a snake out

of its hole. Now pull the snake, pull it tight! Pull both laces!

Ok awesome, we are getting there. The laces should now be lying on your shoe like they were at the beginning. But now, they are crossing when lying on the shoe, making a pattern like a long baguette. This is where tying your shoe gets a bit crazy. Take one of the laces, it doesn’t matter which one you choose, and make a loop with it by touching the middle of the lace to the bottom. Hold that loop with your thumb and pointer-finger, don’t let it fall! Now that you have one loop, take the other lace and wrap it around the front of the loop. If you look closely you should be able to see a hole under the loop where your thumb is. The way I think of this part is that there is a balloon and you have to tie the bottom so it doesn’t lose its air! Take the middle of the straight lace and put it through the hole, but do it slowly so you can see that you now have two loops. You are almost there!

When the two loops from the different laces look about the same size, pull them as tight as you can! The game of tug-of-war is almost over; pull really hard! Now take your hands off, and see that there are two whole loops just sitting there, and that your shoe is tight on your foot. It’s amazing, I know. If you still have some energy left from that long process, go play outside with your friends! It is a beautiful day for kids that can tie their own shoes! ■



# snack time.

## crayon flavors

# a culinary exposé



by leonardbartenstein

*I have had quite a variety of crayons in my time, and I do fancy myself a bit of a connoisseur. Allow me to suggest some fine crayon flavors, all paired with a fragrant, delightful box of Juicy Juice or Capri Sun.*

### Violet Red

I must admit, Violet Red is, by far, my favorite flavor of crayon. The passionate, juicy flavor holds just a bit of sourness to it. The vivid color only adds to the sensation, and the wax is smooth when chewed and swallowed. This flavor of crayon is not to be confused with Red Violet, that disgusting malignant offshoot of a color.

### Mac N' Cheese

This is a very sought after flavor of crayon. Only available in the ever-so-coveted 96-pack of Crayola crayons, it is usually found only in the bottom of a crayon bucket at daycare in the form of a tiny stub. Despite the difficulty in acquiring it, I must say, this flavor does live up to the hype. When I first took a bite, I was cautious that it might destroy my illusions of a crayon flavor that was the stuff of legends. I understood why it was legendary, though, the moment my teeth were stained with the wax from this rare delicacy. Waxy, but not sludgy, Mac N' Cheese epitomizes everything that anyone could ever want out of a crayon.

### Plum

To begin with, it should be stated that this, along with many other food-named colors, is, as the French would say, a faux amis. Honestly, I find a rich, almost fermented flavor in Plum crayons, one that blends well with a nice fruit punch Capri Sun or Hi-C. It is fruity, yes, but it carries a bit more sophistication to it. This flavor goes well at the end of a long, stressful day at daycare. It would also impress any guest when you happen to be hosting a playdate that your parents arranged at the last moment.

### Yellow Orange

This is a bit of a mellow flavor, as opposed to the other flavors I've discussed, but it is quite an exquisite one. With a creamy citrus taste, this crayon matches its taste with its texture. It is melt-in-your-mouth smooth, and goes down nice and easy with a tall sippy cup of milk. This is a classic. It can be found in any standard 24 pack of Crayolas, and it makes a nice easy snack.

### White

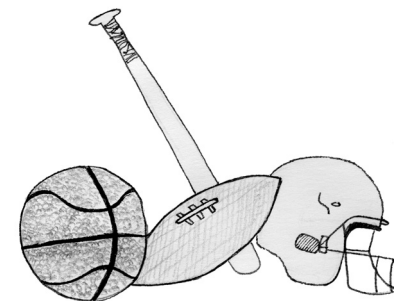
Many other kids say that the White crayon is useless, but I would argue quite to the contrary. With a bit of a crunchy feel, probably the most brittle of all Crayolas, this flavor of crayon is a sure fire hit with any kind of juice box or other crayon combination. I enjoy a nice white crayon with a Yoo-Hoo box right before naptime. White is the tofu of crayons, and is the cornerstone of any crayon meal. I recommend even trying White with some Play-Doh for a real varied palate. ■

# recess.

## join in on the

# best playground games

by mikestorace



Recess is my favorite part of the day: hands down. There is no debate on this matter; I wait all morning through my useless preschool activities for it, the most exhilarating time of my life. I love recess because it allows me the opportunity to express myself fully as an active, growing child. It also allows me a chance to exercise and remain healthy. Recess is just an amazing period. The real debate lies in how exactly I should spend my 20 minutes of precious recess time. There are so many different options and only so many precious minutes that I am allowed to run around outside that it usually allows for only one activity per day. Choose wisely.

Tag is a playground classic that has been played for generations. It is well documented that the Ancient Romans played tag in the Colosseum in front of thousands of spectators. The pure genius of this activity is that it does not require any equipment. Anyone can play anywhere. Tag inspires moments of brilliance, and it invokes the competitive instinct. There are many variations to tag; my personal favorite is Freeze Tag because it allows for cooperation and teamwork. In it, when someone is tagged, they have to freeze, and they can only unfreeze once

someone who is not "it" tags them.

Basketball is an awesome game that can be played at different competitive levels. In order to play, your playground needs a hoop, and you need to bring a basketball. But once you have this equipment, you can play with any even number of people. You can take one other person on in 1-on-1. You can make some magic happen with a partner in 2-on-2. If you only have one hoop, I think the most

**"chicks love singing while jumping, and I can't say that I blame them. tunes such as 'strawberry shortcake/huckleberry pie' can certainly get stuck in my head. singing aside, jumping to the rhythm takes some serious skill, and there is a bit of a learning curve for jump rope."**

appropriate game is some 3-on-3. However, if you have a full court, open it up for some 5-on-5.

Kickball is a bizarre combination of baseball and soccer. If you like both of these sports, than this is the game for you. To play it, you need a baseball diamond and a dodgeball. The beauty of kickball is that it does not require

much skill to play, you can wind up and kick the ball anywhere. It's a blast; I just wish I were powerful enough to kick a home run.

Now, I personally am not very successful at Jump Rope. Others feel especially passionate for this activity, though. It certainly is a favorite of the ladies. Chicks love singing while jumping, and I can't say that I blame them. Tunes such as "Strawberry Shortcake/Huckleberry Pie" can certainly get stuck in my head. Singing aside, jumping to the rhythm takes some serious skill, and there is a bit of a learning curve for jump rope.

Now, if you're looking to use your recess time for relaxation, swinging is the perfect activity for you. It's hard to find anything more relaxing than swaying back and forth for minutes at a time. Swinging is the simplest thing to do, and almost every playground has a swing set. Just move your legs back and forth and you'll start to gain some height and speed. This swinging sensation is the closest you will ever feel to flying. When you have finished your swinging experience, though, make sure you jump off the swing when it is at its peak. ■

# trash.

## i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?  
couldn't get a name?  
submit your love anonymously  
[uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html)

I think about you all day long,  
you really make me drool.  
Sometimes it makes me excited  
Just to be at school.  
I tried to offer you some Legos,  
And at snacktime, my Chips Ahoy,  
But you coldly shun my offers  
We can be friends even though I'm a boy!  
I know you worry about the cooties,  
And that's probably smart to do  
But I'd love to chase you on the playground,  
Or have a play-date just us two.  
So let's be friends, and just in case:  
Circle, circle, dot, dot  
Now we can share snacks and fun all day  
For you, girl, I got my cootie shot.

**When:** Pretty much all the time  
**Where:** Mrs. Jones's kindergarten class  
**I saw:** A girl  
**I am:** A boy but we can still play together and it doesn't have to be weird



## you booze, you looze

Booze makes you lose stuff. Whether you lost something you truly loved, woke up with someone else's by mistake, or straight-up want repent for your klepto tendencies, the WT wants to hear about it.

[uvm.edu/~watertwr/ybyl.php](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr/ybyl.php)

### Davis Center, comfy chairs

I have hit the low of all lows: I woke up after a Capri-Sun induced slumber and found myself covered in Goldfish crumbs with my blankie nowhere to be found. Naptime is in jeopardy, send help.

### Under my car-seat

Mom needs to learn how to control herself on those speed bumps. I hit the Kool-Aid a little hard and lost my favorite rock from the playground that I had been holding in my right hand all day long.

### Willard Street

Warning: traipsing around in dress-up shoes is not okay on the ice. Daddy said I would fall but I didn't listen. He was right.

## the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?  
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?  
tell the ear and we'll print it.  
[uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html)

### Living/Learning by The Marche

*Stressed Girl:* I pick at my nails when I get stressed and now my pink glitter is all gone.

### The Fishbowl

*Female:* Ground beef is what my mom puts in Hamburger Helper but it still tastes like poop...so I don't think the hamburger is helping.

### Late, Late, Late L/L

*Incredibly Drunk Friend:* Drinking too much Hi-C before bed is like stealing the happiness from the next day.

### Living/Learning

*Observant Friend:* By the transitive property, I have definitely gotten cooties from Katie B. at naptime.

### Willard Street

*Guy:* I'm going to eat my macaroni and leave, I'm not staying here tonight.

*Girl:* Um, your shoes are untied though.

*Guy:* Well, unless you know how to make the bunny ears with shoe laces, I'm stuck here all night then.

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# toonz.



ring, ring, ring,  
ring, ring, ring, ring...

## appreciating raffi

by katjaritchie

In a world of *Kidz Bop 900* and dumbed-down Technicolor acts that set us kids up for a lifetime of stimulant-induced ADHD, it's good to return to the roots of quality jams. This week, **the water toddler** takes a moment to appreciate the man and the legend hailing from the land of the best maple syrup to ever be put on an Eggo waffle, and beer that daddy really, really likes. I'm talking about Canada, and I'm also talking about Raffi.

What better place to start than the iconic hit and title track of his 1994 album, "Bananaphone"? Pure lyrical genius; a whimsical concept interspersed with genius references. "I'll call for pizza/I'll call my cat/I'll call the White House, have a chat" gets the ball rolling for the infinite possibilities to behold, which leads us into "a grandpa-phone/and a gramma-phone (gramophone) too, oh yeah!" A valuable lesson about historical technology along with the reassurance that all the world's communication is at the fingertips of the whole family via the "cellular, bananular phone". Plus, who can get over that killer riff? BOOP-BOOP-A-DOOP-A-DOOP.

Whimsy gives way to deep emotional exploration in the ballad "The Changing Garden of Mr. Bell", also off *Bananaphone*, and originally written by two folks named Janice Hubbard and Michael Silversher. All pleasantries aside, this song might be actual lyrical and emotional genius in its purest form. Challenging each and every pre-K kid to unlock unknown psychological depths, "Mr. Bell" softly lulls one into the story of the curious Mr. Bell and his exotic garden, to the tune of a lone piano, and through

the eyes of the young boy who lives next door. Real tears have been shed to this song for reasons that this author has yet to be able to articulate, beyond confirming that it is something beyond the sadness of crushing one's goldfish crackers at the bottom of their backpack before lunch time.

Here's where the real mind-blowing greater than any *Where's Waldo* comes in. "The Changing Garden of Mr. Bell" has been speculated by many a grown-up to actually be a song telling the story of a Holocaust survivor, complete with the mention that he is from another country, that he refers to an old photo of a since-lost wife and child with "See how the garden grows/it's always changing/every day", and the knowledge that both Raffi and the original songwriters are Jewish. The author has since pursued further research from higher authority (mommy) about the big word (Holocaust), but it remains a mystery: the only confirmation was that we will learn about it in a few years when we are bigger. Mommy also said that the theory was "a stretch"—another confusing



barry guglielmo

turn of phrase—but also very interesting, and, if one were to know more about the background of the song as well as its writers and performer, one might know the answer.

Beyond these two lyrical wonders, recommended tracks are "Baby Beluga" and "CANADA", which, along with teaching you the correct spelling of the great big country right above us, lets us in on the fact that they have ladies on their dollar bills and lots and lots of snow. Fine musical taste starts early in life; let's keep it classy with this '90s staple and show that we're capable of more than Katy Perry sung by 10-year-olds. ■

## mother goose knows best: the best and worst nursery rhymes

by dylanmccarthy

### "Humpty Dumpty"- Arcade Fire

I like Arcade Fire. The lead singer has a silly haircut, and his wife's voice is super pretty when she sings in French. All the picture books I've seen make Humpty Dumpty out to be a big egg person, but yesterday during recess Richie Snowden told me that none of the lyrics say that Humpty Dumpty is an egg. That was hard for me to swallow, and I still like the picture books better. Regardless of what Richie Snowden has to say, I really like this one. A lot of nursery rhymes are just fun to sing and listen to, but Humpty Dumpty teaches us an important life lesson: sometimes we fall down, shatter, and just can't be put back together.

**Conclusion: One of the Best**

### "Ba Ba Black Sheep"- The Notorious B.I.G.

I don't know why people who died in the 90's like singing about furry animals. Rap makes me nervous in general. Rappers are usually so loud and angry. They like to call girls the B word too, and Mommy said you should never do that. This nursery rhyme is one of the most popular ones, but it doesn't make any sense. Who are these people talking to a sheep about his wool? What's happened to this poor black sheep that he's calling everyone "sir" and selling his precious wool off his back? Too much is left unsaid for me to want to sing this one during circle time again.

**Conclusion: One of the Worst**

### "London Bridge is Falling Down"- Phoenix

Phoenix was everywhere a few years ago, now nobody cares. Accordingly, they sing one of the lowest level nursery rhymes. Just like all the worst pop songs, this one just keeps repeating itself over and over and over again. There's a collapsing bridge, and a lady who's apparently fair. "London Bridge is Falling Down" has none of whimsy and fun of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and all the confusion of "Ba Ba Black Sheep." I'm ready to start rebelling against this one when everyone else comes around.

**Conclusion: One of the Worst**

### "Jack and Jill"- Kanye West

I know I said that I don't like a lot of rap, but Yeezy rules. How could you not like "Jack and Jill"? I like to pretend I'm Jack and that Jill is Niki Dussan. Aw jeez... hope she doesn't read this... Um, anyway, there's a lot of powerful imagery going on here. Jack and Jill's climb up the hill for a mere "pail of water" is symbolic of the great struggles we must endure to stay alive. When Jack falls and Jill "comes tumbling after" I see the power and bond of love, even in failure.

**Conclusion: One of the Best**

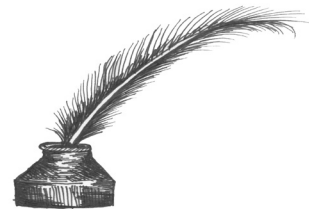
### "Mary had a Little Lamb"- Nirvana

It makes me sad when I think about Kurt Cobain being dead, but listening to this nursery rhyme makes me happy. The lyrics have some truly powerful images, and when Kurt tells us about the "fleece as white as snow" I really see the color. Kurt's gravelly and rough vocals add a lot too. Every time he sings "Mary" it sounds just like the "MarrrrRrRrrrryyy" from "Heart Shaped Box." I could sing this one forever, and I think you could too.

**Conclusion: One of the Best**



# arts and crafts.



## my brother stole my legos

by dannissim

My brother stole my Legos  
My entire collection  
He raided my closet  
My hidden deposit  
What does he think I'm running, a nonprofit?

My Legos are my favorite toy  
I like to be creative  
There is so much I can make  
They may easily break  
But they're mine for God's sake

I don't like K'Nex  
Or Lincoln Logs  
My brother is older  
And he is not the owner  
So he better be looking over his shoulder

My brother stole my Legos  
He think he can get away with it  
I may be small  
And he may be tall  
But when it comes to war, it is heart that means all ■

## P.L.A.Y.T.I.M.E.

by katjaritchie

Pardon me as I run out the door  
Last one there is a rotten egg!  
Already at the top of the slide  
Yahoo! as I race to the bottom!  
Teacher says I can't push as  
I try to get to the front of the line for the swingset  
My butt is the first one on that swing, though  
Even though teacher says "butt" is not a polite word ■

## the view from above

by katelynpine

Looking up past to do lists  
And magnets galore,  
I ready myself for the climb.  
Hop up onto the footstool  
And then on the counter.  
Don't knock down the phone,  
Just focus on the goal.  
I get a grip on the edge,  
And pull myself on top  
Of the giant, white mountain  
That is my refrigerator.  
Dust latches onto my pajamas  
As I scoot across the top  
To get my cereal.  
But as I get ready  
To return to the ground,  
I realize that not only do I hate heights,  
I do not like  
The view from above. ■

"bobby is *only* allowed to be friends with *me* and **not** stinky jessica"

by katjaritchie





# rally's sandbox.



with collincappelle

a tiny horse. by leonardbartenstein



My Self Portrait from Art Class



## the week in review

This week saw the election of a new class president, Aya AL-Namee. We here at **the water toddler** see this election as a sham, rigged up by our very own teacher, Mrs. Johnson, and her teacher's pet, our former class president, Connor Daley. Clearly, Khalil Lee should have won since he is the most popular kid at this school and the kid who is most popular should always win class elections. However, it is known that Mrs. Johnson considers Khalil a class clown and feels he is a threat to her tyrannical control of the classroom.

Aya's platform does not support the movement for extended naptime and extra juice for lunch that Khalil's does. In fact, her plan actually increases the amount of time we spend in school. Now tell me, who voted for that? We must rise together to fight this clear injustice and depose Aya from her illegal station.

We concede that we are at least grateful Ty Williams didn't win. I'm sorry, Ty, we have all seen you pick your nose and then eat the resulting boogie. We just can't respect that, Ty, you should know better by now.

## tots seeking tots!

uvm country day care's premiere personal ad service for students



bump booties with others in the community

### Highbrow Toddler seeks same

I am a sophisticated toddler looking for sophisticated companionship. I do not play in the mud or participate in "make-believe" like these other hooligans. I am looking for someone to discuss advanced texts such as *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* by the literary genius Eric Carle. I also enjoy debating the finer points of how Mrs. Johnson is a stupid butt and Amanda's ugly new haircut.

### Young Tot seeking Extrovert who is Down to Nap

I just got out of a long two-week relationship so I am looking for a no-strings-attached fun time with another of similar mind. Note: no weird stuff like kissing, that gives cooties and I am not down for that.

### Study Partner needed

I am falling behind in Arts and Crafts and I need someone help me glue the macaroni. Whenever I try to use the glue it ends up in my hair. My mom calls me a problem child...I like to think I'm just very expressive. Also, Mrs. Johnson won't let me have anymore Play-Doh or modeling clay since I ate all of my last allotment so if someone could lend me a slice that would be great.

### Seeking Companion with Kitten

If you have a kitten, then can we have a play-date? I love kittens little furry bellies and their pawsies. We can have so much fun playing dress up with the kitten and pet its fuzzy head. All I have at home is a puppy and it simply isn't cute enough to satisfy my requirements. Talk to me during lunch, I will be the one with the cat shirt.