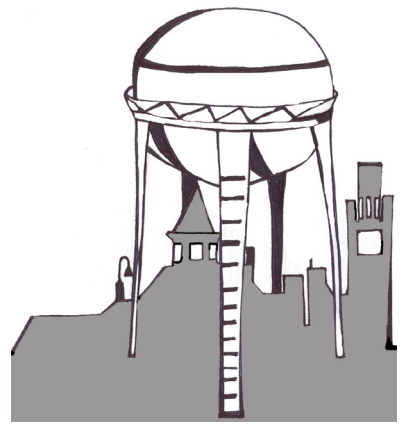


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 8 - issue 13- tuesday, december 7, 2010 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

- thewatertower.tumblr.com

apocalypse now

finals are that bad



UVM CataMount

by leamcclellan

So, I don't know how to tell you guys this, but, uhh...the world is coming to an end.

It's difficult to know exactly when it will happen, but the latest predictions tell us that the apocalypse will begin roughly around next week at 3 am, the night before your scariest final.

Don't act so surprised. You know that sneaking, sinking feeling you have had lately? The one that tells you that this time, you're just not going to make it through finals week? That you might actually implode if you spend another hour in the library? You're not being dramatic or unreasonable.

You may actually implode.

The Finals Apocalypse will start slowly. Maybe you will stay up studying a little later than normal and feel a little drowsy the next day. Maybe one day you will decide to drink three cups of coffee instead of two. Perhaps you will be overcome by an inexplicable feeling of hopelessness that will cause you to stay up until 2 am watching low-budget murder mysteries instead of writing that essay you no longer give a shit about.

But those things are all just normal reactions to finals week, right? Wrong. This finals week is destined to be much, much different.

"I feel it down deep in my very bones!" said Jeb, a vagrant who hangs out on

Church Street. "My very bones I say!" he yelled emphatically to anyone who would listen.

Jeb wasn't the only one feeling the effects of impending disaster. Susie Weener, a junior in the Colleges of Arts and Sciences, is a firm believer that doomsday is near. Unlike Jeb's vague but intense feelings about the apocalypse, Weener has actually experienced its hor-

thing called 'pestilence' killed all of my livestock and I don't know what that even means!" said Weener as she ran off into the distance, crying hysterically.

Weener's testimony only solidifies Jeb's powerful hunch: the end is near. Students like Weener have taken refuge in Bailey Howe, in an attempt to wait out the storm. The library may seem like the appropriate place to seek a safe haven during finals

Something much more sinister than a few all-nighters is in store for the coming weeks.

rifying consequences first-hand.

"I thought that the stress I was under was more or less normal. I have two finals and three huge research papers to write, so I was feeling pretty overwhelmed," explained Weener. However, Weener soon realized that something much more sinister than a few all-nighters was in store for the coming weeks.

"All these strange things started happening," she continued. "This river by my house, like, turned to blood. And then I got this really big zit in my T-zone that turned out to be a boil...and then this

week, but we must warn you: this is where the worst of the plagues will strike first.

"Yeah, you guys probably shouldn't come here," said Elma the librarian. "Some really odd shit is going down," she commented. Shortly after we spoke, a swarm of locusts descended upon her and ate a five-dollar cheese and cracker Cyber Cafe snack directly from her hand.

The **wf** urges you to take these warnings of imminent disaster seriously. We certainly are.

When the apocalypse comes, you will probably notice. But just in case you have your head stuck up your... your nose stuck in a book, then **the water tower** has compiled a list of occurrences that are very likely to take place in the event of an all-out, Judgment Day type of emergency.

- All campus coffee destinations will stop serving hot coffee. Only iced. Not the worst thing that could happen, but why??
- No Wi-Fi. Anywhere. Try Cat Paws, try UVM, try UVM Guest—nothing.
- Your Adderall will have the same bodily effects as a six pack of warm beer.
- You will run out of clean undies and not find time to do laundry.
- The Marche will discontinue their famous macaroni and cheese. You will lose three pounds.
- Ben & Jerry's will run out of every flavor...except Mission to Marzipan. Gross :(
- Little chicken wings will literally flutter over Burlington and poop BBQ sauce on your head.
- Swine Flu will make a raging comeback and you will forget to wash your hands.
- People will have conversations using their "inside voices" in the Dana Library... as if it was normal.

So stop studying. Go get yourself a beer. If you are underage, perhaps a cool, crisp Mountain Dew would be nice. Relax. We're all going down anyway.

get inside me

news
prince william is getting married: why you shouldn't care
by bendonovan

reflections
beardvember results



tunes
it came from the internet
by jeremyklein

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inbox

Dear **water tower**,

We are writing in support of the SGA Boycott of Course Evaluations. We propose that classes are more than merely numbers. We believe in the movement towards a constructive comment-based evaluation program. We agree that students' comments are their intellectual property, and therefore should be publishable. Establishing such a system will enable and empower students to make more informed decisions during the registration process.

We would like to echo the demands of the SGA in constructively evaluating our professors and not dumbing down our voices to a simple metric scale. We require a system in which our opinions of professors and the courses they teach can positively affect the registration process. The current system of describing courses in two sentences or fewer is broken.

The solution is easily accessible course evaluations. To achieve this, we ask your peers implore your full unification behind this boycott.

-MW and R. Fawks

Where do you stand on the boycott debate? Check out what two of our writers had to say on our blog, thewatertower.tumblr.com

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

letter from the editor

Hey kiddies and cuties!

Congratulations on making it through another semester! The **wt**, like all of you I am sure, has had its share of highs and lows. Since we strategically and systematically block out any lows from our memories, let us remember our highs! Beardvember has come and gone (check out our bearded winners on page four), we sold some very attractive T-shirts, we launched our first-ever **water tower** blog: The Spigot (thewatertower.tumblr.com), and people actually came to our Water Pong tournament...we think most of them even had fun! Not only that, but we increased our circulation by 1,000 copies, and you guys have kept on readin'.

While most of you are probably pretty psyched about getting a month off from school to watch TV and stop taking showers, the end of this semester is sure to be a tad bittersweet (at least for me). After two and a half wonderful years of being editor-in-chief and three and a half years of writing for this fine publication, I (Lea McLellan) will be graduating :o! This is bound to be more of a shock to me than it will be to you. However, I would just like to thank everyone on the staff and all of you lovely readers for having me. It's been real. Really real.

In more important news, next semester the **wt** will continue to entertain you, inform you, and keep on wantingyousososobad.

Good luck on your finals and don't forget to wear a hat. It's cold.

Love,

Lea McLellan

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag
uvm.edu/~watertwr

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read the wt.

B/H Library - 1st Floor
Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance

Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel
L/L - Outside Alice's Café

Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby
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join the wt.

New writers and artists
are always welcome
Weekly meetings

Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Williams Family Room

Davis Center - 4th Floor

Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.

prince william getting married

(and why you shouldn't care)

by bendonovan

We Americans can be rather ill-informed at times about world affairs. That's hardly a secret. Important events--we're talking profound geopolitical machinations that will alter the course of history--often pass right over our heads while we're busy watching reality TV shows or "tweeting," whatever that is.

But then there are times when we become captivated by stories from abroad that genuinely do not matter. At all. To anyone. This is one of those stories.

As you've all heard by now, Prince William of Wales is getting married next year to long-time girlfriend (and hands-down bombshell) Kate Middleton. It's been the talk of both sides of the pond these past few weeks, dominating not just the usual celebrity gossip magazines but legitimate news channels too. This is very important, we're told, because this is the first time in the British Monarchy's history that the second-in-line heir to the throne is marrying a commoner. It's even created a minor controversy over there, with the British tabloids dubbing Ms. Middleton "Kate

Middle-class," and mocking the fact that her parents, though self-made millionaires, are not of noble lineage--because apparently in the snobbish, stiff-assed, anachronistic imperial-age holdover that is the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, earning one's own wealth is considered inherently inferior to being born into money and titles.

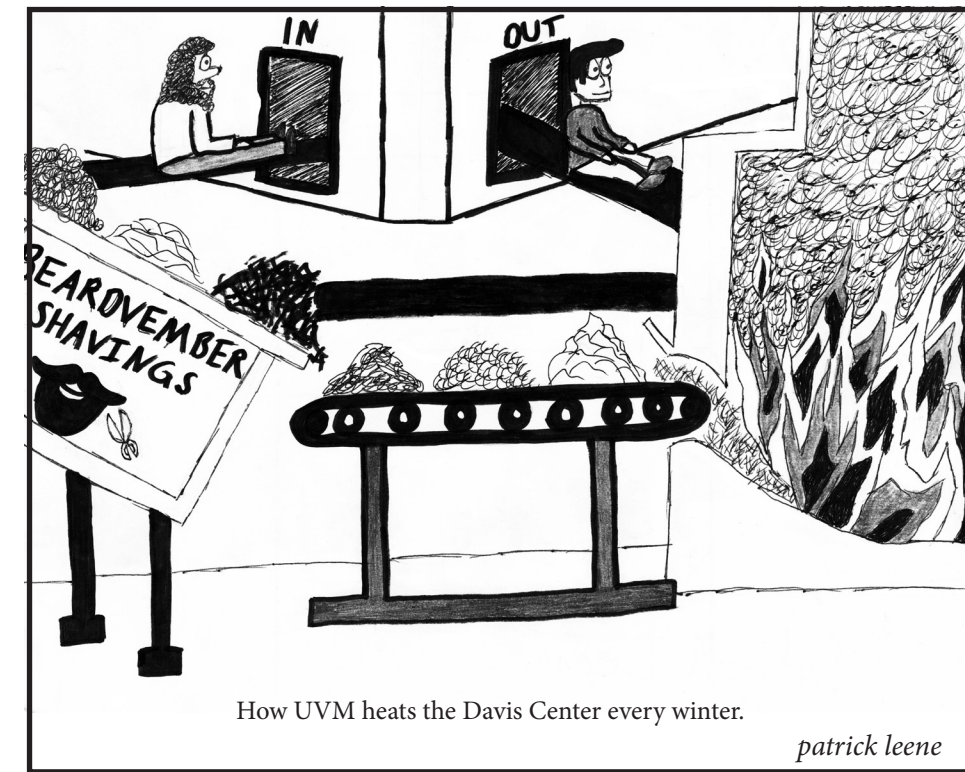
Which brings us to the crux of the matter: why does anybody care about these people? Why does Britain still have a monarchy to begin with? Why does a first-world nation, ostensibly full of rational adults, still cling to the ancient, antediluvian belief that a nice old lady named Elizabeth and her buck-toothed, inbred children are somehow imbued with magical powers, simply by virtue of their shaky descent from William the Conqueror? One must, at some point, begin to question the basic sanity of the British people, for the continued survival of such an antiquated and downright silly institution suggests a very tenuous relationship with the real world. Why is the Queen still the

head of state of a major world power? Queen Elizabeth's official title begins with "Her Majesty Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas Queen, Defender of the Faith, Duchess of Edinburgh, Countess of Merioneth, Baroness Greenwich, Duke of Lancaster, Lord of Mann, Duke of Normandy, Sovereign of the Most Honorable Order of the Garter, Sovereign of the Most Honorable Order of Bath, Sovereign of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle..." and continues on in like fashion for several paragraphs, reading more like the minutes of a Dungeons and Dragons convention than the title of someone officially at the head of a nation with nuclear weapons and the sixth-largest economy on the planet.

Now to be fair, the British monarchy no longer has any real power. No British monarch has exercised real executive authority since the eighteenth century. But that only reinforces the question of why these people are relevant at all. Why does

the media continue to follow them around as if they've done something important? The British royal family should be irrelevant in any modern society. They have done nothing to warrant their fame, save for happening, by accident, to be born into this bizarre institution. They're like the Kardashians on crack.

Perhaps the Brits deserve a break; they are an empire in decline, after all, and I suppose they can be allowed their quirky nostalgic indulgences. Plus, they don't get a lot of sun, which can make anybody a little loopy. We Yanks have no such excuses. The world is too complicated, and life much too short, to be paying attention to people of absolutely no consequence. There are real news stories to read, real life experiences to be had, and real relationships to be made and broken. But if you can't bring yourself to give up mindless celebrity worship, well, at least stick closer to home. Gossip about American celebrities. I hear one of the Jonas Brothers just got molested by Carrot Top. Show your patriotism; we're at war. ■



How UVM heats the Davis Center every winter.

patrick leene

ohmygov.com presents...

what the gov?! with alexpinto

We at OhMyGov.com prefer to mix the good with the bad. Both to celebrate the government's successes and to trumpet its failures. But even we have to admit that sometimes the bad stuff just makes for better stories. A campaigning Senate candidate who had previously appeared in an infomercial about how to obtain "free government money"? An attorney general who announced an execution via Twitter? You can't make this stuff up! So without further adieu, here are the 3 worst "What the Gov" moments of 2010. Laugh, cringe, shake your head, or shake your fist, but mostly, hope that gov can learn from its mistakes.

3. State and local travesties, including: the near-millionaire salaries for city workers in the humble town of Bell, California; a \$93,000 night at the ballpark for NY governor David Patterson and his family and friends; and Illinois governor Pat Quinn both doling out raises and increasing the size of his staff while (attempting) to govern on a platform of "shared sacrifice."

Unquestionably the year's most dark WTG moment, it was found the Department of Defense did the equivalent of sweeping dirt under the rug when it came to light that there were over 250 employees in the DoD fingered as having purchased or viewed child pornography. Apparently only about 20% of those individuals were investigated, merely because there weren't enough "resources available." Resources? The DoD gets billions of dollars, somebody make this a priority already!

1. This year, with unemployment still high and economic growth still creaking along, the worst of the worst has to come from the realm of wasteful spending. Taken from a congressional oversight report published this summer, notable wastes of tax dollars include: \$308 million for a joint clean energy venture with...BP!, \$16 million to help Boeing to clean up an environmental mess it created in 2007, and about half a million dollars in free Blackberries for smokers so they can contact their quitting support groups by text or phone.

yeonpyeong:

play by play

by jamesaglio

The Koreans made the news again last week when there was a brief conflict involving the bombardment of Yeonpyeong Island. Essentially what happened is that South Korea was planning to run some artillery training exercises on the morning of November the 23rd, in a yearly drill with the United States government that seems fairly standard for a country that has been involved in violent conflict for six decades. The exercises consist of large scale drills from all branches of the Korean military and a substantial contingent of US forces, and they take place in the contested waters near the border separating the two Koreas. Before the exercises began, North Korea sent a telex message to the South requesting that the exercises be halted, as they were feared to be attacks against the North (again, these are a yearly event). Honestly, North Korea's fear is somewhat understandable, since they announced that they have created a new facility expressly for the purpose of enriching uranium a few days prior to the exercises. This is a big enough issue that South Korea is considering requesting that the United States station nuclear munitions on the Korean Peninsula for the first time in almost two decades.

Regardless of how dangerously unstable North Korea seems at any given moment, the South decided to ignore the request and continue with the drills, presumably because the request was sent via telex machine (I did not even know those were still used). Four hours after the drills began, North Korea began launching one hundred and fifty shells, sixty of which hit the civilian inhabited Yeonpyeong Island. The South responded naturally by firing back and, after awhile, the North ceased - only to restart twenty minutes later (cigarette break?). Perhaps they thought that if they waited for a little bit, they could catch the

South Koreans by surprise. In any case, the North stopped firing less than an hour later. To South Korea's credit, they did not cease firing upon the North until a full hour after the North fired its last shell (Give 'em hell, boys). At the end of the day, four South Koreans were killed and nineteen injured.

As more and more reports of the incident began to filter in, the international community, in a turn that I'm sure greatly surprised the North, condemned the unwarranted violence, and there was a great deal of tension amongst the entire world

and North Korea. The silver lining here may be that because most countries already loathe North Korea, no respect was lost. Many possible motives have been raised, from allowing Kim Jong-um (the heir of the most backwards nation on earth) to prove that he can be a military leader to the possibility that leader Kim Jong-il was jealous about the recent goodwill the world has given South Korea as a result of the G20 summit. Way to go, champ, you really made them seem foolish, huh? The main problem here seems to be that the leaders of North Korea literally think that they are the best people on Earth, and can pretty much do whatever they want. The weakness in this mode of thinking is that, if provoked, a joint United States-South Korean force could turn North Korea into a grease spot in about five minutes. Of course, we have not done this yet because 99.99 percent of the North Korean

population is totally innocent. They are stuck there, abused and brainwashed by their government. Maybe things would be going better for North Korea if its leaders spent more time running it and less time running it into the ground.

Besides, China has traditionally been the entity that is the North Korean government, at least insofar as they would be opposed to us killing it in a fire like it deserves. But in light of pressure from the entire world, and the fact that North Korea seems more like the dementia patient of world politics every day, China is

becoming far less supportive of its small, incontinent neighbor. Furthermore, if North Korea thinks that it can hide behind a meat shield of its population, it is both stupid and pathetic. No one will nuke the North unprovoked for fear of civilian casualties, but as soon as the North does anything aggressive with all this nuclear technology they keep idiotically bragging about, I can almost guarantee you that the nations of the earth will hit them so hard that mountains will be leveled and the ground will glow. ■

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reflections.



127 hours of james franco

by ericburz

In what sounds like a less fictional retelling of *Cast Away* without the volleyball, director Danny Boyle attempts to inspire audiences by presenting an anecdotal narrative already familiar to almost everyone in the States. "Wait, you mean they made a movie about that dude who fucked up his arm?" Yeah, dude, and it's actually an eerily gratifying flick.

Aaron Ralston (James Franco) is the typical bold adventurer who precariously chooses to go mountain climbing in Utah without notifying any friends or family of his absence. After driving to the mountains and spending the night in his car, Ralston departs on his journey and eventually stumbles upon two lost female hikers (Kate Mara and Amber Tamblyn). And all the women in the audience simultaneously hold their breath in anticipation - James Franco sex scene, James Franco sex scene... not quite. Instead, we get a few flirty minutes in a cave and a seemingly casual exchange of numbers (what-ever, Aaron seems pretty upbeat about it). Shortly after leaving the girls and going solo once more, he loses his footing while descending a canyon and takes a serious tumble. A falling boulder somehow manages to land on Ralston's arm, pinning him in isolation.

Boyle (*28 Days Later*, *Trainspotting*, and most recently *Slumdog Millionaire*) wastes no time in setting up how he plans to present this "impossible to film" scenario. After discovering that Ralston's basic supplies consist of a camcorder, a flimsy pocket knife, an iPod, and a four day ration of water, we're hurriedly thrown into a series of personal flashbacks that seem to be eating away at the troubled lone ranger. Danny Boy obviously wants the focus of this film to be the cognitive gymnastics taking place inside Ralston's mind rather than the current plight he's facing. He uses the event as a culmination of all past wrongdoings in Ralston's life, and the inevitable forthcoming escape should in turn feel like an escape from much more than a boulder. Thankfully, it does.

Writer Simon Beaufoy (*Slumdog*) does an impressive job keeping the audience involved with the mind-numbingly simple plot. Quirky scenes like one in which Ralston pretends to be on a talk show make for a few laughs and deters audience members from losing focus on the internal struggle at hand. When it finally comes time for arms to be severed, Boyle holds nothing back in terms of sheer disturbance. During the amputation, a piercing audio clip leaves those who choose to listen in a cringing state of hysteria (as if the act itself wasn't horrid enough). After it's all said and done, one can't help but look back and examine just how great of a performance James Franco has given. His personality fits the role perfectly, and at times it's difficult to tell whether or not he actually fell into oblivion and recorded the incident. It's a thing of beauty to see a good actor naturally assimilate into his role, and Franco continues to make smart film decisions after his questionable appearance in *Tristan & Isolda* (no more 12th century love stories James, for the love of God).

The Good: Franco puts himself in the running for a gold statue, and Boyle dismisses all skepticism regarding his choice to direct something too far from his comfort zone.

The Bad: The sappy Hollywood ending left me with a desire to start slicing at my own appendages.

The Verdict: 8.5 - Your ten dollar ticket goes much further here than it does at other film currently in theaters (see *Harry Potter Part 112* or *Due Date*). Well done, Boyle. You continue to have a knack for turning lower budget projects into cult masterpieces. ■

eternal questions asked by the UVM student

by lindsaygabel

- What is a falafel, and who is Charlie?
- Why are dining hall utensils made from corn, but are still not compostable? Furthermore, who is responsible for this strange and unusual redirection of excess corn flow?
- Why does the Marché even bother to sell real maple syrup at the typical sky-high Marché price when we live in a state where maple syrup is actually made?
- Why is Converse Hall just not officially renamed "The Castle"?
- When, for the love of grass and accessible building entrances, will the construction end?
- Where on this planet is Jeanne Mance?
- Why is Ahli Baba's one of the sketchiest restaurants in Burlington, but makes possibly the best pita wraps known to man?
- No seriously, where is Waldo?

surfing the stars

by lizcantrell

Sagittarius, November 22- December 21

For Sag's born before the 21st, your birthday will be glorious. For those unlucky souls born on the winter solstice, your birthday is sure to be disappointing. It's the shortest day of the year, so your festivities won't last as long as they would

had you been born on a different day. Face it, ya got played. To cope, the stars suggest starting your own club for fellow "21st ers" and mutually sharing in your woeful despair.

Capricorn, December 22-January 19

You lucky Cappies out there will have a month full of glee (no not the melodramatic, singing high school club kind, the jump up and down "omfg I'm so effing excited" kind). Expect lots of good things to come your way. In light of all the fortunes that befall you, you should give back to others this holiday season. Remember, the best gift is not one that is received, but one that is given. Yeah you probably read that in a fortune cookie once, but hey, spreading the love will give you that warm fuzzy feeling. Maybe you should send some of that love to a Sagittarius; they're gonna need it.

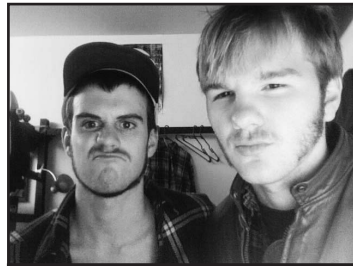


lauryn schrom

a beardvember to remember

the water tower received thousands of submissions this beardvember. These strapping young men have grown the most coveted beards on campus.

best bearded bromance



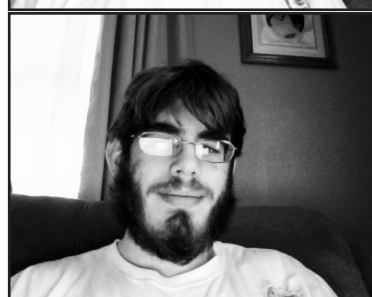
Connor Morgan and Tom Lishness
Congrats to these gents for their mutual effort. These guys demonstrate that two beards are better than one and that no matter what kind of fuzz you grow, your bros will always have your back.

the scallywag award



Max McConaghy
Looking every bit as fierce as Blackbeard or Jack Sparrow himself, Mr. McConaghy rightfully claims the title of best pirate beard. Sailing the seven seas with this fearsome facial hair would certainly put him on the most wanted list.

the wookie award



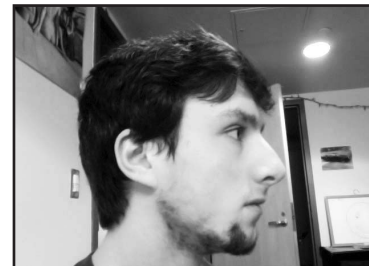
Anthony Maccarone
This guy won't have any trouble keeping warm this winter. Mr. Maccarone's beard is full bodied, thick, and downright impressive. Chewbacca would definitely be jealous.

the serious beard



Ben Finkel
Look at the pure determination in this man's face. Anyone trying this hard to impel whiskers from their facial follicles deserves mentioning.

the curious growth award



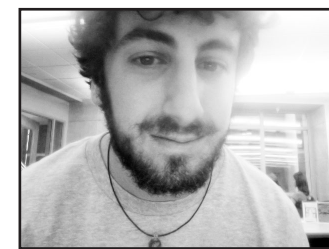
Owen Rachampbell
We're not sure what to call this unusual beard formation. Part scraggly, part full, and everything in-between, Mr. Rachampbell scores mad points for his dedication in growing the strangest stubble.

the captain redbear award



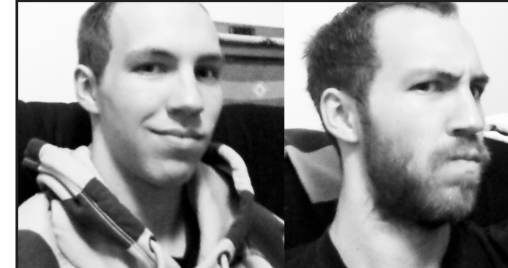
Dan Reichman
Mr. Reichman not only captures the title of best ginger growth, he also gets a nod for the best "before and after" transformation. That he was able to go from bare to bushy in such a short time is deserving of our highest esteem.

the friendly face award



Max Ebenstein
Who can resist this guy. Just so approachable looking. This is the opposite of the fearsome beard. This is one that you want to snuggle right into and build a nest.

my-beard-has-made-me-ferocious award



Andrew Reilly
The benign, smiling man from October has turned into the kind of guy you'd cross the street to avoid, right before our eyes. If you have ever doubted the psychological effects that growing a beard entails, this should change your mind.

best female role model: who ya got?

by sarahmoylan

sarah palin

Actual title(s):
- Former mayor of Wasilla, AK; Former governor of Alaska
- Former US vice-presidential candidate
- Hockey mom

Commonly used title:
Crazy bitch!

Interest(s):
Power

Thoughts on censorship:

It's awesome! After becoming mayor of Wasilla, Palin attempted to ban several books from the city's library for no apparent reason.

Thoughts on treatment of inferiors:

If they don't agree, get rid of 'em! The librarian who refused to allow Palin to ban books was soon asked to resign. Although the librarian was eventually allowed to stay, others, like the city's police chief (who had been a staunch opponent of Palin before she was elected), weren't so lucky.

Cronies:

The Tea Party, Bristol-voters from *Dancing with the Stars*

Great Quotations:

"I'm the mayor, I can do whatever I want until the courts tell me I can't."
- Responding to negative feedback regarding her \$50,000 renovation of the Wasilla mayor's office. The spending was not approved by the city council per proper protocol.

vs.

dolores umbridge

Actual title(s):
- Former Senior Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic
- Former High Inquisitor of Hogwarts
- Former Headmistress of Hogwarts
- Former Chair of the Muggle-Born Registration Commission
- Azkaban prisoner

Commonly used title:
Crazy bitch!

Interest(s):
Power, furry kitties

Thoughts on censorship:

It's awesome! It's awesome! As Hogwarts High Inquisitor, Umbridge banned everything from student organizations and societies to *The Quibbler*.

Thoughts on treatment of inferiors:

If they don't agree, get rid of 'em! As High Inquisitor, Umbridge fired longstanding Divination teacher Sibyll Trelawney (who was saved last minute by Albus Dumbledore). She also gave Hagrid the boot, but he just escaped to the forest and returned to the school after she was gone.

Cronies:

Inquisitorial squad, (whipped) Ministry officials

Great Quotations:

"Progress for progress's sake must be discouraged."
-Opening feast speech in *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*



tori reed

where's my parade?

by calebdemers

And here it is, the moment I have been waiting for all my life. I am putting my mechanical pencil down, standing up, stretching my legs, fixing my boxers, putting on a grin and casually sauntering up to my professor, test in hand, and literally throwing it in his face, mustering that last bit of phlegm that has been chillin' in my

throat for about three and a half weeks and casually spitting it on that silly collegiate's shoes. "Thanks for three and a half months of academic hell,"

I say to myself as I exit that awful brick building. Who decided on brick anyway? Brick: the only material that seems to silence your cries of agony before they even leave your lips.

Anyway, this last act of academic umph is casually greeted by none other than Snoop Dogg. Outside this godforsaken building, there he stands in all his stoned glory with a blunt in hand, freshly sparked for me to grab trails. We sit down on one of the benches dedicated to an alumnus that obviously had way too much money on his or her hands. Enough money in fact that he could actually pay off their unbelievable debt and donate more money to a school that insists on using the same material to build their buildings that old shoe factories use to keep their present-day slaves imprisoned.

The blunt is finally put out and the first set of munchies sets in. Luckily, those lovely ladies from Speeder & Earl's have prepared a smorgasbord of ice cream sundae delights. I am talking hot fudge, caramel, maraschino cherries, sprinkles (UVM colors), animal crackers, chopped candy bars, coconut (toasted), fruit (dried, fresh, frozen or canned), malted milk powder, macadamia nuts, Oreo cookies, pecans (toasted), pretzels, Spanish peanuts, white chocolate chips, cocoa powder

fresh from South America, and cans of whipped cream mostly for the sugary aspect but maybe also for the rest of the contents of that can. Oh and of course the best ice cream on the planet: Haagen-Dazs.

Finally, I have gotten myself enough and no sooner am I done but President Fogel himself steps forward backed by every a capella singer on campus and presents me with a big fucking trophy with my name engraved on the plaque that reads "Well done. You only

"That great statue of our proud catamount comes to life and dons a leather saddle before it bows its head, allowing me to mount its powerful back."

got five more semesters to go." Furthermore, this trophy is as at least one and a half to two feet tall and pure platinum. It has an extremely collegiate-looking figure on it wearing some Hogwarts-style robes. As I grab onto this lovely specimen, the trophy that is, those delightful singers burst forth in a lovely rendition of "Bohemian Rhapsody," in Russian accents of course.

As the final note reverberates throughout the campus, that great statue of our proud catamount comes to life and dons a leather saddle before it bows its head, allowing me to mount its powerful back. I, with my steed, gallop down the hill toward the waters of Champlain and into the blood red setting sun. Awaiting at the water's edge is a ship harnessed to Champ, the monstrous beast of the lake, much as Frodo embarks on his own journey when his quest has seemed to finally come to an end, destined for a place far from Middle Earth where the elves go to rest for all of eternity.

Behind me are whispers and the click-clacking of horse hooves or maybe something else. A far-off scream of insanity is heard. And BAM here I am, back in the library with three papers to write, two projects to finish and four tests awaiting my completion. Bring it on, finals. ■

holiday gifts on a college student's budget

by emilyarnow

The holiday season is upon us and while I'm sure many of you participated in the 4 am sales of black Friday, you might have not gotten all the gifts you needed to. Stumped on what the appropriate present is for the appropriate person? As college students it is not a secret that we have limited scrilla, but that doesn't mean your presents can't be heartwarming and thoughtful!

Parents: While a simple hug or a clean drug test will most likely suffice as an acceptable present for mom and dad, a report card with a GPA higher than a 3.0 might just earn you some extra points and a pat on the back. If that is definitely not a possibility, consider checking out the UVM bookstore for sweatshirts or memorabilia that say "UVM Parent 2010!" or the array of maple syrup that they have stocking their shelves. Anything reminding them of what a charming little state you go to school in will warm their hearts and make them forget that you failed three of your classes, at least until Christmas is over.

Siblings: Whether you love or hate them, it's necessary to give your bro or sis something on the holidays, but that something doesn't need to be expensive! Who doesn't like a new pair of socks or an inkblot pen? If you're feeling more creative however, stop by the Vermont stand on Church Street and pick up a coveted and heady tie-dye "groovy UV" shirt. Their friends and foes alike will be "UVM green" with envy.

Friend from high school:

Weed. Duh.

Hook Up Buddy: A box of condoms wrapped in nice paper with a bow, top of the line lube, or even a paternity test are all appropriate and thoughtful gifts for this guy or girl. But if you're going to go down a classier route, a pack of Orbit gum or a five dollar gift card from Starbucks for all those morning after coffees is a nice touch. And while they will only able to buy one peppermint latte with this amount, it's really the thought that counts, isn't it?

Roommate: Need something to liven up that concert cell you call a dorm room? Why not get a Chia Pet? Who doesn't love a plant you don't have to water that also comes in cool shapes such as a hedgehog or Obama's face?! Your vegan roommate could even use these home grown spouts as a garnish for her tofu dinner! If that's not something that strikes your fancy, earplugs are beneficial and are great stocking stuffers for both of you! Have a late night rendezvous? Just shove some of those wax buds in your roommate's ear - they will thank you for it. ■

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

Attention Readers! All of you guys have been crushing real hard. In fact, you have been crushing **too hard! There isn't enough room in our print section to publish everyone's professions of love, so we have decided to publish the rest of the iwantyousobads at our blog: thewatertower.tumblr.com. Be sure to visit the site! It would be a shame to let all that passionate love go unrequited.

I met you last year at the top of Mason, you were a cute freshman I never had the balls to tell you how I felt You were always hanging around with him Those green eyes got me then and get me now. Tell me you're over him, and ready to be under me. **When:** Last year **Where:** The Penthouse **I saw:** Green eyed beauty **I am:** Better than him

You're a steezy sexy boy who gets illy on the slopes It's time to ditch your girlfriend and teach me the ropes Why, oh why, do you have to be taken? After a long day on the mountain I'll fry you some bacon I hope reading this doesn't give you a big head Because you need dump your girlfriend and get into my bed **When:** on the reg **Where:** biking around campus/lib and at sb events **I saw:** brown haired sb boy **I am:** better-looking than your gf

M anly A dventurous S ophisticated S ensual A shhole Even though my ability to write poetry is limited, I still hope you appreciate the effort because you drive me crazy. I don't know if "Massa" is your real name, but I would sure like to find out <3. **When:** every day **Where:** Through your dorm window **I saw:** the hottest/sketchiest man **I am:** all yours

We've played broomball together for two seasons You have always been so nice & sweet, a total gentleman. I want to be best friends well...actually I want more But at the semesters end you will be in Ecuador. Not sure if you even read **the water tower**, but I sure hope that you will realize who this is and not say nope. **When:** here and there **Where:** around campus **I saw:** an icerilite **I am:** an admirer

The way you play those bongos boy, Has got me in a tizzy. Your jet black hair, your infinite smile, Have got me oh so dizzy. I know you're from Slade, And the songs that you've played, But my name you do not know. You're the music and I'm the poet With crazy blonde curls, so boy, let's play! Then maybe my name, you'd know it. **When:** Every other wednesday **Where:** Slade **I saw:** bongo boy **I am:** too shy

You look like someone I knew She's pretty just like you. You play with your tongue ring I guess that's just your thing. You're Free To Be crazy It won't even faze me. Are you hungry? Taste that rainbow. We could be great, I know. What color is your underwear? Does it match that sexy, gorgeous hair? Condoms and Cupcakes...I'll take the cupcakes It sure will get hot if we start to bake :) I see you Monday nights, they're fun. If you read this, I hope you still come. Ask me, "What's your preferred pronoun?" And I'll say I just prefer that you're around. **When:** Monday Night Meetings **Where:** Davis Center **I saw:** a gorgeous girl **I am:** not a creep

attention readers!

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during *Mr. Green Genes Presents: The Night Society with Mr. Green Genes* Wednesdays 6-8pm

Millis 4 boy! Your poem; so coy I have yet to see your efforts across the way But I'm letting you know that I'm here to stay I'll keep on fiddling and fixing my blinds In hopes that we have the same alike minds I may even see you on campus one day But to pick you out of a crowd would be hard I must say This only means I need more face time So get your flex on in your room around nine **When:** I'm Creepin' **Where:** Millis 4 **I saw:** Shirtless Boi **I am:** Still Yez

TallTanAndBeautiful [i'm sorry, that was really whack] so i'll try again: Late-night Marche munchie runs; Amen for Expendable Points ... and Mozzarella sticks. I saw you by the bread! And the IceCream! And the FryStation! You looked at me, and I looked back but neither one of us said anything. I got my Ben&Jerry's and moved on ... my friends were waiting. Should've gotten your name, though. I regret it **When:** A week ago? I'm not sure. I was high. **Where:** Once at the Marche. Once at the Davis Center. **I saw:** two lip rings. **I am:** waiting.

you're a small little baby that id like to love i asked if you liked beards well, mine you can rub, you're telling me you like chicks but it's all just a joke come to north union and dance with this bloke. **When:** every weekend **Where:** north union **I saw:** a cutie baby **I am:** a saucy boy

You're on SGA and an ADPI Your silver beetle caught my eye. Your Bumper stickers are almost offensive. But must make drivers very pensive. You're not afraid to make a scene, sometimes you're even a little mean. Your eyes are green like fresh cut grass, and I love to stare right at your ass. ... But no. Really. You have a killer ass. I WANT YOU SO BAD. **When:** erry day **Where:** erry where **I saw:** a hillary with palin's rack **I am:** a monogamous bill

You stand in front of class Teaching us ethics But utilitarianism and factory farming can take a seat, I'd rather be morally impermissible with you Than nice and neat. If only you weren't my professor, than I could maximize my happiness, as well as yours. I never sleep through class anymore So I can dream while looking at you ... I want you so bad, I wish you loved me too. **When:** every monday and wednesday **Where:** williams 304 **I saw:** my sexy philosophy professor **I am:** getting you alone in your office

You are a beautiful, busty birthday girl. Your birthday is December 16th. I put chocolate on my teeth for you. I enjoy your rice and chicken nuggets. I watch many many films with you and I like every moment. Why won't you love me back? I wonder? Could it be because I am not cool enough? Not smart enough? Could it be that I didn't make you pancakes the morning you took your GRE's? OOPS! Let me make this up to you. Happy birthday peach monkey!

When: every mother-licking day **Where:** on my butt **I saw:** a big butt **I am:** an insane lady

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

Millis stairway *Girl 1:* Is that a mustache? *Girl 2:* No just lint, keep walking.

Bailey Howe, Sunday night *Guy:* It's those damn crabcakes... they're so delicious but they turn you into such an asshole!

North Prospect St. *Guy:* Is C a passing grade at UVM? *Girl:* Yeah dude, D is a passing grade at UVM. *Guy:* Wow, really? I need to change my lifestyle.

Church Street *Guy 1:* For the longest time I thought Mary-Kate and Ashley were three people.

Microbiology Lab *TA (to student):* In this experiment size doesn't matter, but you do need to consider how many microbes are on it. *Student (under his breath):* That's what she said.

Davis Center, Gender Neutral bathroom *Girl:* Dude i'm so tired *Guy:* You're so tired? you're not the one who stayed up all night having sex!

Millis *Guy:* What's good? *Girl:* My sex life.

Midnight showing of Harry Potter *Girl 1 to Girl 2:* I can't help it, when I get excited water comes out of me.

At the movies *Girl to her friends:* She's buried in the neighbor's backyard right?

Billings Lecture Hall *Boy 1:* So are you like, from Asia? *Boy 2:* No...my family is. *Boy 1:* So do you know Chinese? Or South Korean?

Drunk Bus *Bro 1:* Yo dude will you be my wingman tonight? *Bro 2:* I'll be your wingman. Even if it means me taking a chubby, I will suck it up!

Hallway in UHN *Guy 1:* Dude, you licked a marker? *Guy 2:* I did... It was non-toxic, and it was scented, and I wanted to see if it tasted the same. AND it did.

Before chem class *Guy 1:* Hey man, that's a pretty solid flannel you're wearing *Guy 2:* Yeah, man *Guy 1:* Betcha don't get cold in that one *Guy 2:* Yeah, it's solid

Crew bus *Guy:* The thing about under armour is that it is always pimp, because the collar is always popped; the same thing with turtle necks.

Outside of UHeights South *Guy to Girl:* My left testicle shriveled up into my body and I don't know what to do about it...it hasn't come down yet..

In the cyber *Biddy:* I don't even know how to use books...

4th floor Davis Center *Bro:* What's the Bailey-Howe?

DC, monday when the WT comes out *Boy:* **the water tower** I pick up right away, but...not the cynic.

fashion five-oh. wat(er) your threads

with oliivianguyen



Name: Clarissa
Spotted: Uheights

Why we like it: Fall is ending and we have captured the last cute fall outfit of the year. Goodbye to the simple days of light jackets and getting away with skirts without the tights/leggings. The combat boots and leg warmers can stay for the winter. So long fall clothes!



Sad but true: UVM isn't exactly known for its superior fashion sense. That's why when fashion-forward ladies and gents choose to rebel against flannel and push the campus fashion boundaries, the wt likes to give them a little nod of approval. We're not the fashion police. (Though we're tempted to fine people still wearing Uggs this winter.) We're just here to give UVM campus fashion some much-needed TLC.

créatif stuffé.

Feeling a little créatif? Wishing Vantage Point was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other créatif things to **the water tower's** new section, **créatif stuffé**. Send your submissions to thewatertownews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

german bear wrestling

with alextownsend

I hate getting older. It feels like I used to have the potential for anything, but now my possibilities just keep dwindling.

You're looking for your pine martin.

In The Golden Compass Lyra never wanted her daemon to settle into one form. But then he became a pine martin and she realized it was perfect for her. I always saw it as she wasn't losing the options of all other animals, as much as finding out what she was meant to be. That's what we all try and do. We try to find the life that's perfect for us. Sometimes it's something we never even thought of, like a pine martin.

Wow, that's actually kind of deep...

And it's why I have a pine martin make all my important decisions!

Vintage Clothes

Accessories, Sunglasses, Leather and everything you wear

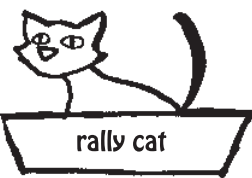
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cat litter.



cat litter:
by drew diemar, willis schenk, ryan
tinsley, and jared sassone-mchugh
artwork by malcolm valaitis

Anyone who visits this area can recognize that UVM and Burlington have distinctive fashions. Luckily the **Wf.** has an entire team dedicated solely to crystal-balling the future of Btown fashion, so that you can stay ahead of the curve. Here's some sure bets from our research.

T-Shirts

It used to be that all the logos on T-shirts were directly placed in the center of the chest or over the heart. As designers started experimenting, the entirety of the shirt, from the hip to the upper ass to the ribcage became fair game for ad-space. Logos, chased around unfamiliar territory, will soon find themselves on the inside of the shirt, which will positively reek of steez.

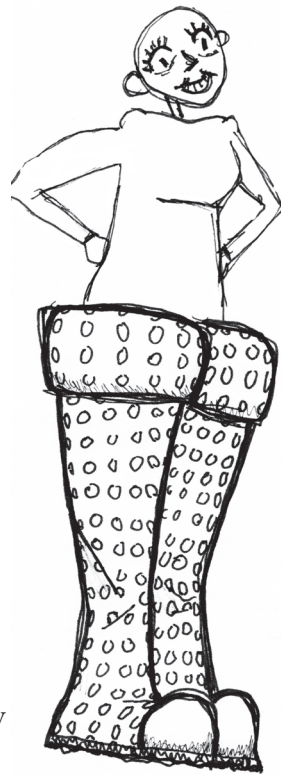


I'M PARTYING

Desperate to shed whatever remains of its former party-school image, UVM will buy the 'I'M PARTYING' brand and sell its own designs in the bookstore. It will take freshmen a month of wearing these shirts to realize how lame they look.

Rainboots

When the rain hits, UVM's female population always pull on their favorite rubber-ducky rainboots to protect themselves from the damp grass. These will soon fail to sufficiently emphasize their quirkiness, and the wearing of thigh-high waders on campus will jump dramatically. Polka-dotted and cute cartoon animal waders will inevitably follow.



802

Vermont is often called '802,' after the state's lone area code, and clothing merchandisers have capitalized on this distinction with fitted hats, T-shirts, and snowboards. However, with a rising population, a second area code is inevitable, leaving Vermont to find a new way to identify itself. Enter the hermit thrush, possibly the most ballin' state bird in the union, and its huge marketing potential. Hermit Thrush will quickly make its way onto bathroom stalls, bumper stickers, and the insides of T-shirts everywhere.

Ski Apparel

To show off their love of the winter sport season, students will start wearing ski boots to class and downtown on the weekends. It will be a complete bitch to walk around; expect this trend to last no more than a week or so.

The Farmer and Logger look

For decades, Vermont's economy was driven by the industries of farming and logging, driving students to represent their home state through the adoption of flannels, Carhartts, and scuffed-up shitkickers. As tourism solidifies itself as the new primary force in the state's economy, watch for students to start paying tribute by sporting white New Balance walkers and ash-colored 'Green Mountain State' shirts tucked into tight, high-riding, Faded Glory jeans.

tunes.



it came... from... *the internet!*

by jeremyklein

I don't have to tell you that the Internet is an extremely valuable tool for discovering pretty much anything you want. But indie music in particular has carved out its own home on the Web, and with everyone and their dog making records these days, there are plenty of relatively unknown artists out there for you to discover. But if you don't troll the music sites such as Pitchfork or Gorilla vs. Bear, it can be easy to miss out on some of those great artists. Pitchfork is generally seen as the preeminent indie music website. And though it catches a lot of flak for being biased towards this that and the next thing, anything they deem "Best New Music," or any song that ends up on "The Playlist," is generally worth checking out. Three out of the four artists listed below, in fact, have received such distinctions.

Gorilla vs. Bear is really just a blog in which the guy who runs the site posts songs or videos he thinks are worthwhile. And though people like Kanye West or Arcade Fire occasionally show up, the posts are generally about relatively unknown artists. There are no review scores, unlike on Pitchfork's album reviews, so you really have to go on whether or not the description of the track sounds appealing to you. For example, if you read that a song has "...a warped AM-radio funk meets melting/decayed '80s health class filmstrip (as scored by The Doldrums-era Ariel Pink) vibe," and think, "Now that's right up my alley! I'm going to check whatever the hell this is out!" then congratulations, you have successfully used Gorilla vs. Bear to discover new music.

We Are Hunted is another valuable website for discovering new music. Not only does it compile "The 99 most popular emerging songs," based on what people are saying about a certain song around the

SEEKING: UVM'S BEST BAND (/ARTIST/WHATEVER)

A reminder that our contest is open to pretty much anyone affiliated with UVM, and submissions will be taken throughout Fall semester. Submit online by sending your stuff to thewatertownnews@gmail.com, or dropping a hard copy at our desk in the SGA. Fame and fortune are guaranteed for the winner!!!

Internet, but it also affords one the opportunity to discover even more emerging songs and artists not on that list, based on one's own preexisting tastes. And, if you really want, you can even see what the most popular mainstream song remixes are.

So, here are just a few bands that may be worth your while to check out if you're looking to: a) Discover new artists or b) Be cooler than your friends by demonstrating your knowledge of obscure bands.

No Joy A Montreal-based duo whose music blends both the "shoegazing" and "lo-fi" elements of 90's alt-rock. The guitars are layered with fuzz and noise, the drums are driving, and the vocals are mostly incomprehensible. No one aspect of No Joy's songs sticks out—rather, all parts blend to create one cohesive sound. Their first LP, *Ghost Blonde*, was just released on November 16

Twin Sister They're what Beach House could sound like if they had more band members at their disposal. Both have female vocalists, and the same overall aesthetic—but Twin Sister has five members versus Beach House's two. The same dreamy vocals and guitar sound apply, but the additional instruments create a whole new layer of atmosphere and a more experimental sound. They've released two EPs (*Vampires With Dreaming Kids* and *Color Your Life*) to date.

James Blake Blake is a 21-year-old Dubstep producer from London. His first four EPs were made up of down tempo electronic pieces with sampled vocals, some from other artists, some provided by Blake himself. Despite their lack of proper vocals, the songs have the right amount of soul to them. With new songs like "Measurement" and his excellent cover of Feist's "Limit to Your Love," Blake takes that feeling to the next level by adding his own soulful voice. His debut LP is due sometime in January.

Cults An indie-pop duo from NYC who surprisingly only have four songs to their name. In their limited repertoire, Cults have proven to be infinitely catchy. Their sound is very reminiscent of 1960's pop, with vocals to sing along to and melodies you'll be whistling long after you're done listening! Their 7"—containing three of their four songs—can be downloaded for free at cults.bandcamp.com

introduction to southern bullshit

by ianrice

My friends and I seem to enjoy reinforcing stereotypes—and this extends to our love for Southern rap. I'll mention an artist and give them a sample of their music via YouTube—"So you've never heard of Waka Flocka Flame or OJ Da Juiceman?" My fellow black friend will undoubtedly be the only other person who knows what I'm talking about. He'll chastise me by saying, "Don't play that southern BULLSHIT! I don't want to hear it; you ought to be ashamed of yourself for listening to that." Laughing, I'll proceed in selecting the aforementioned artist to blast on my computer.

Most people would wonder who'd name himself "Waka Flocka Flame" or "OJ Da Juiceman"—apparently, Juquin Malphurs and Otis Williams, Jr., respectively. Even with the ridiculousness of their stage names, at least they're memorable. The first time I heard of Flocka, I was riding in the car with my dad and sister in South Carolina. Flocka's first hit, "O Let's Do It" came on the radio—however, if you didn't already know the title of the song you would most likely not understand a word he says. "Don't you understand?! It doesn't even sound like English," my sister said to me. "This is why I can't listen to rap anymore. This is what it's become." I still found it funny, and tried to decipher the lyrics.

There are certainly some people I've encountered who disagree with my sister's assessment. My stepbrother was once playing Waka Flocka Flame quite seriously, simultaneously reciting the lyrics to the songs. "So you actually like Waka Flocka Flame?" I asked, squinting my eyes. He proudly replied, "Yeah, urrybody at my school be jammin' to Gucci—but Flocka man, he da truth. I bet if you went to my school you'd be listenin' to Flocka too!" Praise for Flocka? He must be fucking crazy—that was my initial thought. But I rethought my stance as my stepbrother played some more of Flocka's tracks.

The more I've introduced these artists to people in Vermont, the more I've grown to appreciate them. I don't know if it's the beat, or the fact that I started to memorize the lyrics myself, because it's necessary to look them up in order to understand them. I've gotten all my suitemates yelling out, "FLOCKA!" at random moments, just like his songs urge you to do. Maybe the reason I've gone back to these songs is because I secretly do like them for what they are. Whatever they are, they bring me enjoyment and laughter. Waka Floc-



with emilylozeau and joesussman

The Fresh and Onlys - *Play it Strange* (In The Red Records)

While a lot of the popular retro sixties music these days has diverged from the fuzzy punk of the same decade, the Fresh & Onlys stem from jangly psych surf pop bands. In the past three years, the band has released a bunch of material displaying their originality within the sea of bands trying to make something new with older influences. *Play It Strange*, their third release, is a little bit cleaner than their previous two albums, but just as catchy. Standout tracks include "Be My Hooker," pure psychedelic pop with an awesome bass line, "Plague of Frogs," which emanates elements fifties surf pop, and "Who Needs A Man," a thrilling garage rocker infused with acid drenched guitar riffs.

Play: "Waterfall," "Tropical Island Suite," "Red Light, Green Light," "I'm a Thief"
If You Like: Ty Segall, Golden Triangle

J.C. Satán - *Sick of Love* (Slovely Records)

This might be a collection of somewhat ugly, vindictive songs, but there's a little bit of love here as well, even if they're sick of it. Psych rock and roll with a touch of Thee Oh Sees garage-y yelping style and a bit of Frankie Rose's crooning stylings. Seventeen songs to nom on until you vom and go back for more. Some international flare in "Loin de moi" and at times a hint of accent is detected. Enough to keep you interested and rolling around in some sort of pleasant agony. Sounds fun right?

Play: "Odyssey of Love," "You Are Good, I'm Not Bad," "Morning After Love"
If You Like: Thee Oh Sees, Golden Triangle

ka Flame has specifically become more mainstream—the Davis Center Halloween Party played his song "No Hands." My friends and I got amped up and screamed "FLOCKA!"—just as he intended it.

- Play:**
1. "O Let's Do It" - Waka Flocka Flame
 2. "Washin' Powder Money" - OJ Da Juiceman
 3. "I'm Gettin' Money" - OJ Da Juiceman
 4. "Good Googly Moogly" - Project Pat
 5. "Hard in Da Paint" - Waka Flocka Flame