When twelve people—eight writers, editors, and cartoonists at Charlie Hebdo, France’s crudest and most galvanizing satire newsmag, as well as several cops and passersby—were shot dead by three French-speaking Islamic fanatics on January 7th...I didn’t know what to say. And soon after, I didn’t know what not to say.

My first worry—other than my dad, who was in Paris at the time, and other than the victims—was a violent backlash against the millions of French Muslims. This time, though, I rode on a glimmer of hope from the Australian reaction to December’s hostage crisis by a delusional Islamic ex-con in Sydney: an outpouring of interfaith solidarity, the #IllRideWithYou movement, the absence of any violent anti-Islamic retort. In fact, the incident in Sydney seems to pacified a pattern of Australian anti-Muslim violence that peaked this autumn as backlash against the rise of ISIS.

But there’s bad blood in Paris, a city divided from itself by being so attached to the rest of the world. France has 4.7 million Muslims to America’s 2.5 million (7.5% and 0.8% of national population, respectively), and its Islamophobia predates the War on Terror by quite some time. Colonial immigrants and refugees to France (usually fleeing poverty or unrest caused by France, as millions of French Algerians did) only exposed themselves to this racist demonizing Francocentrism at closer proximity. Even in Paris, living Western lives, Muslims are still presumed dangerous, silenced, and ghettoized. Although January 7th was the largest “terrorist attack” on French soil in decades, it was only the loudest and most heinous strike back from an understandably embittered group in an old standoff.

With their assault on the Charlie Hebdo office in Paris’s third arrondissement, the three attackers wrote their own demise and the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with Charlie—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, Charlie Hebdo, whose first post-attack cover bore the words Tout est pardonné, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, Je suis Charlie.
the best news team in the universe.

Dear writers,

...We mean you. If you’re clutching this paper right now, you are already qualified to submit to us! We presume you’ve got thoughts, interests, passions, talents, social awareness, party favors...it’s time to put them to use and stretch your limbs outside those stodgy sociology papers. We are actively training and recruiting the next generation of water tower writers and artists! Don’t be afraid, your level of commitment is completely up to you. Anything you’d like to throw our way is welcome at thewatertowernews@gmail.com.

If you’d like to learn more, or if you don’t know what to submit yet, or if you’re just curious: we meet on the fourth floor of the Davis Center, in the Williams Family Room, every Tuesday at 7:30pm.

No water tower veterans can deny how much they learned from the paper or what a great part of their UVM experience it became. Join the crew and get inside us.

Love,
your (future) editors at the water tower.

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 news in brief

“Of all Boko Haram assaults analyzed by Amnesty International, this is the largest and most destructive yet. It represents a deliberate attack on civilians whose homes, clinics and schools are now burnt-out ruins.”

—Daniel Eyre, a Nigerian researcher for Amnesty International, uses satellite images to verify reports of the most brutal attack to date by Nigeria’s Islamic insurgent group Boko Haram. In a span of days, Boko Haram is thought to have overrun the village and military base of Doron Baga, destroying 3,100 buildings and killing as many as 2,000 civilians. Let’s just say that PR is not their strong suit.

“Thank you all for making it possible for me to be able to give this speech today. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

—Peter Shumlin, Democratic Governor of Vermont, thanks the Vermont State Legislature for voting him into a third two-year term in office. In Vermont, if no gubernatorial candidate receives more than 50% of the vote (Shumlin’s 46.4% majority in November was not enough), the state legislature holds a secret ballot to decide the winner themselves. (The only other state that does this is Mississippi.) Facing serious flack for calling off his promised push for single-payer healthcare, Shumlin best behave himself. (Mississippi.)

“We feel naked. We feel like we don’t exist.”

—Mauricio Peña, a native from Honduras living in Long Island, describes a bare feeling shared by many undocumented immigrants. New York City’s new municipal ID cards, available to anyone regardless of immigration status, are designed to alleviate this legal and psychological vulnerability. Mayor Bill de Blasio’s next goal is training cops to ask for ID before using brass knuckles, krav maga, or enriched uranium on civilians.

“If Boko Haram had a single attacker, this would be their most destructive yet. It represents a deliberate attack on civilians whose homes, clinics and schools are now burnt-out ruins.”

—Daniel Eyre, a Nigerian researcher for Amnesty International, uses satellite images to verify reports of the most brutal attack to date by Nigeria’s Islamic insurgent group Boko Haram. In a span of days, Boko Haram is thought to have overrun the village and military base of Doron Baga, destroying 3,100 buildings and killing as many as 2,000 civilians. Let’s just say that PR is not their strong suit.

“Thank you all for making it possible for me to be able to give this speech today. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

—Peter Shumlin, Democratic Governor of Vermont, thanks the Vermont State Legislature for voting him into a third two-year term in office. In Vermont, if no gubernatorial candidate receives more than 50% of the vote (Shumlin’s 46.4% majority in November was not enough), the state legislature holds a secret ballot to decide the winner themselves. (The only other state that does this is Mississippi.) Facing serious flack for calling off his promised push for single-payer healthcare, Shumlin best behave himself.

“We feel naked. We feel like we don’t exist.”

—Mauricio Peña, a native from Honduras living in Long Island, describes a bare feeling shared by many undocumented immigrants. New York City’s new municipal ID cards, available to anyone regardless of immigration status, are designed to alleviate this legal and psychological vulnerability. Mayor Bill de Blasio’s next goal is training cops to ask for ID before using brass knuckles, krav maga, or enriched uranium on civilians.

“Journalism would lose its meaning if it didn’t follow the dark labyrinths of power... If the Devil offers me an interview, I go to hell.”

—Julio Scherer Garcia, considered the father of Mexican investigative journalism and a contributor to Mexican democratization, died on Jan. 9th at age 88. This guy had some serious spunk, and spunk’d corrupt leaders and police chiefs for seven decades.

the water tower is UVM’s alternative news magazine and a bi-weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont. Contact us! Letters to the Editor/General: watertowernews@gmail.com. Editors-in-Chief: watertowereditors@gmail.com. Advertising: watertowerads@gmail.com.

The news in brief

“Of all Boko Haram assaults analyzed by Amnesty International, this is the largest and most destructive yet. It represents a deliberate attack on civilians whose homes, clinics and schools are now burnt-out ruins.”

—Daniel Eyre, a Nigerian researcher for Amnesty International, uses satellite images to verify reports of the most brutal attack to date by Nigeria’s Islamic insurgent group Boko Haram. In a span of days, Boko Haram is thought to have overrun the village and military base of Doron Baga, destroying 3,100 buildings and killing as many as 2,000 civilians. Let’s just say that PR is not their strong suit.

“Thank you all for making it possible for me to be able to give this speech today. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

—Peter Shumlin, Democratic Governor of Vermont, thanks the Vermont State Legislature for voting him into a third two-year term in office. In Vermont, if no gubernatorial candidate receives more than 50% of the vote (Shumlin’s 46.4% majority in November was not enough), the state legislature holds a secret ballot to decide the winner themselves. (The only other state that does this is Mississippi.) Facing serious flack for calling off his promised push for single-payer healthcare, Shumlin best behave himself.

“We feel naked. We feel like we don’t exist.”

—Mauricio Peña, a native from Honduras living in Long Island, describes a bare feeling shared by many undocumented immigrants. New York City’s new municipal ID cards, available to anyone regardless of immigration status, are designed to alleviate this legal and psychological vulnerability. Mayor Bill de Blasio’s next goal is training cops to ask for ID before using brass knuckles, krav maga, or enriched uranium on civilians.

“Journalism would lose its meaning if it didn’t follow the dark labyrinths of power... If the Devil offers me an interview, I go to hell.”

—Julio Scherer Garcia, considered the father of Mexican investigative journalism and a contributor to Mexican democratization, died on Jan. 9th at age 88. This guy had some serious spunk, and spunk’d corrupt leaders and police chiefs for seven decades.

the water tower is UVM’s alternative news magazine and a bi-weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont. Contact us! Letters to the Editor/General: watertowernews@gmail.com. Editors-in-Chief: watertowereditors@gmail.com. Advertising: watertowerads@gmail.com.

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.
Roasting a lame duck:

The WT cooks the 114th Congress

by jessebaum

It is surely no surprise to the worldly, beautiful, and astonishingly intelligent readers of the water tower that, like the cracks in the bridge between Harris and Millisi, a fierce division is tearing our political system apart. The previous session of Congress, with a Democratic majority in the Senate and a Republican majority in the House, had a ten percent approval rating at its lowest point (the lowest on record! America!) and passed close to the fewest pieces of legislation of any Congress in US history. It is also worth noting that many of these bills that were passed and then signed into law by the Leader of the Free World were to rename USPS post offices. So, yeah.

Now that the Republicans have gained the majority in the House and the Senate (despite gaining fewer votes than the Democrats nationwide, but hey, who’s counting?) the newly minted (and soon to be despised) 114th Congress has just begun. With that in mind, we are here to guide you through some of their recent legislation.

HR 339

This bill, as yet untitled, is another way to support the evil oil-drill baby drill to show that, for whatever reason, they fucking hate penguins. The bill, proposed by Alaska Rep. Don Young, to the horror of one of the most senior representatives, would open up the Alaskan coast for oil and gas exploration. When asked about his motivations for the bill, Young started frothing violently at the mouth and screaming “Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!” until one of his aides sedated him.

Charlie Hebdo—f rom page 1

Some critics who decry Charlie Hebdo as a voice of racism and oppression have even framed the Western importance of freedom of speech as a childish, destructive, and irresponsible obsession. I couldn’t disagree more. It doesn’t take a genius to see that Western media is rife with flaws, but the problem isn’t too much freedom. Critics of Charlie should redirect their anger at the real provocateurs; media moguls like Rupert Murdoch, whose monopolizing corporate ties let them dominate and subdue oppositional ideas, restricting free speech more than expanding it. This was never Charlie’s goal.

And it should never be the goal of the millions of people who have written, spoken, drawn, and marched in solidarity with Charlie, including Francois Hollande, the UK’s David Cameron, Germany’s Angela Merkel, Israel’s Benjamin Netanyahu, Palestine’s Mahmoud Abbas, and countless others. #JeSuisCharlie isn’t about our right to speak over other people, but our responsibility to share the conversation with everyone. It’s also a difficult but extremely important challenge to the way we use language: our words must critique and replace violence, not accompany and sub-text it. As we Westerners hoist pencils and shout words from our moral high ground of free speech, we must think critically about whether those pencils are pointed against the tips of bullets—the ones fired at us and the many more we fire—or whether our pencils and our bullets are aimed in the same direction. Obama, I think, understands this distinction perfectly well. He did not attend the march.

Prevention of Executive Amnesty Act

The new majority in both Houses has introduced legislation that would prohibit the allocation of funds for the new immigration policies passed in 2014, which include (but are not limited to) preventing the deportation of children, as well as undocumented people that have no criminal record. Because the GOP wants you to know that infancy is no excuse for illegal immigration.

The legislation would fund Homeland Security and actually increase their budget by hundreds of millions of dollars, but provide zero funding to other departments, and effectively resume deportation of up to five million people, including children. Creative work, Representative Martha Roby of Alabama! What our government really needs right now are new laws that would prohibit existing laws by crippling their funding. It’s not like there’s any other, erm... process to do that sort of work.

There is also a Congressional push to repeal DACA, the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals law of 2012 that protects undocumented immigrants who arrived in the US under the age of 16 and have been here for five or more years. Because we also really need more law enforcement—especially federal law enforcement!—threatening young people of color. (Really?)

It’s worth pointing out here that if our country hadn’t pushed so aggressively for free trade agreements that bankrupted farms throughout Mexico, and if we hadn’t toppled regimes and funneled arms directly to military dictators and rebellions throughout Latin America’s history, thus setting the stage for the fantastic level of drug-related violence and instability from Mexico to Honduras to Colombia, the issue might not be what it is today.

The Keystone XL Act

This act, passed January 9th, authorizes the construction of the Keystone XL pipeline. The Pipeline would transport heavy bitumen, known as tar sands, from Canada to the southern US for refinement. President Obama recently rejected the pipeline, however he would now have to veto this law to stop its construction. However, members of Congress who support the pipeline say that they are not worried, not only have they developed advanced technology to combat water resistance to popular and presidential disapproval, they have also learned to breathe underwater in the case of melting ice caps and rising seas.

Save the American Workers Act

This bill redefines full-time work from 30 hours a week to 40, meaning that benefits that come with full-time employment do not need to be conferred to the lazybones who continue to blatantly ignore the imperative of an eight-hour day. The bill recently passed in the House and is likely to pass in the Senate, though President Obama is probably going to veto it. Obama knows that this Republican bill is partially designed as another weapon in the unrelenting war against Obamacare, meant to limit the “full-time employees” covered by the Affordable Care Act and make the law look ineffective. It continues the Republican’s Obama-era hobby of pointing out a wrench in the system by being that wrench.

When told that the Act may increase the deficit by forcing masses of people onto government health care, John Boehner reportedly stuck his fingers into his ear and began singing Ted Nugent songs.


The title pretty much says it all. But congratulations, it’s the least atrocious thing the 114th Congress has done so far. Keep ’em coming!

Keely Farrell

HR 324, 323, 322 and 316

If, after everything, you thought that our great nation’s post offices were all adequately named, you are sadly mistaken.

CHARLIE HEBDO—

The new majority in both Houses has introduced legislation that would prohibit the allocation of funds for the new immigration policies passed in 2014, which include (but are not limited to) preventing the deportation of people brought to the US as children, as well as undocumented people that have no criminal record. Because the GOP wants you to know that infancy is no excuse for illegal immigration.

The legislation would fund Homeland Security and actually increase their budget by hundreds of millions of dollars, but provide zero funding to other departments, and effectively resume deportation of up to five million people, including children. Creative work, Representative Martha Roby of Alabama! What our government really needs right now are new laws that would prohibit existing laws by crippling their funding. It’s not like there’s any other, erm... process to do that sort of work.

There is also a Congressional push to repeal DACA, the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals law of 2012 that protects undocumented immigrants who arrived in the US under the age of 16 and have been here for five or more years. Because we also really need more law enforcement—especially federal law enforcement!—threatening young people of color. (Really?)

It’s worth pointing out here that if our country hadn’t pushed so aggressively for free trade agreements that bankrupted farms throughout Mexico, and if we hadn’t toppled regimes and funneled arms directly to military dictators and rebellions throughout Latin America’s history, thus setting the stage for the fantastic level of drug-related violence and instability from Mexico to Honduras to Colombia, the issue might not be what it is today.

The Keystone XL Act

This act, passed January 9th, authorizes the construction of the Keystone XL pipeline. The Pipeline would transport heavy bitumen, known as tar sands, from Canada to the southern US for refinement. President Obama recently rejected the pipeline, however he would now have to veto this law to stop its construction. However, members of Congress who support the pipeline say that they are not worried, not only have they developed advanced technology to combat water resistance to popular and presidential disapproval, they have also learned to breathe underwater in the case of melting ice caps and rising seas.

Save the American Workers Act

This bill redefines full-time work from 30 hours a week to 40, meaning that benefits that come with full-time employment do not need to be conferred to the lazybones who continue to blatantly ignore the imperative of an eight-hour day. The bill recently passed in the House and is likely to pass in the Senate, though President Obama is probably going to veto it. Obama knows that this Republican bill is partially designed as another weapon in the unrelenting war against Obamacare, meant to limit the “full-time employees” covered by the Affordable Care Act and make the law look ineffective. It continues the Republican’s Obama-era hobby of pointing out a wrench in the system by being that wrench.

When told that the Act may increase the deficit by forcing masses of people onto government health care, John Boehner reportedly stuck his fingers into his ear and began singing Ted Nugent songs.


The title pretty much says it all. But congratulations, it’s the least atrocious thing the 114th Congress has done so far. Keep ’em coming!

Keely Farrell

HR 324, 323, 322 and 316

If, after everything, you thought that our great nation’s post offices were all adequately named, you are sadly mistaken.
Back in Burly: reasons why the queen city is awesome

by wes dunn

Despite the fact that I live off campus and therefore technically had no reason to leave Burlington during winter break, I ended up spending most of it away from the Queen City. Christmas with Mom, New Year’s with hometown friends, the annual grandparent visit…it all adds up, and before you know it, you’ve spent most of your break navigating bus stations and sleeping on couches. Having arrived back just in time for classes, I thought I’d be a little overwhelmed, having to transition from the relatively carefree schedule of winter break to the helter-skelter of college life. It’s true: instead of the few novels I tackled slowly over break, I’m back into the world of textbooks and retina-searing Blackboard PDFs. Instead of sleeping in and sitting around in my underwear until 3pm, I guess I’m supposed to put on pants (two pairs, with this cold) and actually go outside. But I’m psyched.

Maybe this is due in part to the fact that this is my second semester of Junior year and I can see the finish line, in a way. I’m certainly excited to move on to whatever it is that exists after college, but I’m also keenly aware of the things I’ll miss if/when I leave Burlington. A few that come to mind:

Diversity

Remember, I’m talking about Burlington, not UVM. Again, for being a relatively small city, Burlington has a heck of a lot going on. The Vermont Refugee Resettlement Program means that this is the home of many different people from all over the world. Walking around my North End neighborhood is often a lot like walking around a bigger city – I don’t really know what anyone is saying, and I feel keenly aware of how boring my clothes seem to be. And if you’re at all interested in traveling the world or teaching English abroad, in Burlington it behooves you to start by looking close to home. You can volunteer with Huertas Vermont, VRPR or get involved with the local schools and youth centers – I had a job at one point tutoring Somali students in Winooski on everything from basic math to citizenship tests.

Food, glorious food

Burlington tends to feature on pop articles about great places for local food, and it certainly doesn’t disappoint in that regard. This is a place where I can conceivably get practically all of my food from nearby – whether it’s the local sections of “City Markup,” the winter farmer’s market or Family Cow Farmstand’s raw milk delivery service. And if you don’t prioritize that kind of stuff, you still have to admit that for a city of its size, Burlington’s restaurant scene kicks ass.

Cars? What are these?

It doesn’t take much time away from Burlington to realize how much everything is really not set up for you unless you’re encased in a multi-ton vehicle. This isn’t to say that there aren’t a few great walkable communities out there, but Burlington is definitely one of the best I’ve encountered. As someone whose preferred transportation is biking, it’s great to be back in a city that doesn’t try to kill me when I do that. (cough, cough, Boston). And everything is manageable close. By bike, where I want to go is usually 15 minutes at most. Walks are usually under a half hour.

A little bit of everything

Burlington is not big. In fact, there has been a longstanding tradition of debate as to whether or not it even qualifies as a “city.” But when it comes down to it, pretty much everything you could want is here, not like that isolated frontier town – there are malls and shops that have everything you’d be able to acquire in a bigger city. There are cafes (two within five minutes’ walk from my door), restaurants, bars, music venues, movie theatres, art galleries, head shops, bookstores, etc. And while having all of this neat society stuff, Burlington also has lots of great natural areas right within city limits: Centennial Woods, Red Rocks, the Intervale, Winooski River parks, Oakledge Park and North Beach, to name a few. And as so many of us know, the mountains are not far at all. I love this balance – having all the amenities of urban life while not feeling confined within an asphalt and concrete landscape.

How to not freeze and die (no promises)

by kataritchie

Burlington is a frozen hellscape six months out of the year. If you haven’t figured this out, you are likely one of the following: a cold-imperious ski bum who fails to dress for winter conditions anywhere except the mountain, or a Southern transplant blissfully unaware of just how much of a frigid bitch this town is. If the former applies to you, layers. This goes beyond the usual; a sweater undershirts go under long sleeve shirts go under button-ups go under sweaters. If you own one of those really thin puffy coats, that’s only winter coat number one. If you’re not sure if your layer game is where it should be, an easy fix is to put on two of every type of clothing you own. If you can still put your arms down flat to your sides, better keep piling it on!

If you’re “one of those” who thinks it looks better not to bundle up, stop that. Stop that right now. This mostly applies to the “baby’s first winter” set who came from somewhere sunny and mystical like Southern California (can a New England-born cynic with maple syrup and standoffishness flowing through her veins get away with saying “SoCal?” I didn’t think so). You will look fat in a down coat that resembles a sleeping bag. Your hair will get fuzzed up under a knit hat. There is no way for winter boots to not be bulky and horrible. Welcome to your winter wardrobe, see you in April.

Church Street is a goddamn wind tunnel. Throw that right on top of “classical music at all times” and “outdoor no-smoking ordinance to please rich, white tourists” to add to the list of things that are terrible about it. Concern your finances and your body heat and stay away until the sun is still up past like 4 in the afternoon.

Other places to avoid: choose your location strategically. Most slumlords who callously rent the decrepit properties in our town until spring if you’re not trying to die of hypothermia from their un-insulated windows. As for campus hot spots (literally speaking), Old Mill is toasty as fuck, so congrats, liberal arts majors: we’re better reaping the benefits now before we all inevitably end up halfheartedly teaching middle school social studies, because that’s all people are qualified to do. Waterman swings freely between subzero and Earth’s core, so if you walk through there really fast, you should reach a somewhat uncomfortable equilibrium. I can’t speak for Votey or anything on hard-science turf, but if Kalkin basement’s nickname is “the dungeon,” I can’t imagine it’s all that temperate.

Assuming you still make it to campus if the temperature has dared to flirt with negative numbers (for which I applaud you), don’t be afraid to disturb class as much as necessary to wrestle your winter gear back on in the middle of a lecture. Will people turn their heads at you conspicuously burying back into a pile of nylon and goose down? Yes. Whatever, they’re just mad they’re not warm. Oh, and it probably bears mentioning that there are some little-known greenhouses out by Jeffords, so if you’re thinking of nursing that long-standing interest in botany, the dead of a Vermont winter might be the perfect time to get started.
wet dreams:  
a veteran's guide to keeping fish

by kerrymartin

Alright, you guppies: so you want to set up a fish tank? Whenever I move into a new place (dorm, apartment, lean-to, etc.), fish are pretty much the first thing on my mind. I assume you’re the same way, because there are two kinds of people in this world: people who own fish, and people who wish they owned fish.

I know my way around the block when it comes to freshwater fish. I started five years ago with a one-gallon bowl and a crab named Tyrone Biggums; now I have a 30-gallon community tank with 15 fish and eight live plants (which makes me the coolest guy you know). Living in a house off-campus admittedly makes that much easier, but I also maintained a 10-gallon community tank in my Redstone dorm, carrying 100% of my fish and supplies back from Petco on foot. So quit your whining. Here are some basic tips for any current or prospective fish-owners.

Start small but not too small. While a one-gallon bowl might seem right for a young fish-keeping padawan, there’s not much you can learn from a bowl other than remembering to feed the damn thing. Admittedly, this idea might be rooted in my irrational contempt for betta fish, usually sold in wimpy little bowls (seriously though, fuck bettas). But fish bowls actually cause more problems than tanks: they get dirtier faster, have limited filtration and oxygenation, and soon become fishy death camps (and then, flower vases). Plus, they won’t teach you anything about filters, and your water needs bacteria.

Fuck goldfish. Here are the three mealy reasons pet stores sell goldfish: they’re cheap, they’re resilient, and they live in cold water and don’t require a heater. However, they won’t get along with any other fish, they’ll die in heated water (which all other store-bought fish require), and they shit everywhere. Fishkeepers have choked goldfish with their own shit for generations; were the roles reserved, goldfish would put our toilets on our ceilings. Goldfish are gross. Plus, plenty of other fish are both cheap and hearty: loaches, mollies, guppies, swordtails, angelfish, gouramis, pacus, rainbows...there are plenty of awesome fish with attitude but not aggression. Be sure to get a cleaning crew of shrimp, snails, sias, mese algae eaters, and bushy-nosed pecios too!

Do water changes. Hard to call your tank healthy without regular water changes, once a month as a bare minimum. You’ll want to buy and use a very cheap and simple tool called a gravel vacuum, which will suck up waste caught in the gravel as well as the dirtiest, most contaminated water at the tank’s base. Make sure to refill the tank with dechlorinated water afterwards!

Watch over your kingdom. Ten minutes of fishwatching a day has been proven to reduce stress levels significantly. That’s why they put fish tanks in doctors’ offices.

A veteran’s guide to keeping fish.

happiest hour: broad city

by cullenhairson

Rejoice! Broad City, everyone’s favorite stoner comedy show with two of the funniest women on television, just premiered its second season. Broad City takes place in New York and revolves around two girls trying to make it in the big city, starring Abbi Jacobson and Ilana Glazer. Their web series turned into a primetime show on Comedy Central with the help of legend Amy Poehler, one of the executive producers. With the help of the water tower, you too can get intoxicated along with Abbi and Ilana as they go about their lives irresponsibly as possible.

Drink when:
Abbi does something incredibly embarrassing around Jeremy
Ilana isn’t doing any work – at work
Lincoln gets overly excited/overly depressed over something
Jaime mentions he’s illegal
Abbi fails at being an artist
Ilana makes a weird face
Ilana wears something extremely inappropriate for the current situation
Trey bows to Abbi at work (after telling her to clean something)
Abbi or Ilana compares themselves to Beyoncé/Jay-Z/Oprah/any celebrities
Abbi or Ilana talks about someone’s penis

Finish your drink:
Ilana mentions her sexual love for Abbi
Abbi or Ilana gets really, really high

Don’t overcrowd. For every gallon of tank you have, you’re allowed about one inch of fish length. It may not seem like much, but limiting fish density will make both your and their lives much easier. It will keep the water and gravel cleaner, create a calmer community, and allow individual fish to grow bigger.

Pick the right fish. You’re going to walk into store, see the most badass section of fish, and say, “Those are dope, I want those!” They’re cichlids: yes they are dope, and no you can’t have them. To be real, cichlids are pricks: they’ll terrorize other fish and each other, nipping at fins if not swallowing other fish whole. You don’t need that, you need a community tank! Danios, barbs, tetras, loaches, mollies, guppies, swordtails, angelfish, gouramis, pacus, rainbows...there are plenty of awesome fish with attitude but not aggression. Be sure to get a cleaning crew of shrimp, snails, siemese algae eaters, and bushy-nosed pecios too!

Do water changes. Hard to call your tank healthy without regular water changes, once a month as a bare minimum. You’ll want to buy and use a very cheap and simple tool called a gravel vacuum, which will suck up waste caught in the gravel as well as the dirtiest, most contaminated water at the tank’s base. Make sure to refill the tank with dechlorinated water afterwards!

Watch over your kingdom. Ten minutes of fishwatching a day has been proven to reduce stress levels significantly. That’s why they put fish tanks in doctors’ offices.
It’s Christmas afternoon and nineteen members of my family and I have organized ourselves into a circle of chairs surrounding a pile of presents. With all the gifts on the ground before us, it may seem we have gathered to discuss the disappearance of the large Christmas tree. Fortunately, this is not the case and the only mystery surrounding the items is concealed within these bags of numbered paper scrap. The numbers amount to the public, there are definite risks of exposing harbored animosity swap works for us because our dislike for each other is quite to daily life.

The numbers amount to the public, there are definite risks of exposing harbored animosity swap works for us because our dislike for each other is quite

Some, perhaps chuckling at an inside joke, perhaps carelessly wrapping package, slowly, smiling at loved ones, perhaps, certainly, can make you, perhaps, during a laugh about the personality quirk that the gift brings to mind. We, in aBegin the Capitol mud-slinging, the Swap never ceases to transform a group of upper-middle-class suburbanites into a pack of barking, yipping, argyle-sock-wearing baby wolves. It’s Christmas afternoon and nineteen members of my family and I have organized ourselves into a circle of chairs surrounding a pile of presents. With all the gifts on the ground before us, it may seem we have gathered to discuss the disappearance of the large Christmas tree. Fortunately, this is not the case and the only mystery surrounding the items is concealed within these bags of numbered paper scrap. The numbers amount to the public, there are definite risks of exposing harbored animosity swap works for us because our dislike for each other is quite
It is with saddest regrets that we take a moment of silence to remember the great thoroughbred Peyton Manning. On Sunday, January 11, 2015, John Elway was forced to put down his prized bronco after another losing loss in the playoffs. Peyton Manning is recognized as the most recent in a long line of losing members of the Denver Broncos breed. He has followed in the tragic footsteps of his predecessors, Tim Tebow, Mark Sanchez, and Jay Cutler. It was through this despondent form of euthanasia that Elway and the rest of the NFL was able to prevent Peyton from greater suffering and even more disappointment.

Peyton the Bronco was quite the workhorse during the regular season; however, his playoff record left much to be desired. He is the holder of five regular season MVP awards, as well as the records for most career passing touchdowns, most touchdowns in a single season, and most passing yards in a single season. However, once the playoffs rolled around, Peyton left much to be desired. With just an 11-13 playoff record, and nearly a Super Bowl win, Peyton proved to be ineffective at surpassing many of the other more successful thoroughbreds on the track, including his younger foal Eli and me, the great stallion Tom Brady.

It was very clear that the great horse Peyton has never been the same ever since his head and neck were reattached to his body in 2011. Peyton underwent a series of gruesome neck surgeries over his career, which clearly affected his play on the track. This season he also suffered a torn quad injury that he endured through the months of December and January. It was difficult to determine if his playoff incompetence this season stemmed more from his injured quad or from his old age. Regardless, it is clear that his owners had had enough of the mediocrity. They put him down due to a mix of old age, injuries, and lack of success in big races.

As Peyton's former owner, Jim Irsay has stated on record, he had been looking for more championship wins from his leading thoroughbreds. His decision to sell Peyton and invest in the young colt Andrew Luck has proven quite wise. His Indianapolis franchise has made it to the AFC Championship Game this season where they will play the superior New England Patriots.

We will remember the great horse Peyton Manning as we remember the delicious appetizer to the superior main course. May he finally find what he is looking for in the great beyond, where records matter more than Super Bowl victories.

R.I.P.

peyton manning

putting down the sluggish steed

by tombrady

The New England Patriots completely dominated the Indianapolis Colts, a win much celebrated in the Northeastern region of the United States, but not quite celebrated by the North-Midwestern region. The win, according to a collection of New England fans I encountered stumbling out of a bar while walking downtown, was "fucking awesome," and "just what the Patriots needed to get to the Super Bowl." No comment from any drunken hordes of Indianapolis fans, as I assume that they are in Indianapolis somewhere. Quarterback Tom Brady was equally as eager to give his opinion of the game afterward, saying, "We totally took the ball and put it in the end zone. A couple of times, actually. That's really what the key is to winning." Devin McCourty, the team's safety, buttin in at this point, saying, "Tom, don't forget, we also have to stop the other team from putting the football in the end zone, too." Brady nodded in agreement.

"Oh yeah," he said, "that too. We had this knowledge of how to win, and we just used it to gain more points in the allotted time. Easy as pie." The Packers were a surprise, though. They were our underdog, if anything, but their attempts will be futile. The exits will be unsure of what to do at first, though it can only be assumed that Coach Carroll of the Seahawks will wish that he was there to probe the invaders with questions about the greater universe outside the earth's fragile web of knowledge. Soon after it lands, a small door will open on the side of the spacecraft, and a wave of space-spiders will emerge, instantly devouring most of the people inside of the stadium, both the players and the onlookers.

Many of the people will try to escape, but their attempts will be futile. The exits will crowd and result in more than a few human-trampolings. The space spiders will eat every person inside of the stadium, and soon after use it as their base for a full-scale invasion of earth. We can't, as of the time of the printing of this article, determine whether or not the United Nations will authorize the use of nuclear force against these otherworldly invaders—to find that out, you'll have to tune in to the broadcast on Super Bowl Sunday.

note: at the time of writing this article, none of the games mentioned had been played—this is all speculation and is only probably what will take place.

the final four

nfl predictions from an expert analyst

by leonardbartenstein

The game will start off in the first quarter, the Patriots quickly using Brady's "take-the-ball-and-put-it-in-the-end-zone" strategy fairly effectively. The Packers will come back with a strong drive, but lose possession after an attempt at making a third down at the twenty-one yard line. They'll be more successful in holding off the Patriots offense, much to the intense enjoyment of Coach McCarthy. The first quarter will be rounded off with a field goal from the Packers, leaving the score at 7-3 at the close of the quarter. The second quarter will be the sort of quarter that gets talked about more for the commercials than the actual game, cumulating with a field goal from both teams, going into the half with a score of 10-6, New England leading.

The game will resume in the third quarter with a quick drive and touchdown by the Packers, much to the chagrin of the Patriots defense, who will kick themselves for forgetting the "don't-let-the-other-team-put-the-ball-in-the-end-zone" part of their game strategy. The Patriots will come out with a strong drive to rebut against the Packers's drive, but will be cut short when, with two minutes left in the quarter, a large spacecraft will touch down in the middle of the field—pun intended. The crowd and players will be unsure of what to do at first, though it can only be assumed that Coach Carroll of the Seahawks will wish that he was there to probe the invaders with questions about the greater universe outside the earth's fragile web of knowledge. Soon after it lands, a small door will open on the side of the spacecraft, and a wave of space-spiders will emerge, instantly devouring most of the people inside of the stadium, both the players and the onlookers.

This brings us to the Super Bowl, and boy, will it be a doozy. While we don't yet have the technology to travel to the future to discover what the outcome will be, and we lack the funding to actually fix the game, we can provide a few predictions to how the much-anticipated game will play out.

With just an 11-13 playoff record and around, Peyton left much to be desired. With just an 11-13 playoff record, and nearly a Super Bowl win, Peyton proved to be ineffective at surpassing many of the other more successful thoroughbreds on the track, including his younger foal Eli and me, the great stallion Tom Brady.

We will remember the great horse Peyton Manning as we remember the delicious appetizer to the superior main course. May he finally find what he is looking for in the great beyond, where records matter more than Super Bowl victories.

We will remember the great horse Peyton Manning as we remember the delicious appetizer to the superior main course. May he finally find what he is looking for in the great beyond, where records matter more than Super Bowl victories.

We will remember the great horse Peyton Manning as we remember the delicious appetizer to the superior main course. May he finally find what he is looking for in the great beyond, where records matter more than Super Bowl victories.

We will remember the great horse Peyton Manning as we remember the delicious appetizer to the superior main course. May he finally find what he is looking for in the great beyond, where records matter more than Super Bowl victories.

We will remember the great horse Peyton Manning as we remember the delicious appetizer to the superior main course. May he finally find what he is looking for in the great beyond, where records matter more than Super Bowl victories.

We will remember the great horse Peyton Manning as we remember the delicious appetizer to the superior main course. May he finally find what he is looking for in the great beyond, where records matter more than Super Bowl victories.
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

I started behind you, I certainly gave you a look, you carried a newspaper and a seemingly good book.

Not a hair out of place, and pants showing off that ass, we parted ways as I walked quickly to class.

But later that day you appeared!

Traveling by bus, I swear it was fate, if I only had the courage to ask you on a date.

We got off at the same stop, oh how I was pleased, I'll always wish you went into the same building as me.

When: Thursday before finals
Where: Central campus
I saw: A very attractive guy

Do you like to write? Draw? Talk about the crazy shit that happens to you? Maybe write about all that crazy shit?

the water tower wants you!

We meet on
Tuesdays @ 7:30 pm
in the Williams Family Room, Davis Center
Bring your shit … we want to hear about it.

Eds: Alright UVM, we know you weird kids say more perplexing, freaking, uncalled-for, and all-around bizarre stuff around campus. Eavesdrop on your community and let’s all reflect on the good, bad, ugly, and plain old nonsensical shit everyone’s talking about. Submit it on uvm.edu/~watertwr

overheard a conversation in b-town? was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational? tell the ear and we’ll print it. uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

Ed: Bailey/Howe
Girl one: Wait, why would he get his masters in business?
Girl two: Because, he wants to be able to manage… something.

University Heights North
Guy (on phone): No, really, you can drunk text me whenever you want.

Fishbowl
Girl: Oh no, is that racist?
Guy: Not if it’s true!

Davis Center
Student 1: Dude, it’s chyllabus week, this is like the only time you can do stuff.
Student 2: Dude… I’m in CEMS, we don’t do chyllabus.
Student 1: Whatever.

Downtown
Recently-laid lass: Pussy put his ass to sleep, now he callin’ me NyQuil.

Henderson’s
Female 1: I love seeing pictures of other people’s cats! Or just cats in general, really.

Marche
Lady: I don’t want to get a hug from a huge dickhole.
Dude: …that’s docking.

Living/Learning D
Punk Rock Lady: If I’m not punk rock when I’m 80, I might as well be dead.

Athletic Campus
Angry Man: Oi! Universe! Wot you think you’re doin’ hangin’ out in outer space? Come down ’ere, I’ll kick your ass!

The Dudley Davis Center
Girl: Ba-da-duh-da-da-duh! Millenials!

Downtown
Curious Lady: Where’s her nipple?

Excited Man: You’ve got it! Sauron’s Booty? You’ve found it!

The Fishbowl
Enlightened Woman: I need to stop using the first person in these hypothetical situations. It’s going to get me in trouble.

Marche
Future Poet: It’s like 10,000 monks chanting “ohm” at you all at once in the wilderness… and a yak orgasming. Fong-ing, try it.

remember to check out the overflow on the blog! thewatertower.tumblr.com
**The War on Drugs: Lost in the Dream**

Despite considerable criticism from Mark Kozelek of Sun Kil Moon, the War on Drugs have produced a masterpiece. *Lost in the Dream* is simply the best album, from start to finish, of 2014. Every song melts the listener's mind, and lofts dreamily across the soundscape of the album. The major subject breached is love and loss, as it reflects a difficult time in the life of lead singer and guitarist Adam Granduciel. Lost love provides the inspiration for some of the best music ever made, as it painfully evokes the most empathic emotions from the worst of times. Let the soothing guitars of *Lost in the Dream* carry you away.

**Key Tracks:** “Under the Pressure,” “Red Eyes,” and “An Ocean in Between the Waves”

---

**Flying Lotus: You’re Dead!**

Steven Ellison's newest album is a fast-paced adventure into the heart of man as he descends into madness. *You’re Dead!* also manages to uniquely combine the genres of electronic, hip-hop, and jazz in one cohesive album.

**Key Tracks:** “Tesla” and “Never Catch Me”

---

**Sylvan Esso: Sylvan Esso**

This unique and unexpected album combines the talented voice of Amelia Meath with the producing skill of Nick Sanborn of the band Megafaun. The first album by the duo is an absolute gem that features heavy synths and soulful lyrics. Interestingly enough, Meath also played in the band Mountain Man, which was based out of Bennington, Vermont.

**Key Tracks:** “Could I Be” and “Coffee”

---

**Real Estate: Atlas**

Another album tinged with songs of regret, Real Estate's third album is their most complete. Each song can stand on its own, while still playing a critical role in the album as a whole. But really, everything this band puts out is gold, including their live performances.

**Key Tracks:** “Primitive” and “Talking Backwards”

---

**Death Cab for Cutie: Kintsugi (3/31/15)**

After the departure of founding member Chris Walla, Death Cab for Cutie needs to figure out how to soldier on as a trio. The scholarly indie rock group has begun to smell smoke in the distance. But, at the same time, his peculiar charm keeps me spinning through his second album. And I'm not going to lie, Mac's emotions freak me out a little bit. But, at the same time, his peculiar charm keeps me spinning Salad Days again and again. Mac leisurely strums his guitar, and hints that there may be something amiss below the surface. "Spend some time alone" with *Salad Days*, even though he has never been known to be shy.

**Key Tracks:** “Blockbuster Night Part 1” and “Close Your Eyes and Count to Fuck”

---

**Joey Bada$$: Bada$$ (1/20/15)**

Joey Bada$$ has been a medium player in the rap conversation, but he is getting primed to join the big boys. His fame has been growing rapidly as of late and with plenty of momentum coming from his two incredibly successful mix-tapes, *Summer Knights*, his new album has potential to blow up. The Pro Era leader recently came into the news when Malia Obama posted an Instagram of her wearing one of his shirts. Even though many people are unhappy with his newfound fame, all press is good press.

**Other Key Tracks:** “Interpol: “All the Rage Back Home””

---

**Kanye West: TBA (Second Half 2015)**

Kanye West will surely keep you on the edge of your seat. Their shrill guitars bring us right back to 2012. Their shrill guitars will surely keep you on the edge of your seat.

**Key Tracks:** “Chamber of Reflection” and “Passing out Pieces”

---

**anticipated albums of 2015**

---

**Future Islands: Singles**

Future Islands’ fourth album is unarguably their catchiest and most well-loved. Spawned by their incredible performance on David Letterman, and followed up by their awesome tour (including a Burlington stop), Future Islands have massively increased their popularity worldwide this year. Although this CD does not have much cohesion, each song alone stands out as great. Much of the album has depressive tones of separation and lost love, but it nevertheless managed to rise as my album of the summer. Also check out the BADBADNOTGOOD's reinterpretation of "Seasons (Waiting on You)", which is a downright awesome remix.

**Key tracks:** “A Dream of You and Me” “Doves” and “Back in the Tall Grass”

---

**Run the Jewels 2**

The second album from Killer Mike and El-P is without a doubt the best rap/hip-hop album of the year. Featuring what may be the best mashup of black and white since the Oreo, these two rappers drop absolute bombs on every track. If we're lucky, they will release the third installment of *Run the Jewels* in 2015.

**Key Tracks:** “Blockbuster Night Part 1” and “Close Your Eyes and Count to Fuck”

---

**St. Vincent: St. Vincent**

Annie Clark, possibly the best contemporary female guitarist, is absolutely rips it up on basically every track she records with her unique fuzzy, awesome sound. Her newest album is phenomenal. Although not as soft as some of her previous albums, this album features distinct lyrics, jamming riffs, and electronic undertones.

**Key Tracks:** “Birth in Reverse” and “Digital Witness”

---

**Spoon: They Want My Soul**

Spoon has been around the block; *They Want My Soul* is their eighth studio album, and in my opinion, their most heterogenous work to date. This album, like pretty much all of their previous ones, rocks. But it also features techno and electronic beats that ease the listener from start to finish.

**Key Tracks:** “Do You” and “Inside Out”

---

**Cloud Nothings: Here and Nowhere Else**

I had to include a punkish album in this list because, lets be honest, I have to stay true to my roots. This band is phenomenal. If you have never heard of these guys, check out this album and their 2012 release, *Attack on Memory*. Their shrill guitars will surely keep you on the edge of your seat.

**Key Tracks:** “Now Hear In” and “I’m Not Part of Me”

---

**Mac DeMarco: Salad Days**

Honestly, Mac seems like a lonely guy as he echoes “all alone” and concerned wailing throughout his second album. And I’m not going to lie, Mac’s emotions freaks me out a little bit. But, at the same time, his peculiar charm keeps me spinning Salad Days again and again. Mac leisurely strums his guitar, and hints that there may be something amiss below the surface. “Spend some time alone” with *Salad Days*, already.

**Key Tracks:** “Chamber of Reflection” and “Passing out Pieces”

---

**Kanye West: TBA (Second Half 2015)**

Kanye West’s scratchy, angry vocals have been heard yet this decade. After years of touring around the world and making guest appearances at festivals, the legendary gritty garage rock band has found themselves back in the studio. It’s been 8 years since their last record, and 6 since any new music was released. If we look into the crystal ball of the past, we can remember blaring “Float On” in our youths. With their first single in 6 years, *Lampshades on Fire*, released last month, it seems like we’re close. Let’s hope the rest of *Strangers to Ourselves* brings us right back to that precious moment.

**Key tracks:** "Lampshades on Fire", released last month.
Rich Barton, a small bookstore owner in the city of Burlington Noir, found that his books are being used to deal drugs by the notorious Rachael Valencé. He called upon the infamous Grant Daverson to help him on the case, who helped him uncover some clues, even solving the murder of Valencé’s sister along the way. Now, however, the investigation is getting stale…

“I’m not sure where you’re going with this,” said Grant Daverson, tossing the manuscript back onto the counter like another log on a dying fire.

“What do you mean?” asked Rich Barton, gathering up the scattered paper in his hands, shuffling them back into order like a blackjack dealer in Vegas on a busy night, so that he’ll be ready to deal out to the high-rollers when they saddle up to his table. “It’s like I’m the Watson to your Holmes—the Sheppard to your Poirot—the Shaggy and Scooby to your Fred, Daphne, and Velma…” Daverson urged him on with a rolling hand motion.

“My point is, it’s my job to write down what happened in this mystery.”

“Do you have any idea how cliché that is?” asked Grant. He lit up a cigarette inside of the bookstore, and exhaled in the general direction of the ‘no smoking’ sign, just to show how little he cared about established rules.

“I suppose I do,” said Barton. He leaned back against the shelf behind the counter. “I wish I could write more, but you’ve gotten no further on this whole Valencé thing.”

“It may seem that way,” said Daverson, leaning forward against the counter like the Tower of Pisa might, were it leaning on something, rather than leaning onto thin air. “And I’m sure that your readers, whether real or—more probably—not, think the same. But, in face, I have made progress.” Reaching into his jacket, he pulled out a small envelope and placed it on the counter between them.

Barton picked it up and examined it. “Shrek: the Musical tickets?” he asked. Daverson snatched the envelope back and stuffed it inside his coat again. He rummaged around in his interior pockets and produced another, similarly shaped envelope.

“That was for me,” he said. “This envelope contains my new lead.”

Barton took the envelope and opened it, producing two tickets. “The Trans-Asian Bullet Train?” he asked. “What’s going on there?”

“We are,” said Daverson. “And so is a large shipment of Valencé’s drugs and higher-up goons.”

“You know I have a small business and can’t just leave—”

“We leave in two days’ time,” said Daverson, taking the tickets back. “Be there—or be square.” He stepped through the door, just poking his head back through to address Barton, “…or be square.”
Lyric of the (Bi)Week:

“I’ll take my seat atop the Brooklyn Bridge
With a Coke and a bag of chips
To watch a thousand lemmings plummet just because
The first one slipped”

-9-5ers Anthem, Aesop Rock