church street
changeup:
what a different downtown means for burlington

“When you’re alone and life is making you lonely, you can always go downtown.”

— Petula Clark

by dansuder

Whether you’re returning to UVM for your fifth year or you’re new around here, you’ve probably already spent a significant chunk of time in downtown Burlington. Shopping on Church Street, frisbee by the waterfront, shows at Metronome and the Radio Bean, and yes, parties on the side streets – downtown has it all. Except Borders and Old Navy, two of the biggest Church Street retailers, are now the former Borders and the old Old Navy. Now there’s only one bookstore and ZERO places to buy two pairs of flip-flops for $3.50. So what’s the big idea? Burlington is supposed to be a certain way, right? There are supposed to be hippies, coffee shops, didgeridoo-playing weirdos, more places to eat burritos than there are citizens and, yes, a couple of big national stores where I can get cheap clothes and expensive books. But Burlington has changed before, and the sturdy Burlingtonians managed to survive. For example, Rite Aid purchased the entire Brooks Pharmacy brand in 2007, quadrupling the company’s Vermont presence and, to the dismay of at least one of that era’s water tower writers, dropping its downtown store’s hours from 24/7 to, well, something less convenient. People asked, “How will I fill my prescriptions at 3 AM?” They wondered, “If my art project requires even more tampons and Post-It notes, where will I go at this hour?” They were worried, but they quickly found their answers (“You won’t!” and “Um, like, Price Chopper, probably…”). I moved on. The same thing’s happening today. You can still buy books and CDs. There’s Crew Bookstore for cool used books, indie comics, and enough Western pulp novels to make John Wayne blush. There’s a Barnes & Noble down the road for your plastic-wrapped New Age canine aromatherapy tomes and 30-dollar AC/DC compilation albums. So readers and listeners of the world, cool your jets. Breathe in. Breathe out. You’ll be OK.

“...but what about my CLOTHES?” you whine in your whiniest whining whine. Well, UVM students handle fit into three categories. First option: You never shop at Old Navy anyway. You drive your Beamer to J. Crew or Banana Republic or wherever it is that they sell Polo Ralph Lauren, and that’s not going to change. Second option: You never shop at Old Navy anyway. You ride your rustbucket of a used bike to Goodwill or the Shalom Shuk or sometimes even Urban Outfitters, and that also won’t change. The third option: You do shop at Old Navy! SHIT! Well, now you just take the bus to their new Williston location, and you’re golden! Nice!

For consumers, then, it doesn’t really seem like a big deal. And that’s not even taking into account the replacement stores: a bigger, still-local Outdoor Gear Exchange and a Panera franchise in the case of Old Navy and a nobody-knows-but-fingers-crossed-for-something-awesome at Borders. Panera, though, seems to be making everyone uncomfortable. People say things like, “Don’t get me wrong, I love Panera, and their spinach artichoke dip is to die for, but really, not in Burlington…” and “Church Street already has sandwich stores up the wazoo, we don’t need another one. Especially a national chain.” But I think everyone can agree that Panera is a better, more socially responsible company than Gap, Inc., which owns Old Navy. There’s no question that Panera is a better, more socially responsible company than Gap, Inc., which owns Old Navy. They need to take a big ol’ chillaxative.

At this point you can consider me absolutely perplexed. I did the equivalent of sprinting on my phone. My fingers were tensely hoping to get to the bottom of this mystery. Once at the website, I searched my phone number and got zero searches: I had no idea what the fuck was going on. And then I got a text: “Hey can u do a $50 quickie 4 15 mins?”

I responded: “I’m not that cheap, sir.” My strong Spanish accent, so remembering everything that was happening with someone else. And two minutes after that. And two minutes after that. All of these phone calls were from New York City.

To whoever is responsible for this: congratulations. You got me.

This all sounds nice, yes, the following is based on actual events. On Sunday, September 18th, at 4:12 PM, I received a phone call from a phone number I didn’t recognize. Given that my name gives me a predilection for curiosity, I answered, wondering what it implied about the Saturday night, and if I actually gave my phone number to that guy who runs City Hall Sliders, or whether that was a dream. A man was calling, and after hearing my distinctly non-vee voice, he apologized, and asserted that he had the wrong number. I told him not to worry about it, hung up, and thought nothing of it.

Four minutes later the exact same thing happened with someone else. And two minutes after that. And two minutes after that. All of these phone calls were from New York City.

At this point, you can consider me puzzled. By the time of the tenth phone call, I finally worked up the nerve to ask this new caller some questions. He spoke with a strong Spanish accent, so remembering the strong Spanish accent, so remembering everything that was happening with someone else. And two minutes after that. And two minutes after that. All of these phone calls were from New York City.

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Hey Colby Nixon,

Sometimes reading the water tower news makes our readers want to get naked and fight for women to drive, this is a big fucking deal. "Women will be able to run as candidates in municipal elections (granted, no one votes in national, and yes, he probably poured that vodka "shortly before the crash). Not one June (by plowing into a motorway) had anyone ever keep track of this shit?"

"A lot of people judge me by what I wear, say, "I'm rich biatch!" He additionally mentions every time regarding the asinine disregard of winning recruits hookers and drugs is expected.

It's not fair to those of us who wish we had a little less judgment coming from you. You don't know me, but you think you do. A lot of people judge me by what I wear, say, "I'm rich biatch!" He additionally mentions every time regarding the asinine disregard of winning recruits hookers and drugs is expected.

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It may be hard to believe, but did you know that

Most Nasty Bike Seats

by colby

Most Rally Cat Sightings

by kitty faraji

Most Disturbing Text Messages

by eliza carver
I recently received a funny e-mail from a friend. A joke, I thought. But no, it was real. It was a complaint. A complaint about a smell. A smell that had permeated the surrounding area for days. A smell that was unexplained, uncontrolled, and unexpected.

The smell was pervasive. It lingered in the air, seeping into every nook and cranny. It was a smell of donuts. A sweet, sugary smell that was both welcoming and alarming. People in the area were starting to wonder where it was coming from. They were speculating: Was it a bakery? A donut shop? A chemical plant?

Days later, I smelled it again. This time, it was stronger. It wafted through the same spot on campus. Sort of.

I was curious. I decided to check it out. I started to follow the smell, hoping the smell of it would soon lead me to the source of it. I was hopeful. But I wasn't long before I noticed the donut smell spreading throughout my windows. It was strong. It was getting stronger.

And then I saw it. Koffee Kup Bakery. 398 River Avenue, Burlington, Vermont. Thousands of donuts, fresh from the oven, wafting into my bedroom windows. The mystery of the phantom donuts was solved.

Burlington, Vermont, is a city that has its own unique scent. A blend of the city's history, its architecture, and its culture. It's a scent that is both familiar and foreign. But on that day, the smell of donuts was the predominant scent. And the mystery of where it came from was solved.

The smell of donuts was a welcome surprise. It was a reminder of the city's vibrant food culture. And it was a reminder of the city's unique identity. Burlington, Vermont, truly is a city that is worth exploring.
over the past few months. I remember thinking that the first time I belch. I remember thinking that I might even try to memorize the lyrics to “The Party Song.”

This very same question can be applied to any shoe salesman with a foot fetish. When I asked him, “What do you think Olivia Benson’s ever-changing hair? What do you think of your life?”

really disappointed that you guys don’t seem to care about the fresh prince run.
Landing off campus definitely has its challenges, and per-
haps the greatest of these is adjusting to living without
strictures. One never really knows what one is
missing until it is wrenched from its chains, and
foundering in this strange and unfamiliar realm of basic
provision. As a genus, we have discovered that it is a
lot easier to eat a lot of food when you are

Visually: 5. Fruit-

4. Chocolate-

2. Granola bars-

snack

of-camp survival guide: food staples

by Lindsay Gabel

It’s the middle of your class. You’ve been diligent for the first half, taking in important
details and taking notes (that if you ever decide to actually go camping) could inspire
a plus-size or even an avant-garde winning novel. You have been so focused in your
mind that you have completely forgotten about eating. However, as you focus on your notes
then, even a whiff of a lighted food fight, comes a low rumble of thunder from
inside your stomach, and you begin to feel the 

hot sauce

there are endless amount of excellent jellies, not to mention any number of ingredients to
taste nothing like they might otherwise, including that cassette you just uptaped up that has the
taste of a symphony of spices. What’s that “one flavor fits all” approach to cooking when with hot sauce, dif-
fers from one to the next, and you might actually end up with a dish that you actually

This ungodly maze

by Josh Payton

It can’t believe we’re out of milk.”
He adds “I can’t contribute anymore, but
I can do laundry and dishes…”

“Relax Kylie, we’ll get milk later when I get out of work,
but you’re not going to make coffee.”

“Kylie… ”

It’s already been a long night, especially for those who
have to drive to work the next day. Kylie is sick of
this mind and the cold. I liked

for a spell, or the smell of the

sick of this mind and the cold. I liked

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The Besties: Will be there for every embarrassing moment in your four years of college, and make sure you never forget them.

The Stoner: Supplies you on 4/20, also tends to have really good snacks for your drunchies.

The Nerd: You sit next to in class because they’ll give you notes for April 20th, and let’s face it, every Friday morning class.

The Athlete: When all else fails, you need the fallback party text for the rugby/soccer/ultimate/polo/base-oh scratch that, sorry!-house.

The Good-Looking Wingman: Always helps you get the second-best at the party.

The One with the iPhone: They’re just so damn useful—and if you already have an iPhone, you got to have someone to play Words with Friends with. (Ps. Doodle Jump now has multiplayer.)

The Frat Bro: Who actually pays for a ticket?

The UVM Celebrity: Hockey players, Top Cats…or water tower writers…?

The Sketchy Connection: For when you occasionally have a need for sketchy things…we’ll leave it at that.

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