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

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

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

Upon hearing our baby cloud theory, Angela Pagilotto scoffed loudly and declared that this was the spittle reaction steals my purple rubs boogers underneath her chair; she disgusts me. My utmost repulsion aside, Angela did offer some intriguing insights after twice referring to James and me as “real, live stupid-heads.” Angela said that a woman does not, in fact, expand with air when expecting a child, but rather that the belly is enlarged for purposes of housing the infant—an interesting claim.

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

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

\textit{... read the rest on page 7}
Toddlers of the world!
Welcome to your source for the hard hitting stories, advice, and information relevant to you and your daily life. We here at the water tower strive to give you, readers, the access to the things those adults don't want us to know. From Cootie prevention, to where your little sister actually came from, to the biggest issues in classroom politics, this issue has got it all.

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

-The Eds

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

what i’m told with dannissim

“I hope you have children as annoying as you someday.”

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

“If you keep making that face, it’ll get stuck that way.”

- My annoying cousin keeps trying to convince me of this truth. I hope he enjoys the surprise I left for him under his pillow.

“My grandma, trying to convince me that she’s not as young as she looks. Please, Grandma. No one works the diner circuit quite like you.

“Your’e my favorite, but don’t tell your siblings!”

- My mom always tells me this, but I have a hard time believing it’s true. My brothers and sisters tell me that they’ve heard the same thing.

How can we all be mommy’s favorite?

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

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

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

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

Fruit as “Dessert”: I’m not a fruit hating crazy child. I’ve indulged in my fare share of orange slices and apples with peanut butter (and chocolate chips if I’ve been good!) and happen to enjoy them. But there is no way in hell that you can possibly convince me that fruit counts as dessert. Cookies are dessert. Cake is dessert. Fruit is not.
A time has come for some serious change. Not just Bryan’s diapers, but Sarah’s too, and some other things, like Naptime. Naptime, aka. “the z’s” and snack time, aka. “munch-munch time”, are poorly scheduled. Munch-munch time at 1:30, and the z’s at 3? What are we, animals? We, the liberal tots of this Pre-K Republic, deserve better.

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

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

We understand our opponents who declare that munch-munch time is then too early into the day. However, the Diaper Inspection Association (DIA) has confirmed that there is no such surplus when activity follows munch-munch time. Additionally, while many whine of the grumblies later in the day, these are typically satisfied around pick-up time, when mommies and daddies return. Meanwhile, with the current state of things, munch-munch time comes too close to munch-munch time at home. Ergo, it is wholly better that munch-munch time be moved to earlier in the day.

It is inherent that we distinguish ourselves from factions with similar but distinct ideals. We are in no way associated with those who promote chips for munch-munch time over cookies. Such factions of our segment are irrational and do not represent our cause in any way. Cookies, such as graham crackers, animal crackers, Oreos, and Chips Ahoy, have been shown to be more delicious by both Joey Jr’s Belly (JJB) and Tommy E’s Belly (TEB). Studies have been consistent against chips, like Fritos, Gold Fish crackers, potato chips, and pretzels. In addition, we get milk with the cookies, and not with the chips. I too dream one day of living in a Pre-K where we can have both. Milk and apple juice, graham crackers and pretzels. Until that day, we must hold strong to the concept that if we can only have one, we must choose the right one.

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

by colinwalker

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

julianna roen

advertisement
around the playground.

The great food fight of '96

by dustineagar

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

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

Zlatan and Azer, along with their friends, started flinging mashed potatoes with their spoons at Gavrilo and all of his friends at their table. Gavrilo and his friends were sort of hapless, and were about to cry when all of a sudden Olaf started throwing his vegetables at Katja! It took everybody by surprise. Even more surprising was when Olaf and his friends began to throw pieces of meatloaf at Pierre, who had stood up to say “That’s not very nice.”

When Olaf moved to the next table and ate up all the Belgian waffles in sight, Charles shouted, “Hey, Olaf, quit that!” and proceeded to launch a furious volley of crumbs. You see, Charles had been upset that Olaf had more and more toy boats to play with at recess and had begun to feel more and more insecure about his ability to protect his block city and Pokemon card trading interests from the imposing flotilla. Hiroshito yelled over to Olaf that he was on his side, but stayed on the other side of the cafeteria.

At this point, the grownups had decided to remain neutral, stating that they did not want to be involved in such childish affairs. Meanwhile, things were getting pretty ugly in the cafeteria. Everyone was getting covered with food, but no real winner was emerging from the fray. That’s when Olaf brought out his secret weapon and used it on Pierre and his friends.

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

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

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

strange days at (perpetually high) uvm

by jessebaum

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

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

Day 2: When I next saw Dave, he had even more spots and had a fever too, so he looked pink and totally ridiculous. However, he did not appreciate being told so. My roommate, Mary, also started getting spots, and I noticed a few blisters on my ca-

haley montgomery

brish’s hands at Brennan’s. I also began to feel funny—I had the hunch that something big was about to go down. Also I felt itchy.

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

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

Day 7: A week in to the epidemic, and a calamitous calamine shortage gripped the school, with the little pink bottles going for over 20 dollars apiece. Over at Slade, the hippies cooked up huge vats of coconut oil oatmeal salve, which they lovingly administered to the desperate scratchy masses while chanting in what they clearly believed to be Tibetan. It was pretty therapeutic.

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

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

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

Day 20: The fevers broke, the birds sang and the blis-

Day 30: Following a negligible body count, UVM was back to business once more. A pox on our house indeed.
the best playground equipment ever
(according to me)

by cait/o'hara

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

jungle gym

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

swings

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

super slides

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

monkey bars

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

the carousel

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

happy (half!) hour:

by katjaritchie

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

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

Finish your whole Capri Sun and blow air into the empty pouch when:
- We’re not sure if Beemo is a boy video game or a girl video game
- Lumpy Space Princess says “lump” but you think it’s actually a word that would get you in trouble if you said it (“Lump off, mom!”)
- Something happens that makes your big brother say, “this show is so trippy” (whatever that means!)
The principles who are sort of principals but only staying around because of something (like) they have been cracking down this way on pretty much anyone who has a good time with something more than a skimp yarn. Regular patrons of the sandbox, once considered rare, are now taken for granted. 

"Before, you only really saw principals—those who walked around and did their job while other principals were "on"—one principal described it."

Once an sizable principal has been detected, further tests can verify whether or not he has blood stumps in recent-Cootie trials. 

The viridians are a prime loco- 
able of the new STV, a much more refined version of the traditional Viridian, which has been developed through a series of scientific advances and the use of advanced materials.

The experiment was conducted in a laboratory setting, with the principal samples being kept in a secure area. The results of the experiment were then analyzed using a series of statistical methods. The results showed that the new STV has a significant advantage over the traditional Viridian in terms of strength and durability. The new STV is also easier to mass produce, which could lead to cost savings for manufacturers. The results of the experiment were published in a peer-reviewed journal, and they have been widely cited in the scientific community. The experiment was carried out by a team of researchers from the University of Viridian, and they were led by Dr. Matthew Smith, a leading expert in the field of principal research.

The experiment was funded by a grant from the Government of Viridian, and it was conducted in strict accordance with the ethical guidelines established by the country's principal regulating body. The researchers made every effort to ensure the safety and well-being of the participants, and they followed all applicable regulations and guidelines to prevent any potential harm to the principals involved. The researchers also took steps to ensure that the results of the experiment were objective and reliable, and they made sure to report any potential conflicts of interest.

The experiment was also designed to be replicable, and the researchers provided detailed instructions so that other scientists could reproduce the experiment. The researchers also made sure to provide access to the raw data and other materials so that other researchers could verify the results. The experiment was also designed to be transparent, and the researchers provided a clear and detailed account of the methods and procedures used. The researchers also made sure to report any potential biases and limitations of the experiment.

In conclusion, the experiment was a successful and well-conducted study that provided important new insights into the nature of the new STV and its potential applications. The researchers hope that their findings will help to advance the field of principal research and lead to further developments and applications in this area. The researchers also encourage other scientists to replicate the experiment and build upon their findings to further our understanding of the new STV and its potential applications.

The experiment was also designed to be relevant and applicable to real-world situations. The researchers hope that their findings will have practical implications for the development of new STVs and other applications in related fields. The researchers also hope that their findings will help to inform policy decisions and guide the development of new STVs and other applications in related fields.

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snack time. crayon flavors a culinary exposé

by leonard bartenstein

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Violet Red</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I must admit, Violet Red is, by far, my favorite flavor of crayon. The passionate, juicy flavor holds just a bit of sourness to it. The vivid color only adds to the sensation, and the wax is smooth when chewed and swallowed. This flavor of crayon is not to be confused with Red Violet, that disgusting malignant offshoot of a color.</td>
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<tr>
<th>Yellow Orange</th>
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<td>This is a bit of a mellow flavor, as opposed to the other flavors I’ve discussed, but it is quite an exquisite one. With a creamy citrus taste, this crayon matches its taste with its texture. It is melt-in-your-mouth smooth, and goes down nice and easy with a tall sippy cup of milk. This is a classic. It can be found in any standard 24 pack of Crayolas, and it makes a nice easy snack.</td>
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<tr>
<th>Mac N’ Cheese</th>
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<td>This is a very sought after flavor of crayon. Only available in the ever-so-coveted 96-pack of Crayola crayons, it is usually found only in the bottom of a crayon bucket at daycare in the form of a tiny stub. Despite the difficulty in acquiring it, I must say, this flavor does live up to the hype. When I first took a bite, I was cautious that it might destroy my illusions of a crayon flavor that was the stuff of legends. I understood why it was legendary, though, the moment my teeth were stained with the wax from this rare delicacy. Waxy, but not sludgy, Mac N’ Cheese epitomizes everything that anyone could ever want out of a crayon.</td>
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<th>White</th>
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<td>Many other kids say that the White crayon is useless, but I would argue quite to the contrary. With a bit of a crunchy feel, probably the most brittle of all Crayolas, this flavor of crayon is a sure fire hit with any kind of juice box or other crayon combination. I enjoy a nice white crayon with a Yoo-Hoo box right before naptime. White is the tofu of crayons, and is the cornerstone of any crayon meal. I recommend even trying White with some Play-Doh for a real varied palate.</td>
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recess. join in on the best playground games

by mike storace

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

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

Basketball is an awesome game that can be played at different competitive levels. In order to play, your ground needs a hoop, and you need to bring a basketball. But once you have this equipment, you can play with any even number of people. You can take one other person on in 1-on-1. You can make some magic happen with a partner in 2-on-2. If you only have one hoop, I think the most appropriate game is some 3-on-3. However, if you have a full court, open it up for some 5-on-5.

Kickball is a bizarre combination of baseball and soccer. If you like both of these sports, this is the game for you. To play it, you need a baseball diamond and a dodgeball. The beauty of kickball is that it does not require much skill to play, you can wind up and kick the ball anywhere. It’s a blast; I just wish I were powerful enough to kick a home run.

Now, if you’re looking to use your recess time for relaxation, swinging is the perfect activity for you. It’s hard to find anything more relaxing than swaying back and forth for minutes at a time. Swinging is the simplest thing to do, and almost every playground has a swing set. Just move your legs back and forth and you’ll start to gain some height and speed. This swinging sensation is the closest you will ever feel to flying. When you have finished your swinging experience, though, make sure you jump off the swing when it is at its peak.
I think you all day long,
you really make me drool.
Sometimes it makes me excited
Just to be at school.
I tried to offer you some Legos,
And at snacktime, my Chips Ahoy,
But you coldly shun my offers.
We can be friends even though I’m a boy!
I know you worry about the cooties,
And that’s probably smart to do.
But I’d love to chase you on the playground,
Or have a play-date just us two.
So let’s be friends, and just in case:
Circle, circle, dot, dot.
Now we can share snacks and fun all day.
For you, girl, I got my cootie shot.

**When:** Pretty much all the time

**Where:** Mrs. Jones’s kindergarten class

**I saw:** A girl

**I am:** A boy but we can still play together and it doesn’t have to be weird

“I am a new transfer student taking summer chemistry 31 and 32. I think summer classes are a great way to get to know your professor a little better and to be more hands on with the material.”

Lauren
Biology / Pre-Med ’16
In a world of Kidz Bop 900 and dumbed-down Technicolor acts that set us kids up for a lifetime of stimulinduced ADHD, it's good to return to the roots of quality jams. This week, *the water toddler* takes a moment to appreciate the man and the legend hailng from the land of the best maple syrup to ever be put on an Eggo waffle, and beer that daddy really, really likes. I'm talking about Canada, and I'm also talking about Raffi.

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

Bananaphone gives way to deep emotional exploration in the ballad "The Changing Garden of Mr. Bell", also off *Bananaphone*, and originally written by two folks named Janice Hubbard and Michael Silversher. All pleasures aside, this song might be actual lyrical and emotional genius in its purest form. Challenging each and every pre-K aside, this song has since pursued further research from higher authority (mommy) about the big word (Holocaust), but it remains a mystery: the only confirmation was that we will learn about it in a few years when we are bigger. Mommy also said that the theory was "a stretch"—another confusing turn of phrase—but also very interesting, and, if one were to know more about the background of the song as well as its writers and performer, one might know the answer. Beyond these two lyrical wonders, recommended tracks are "Baby Beluga" and "CANADA", which, along with teaching you the correct spelling of the great big country right above us, lets us in on the fact that they have ladies on their dollar bills and lots and lots of snow. Fine musical taste starts early in life; let's keep it classy with this '90s staple and show that we're capable of more than Katy Perry sung by 10-year-olds.

Hey there, buddies! We all love nursery rhymes, and the best artists love singing them. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones. When I can't fall asleep during naptime, I like to think about my favorites and listening them. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones. With all the rhymes out there, there can only be so many good ones.

**Humpy Dumpty**

I like Arcade Fire. The lead singer has a silly haircut, and his wife's voice is super pretty when she sings in French. All the picture books I've seen make Humpy Dumpty out to be a big egg person, but yesterday during recess Richie Snowden told me that the author of the lyrics say that Humpy Dumpty is an egg. That was hard for me to swallow, and I still like the picture books better. Regardless of what Richie Snowden has to say, I really like this one. A lot of nursery rhymes are just fun to sing and listen to, but Humpy Dumpty teaches us an important life lesson: sometimes we fall down, shatter, and just can't be put back together. Conclusion: One of the Best

**London Bridge is Falling Down**

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

**Jack and Jill**

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

**Mary had a Little Lamb**

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

my brother stole my legos
by dannissim

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

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

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

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

P.L.A.Y.T.I.M.E.
by katjaritchie

Pardon me as I run out the door
Last one there is a rotten egg!
A ready at the top of the slide
Y ahoo! as I race to the bottom!
Teacher says I can’t push as
I try to get to the front of the line for the swingset
My butt is the first one on that swing, though
Even though teacher says “butt” is not a polite word

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

“bobby is only allowed to be friends with me and not stinky jessica”
by katjaritchie

by katelyn pine

by danissim

by katjaritchie
the week in review

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

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

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

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tots seeking tots!

**uvm country day care’s premiere personal ad service for students**

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

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

**Young Tot seeking Extrovert who is Down to Nap**
I just got out of a long two-week relationship so I am looking for a no-strings-attached fun time with another of similar mind. Note: no weird stuff like kissing, that gives cooties and I am not down for that.

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