there and back again:  
an unexpected journey (to montpelier)

by laura greenwood

With white knuckles gripping the steering wheel and a firmly clenched bight-hole, I had no idea that this particular journey to school would lead me to none other than to the big city, the capital, the state's center of life: Montpelier. For those who don't know, Burlington is not the capital of this fine state. If you ever thought this, because Burlington seems a house all that "haps" for VT—you...are wrong-ish (for the sake of this article, let's say you are). It may be hard to believe, but about forty miles south of our excuse of a college "city" lays the top destination on any well-informed traveler's to-do list.

Once upon a time and blinded by laura greenwood

sitting outside a restaurant called Julio's like an orphaned puppy, even they refused to cook for this lost traveler

Well unpack what that means later), and yet my knowledge was fairly limited on the area. Similar to Boston, every Vermont student seems to be from "outside Montpelier", unless they are from Burlington...I digress.

Things I knew before: 1. They have no McDonald's. 2. They have a fancy State House with a gold roof. 3. Cows. 4. Small "city" meant little to do. 5. Small high school meant little to "do". Maybe, you share a similar conceptualization of the place. From my experience, some of these ideas were on point (to my despair) and erroneous others rectified my stay.

I'd like to dedicate this article to the kind folks at Econo Lodge for being ostensibly the ONLY hotel in Montpelier. Maybe there were more, but being the flustered, stranded foreigner with no GPS or smartphone at the time—the unassuming, snow-covered sign for the Econo was my only hope. But, Laura, your roommate "lives" in Montpelier? Yes, that is correct—but my first revelation about this area of Montpelier? Yes, that is correct—

We'll unpack what that means later), and yet my knowledge was fairly limited on the area. Similar to Boston, every Vermont student seems to be from "outside Montpelier", unless they are from Burlington...I digress.

Back in the USSR: protests in ukraine hit boiling point

by caito'bara

Imagine that you're a liberal leaning young-adult, much like you probably are, living in a historically tumultuous region as a citizen of a country that didn't formally gain its independence until the early 1990s. Now imagine that as you've grown up and begun to understand the complexities of politics, you're nation has been fraught with voter intimidation, dismissal of judges on little more than whim and bullying and assault on opposition candidates among a whole hell of a lot more. Imagine finding glimmers of hope in a better future, one where your country is free from a Big Brother and can pursue an independent identity, only to have it dashed before your eyes with restriction of speech and assembly.

Welcome to Ukraine. A very brief and abbreviated modern history: the Soviet Union had a habit of continuously fighting over and dividing the territory, all the while systematically repressing and abusing the Ukrainian people. After the First World War, things just went downhill. Even after Ukraine gained its independence in 1991, an economic depression combined with close administrative ties to Russia meant that things remained largely the same.

Government ties with Russia meant a continued Russian influence and dominance on language, education, culture and politics within Ukrainian borders. Problems arose in the mid 2000s, as the 2004 presidential election was approaching. On one side of the political boxing ring (literally), were Viktor Yushchenko and his allies—people who were pushing for increased relations with the European Union, with hopes to eventually join. On the other were Viktor Yanukovych and his cronies—people who supported not only continuing but also strengthening the bonds between Russia and Ukraine. Yanukovych ultimately didn't win that election. Well, he did, but the entire election was declared null after allegations of vote rigging and intimidation began to surface. No, he didn't gain office then, but he succeeded in 2010. Censorship and press restrictions, intimidations, beatings and politically motivated arrests just about start the miles long shit Yanukovych trails behind him. But things really imploded back in November, when Yanukovych declined a free-trade agreement with the EU in favor of negotiating a $15 billion bailout deal with Mother Russia.
Dear readers,

We're baaaack! You may have heard the rumors spread by a certain little bird that The Water Tower would be on an indefinite hiatus for the semester. While there was some truth to this originally, we are here to announce that your favorite unruly newsmag is back in action; no more naked newsstands! After a nearly futile fight with the man, we have worked out the kinks and will continue to provide UVM with the breaking news, cartoons and IWYSBs this campus has come to know and love. With that, we encourage all of you to get those creative juices flowing and send your writing, artwork and love poems our way at thewatertowernews@gmail.com.

Until next Tuesday,
Sarah and Cait

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 water tower

“the shit list

with cait‘hara

The New England Patriots—With a performance that rivaled many high school teams in degree of awful, the Patriots managed to take an otherwise ok season and beat it definitively into the ground. No one cares that Brady may have been injured, the fact is they played like ass and Manning ran circles around the defense.

Justin Bieber—Oh, the Bieb! In an effort to remind us all of how “grown up” he is now, Justin managed to get himself arrested on a slew of charges including driving on a suspended license AND a DUI. But fear not Beliebers, we all know this asshole won’t see the inside of a jail any time soon.

Windchill—Fuck. You. It’s one thing if it’s ridiculously cold everyday, it’s January in Vermont after all. It’s a whole other beast entirely when the windchill is so bad that the Weather Channel advises you to limit your outdoor activity. Thanks for making me walk to class anyway, cause ya know, frostbite isn’t a thing at all.

UVM—So tuition is going up again because the school isn’t making enough money, but giving the athletic director a $35k raise is totally doable, right? Let’s not forget though, they do have to make up the $185,000 that was embezzled from various funds (including tuition in case you didn’t feel bad enough about giving the school more money). Good job guys, really, grade A stuff.

the news in brief

with dannissim

“I feel like I have been treated unfairly and this is unjust. This is completely legal. I didn’t break any laws, and this took place out of the school.”

– Robert Marucci, a senior at Cocoa High School in Cocoa, Florida, reflects on his suspension, allegedly due to his pornography career. Once his fellow students and the administration found out, he became the target of bullying and was subsequently suspended. While I understand why the school administration acted so quickly to suspend him, Marucci was only trying to be a good son and support his mother.

“The North-South relations will be improved on a solid basis only when both sides take realistic measures to prevent impending nuclear disasters with concerted efforts of the Korean nation.”

– In a letter from North Korea’s Defense Commission to South Koreans, North Korea calls for unity (not in the sense of a one state policy) once again between the two nations. I’m sorry, I’m having a difficult time believing this shit after North Korean leader Kim Jong-Un executed his uncle with a pack of starving dogs (yes, I know he wasn’t executed that way, but you can’t deny its plausibility).

“All jokes aside, Justin Bieber is a piece of shit.”

– In a tweet posted through his account, Seth Rogen takes a pot shot at Justin Bieber over his recent arrest. With Bieber’s image irreparably tarnished, will you continue to Believe?

“Who else but the Muslim Brotherhood has an interest in this kind of attack? After they were forced out of politics, they just want to destroy the country.”

– Mohamed Ahmed, a banker in Cairo, reacts to a string of bombings last Friday directed at the police leaving at least six dead and 70 injured. While no one has officially claimed responsibility, there are those who believe the Islamist group, the Muslim Brotherhood, is responsible in response to the recent ban of religiously based political parties.

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New writers and artists are always welcome.
Weekly meetings
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the water tower is UVM’s alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.
bullets and binders: schools, guns, and gun control

by dannissim

In the year following the Sandy Hook shooting, there were a total of 25 school shootings resulting in the deaths of 21 people. Just last week, a student at Purdue University was shot and killed by a fellow student. While legislation has been passed to better control the sale of guns, school shootings manage to become more and more frequent. While legislation would be helpful, this problem does not have one leading factor. Each shooter has different reasons for resorting to violence, but each incident often ends with the same devastating result. We need to be more vigilant, together, in order to stop future shootings.

2013 saw the introduction of about 1,500 gun bills, but only 109 reached a governor’s desk and only 39 bills actually increased control. The rest? Protecting gun rights. The gun control debate has captured national attention once again, but nothing seems to have been resolved. Don’t get me wrong, precautions have been put into place in many schools. Schools have enacted more thorough lockdown plans and practice them more frequently, while several districts have allowed staff to carry firearms to better protect the student body. While there are some safety mechanisms in place, it hasn’t been enough. With a school shooting every other week, America is failing to protect its children. I cannot imagine what it must feel like as a parent to be unsure of what may transpire at school. There was once a time where I felt completely safe to be at school, but now I understand that the issue isn’t as simple as there are kids with guns who want to shoot people.

“2013 saw the introduction of about 1,500 gun bills, but only 109 reached a governor’s desk and only 39 bills actually increased control.”

There are several underlying factors to each incident. It could be bullying. Once upon a time bullying was limited to the school yard, but now bullying has made its way to the Internet becoming a constant torrent of hate for the afflicted. Mental health issues may sometimes be another factor. While there isn’t always a link between mental health issues and a shooting, this is an area where we need to focus more of our attention. Since the Sandy Hook shooting, 37 states of increased their spending on mental health services, but money is not enough. The stigma built up over the specter of depression and other mental illnesses is frightening and incredibly isolating for those afflicted. We need to be vigilant in looking out for and reacting to potential red flags, as these may indicate future malicious action. According to an unarmed security guard at Arapahoe High School, where a shooting last December claimed the life of one student, the administration was aware that the shooter made death threats against his intended targets and yet they didn’t take the proper steps to avoid this incident.

The availability of firearms is another issue. Proper screening protocols have not been put in place, and the sale of guns through a trade or at a gun show are still barely regulated. While it is true that several of the school shooters purchased their guns legally, this gun-centric culture has given way to a society where it wouldn’t be so hard to find one either through friends or family. God bless America and the right to bear arms, but when do we say that the situation has gotten out of hand?

The fact of the matter is that it’s unreasonable to expect that every school should be 100% safe, but the moment we truly believe that is the moment we have failed. Steps have been taken, but gun shots keep ringing through school halls. Students have become emboldened by the many examples that flash across news networks month after month. We must protect our children, for they are our nation’s most valuable resource, and it is their hands that shape our future.

USSR - continued from pg. 1

Since then, thousands of pro-EU/pro-human rights/pro-democracy Ukrainians, led by opposition leaders such as Vitali Klitschko and Oleh Tyahnybok, have poured into Independence Square in the capital city, Kyiv, to protest their government, its corruption, and its stubborn maintaining of ties to the past. What started out as a peaceful, if passionate, protest quickly morphed into something far more sinister when police in full riot gear scattered protestors with truncheons and pepper spray. Molotov cocktails, barricades, and an ambitious small-scale catapult followed.

And that was before the anti-protest legislation. See, it wasn’t enough to beat some protestors and threaten a few leaders, oh no. On January 16th, a bill was forced through Parliament that essentially renders any form of protest illegal. Driving in lines of more than five cars? No license for you and we’ll take your car too! Riot police brutally beat you/your friend/your family and you want to bring them to justice? Too bad, they’re exempt from punishment for any crimes committed during the protests. Wearing a helmet while at a peaceful gathering? 10 days in prison. Leading one of those peaceful gatherings? Get cozy; you’ll be spending the next 10 to 15 years enjoying prison hospitality. Oh, and one little thing; you don’t have to be present at court to be declared guilty. And if somehow none of this scared you, talk to the hundreds of protestors who received a text message last Tuesday simply reading, “Dear subscriber, you are registered as a participant in a mass disturbance.” And we thought the NSA was bad...

Ukraine is on the brink, and it seems there’s little chance of compromise without violence. The first deaths from this protest happened just last week, and I’m sure they won’t be the last. The administration is adamant about staying in power, while since day one the opposition has been calling for early elections for executive positions and parliament. As the evidence mounts that Yanukovych will never agree to it, people have started to rally around an alternative government, proclaimed as the People’s Rada of Ukraine.

It’s impossible to predict what the long-term impacts of these protests is going to be, simply because there are too many variables. The government figured they would be able to wait out the protestors and yet it still goes on. They hoped to frighten and bruise people into giving up the fight and yet still it goes on. If there is one thing the Ukrainian people have learned during the many long years of oppressive rule it’s how to get back up no matter how many times they’re knocked down, and I think this learned resilience will surprise us all.
the blind date debate
picking the perfect rendezvous

by rebecca laurion

I've been on enough blind dates in my life to know the good spots from the bad. Whether you're meeting someone you met online, being set up by a friend, or this is just the first date, where you choose to go is very important, especially if you're the one deciding. The location can tell you just as much about your date as their grooming habits or dress code. So take it from me, if you want the date to go well, and not resemble your recurring stress dreams about telling Bobby Whatshisname back in 5th grade you like his wheelie, don't make some of these mistakes. Of course, even the best location can't save a lousy date, but it can't hurt it, either.

Bars: No. A world of no, and here's why: If this is just going to be a casual fling or "get to know you" then go for it. But if you want to go on a serious date with this person and can envision spending time sober with this person as well as intoxicated, do not go to a bar. Bars are not romantic, and being surrounded by people out of work for the day trying to drown themselves in fancy cocktails and scotch is not appealing. Invite your date to meet at a bar and you're basically saying you're not sure if you like this person, but maybe alcohol will give you the answer.

Coffee houses: This one's a mixed bag. The very cliche meeting place for online romances could go either way. It's all in the selection. Muddy Waters is interesting and the décor is unusual, yet the rustic interior provides a nice, intimate setting for you and your partner. Downside? If it's overcrowded, you're not going to really hear much of what your date's saying. Uncommon Grounds isn't a bad option either, but trust me, if you go when there's no one there but the baristas, the loudest thing you'll hear between the two of you is your breathing. It's awkward. Finally, if you take your date to Starbucks, you're admitting that you don't got out much.

Concerts: High energy dance fests? Yes. Orchestras? No. Not unless you're dating a Music major. The idea is to have fun and show off your personality, not sit in a chair and pretend to be classier than you are. If you genuinely like classical music, then go for it. Just make sure your date does, too. It's very easy for you to not really get to know anything about your partner at a concert other than where their sweat glands are most heavily located, so make sure to schedule some downtime beforehand to relax and have a good chat. Then you'll feel comfortable to let your inner David Bowie out and just dance.

Dining Halls: Well, you've clearly given up before the date's even started. You might as well just go home and watch Duck Dynasty and take your pants off or something. That's clearly what you really want, anyways. Same goes for Brennan's. Get the hell off campus, lazy.

Dining Restaurants: If you're going this route for a first date, do lunch. Dinner can be intimidating, and lunch is more casual and relaxed. Think about it. Romantic lighting, waiters watching your anxiety behind the wine rack, cheesy violin music, desperate attempts not to spill anything on yourself. It's a worries' worst nightmare. Dinner dates set up so much expectation and provide so many opportunities for embarrassment and stress. A four course at Leunig's is just not a good idea unless you're proposing. And if you're proposing on the first date, stop. Look at yourself. And stay home. Think something perhaps less elegant, but with character that will keep you cool, casual and comfortable. Henry's Diner is a nice option and relatively inexpensive, and the Skinny Pancake is never a bad choice.

Movies: This is a good idea, overall. You get to be mutually entertained, and the film can give you fodder for conversation afterwards, should you decide to go for a drink or a meal. And all that tension in the dark of should-we-hold-hands-or-not will bring you back to your teenage years. Minus the acne. Maybe. Like a concert, you might not be getting to know your partner very well by focusing on a screen. And the dark can be hella awkward as you're hyper aware of everything they're doing. But hey, my parents were a blind date that went to a movie, and they've been married for almost thirty years, with 2 daughters. So take it from the Laurions, it's worth a shot.

Dorm Rooms/apartments/houses: If your blind date invites you to their home for your first date, delete them from your phone immediately. They're a serial killer and you will be turned into shoes.
In a major press conference which took place late last night, Burlington Mayor Bob Kiss apologized to gathered citizens for ‘forgetting to turn the heat back on’ this past week. In a cold front widely believed to have been following the first ‘polar vortex’, which swept the east coast over the week around New Year’s Day, Burlington temperatures dropped as low as 15 degrees below zero, leaving residents frozen. Mayor Kiss revealed, however, that these frigid temperatures had not resulted from massive air pressure patterns, but from a fit of post-travel forgetfulness:

“Honestly, I feel a little sheepish about the whole thing”, the obviously embarrassed mayor said while wiping his reddened, sweating brow. “[My wife] Jackie and I had just got back from visiting some family in Arkansas, and we were so tired that we went straight to bed and it just, I don’t know, slipped my mind”, he elaborated. Added Kiss: “I just knew I was forgetting something, but I couldn’t put my finger on it”.

Numerous outreach programs made attempts to contact local homeless populations, encouraging them to seek refuge from the bitter cold in shelters. Residents survived the subzero temperature by bundling up and leaving houses or apartments as infrequently as possible, some taking extreme measures to avoid leaving the warmth of their homes.

“We didn’t want to try and go from the door to the car”, reported local mother Lucy Rancourt. “Sure, that meant that we couldn’t go grocery shopping for days, but what else are children for if not providing sustenance in an emergency?” At least one resident claimed to have survived by sleeping out the cold inside the corpse of his fallen wampa.

Reports of polar bear and yeti sightings remain unconfirmed, but are currently considered to be the hallucinogenic products of snow blindness and exhaustion.

“Well, about two days ago, Jackie popped her head out of the window and asked me if it seemed a bit nippier out than usual”, Mayor Kiss confessed to an agitated crowd, “but I thought she was just cold because, you know, women tend to be more sensitive to that kind of thing.”

At the time of publishing, Mr. Kiss maintained that he believed sheets of ice which coated roads for days in later January to be “no thicker than normal”, and claimed that he had thought reports on the news “were typical attention-seeking exaggeration”. He repeated that the temporary de-activation of the city’s heat had “absolutely nothing to do with Vermont’s current fiscal struggle”, and that residents should expect heat to gradually return as “everything gets warmed up down there”.

The seriously frigid temperatures this past week were among the most severe weather fluctuations since the enormous heat wave of summer 2012, when Mayor Kiss “totally forgot [he] let the oven on”, and the serious flooding in early fall 2011, stemming from a neglected leaky faucet.

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burlington mayor admits to ‘forgetting’ city’s thermostat turned off

benberrick

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Welcome back, water tower readers, to another semester of drinking games based on the best TV shows! If you have a game you’re dying to share with everyone, by all means send it in! Seriously, there’s only so much TV we at the Water Tower can watch ourselves and not flunk out. And as always, my lovelies, be smart, be safe, and have fun.

There are two kinds of people in the world: people who love Buffy the Vampire Slayer, and filthy liars. Smart, funny and a whole lot of heart, what’s not to love? A cult classic that influenced a generation to be kickass and take down their demons, Buffy will always be the feminist icon I, and millions of others, needed and will always adore. A toast to Buffy Summers. She saved the world. A lot.

Take a drink when:
- Someone says “Slayer”
- Buffy kills something.
- Someone says “Hellmouth.”
- Terrifying 90s/early 2000s fashion choices.
- Giles is 500 percent done with everything.
- Scene at The Bronze.
- Witty one-liner you will now quote forever.
- Angel/Dawn is a whiny shit.
- Willow and Tara are the couple you wish you were.

Finish your drink:
- Someone you love dies. (Also known as ‘I’m not crying, it’s just Joss Whedon in my eye’.)
- The Apocalypse is stopped, again.
- Convenient book with all the answers that would have been useful way earlier.


@thewatertower
watertowerart@gmail.com
Tues: 7:30 Williams family room
davis center 4th floor
"I was the walking incarcenation of an apartment undertaken fugmication...

I went through half of my exams fully convinced that there were microbe, blood-hungry fiends postiing up under my skin. I was plagued by a strange rash in my armpits, a rash that wouldn't go away. A rash that wouldn't go away. I had been seeing a doctor for the past six weeks, and they had diagnosed me with an allergy to dairy. I had been on a dairy-free diet for the past six weeks, and I was still experiencing the same symptoms. I was at my wits' end, and I was ready to give up. But then I heard about a new treatment that had been approved by the FDA. It was a revolutionary treatment that had been developed by scientists at the University of California, Berkeley. I was excited to try it, and I went to see the doctor who had developed it. He was a young man in his early thirties, and he was very passionate about his work. He explained to me that the treatment was based on a novel approach to treating skin conditions. Instead of just suppressing the immune system, the treatment was designed to actually destroy the microorganisms that were causing the rash. I was skeptical at first, but I had nothing to lose, so I agreed to try it.

The treatment involved a series of injections, which were administered directly into the skin. The injections contained a powerful cocktail of antibiotics and other compounds that were designed to destroy the microorganisms. I was surprised to find that the treatment was incredibly effective. My rash began to clear up almost immediately, and within a few weeks, it was completely gone. I was overjoyed. I had never felt better.

But then, something strange happened. My skin began to itch, and I noticed that I was developing new rashes. I went back to the doctor, and he was concerned. He explained that the treatment had stimulated the immune system, and it was now responding by attacking the healthy skin cells. He recommended that I continue the treatment, but that I also begin taking antihistamines to manage the itching.

I followed his advice, and my skin improved significantly. Within a few more weeks, the rash was completely gone, and my skin was clear and healthy. I was overjoyed. I had never felt better.

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by mikestorace

The NFL has had a surprising amount of chitchat this year. That's right, taunting and tussles have become the name of the game in the NFL. The most notable of this taunting being, of course, the infamous Richard Sherman and his post-game rant with Erin Andrews after the Seahawks victory in the NFC championship game. Richard Sherman yelled, in case you missed it, "I am the best corner in the game! When you try me with a sorry receiver like Crabtree, that's the result you gon' get! Don't you ever talk about me! ... Don't open your mouth about the best! Or Imma shut it for you real quick!" L-O-B! Sherman tipped a pass intended for his nemesis Michael Crabtree, a wideout for the San Francisco 49ers, to end the game. In case you were wondering, L-O-B stands for the legion of boom, the self-proclaimed nickname of the 'Hawks defense. Sherman is one of, if not the, most prominent members of that legion. Well humility aside, Richard Sherman has managed to gain a significant wave of attention and discussion surrounding his comments. This rant has become quite infamous, dubbed by CNN as "the rant heard around the world." Let me tell you, the whole freaking world is talking about it (including me). The irony of his statement is that Sherman talks just as much as any other player on the field. He got the best of Crabtree all season, especially in the NFC championship, and he will not let the Niners forget about it. Granted Crabtree taunts a great play of the NFC championship, and he will not let the Niners forget about it. He got the best of Crabtree all season, especially in the NFC championship, and he will not let the Niners forget about it.

Richard Sherman runs his mouth a lot, and he is rant has become quitecant wave of attention and discussion to gain a significant amount of attention. He is saying it was "misdirected and immature." He claims he had no intention of taking away the spotlight from the Seahawks' victory, which he obviously has done. The Seahawks defense is not just one man. It is a competent squad that manages to lock down receivers while simultaneously generating pressure on the quarterback. The legion of boom will certainly be the test next week against the most high-powered offense in the NFL.

Clearly this was a calculated move by Richard Sherman. He's a smart man, although his diction during the interview indicates otherwise. He attended Stanford University, a college notorious for making sure its athletes compete in the classrooms as well as on the playing fields, and received a degree in communications. Remember the last cornerbacks to stop first year play football second: Deion Sanders. It certainly helped catapult him to fame.

Richard Sherman has successfully generated an image for himself, and has gotten the whole sports world talking. His jersey sales have gone up, and the number of videos on YouTube featuring him has soared.

"don't write a bullshit essay after the game saying how you were trying to be gracious..."

he was simply congratulating Crabtree on a "good game." Everyone knows that's a load of bullshit. Sherman then proceeded to parade around the field flashing a chocking symbol that was presumably directed at Colin Kaepernick. To such haughty display I saw, win with dignity and humility, and let your actions speak for themselves.

Everyone knows you weren't congratulating him on a game well played. I applaud Sherman's passion, and it is time for him to accept his role as football villain.

Richard Sherman plays phenomenally on the football field. He locks off top receivers on opposing teams, and successfully limits them to few, if any, receptions. Quarterbacks should use caution throwing the football his way, as he led the NFL with eight interceptions. He had had moments of weakness over the past few years, and typically the most effective way to beat him is with the long ball. Sherman certainly won't be guarding any "sorry receivers" next week. The Denver Broncos are stacked with talent, and Sherman will likely match up with Demaryius Thomasm, who is arguably the best downtown field in the NFL. The matchup is surely one of the most important in the league when the two teams meet.

So, Richard Sherman is one of the most prominent members of the NFL this year. When you try me with a sorry receiver like Crabtree, that's the result you gon' get! Don't you ever talk about me! ... Don't open your mouth about the best! Or Imma shut it for you real quick! L-O-B! The NFL has had a surprising amount of chitchat this year. That's right, taunting and tussles have become the name of the game in the NFL. The most notable of this taunting being, of course, the infamous Richard Sherman and his post-game rant with Erin Andrews after the Seahawks victory in the NFC championship game.

I don't think you can rock whatever you're wearing. I honestly just don't understand what makes these clothes attractive in the first place.

Richard needs to decide which image he wants for himself. He can't realistically be both a "nice guy" and a "thug" at the same time. He has to choose one or stick with it. Sherman claims that he "doesn't want to be a villain," however his actions speak otherwise. He doesn't believe we should "judge a person's character by what they do on the field. Instead, he believes we should "judge a person's character by what they do in the classroom as well as on the playing fields.

...they are the dream shoes for anyone who frequently has pillow fights with their feet.

"...they are the dream shoes for anyone who frequently has pillow fights with their feet."

The dream shoes for anyone who frequently has pillow fights with their feet. They're great for Victoria's Secret photo-shoots in the Arctic Circle, or keeping your toes safe from incessantly nippy dogs. Moon Boots are ridiculously padded snow boots that apparently give people the impression they have earned the right to walk on the moon. I'm sorry, world. But if you are wearing a pair of Moon Boots, your chances for space travel are pretty slim.

Shirts with holes for shoulders (I honestly don't know what to call these) are another truly heinous fashion trend that I just don't understand. Did someone run into you with scissors and just nearly miss your neck? Or is this a new fashion trend for a cool summer fashion trend for a cool summer fashion trend for a cool summer fashion trend for a cool summer fashion trend for a cool but if you think the front of your knees are so gorgeous that everyone must stare at them in awe, get over yourself...they're not.

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"...they are the dream shoes for anyone who frequently has pillow fights with their feet."

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I'm lying next to you right now and I'm not sure if you fully know how I feel
I genuinely love everything about you, especially because our relationship is so real.
Everyday we spend together I'm actually the happiest anyone could ever be,
You make me laugh at everything we do, including when we skype while I pee.
I love you because you love everything about me; the good, spazzy, goofy and bad.
Knowing you're about to leave and our distance will be longer does make me really sad.
But since we talk everyday and we're always there for each other, I know things will stay great!
You're my #1 everything; sous chef, therapist, best friend, DIY buddy, and hiking mate.
So let me re-emphasize, I think you're so amazingly funny and seriously cute,
Especially when you smile because you just let out a really smelly cabbage-like toot.
All I know right now is that I've never felt this way before and I can't imagine not getting to know you.
So maybe sometime we can eat chocolate, play with puppies, and watch each other pee.
I know everyone else thinks we're weird and especially very, very odd,
but I want you to know you make me so happy and I'm here always - we're two peas in a pod.

When: Everyday
Where: My dreams
I saw: The sexiest man
Never has it felt so good to be back, my friends. Returning to school for that final semester of college (and thankfully not rocking a 19 credit schedule) makes me all tear-eyed for my days as an awkward, long-haired freshman. Eating all those terrible sandwiches from the Marché, that delicious Gutt from Brennan’s, and my first slip into the oh-so-wonderful student life.

‘Bound 2’ was awful. ‘Bound 3’ was awe-inspiring. Most of us remember the week before break as one long caffeine binge, but mixed up in the last week was something all too precious. Kanye released a video for ‘Bound 2’ the only song off of Yeezus that sounded like something close to an old school Yeezy track. The video was, well, absolutely terrible. ‘Fake motorcycling with a topside Kim Kardashian? Let’s just loop that for the whole track and call it a day.’ -Bound 2 Director. Honestly though, Kanye’s made some amazing videos in the past, so something so cheap and simple was an inexplicable move. Thankfully, Seth Rogen and James Franco decided to make a shot for shot remake with ‘Bound 3’. Down to the specific Kardashian blinks and intimate kisses (with Rogen playing an alluring Kardashian) the comedy duo skewed the video by simply replicating it. It was a great way to start off the break.

OutKast Reunion!! During the first draft of this article I wanted to leave this section with a simple 812 exclamation points because that would be the truest expression of my feelings about the OutKast reunion. However, in the end it made sense to have some actual words. As the true dynamic duo, they reinvented pop music in the early 2000’s and had one of the most brutal divorces in recent history. Now they’re finally deciding to bury the hatchet and tour the shit of this planet. Many die hard fans had been hoping for an announcement after Big Boi’s collaboration with Andre 3000 and Frank Ocean on the “Pink Matter” remix, but all those woes can finally go. Handicapping practically every one of the 40 festivals they’re slated to perform at, there’s no excuse to miss the best reunion since Pavement.

Beyoncé continues to be the queen of everything. Self-titled album is gold, baby. When’s the last time Beyoncé released something that wasn’t received with open arms? That’s right: NEVER.

"Let’s Get It On" continues to be the most played song during sex. Just in case anyone had any doubts about it.

Apparently people cannot just go of Miley Cyrus. The little mini-mention in the above Robin Thicke digger isn’t enough. People were happy to get an update on Billy Ray last year, but apparently the people need Miley so here you go: Miley Miley Miley. Apparently Kanye West cannot handle being made fun of in the slightest. In the wake of the Bitcoin explosion of 2012-2013 we’ve seen a fair share of humorous internet currencies such as the glorious ‘dogecoin’ (wow such coin). However, the greatest bitcoin spin-off was introduced bearing the image of our beloved Kanye, dubbed “Coinye.” Naturally, Kanye immediately started flipping out and pressuring the creators with a lawsuit. Naturally, the creators of “Coinye” responded to this by altering Kanye’s image on the coin to look more like a fish with Kanye’s head, harkening back to hilarious South Park ‘gay fish’ joke. After what I assume was a series of death threats from Kanye to the people at “Coinye,” they finally shut down earlier this month. As much as I love him, anything that makes Kanye whine and complain like a little baby is for the best.

Shakira and Rihanna together. Excellent. I’ve heard tell that the new duo’s first single reached number one. Honestly, these two goddesses could sing about breaking a glass boot over my head and I’d still listen to it a dozen times.

Coachella charges $375 for general admission tickets. Already sold out. Coachella’s been one of the hotter concerts for the last half-decade, and much like Bonnaroo and Camp Bisco the people over at Coachella are starting to become aware that people are shelling out the cash to go to Coachella, regardless of the lineup. Boasting an egregious $375 general admission cost and an admittedly lackluster lineup compared to 2012 and 2013 (with OutKast as the obvious exception), tickets are already sold out. Hell, do what you want with your money people, but this aggression will not or at least should not stand for long.

and we’re back with more free music by l武装greenwood

Joey Badass- 1999

Put your hands in the air if you love Chicago rappers...Alright now, forget about them, because the next big name on your lips oughta be the 17 year-old master of Brooklyn, Joey Bada$$$. My journey to Joey all began with Chance the Rapper (hence the shout out), the acidic and possibly asthmatic word slinger who I found out shared a connection with Joey, besides genre, with the slightly nasally quality to their voices which—although never before in history—really gets me going. Notable tracks off ‘99 are “World Domination”, “Daily Routine,” and “Snakes.” His tracks typically incite a bopping-around giddiness in my body due to their killer piano melodies that lay with crisp snare beats. I also have a soft spot for female singers in rap choruses (i.e. All Falls Down” “sigh”). Joey Bada$$ is up and coming and forging the way—much like Chief Keef—as the newest generation of rap prodigies. (Download at: http://www.livemixtapes.com/mixtapes/17524/joey_bada_1999.html )

Modus & Beta- Everything on their bandcamp, but specifically Gap in the Playback

Bless my friends back at home for being musically talented because they have seriously introduced me to so many budding artists I’d never have encountered on my own. I first heard Modus & Beta off of a mix tape, compiled by a local Central Massachusetts record company, called Bedroom Classics Volume 1, and instantly his unique style jumped out at me. Usually I’m not into very MacBook-engineered music and yet the transcending liquidity of his track “Face Up” instantly caught me. Modus & Beta create music that is emotionally laid-back and relaxing from what is really fucking intricate layering and sampling. Call it the future of jazz, call it what I listened to when blazed, call it make-out music—I DON’T CARE. This is the kind of music that soothes the brain amongst the chaos of life and keeps our flustered souls at peace.

(Download at: http://backroom.bandcamp.com/)
créatif stuffed.

rostering

by alexgriffin

Tim had eaten Lucy out on the driveway at Trent and Emma’s party, and from piecing together the accounts, you had a real spectacle. James’ words: “two hyenas sharing a torso.” Why they opted for the driveway everyone put solidly down to the post-weekend work drinks starting at an earlier-than-usual 11 am, and public holiday or not, the sight of this at 8pm on a Wednesday was too much for Emma’s neighbours, who pulled them apart, gave Tim an earbashing, and helped find the wailing Lucy’s underpants. As they left (separately), the music came down to a hum, and Steve sat with the rest of the gang from work—bar staff, glasses, kitchen-hands—as they gossiped the filament of the night away. He felt another knot form in his shoulder. Rostering was going to be a nightmare this weekend.

You see, you need at least six people, ideally eight, working the bar at the Trident at all times, especially if it’s a Friday, because Fridays were it; the big old weekly trip to the golden goose for the Trident bar, when middle-aged swingers slapped and shocked onto the floor to splash burly wads of cash on nouveau off-menu cocktails in hope of tipping the odds of getting their ends wet. The ten kids Steve managed were perfect for the job—reliable, quick with improvising whatever a slurred “Jim Collins hold ice” might be, young and ‘quirky’ (i.e. pierced) enough to keep up the “anything goes” vibe that swingers bars rely on, and kind and friendly and giving enough to deal with the small, but it twerps who made up 90% of the patronage—but increasingly to Steve, kindness just seemed like another pathology with them, a shell-shocked inability to say no to anything, especially each other. Like, it had been his idea to install informal external gatherings as a form of bonding, but they’d become weekly and pretty much the center of pretty much everyone’s social life, and recently, nights at the bar had become complete disasters because of last week's mushroom-induced hookup gone awry or some mutual failure at boundary-setting. Work was now thick not only with in-jobs but a tangle of sexual and substance histories, cross-pollinating and ping-ponging from bed to crisis to bed-crisis. He was starting to feel like a madam.

After all, Steve’s whole job was getting six hypersensitive, endearing, well-meaning dimbums on the same page and in the same room and working like six clicking claws on the same happy crab. It was a task he approached with the mute tenacity of a customs dog, but he sensed this week was the point where the pincers fell off. Like, originally Jane, Tim, Lucy, Rob, James and Tanya had been rostered on for Friday, but after they left (separately), the music came down to a hum, because Lucy hadn’t stopped crying about how embarrassed she was and Tim was likely still smelting his fingers. She was not going to work with him. Who could he ask to cover? Stan

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whose faces, who pulled them apart, gave Tim an earbashing, and

he was maybe old-fashioned

with lauragreenwood

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UV'emcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we take a hot second to examine Cold Weather.

Back to school days and eager as ever

Ain't nothin' gonna stop my grind whatsoever.

Got books in my bag and new clothes swag.

Even teachers stare in awe of my aura, straight Jag.

My style ain't crumped cause I rock thick Sorels.

Homies by my side, raise the heat like f'roleals!

The temp may be niggly but that can't stop me.

Leggings under jeans, a bipolar Old Navy.

Kicking it like Yeti, walk to class all giddy!

Don't confuse my speedy walk with some average-ass biddy.

Soon as I'm in the building, I'm stripping like Tila, Peeling layers off til I'm hot like Mla.

Accept I may be sweaty and my nose may run,

But I'm bleeding out Swagu, so yo judgments all mean none.

New smester at the gates, been guns ready, no belates.

On your mark, set, go...we race til spring, no hates!

–by rhythmic revolutionary L. G-Money

Next week, we kick off the Super Bowl. Send your raps to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with the subject “My flow is too grimey, Ganges River or something to that effect.”

blueblack

by katjaritchie

You throw the slacks on the floor

even though I thought they looked fine
especially
how you were going to wear them
with that sweater.

the one which cut
its knit border deep down your chest, and

somehow,
even though you can see
ladder-run ribs under tissue skin, something
about that makes it prettier anyway,

but you threw them on the floor
and laughed and asked
what that even meant, and

besides,
who wants to see more bones at a funeral,

and if I'd just looked closer,
I would have known it was a navy sweater, actually,

so it never mattered in the first place.
In the late summer and autumn of that year we worked in a room in a building that looked across the lake and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the lake there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels. Troops went up to the room through the halls and the dust they raised powdered the canvases of the art on the walls. The computers too were dusty, and the work started early that year, and we saw the new troops marching up the stairs and the dust rising and ideas, stirred by the dull throbbing of Saturday night's hangover, falling into the soldiers' heads while they were marching, and afterward the room was bare and white except for its tools and faint smell of accomplishment.

The paper was rich with creativity; there were many orchards of fruitful ideas in its folds and beyond the humor there was purpose and intent. There was fighting in that room, and at night we could see in our minds the glory of the previous day’s work. In the dark it was like summer lightning, but the days between issues were cool and there was not the feeling of a storm coming.

Sometimes in the room we heard the troops talk of the previous night’s exploits. There many tales of stolen tables, nihilistic adventures, questionably found fruit and general swashbucklery. There were half-remembered stories too that passed in the day, drawn out little by little, the tales covered with the branches and vines laid out by the alcohol of the night before. To the east we could look over our bright screens and see a dream catcher dangling in the window, which overlooked the green below.

We saw the end coming. There was fighting for the room, but it was not successful, and in the fall when the pleas were heard and the mood of the soldiers was dark with frustration. The troops toughed it out, muddy and wet from our fair city’s weather in their Sunday morning sweats, finishing what they set out to do.

At the start of the winter came the permanent decision and with the eviction came the cholera. But it was checked and in the end only seven thousand died of it in the army.

by collincappelle and the unwitting participant (mostly because he’s dead, though I would be willing to bet he would have agreed with what I have done here), ernest hemingway

For all you human rights watchdogs out there, I have it on good authority that UVM Program Board, through the weekly event at Brennan’s known as ‘Pub Quiz,’ promotes censorship and goes so far as to not call out the correct name when a team wins. Further information to follow...