Similar email to club members echoing student organization on campus, sent a
message. "UVM Hillel, a Jewish organization urging us to "come together and ignore
their message."

Responses to the first question vary.

First, is there a most effective way to react to such blatantly hateful speech?
Second, if there are members of the UVM student body who share the sentiments of
the Westboro Baptist Church, should their expressions of free speech truly
be tolerated?

However, to homosexual or Jewish UVM-ers, (or homosexual Jewish UVM-
ers!), or simply to anyone who takes offense to such hateful speech, it was certainly a
comforting experience to see the vast outpouring of emotion against
the picketers that occurred in the counter protest. It was as if the score was 150 to 7.

"Disobedient filth" was a common charge slung by one of the central picketers, who
came off more like an angry grandma off her meds than an evil queer-Jew hater.

By choosing to ignore or counter the hate speech, UVM-ers were free to ex-
press themselves in their own way. While it is safe to assume that the majority of
the student body did not welcome this hateful speech, it is important to note
that here in the United States, we don't have the option of silencing it. But what
was the goal of the Westboro Baptist Church?

They quickly discovered that by ignoring their pickets, we would deny
them their primary objective to incite an anger and offence. Maybe if enough people
ignored their hate, they'd just go away.

Of course, there were those who didn't take their particular biblical
interpretation seriously. According to the members of the
Westboro Baptist Church who paid a
visit to UVM last week, God especially
hates homosexuals, Jews, Catholics,
President Obama, and just about anyone
who doesn't take their particular biblical
interpretations seriously.

The WBC's picket sparked a firm backlash, largely among members of
UVM's LGBTQA, Jewish, and activist communities. About 150 gathered to
stage a counter protest across from the
campus who share the sentiments of
the WBC, should their expressions of free
speech truly the best path? Granted,
that's why they do things like picket the
funerals of homosexual victims of hate
crimes, as well as those of fallen soldiers.
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"I'm here for love for everyone," said
UVM junior Aurie Ben-Elir-Ravin as she
pecked the face of a nearby friend.

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Of course, there were those who
couldn't help but confront the picketers
directly. They quickly discovered that
those people aren't open to considering
opposing ideas. "Disobedient filth" was a
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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 and we'll print it.

“I absolutely do not think it is time to get out of Afghanistan.”
-Defense Secretary Robert Gates, speaking about American strategy in Afghanistan, where, as always, the Taliban are making a resurgence and we’re propping up a government who says that men can starve their wives if they refuse to have sex. The way things are looking now, it will never be time to get out of Afghanistan.

“The debate will never be resolved.”
-Mark Zandi, chief economist at the popular economic analysis website, Moodys.com, referring to the argument over whether Obama’s stimulus package had a positive or negative effect on the economy. Though the international recession seems to be drawing to a close, concerns about record high unemploymentloom large in America, where over 200,000 jobs were lost in August alone.

“At Pfizer, I was expected to increase profits at all costs, even when sales meant endangering lives.”
-John Kopchinski, a former salesman at the international pharmaceutical megaint, Pfizer. The corporation is under investigation by the Department of Health and Human Services for basically paying for expensive vacations for doctors so that they’d prescribe the anti-inflammatory drug, Bextra, in doses that are unsafe high (thus increasing profit). Interestingly enough, under the rather archaic False Claims Act, those who unveil illegal corporate schemes are entitled to a portion of the settlement, so Mr. Kopchinski will soon be 51 million dollars richer. Sometimes morality does pay.

“We wonder, oh, will it ever be the same?”
-Supreme Court Justice Anthony Kennedy, on how the court will differ after David Souter steps down and Sonia Sotomayor takes his place. If Justice Kennedy is asking whether the court will ever be composed solely of old white people (and Clarence Thomas, who is so worthless as a justice that he hardly bears mentioning), then no, it won’t be. And that’s a good thing.

“After a couple of hours on the bike, you’ve earned a couple of fags.”
-The sublimely eloquent Australian actor, Russell Crowe in response to a newspaper columnist who mocked Mr. Crowe for appearing in a silo photograph where he was sitting on a bicycle eating tacos, drinking a soda, and puffing on a cig. The actor phoned the Australian columnist, Annette Sharp, the next day to challenge her to a bike race. A beautiful mind, indeed.

While we do our best to provide witty and sometimes outlandish content, we can’t promise that you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. We can’t promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can’t wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.
The United States' mission to spread 'democracy' has come under much criticism in recent years, and not because democracy is a bad system. In addition to critiquing the US' role as self-appointed World Police, international actors point out that democracy—when poorly implemented—is good in principle, but screws people over in practice. This is apparent in recent Afghan elections, a battle between incompetent Hamid Karzai and challenger Abdulrah. The United States, eager to promote democracy (though our country, having survived eight years of Bush, should know that elections alone don't create good leadership), encouraged the recent election for the sake of regularity—ignoring Afghanistan's minor (okay, major) problems. Firstly, there was insufficient security—big surprise there. The Taliban, threatening to chop off any finger colored with the purple ink necessary to cast a vote, was able to create a climate of intimidation. The Taliban were able to skew the results, particularly in the south, where attacks supplemented suppression of the vote. More importantly, the elections exposed the internal structure of Afghanistan's democracy as whack. Karzai's government is known to practice patronage politics, handing out positions for favors and money. But they took their scruples to new lows when they stuffed the ballot boxes—rigging as many as 24,000 according to the New YorkTimes. And this is after he named Muhammad Qasim Fahim, a former warlord, as a running mate (not quite as bad as Dick Cheney, but close). Afghanistan only illustrates that democracy alone can't help an unstable, poor country out of its conditions. A country must be elevated, at least marginally, out of those conditions before democracy can prosper. With the Taliban, the government's inability to secure the elections, and with Karzai's corrupt administration seizing the election, only the US would dare to call it a success. Karzai's actions only reinforce the disillusionment of those Afghans who stayed home on Election Day, disappointed with the current bad governance. When a stable, accountable democracy finally does come to Afghanistan, these individuals might not trust it. Why should they? ■

If the UVM ski and snowboard club ran the world by macsmith

Brohams and Brosephines of Congress:

But it resolved on this day, September Tenth, that all the sickley ducklings of the USA can now righteously lounge in any hospital until they are fit enough to tolerate the current bad governance. When a stable, accountable democracy finally does come to Afghanistan, these individuals might not trust it. Why should they? ■

Healthcare

Brosephs and Brosephines of Congress:

Let it be known that all the bros have been given total free pass to gnarly matrimony. All dudes and dudettes are legally permitted, nay, encouraged, by your government to totally get down in a number of sexually serious situations for life. Thumbs up.

War on Terror

Why is it that we have to go all the way over to a part of the world with no pow when there is totally good pow right in our back yard? I'm sure these brohooligans are just like us—chillout watchin the goonies and tryin to score some rug to burn. It is decidedly unholy of us to go mess with their chi. bowl, along with their brohammeds who just like us—chillin, watchin the Goonies, and tryin to score some rug to burn. It is decidedly unholy of us to go mess with their chi.

Socialized Lift Tickets

Shredding the gear is not a privilege anymore. It's a right.

Each and every moment under my command must not be a waste. And I want my royalties.

An glorious moments

mikecappuccio

Diplomacy, ftw!

by paulgross

so, it was a pretty dismal summer for politics, eh? With escalation and turmoil in Afghanistan, a perpetually lagging economy, and our Savior Obama's bizarre revelation that indefinite detention is somehow constitutional, there's not too much to smile about. But rather than start the year with a rant about torture or a lament about how we still grant airtime to buffoons and cretins like Sarah Palin and Dick Cheney (respectively), it would be better to focus on an element of international politics that flourished this summer—diplomacy. Two recent diplomatic incidents demonstrate the perennial principle that diplomacy works: Bill Clinton's visit to North Korea and Senator Jim Webb's visit to Myanmar. For those of you who may have fallen a bit out of the loop this summer, the former President travelled to North Korea on a "personal humanitarian visit" following the arrest of two American journalists who had wandered from South Korea across the North Korean border. The two women, Laura Lee and Euna Ling, were sentenced to 12 years of hard labor in a North Korean gulag for the heinous crime of attempting to shed light on the horrendous conditions in which most North Koreans live. Not finding this punishment to be quite fair, the Obama administration engaged in some undercover diplomacy with Pyongyang, culminating in the conveniently timed "private" visit of President Clinton. North Korean leader Kim Jong Il pardoned both journalists on the day after Clinton's visit. As for Myanmar, a pretty nasty fellow by the name of Than Shwe and his military junta have ruled the south-east Asian country with an iron fist since 1992 (the military government has been in power for far longer). General Shwe, the same guy who made it illegal for his citizens to receive humanitarian aid after a cyclone ravaged his country in 2006, has been holding the Myanmar pro- democracy leader and Nobel laureate, Aung Sun Suu Kyi, under house arrest for the past several years. Ms. Suu Kyi was arrested in early May for violating her house arrest when an American man named John Yettaw visited her undermised (he had to swim across a lake to get there), and she was sentenced to three years of hard labor. Again, not feeling the sentence to be quite reasonable, US Senator, Vietnam veteran, and south-east Asian affairs expert James Webb became the highest ranking US official to ever meet with General Shwe and was able to diplomatically negotiate a lesser sentence for Ms. Suu Kyi. These two incidents may, at first glance, appear insignificant; after all, it's not as though the war in Iraq or the Israel-Palestine conflict was solved by some diplomatic miracle. However, the value of these two occurrences must not be underappreciated. Indeed, twice this summer, evil men (Kam Jong Il and Than Shwe) with reclusive, repressive, and typically undiplomatic regimes were persuaded to reverse hard-line policies by simple visits and negotiation with American dignitaries. No threats of violence nor economic sanctions were necessary, just an aura of respect and a willingness to engage in real dialogue. Almost nine months after Obama's inauguration, I've been less than thrilled by his performance. However, the administration's commitment to looking for alternatives to violence is unmistakable, and this is certainly a very welcome change. ■

Hell continued from page 1

With such a hazy definition of what constitutes what ResLife calls "situations of intolerance," a poster that reads "Down with Foge " could potentially be confiscated. Acting on bigotry, such as discriminating or committing hate crimes, has long been forbidden, for good reason. The problem with the well-intentioned forbidding of free expression of bigotry is that there are many critical instances where no objective standard exists. We must look at ourselves in the mirror and understand that merits of such a policy aside, the University has decided that some speech is tolerable and some is not. And this is certainly a very welcome change. ■
Two days later, of course, I had lost way to begin. is certainly an amusing and ridiculous US and I was seeing it from the inside of a brought out to the street and two men in confused and alone. Eventually, I was I sat there for what seemed like an hour, out of the airport, bound for our hotel I watched the rest of my classmates file school. But I was quarantined anyway. temperature wasn't really very high—the "Your temperature…very high!" the quarantine ward due to my slightly with the Chinese officials who swept This fact, however, carried no weight yet to contract the virus and hopefully it touch me. And it didn't…directly. I have When Swine Flu blew up in the media was always thankful to the "I know you" was frustrated by their wrongful accusa and nurses wore full body suits, booties For the same reason, all the doctors were\n\nbe funny for a few weeks. So I nodded pathetically and went back to bed. later that night, the same nurse merci- fully passed me a Coke through the small glass window. The little portal had two doors—one on my side and one on theirs. The nurses would place my meals in the portal, close their window, and then I could open mine. This way, I could not contaminate them with my H1N1. One time, I must have made a move like I was going to open my door while hers was still open. The look of pure fear was behind the woman's ggled eyes! She waved her arms frantically and yelled something I couldn't hear through the glass. But I imagine it was the Chinese equivalent of "Nooo!" For the same reason, all the doctors and nurses wore full body suits, booties and shower caps included. Even though I was frustrated by their wrongful accusation that I was a public health danger, I was always thankful to the "I know you" nurse. A Coke never tasted so good. When Swine Flu blew up in the media shortly before I left for my summer in China, I figured that the flu would never touch me. And…didn't…directly. Just yet to contract the virus and hopefully it will stay that way. This fact, however, carried no weight with the Chinese officials who swept me out of the Beijing airport and into the quarantine ward due to my slightly elevated temperature. "Your temperature…very high!" they said. "And you are American!" My temperature wasn't really very high—the nurse wouldn't have sent me home from school. But I was quarantined anyway. I watched the rest of my classmates file out of the airport, bound for our hotel which I was led to an empty back room. I sat there for what seemed like an hour, confused and alone. Eventually I was brought out to the street and two men in full biohazard suits put me and my carry-on bag in the back of an ambulance. As rattled around in the back of the ambulance, I took in my first glimpses of Beijing. This was my first time out of the US and I was seeing it from the inside of a Chinese ambulance. I chucked to myself. Perhaps it was jetlag, but I started to think that this whole thing was actually pretty funny. Besides, I was sure that they would let me go as soon as they realized I didn't have Swine Flu. Yes. I thought, this is certainly an amusing and ridiculous way to begin. Two days later, of course, I had lost sight of this sentiment and was crying into my Tupperware of shrimp. Eating the crustaceans was a little effort, since the shrimp still had their heads and legs\nto them. The meal before that had been a sad attempt at American-style pizza...with tuna fish and corn toppings. Nothing in China made any sense. My teacher would call me every now and then and assure me that he was "determined to get me out before we leave for Shanghai!" This statement was not very comforting because it suggested there was an alternative: that my group would travel on to a far away city and leave me here in this insane hospital. "Just think," he said encouragingly, "none of the other students have this experience!" And it was true. The other students were off seeing the Great Wall, eating Peking duck, and making new Facebook albums with names like "I <3 China!" They were certainly not sitting in an empty room, counting the bottles of water they had drank to please their cap- toirs and getting up to pee for fun. Thankfully, China couldn't keep me, a healthy American tourist, in their little white, sterile room forever. One blood test, two throat swabs, a cancelled and reinstated visa, and three days later, I was released out into the Chinese public. On the third day, a nurse I didn't recognize came in, told me I could leave and liter- ally pushed me out the door. She led me to the elevator, ushered me in, pushed the "down" button, and stared at me as the doors closed. I was still unsure as to where I was, or how I was supposed to exit the hospital, but I was free. My experience was not unique. I was one of many American tourists quarantined in China this summer. Some people were quarantined simply for sitting next to a sick person on the plane. Some were held in quarantine for up to two weeks. Some even had Swine Flu. As UVM and colleges across the nation gear up for the onslaught of H1N1 cases this fall, I take comfort in knowing that actually getting Swine Flu couldn't have been worse than picking off shrimp heads and counting the tiles on the ceiling of a Beijing hospital room. I recall receiving three emails just yesterday, still providing those helpful ‘don't sneeze on to someone else's face’ tips and still failing to provide any real answers. such protocol and bombardment of H1N1 information? UVM seems to think so, as do many students. “It's definitely something that's on my mind.” UVM student Rosa Levitan explained. It’s “going to happen to someone sooner or later, so we should all be informed.” Indeed, a vaccine is scheduled to come out in October, according to the Center for Disease Control, and it will be distributed to those who have the H1N1 virus. The swine flu and catching the disease: Pregnant women, small children and, yes, good news for us, college students are the top three groups on the risk list. UVM, on top of raising awareness, has developed an extensive plan on how to cope with the disease if it spreads our way. Closing the school temporarily and evacuating the students, while still taking classes at home, is one of many options the university is considering. At any rate, a potential outbreak would drastically disrupt our daily routines at UVM, but is it really a concern? While the university’s attempts to raise awareness of the flu seem to be scaring some, many other people choose to ignore all the coverage. “I don't really see the big deal,” I chuckled to myself. “It hasn't directly affected me or my school yet so I'm not worried about it.” Perhaps I was naive to think this massive world disease would just disappear over the course of a couple of months, but the changing of the seasons, the move back to college, and the increase of people in such small spaces have got people talking again. Although the network media coverage has died down a bit, it's quite obvious that the flu is gone. While the constant coverage about H1N1 is still lingering, I suppose it's comforting to know that the university is addressing the issue, even if it is scaring everyone into thinking the school will be quarantined. So until this ‘thing’ is over and gone, all we can do is skip over the health center’s emails, wash our hands 400 times a day and fight for a spot in line for the vaccine. Oh, and please don't sneeze on someone else's face.
great advice

by molly Kelly-yahner

We have all been a first-year student. In particular, everyone can remember those first few weeks of school when the realization hits: no one is in charge of anything. You can go wild and eat all the crappy food you want at Harris-Millis Dining Hall (which you will soon start calling The Grindle) without your parents monitoring your diet or micromanaging your life.

If you incorporate these ways of behaving into your everyday activities, you’ll be sure to transition to a broken-in college student by the label of “first-year.” Trust us.

Roaming about campus:
- When you leave your dorm room, put your spankin’ new laminated ID in your “UVM Authentic” ID case. Then attach your hologram to your UVM bookstore lanyard. By no means remove your lanyard. For extra style and school spirit, wear it with your free “Class of 2013” t-shirt or, better yet, your “Post Prom ’09” t-shirt.
- Before you leave your dorm room, trust us.
- Whenever you are downtown:
  - Don’t be stressed (as they have yet to undergo the wild specimen known as the apocalypse, and 3) We all will be traveling to凭 2013” t-shirt or, better yet, your “Post Prom ‘09” t-shirt or, better yet, your “Post Prom ’09” t-shirt.

In the classroom:
- In your first couple weeks of classes, prompt the person you sit next to with these casual questions: What year are you? Where are you from? What’s your major? Why are you taking this class? How was your weekend? If you can, try only to take a breath between every three questions in order to come off extra chatty and calm.
- If randomly called upon in class, no matter what the size, answer in a squeaky, trembling voice, “Who, me?” While preparing yourself to answer the question on last, jet pack, make your temperature rise from a typical 96-degree temperature to a feverish 101. That always throws off the professor.
- When you are downtown:
  - Hit up local coffee shops on the weekends to get a break from the dorms. When going to Muddy Waters and Uncommon Grounds, only bring credit cards. Then discuss in front of the hip staff how old school this place is for only taking cash.
  - Assume all gatherings of five people mean house party and you are invited. If your introductory bio class is just too stressful to even allot your time for chatting people up, don’t worry. Remem ber faces because, chances are, you are going to see those people outside of class. “Aren’t you in my whatever class?” is going to become a large part of your vocabulary again. People like that their faces are so strikingly pretty (or gross) that you remember them above everyone else in your class. Picking someone out at a party on College Street or on that crazy sandwich line at the Davis Center is never a bad thing.

Along with putting yourself out there to make friends, you also need to make sure you are open to new people. Don’t sit by yourself in a corner and don’t forget your (awful Green Mountain) coffee so you won’t be snapping at people when they ask you what the last slide said. Be nice. New semester means everyone a little anxious, whether it’s your first year or you’re a super senior. Everyone gets by with a little help from their friends.

so fresh so clean

by kaleigh mulpeter

As a returning student to the University of Vermont, many of us can be proud of the newfound skills we have developed during the last year. These include the ability to catch the bus at any stop at the perfect moment, making casual conversation with the Cyber Café ladies and the Marche employees, or being able to sleep through the wing door neighbor’s Harry Potter marathon (with sound on). Some of us have also been blessed with another superpower: the ability to spot a freshman out of a crowd of upper-classmen. In case you haven’t been bestowed with this gift, here are a few things to look out for:

1. First characteristic of the classic freshman may be the most obvious: the backpacks. Because of their uneasy feelings about their new environment, freshmen are likely to travel in groups of approximately 8-12. This also may be due to the fact that they are considering everyone they meet their new best friend and thus, must attend every meal and any other slightly significant daily endeavor together.

2. The wardrobe. Freshmen tend to be much more overdressed than the rest of the student body. From the straightened or gelled hair to the full face of makeup and strategically matching flip flops and backpack, they appear to be ready for a fashion shoot rather than a TAP class. However, this will fade as the semester goes on and soon enough they will be sporting sweats and greasy hair like the rest of us.

3. Another likely sign of a freshman is when they ask you what the last slide said. Be friendly, yet caution.

4. One of the more odd freshman characteristics is the tendency to take pictures at, for normal people, insignificant moments and locations. For instance, during a bus ride to the gym, while waiting in line at Cook, or (my personal favorite) while using the dorm restroom. For some reason, freshmen seem to believe that every precious college moment must be recorded and posted on Facebook...but if they don’t look good in that picture, don’t even think about tagging them.

Lastly, the most disturbing tell-tale signs of the wild specimen known as the freshman, the outrageous level of endur ance while intoxicated. If you happen to see a student running around the streets of Burlington at 4 A.M. telling people how beautiful and nice they are, odds are that student is a freshman. You may be ready to grab a slice at Mr. Mike’s and call it a night, but you can still spot groups of made up undergrads roaming around looking for the rager on South Union. Although these extactable, naive students may get on some of our nerves, we must remind ourselves that we were all once freshmen. It is our duty as upper-classmen to guide these youngsters through the magical journey that is college, and do so with a gentle hand. So don’t send them in the wrong direction, whether it be to Simpson for dinner or to the frat party this weekend.
I see you all over L/L drinking tea and being friendly... we should hang out more often; you seem pretty cute!

When: last weekend
Where: downtown
I saw: a woman
I am: a man

Your long eyelashes, large breasts, and glittery pink eye shadow made me do a double-take. I hear you are an expert in Japanese Kabuki theater. Let's do sushi.

Inebriated diva:
Pearl Street, at about midnight:
Little girl:
Mom:
Little girl:
On Church Street:
Stoner 1:
Stoner 2:

Dorm room, very overtired friends:
"Wasabi peas are so powerful they're going to grow legs and walk over here and eat us!"

Somewhere on campus:
Stoner 1: This weather is really nice, the nights are warm but the bugs aren't out, this is a great night for smoking weed.
Stoner 2: It's always a great night for smoking weed.

On Church Street:
Little girl: Mommy, I hate taking vitamins
Mom: Why? They're so good for you.
Little girl: Yeah, but I get diarrhea, is it really worth it?

Pearl Street, at about midnight:

ubriated diva: I'm drunker than a horse on vacation!

I'm drunker than a horse on vacation!

I saw you in a basement party this weekend. You were wearing a white hat that says UVM and University of Vermont in the front. It holds their dorm key, the golden key to ultimate freshmen lair.

-It holds their new shiny UVM I.D key to ultimate freshmen lair.
-It holds their dorm key, the golden key to ultimate freshmen lair.
-It holds their new shiny UVM I.D key to ultimate freshmen lair.

I witnessed a conversation in b-town? was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
Tell me and we'll print it.

uvm.edu/~watertwr

So I was walking to class last winter and I had a cold. I looked ahead of me and saw no one was there so I decided to cough up a huge phlegmball because well, it's better out than in. However, as I turn my head over my shoulder and cough up this ball of mucus, it turns out there was a girl behind me and I just nail one of her brand new pink Uggs boots. I mean this little pink boot is covered in yellow phlegm. She looks at me shocked and astonished. I have no idea what to do. I turn around, pinch my headphones, and keep on truckin'.

HTHDTEHTS.

I had plans to go to this dumb show with my friend on Saturday night, but on Saturday morning I copped out of it by telling her I was on the way back home to deal with a death in the family. Two hours later I ran into her at Mr. Mike's. HTHDTEHTS.

Today I was working at my computer when some really hot boy came in to see what I was up to. My roommate wasn't in the room but she left her wacky Irish music on full blast. The guy left very quickly. HTHDTEHTS.

I saw the kid I had a crush on last year on campus for the first time. And I fainted. Loud. HTHDTEHTS!!

I went to buy all my books at the book store the other day, and when I went to pay, all my credit cards didn't work. So I had to go to the ATM and take out $400 in $20 dollar bills. HTHDTEHTS.

UVM Baseball Hat
The white hat that says UVM and University of Vermont in the front is the first and sometimes only clothing guys may find themselves buying at the UVM bookstore. It gives off a preppy vibe and is usually purchased by the jocks and frat brahs, but it's okay, at least it's in white and not yellow.

-It holds newly purchased books from the bookstore. Textbook noobs who have yet to find out about half.com or chegg.com. are pwned by the overpriced bookstore. But at least they get to rock the bag.

Free UVM T-Shirt
This is the first free t-shirt every freshman receives from UVM. Juniors and sophomores all know what I'm talking about. don't deny it, you all secretly have one. It is the ultimate golden yellow tee, splashed with the UVM catamount logo and 2013 in green. 
- Made out of 100% cotton.
- May shrink when put in dryer.
- May shrink person's dignity.

Bookstore Plastic Bag
You will only see this bag the first week of school. Of course it's yellow - as if we didn't have enough yellow in this outfit already. It holds newly purchased books from the bookstore. Textbook noobs who have yet to find out about half.com or chegg.com. are owned by the overpriced bookstore. But at least they get to rock the bag.

UVM Baseball Hat

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"Well, that was weird," she said, and she walked back to the front door. She sighed, pressing her back against the nearest wall, wondering if it stayed open a moment longer.

He towered above her; he was easily more than six feet and his entire frame bulged out with deliciously developed muscles. He wore a red shirt that seemed too small for him, as it could obviously only barely contain his pectoral perfection. A quick glance down showed that his jeans were similarly tight, offering a generous outline of his most intimate territory. Joan hurriedly looked up, though, to take a closer look at this unexpected but not unwanted visitor. Mysteriously, he had a cap drawn over his eyes. Joan could see a hint of raven locks trying to free themselves from the cloth prison, but besides that she could only see a fine, Roman nose above a grim-set mouth upon a chiseled jaw. It made her heart ache to see more.

"Don't worry," Joan called, wistfully admiring his clothes. "There must be some mistake," she whispered, her heart caught in her throat as she gazed into the most mystifying blue eyes she had ever seen. They were mysterious, alluring, and enticing; she dared not to do things she had never dreamed of before. Her knees suddenly felt weak.

"Yes." His voice sounded like thunder at midnight. "I have…a pizza for you.

As though in a dream Joan gazed down at his manly, rugged hands. They did indeed hold a tall-tale square box. The scent of cheesy goodness wafted from it into her delicate nostrils, affecting her like only the strongest aphrodisiacs could. She stared into the man's eyes again, feeling plagued with two kinds of hunger.

"There must be some mistake," she whispered, her voice barely audible in the thick, humid air of the night. "I didn't order any pizza."

He looked her up and down, his piercing gaze seeming to tear her sweaty clothes from her right there in the doorway. "This is '93 Magnolia Lane…isn't it?"

"No," said Joan, absently running her hand up and down her biceps. "This is Magnolia Crescent. You'll want to drive several blocks…up."

He stared at her a moment longer and she reveled in the gorgeous man she had ever seen. The Adonis-like man suddenly tilted his head up and down the wooden frame of the door, "this is Magnolia Crescent. Y ou'll want to drive several blocks…up."

"Well, that was weird," she said, and she walked back to her punching bag so she could get back to more important things.
Now that your schedule is finally figured out and the first week is over, you actually have to go to your classes. Hopefully you’ll get your money’s worth and learn something.

**Spanish Lesson**
- Madonna: “Digame” means “tell me, baby” and “yo soy loco” means “you drive me crazy.”

**Math**
- IMMOOR: Adding two and two/five and six come out/facing all my fears/exciting with doubts.

**Natural Science**
- Rush: “Science like nature/it must also be tamed/with a view towards its preservation/given the same.”

**Poetry**
- Tamia: “Make it like poetry/everything wrong you see make it alright/to be or not to be won’t be any question.”

**Psychology**
- Dead Prez: “This is what we learn on the streets/fuck a degree/believe in none of what you hear and half of what you see.”

**History**
- Adiodub: “You never thought you’d see the day/our state would rule against the gay/take their civil rights away.”

**Politics**
- Randy Newman: “We’ll save Australia/don’t want to hurt no kangaroos/they got surfing too.”

**Astronomy**
- Good Luck Varsity: “Go past canus minor/to the first star on your right/they say that’s the brightest in the sky.”

**Chemistry**
- Semisonic: “And we found out that the two things we put together/had a bad tendency to explode.”

**Head of My Class**
- Scooter Smiff: “I’m a head of my class/I know you heard what I said/I’m a head of my class and didn’t need a hall pass.”

The weekend is right around the corner and you don’t want to get caught playing that same old Daft Punk and Kanye playlist. Let the Water Tower help you play DJ with some fresh music for your dancing pleasure.

**Dance Band of the Week:**
***Pictureplane***

*by alexpinto*

Pictureplane is an artsy offspring of the jittery Girltalk glitch music that has been exploding of late. You won’t hear any familiar Top 40 samples, and some of the harsher riffs verge on difficult listening (read: 90’s house music). But all that matters little when the drum beats are heavy, and there are even some good melodies to be found through all the noise. “Goth Star” and “Transparent Now” are both good listening/head nodding tracks, “Solid Gold,” and particularly the sonically huge “Day Glowed,” are made for the dance floor. All are on his Myspace, where you will also find this month’s Northeast tour dates, including Montreal and Boston.

**Music Writers Wanted**

Are you the one always hogging the laptop at all your friend’s parties? Does your library rival Bailey Howe? Do you like to write about da music? Contact us at thewatertowernews.com. We’re looking for writers who know their stuff and aren’t too elitist to keep their favorite bands to themselves.

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lamp.lifethrust@uvm.edu

**Shuffle.**

*By juileerrisimilios*

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