who are we kidding?

burlington isn’t really a city

by emilyhoogsteger

Burlington is a city. It has a City Hall, a City Park, and a City Council, and we all know names never lie (with the exception of suburban housing tracts called Moun- tain Valley Circle or River Forest Drive Lane). It may not be New York, Boston, Los Angeles, or even Portland, but ours is a bona fide American city and we’re proud of it. As any good Burlingtonian (Burlingtonite? Burlingtonian?!) knows there is a lot more to cities than a sprawling metropolis and eight lanes of taxi cabs.

First off, Burlington has a public transportation system. The CCTA buses can be seen all over town on a pretty regular schedule, and lots of people use them – from families and grocery shopping grannies to drunken college students and sketchy guys who slowly inch closer to you over the course of the ride. Like most cities, Burlington relies on public transportation to keep its streets from being crowded with cars, as well as to get its citizens to places like the mall (cities have malls!), the bank (Citibank or Fairlylargebank?), and the independent movie theater (you definitely wouldn’t find one of those outside of an urban area). Burlington also plays host to four colleges or universities, at least two of which you have probably heard of (UVM and Champlain College). The fact that it is able to house all of those students while still maintaining an identity that isn’t “College Town, USA” means that there is a lot more to Burlington than we think.

You can hear sirens at least eighteen hours a day here, there are always lights on somewhere, and it’s possible to go out in public without seeing anyone you know. Burlington has a mayor, which only happens in cities, and we haven’t met him, which means he’s probably a legitimate public official elected on the basis of policy, not just some guy who got handed an office because he’s friends with everyone in town. Burl- ington has city planning. Church Street is a pedestrian mall, which means not only that there are enough people here to justify giving them a whole street, but also that there are enough cars here to bother banning them. Burlington has class: There is more than just because it doesn’t resemble any other part of Vermont. Most of you who believe Burlington is a city are going to graduate and move to Boston, New York, or any other place where jobs, nightlife, and 24-hour Vietnamese take-out are more plentiful. If you’re having trouble coming to grips with “city life” in Burlington, you may be in for a very rude awakening.

But what really makes Burlington a city is that people have heard of it. People who aren’t from New England, don’t ski, and don’t care about fall leaves or the 1960s know about it. Heck, even people from out of the country have heard of it (Thank you, Canada). Burlington is the biggest city in Ver- mont. If it’s not a city, then Vermont has no cities at all. And that, my friends, would be embarrassing.

Let’s get one thing straight. Burlington is at best a large town. It is the largest town in Vermont, but that alone doesn’t make it a city, as many suggest. Burlington is home to many people from very small and rural places in Vermont and other states, so they are going to naturally be inclined to think that any place with more than one ‘general store’ and ‘bar’ to be a city. Seriously. Burlington is a nice place to spend a weekend (or get a college education), but if you find yourself here for any other reason, it’s probably because you’re on your way to or from Canada. But don’t take my word for it. Let’s look at a few things that define cities.

Population is a good indicator of what makes a city. Burlington has a population of 38,889. This is less than other notable American suburbs like Brookline, Massachusetts (54,809) and Mount Vernon, New York (68,321). In any other context, Burlington would be a cute town right outside any real major city.

There are a few nice restaurants, a few places to shop, and a music venue. But it’s easy for people to get this confused with a real city. Look at the rest of Vermont. If you live in this state, you either live in Burlington or the middle of nowhere. Not being in the middle of nowhere doesn’t make Burlington a city.

Sports team? One thing that defines American cities is a sports team. Even Colum- bus, Ohio has the Blue Jackets. Burlington is home to the Lake Monsters, a class A affiliate of the Washington Nationals that uses UVM’s facilities. That’s fine, but can Bur- lining actually handle having a real professional club of any kind? If you got everyone from Burlington to go to one game, you might be able to sell two thirds of tickets for any modern sized arena.

Let’s not forget the other major factor that defines Burlington. The University of Vermont. What kind of place would Burlington be without UVM? People understi- mate the fact that there are 10,000 kids here, many with a never-ending supply of par- ents’ money to spend downtown. The houses are shitholes and the rents are ridiculous. But if you can’t afford it, a Burlington landlord will surely find 10 other people who can.

Is Burlington nice? Of course it is. I love Burlington. But let’s not blow it out of proportion just because it doesn’t resemble any other part of Vermont. Most of you who believe Burlington is a city are going to graduate and move to Boston, New York, or any other place where jobs, nightlife, and 24-hour Vietnamese take-out are more plentiful. If you’re having trouble coming to grips with “city life” in Burlington, you may be in for a very rude awakening.

by briancoffhill

political lingo 101

by georgelotus

laying low by bridgettreco

by watertowerads@gmail.com

cheaper than the other guys.

advertisement for your club or organization with the water tower, we’re cheaper than the other guys.
**the best news team in the universe.**

**inbox**

this is no joking matter

Dear “Editor,”

Last week’s front page article advising people to sneeze in each other’s mouths is not only deplorable, it’s irresponsible. People actually have Swine Flu, and it’s not funny, ok?

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

the water tower

uvm’s alternative newsmag

uvmedu/~watertwr

**the shit list**

with macamith

Sarah Palin

Self-proclaimed “Rogue,” Sarah Palin’s new book hit the shelves this week. The former Alaskan governor has been praised for her excellent work paving the way for new policy. Critics especially liked her extensive use of words that are more than two syllables. The only detractor from this otherwise stellar piece of fiction was the fact that she ran out of purple crayon in the fourth chapter, and had to write it in yellow, which nobody can read.

President Obama

The President is catching some flack for once again bowing to a monarch. This time, it was the Emperor of Japan. He’s going to get some serious criticism from the Right, and I couldn’t agree more. When is Obama going to stop ignoring customs and traditions when he’s in other cultures? He can’t just show “respect” to other figureheads. It demeanes us and makes us look more socialist every day.

Thanksgiving

Does this holiday still exist? I couldn’t tell from all the Christmas commercials. Maybe we can just have two Christmases? Holy crap...let’s do that instead.

UK

New figures show that 30,000 people in the UK still watch TV in black and white. Do they really wonder why their empire is not only deplorable, it’s irresponsible to sneeze in each other’s mouths?

2012

This end-of-the-world movie was released in theaters this past weekend to the adoration of millions despite horrible reviews (38% on rotten tomatoes). After further investigation, the WT discovered that people only went to get over the hangover still lingering from Transformers 2.

**sportsblink**

with michaelcielsak

LeBron James has been a dominating force since his induction into the league in 2003. He was dubbed “King” before playing an NBA game. Finally, we are getting some humility from the man. In his short career, LeBron has worn both numbers that Michael Jordan did. But recently, in an attempt to retire #23 from basketball in honor of MJ, LeBron has said he will wear #6 next year when he is playing for the Knicks. At least, that’s the vibe I’m getting from the serious “brumance” between the Knicks and LeBron. Not just the Knicks but the whole damn city, you can’t count the times LeBron’s rocked that Yankees hat. Can he not wait one more year? It’s like putting on a condom before you go to your girlfriend’s house—unnecessary, just wait, dude.

In the Bengals-Ravens game, Chad Ochocinco jokingly went up to the ref during a challenge and “bribed” him with a one dollar bill. The NFL responded with its own knee-slapper, a $20,000 fine. Roger Goodell’s comments on the matter: “WOAH! GOT YOU GOOD, YOU FUCKER”.

Derek Jeter is going to be shot in the leg in 2010. At least he will on film, as he makes an appearance in a movie called The Other Guys, which will feature the acting of (ah-hem): Will Ferrell, Mark Wahlberg, Samuel L. Jackson, The Rock, Paris Hilton (!?!), Eva Mendes, and Michael Keaton. It’s the perfect role: Jeter will be right at home with some of the most overpaid people in the world.

Also, UVM Women’s Hockey needs some recognition. They are 5-6-0, but at this point last year they were 2-8, en route to a 7-25-2 season in which they scored only 57 goals. This year they already have 21.

“[We found] a dozen two-gallon buckets of water.”

A NASA researcher, declaring that water has officially been found on the moon. Coca-Cola has plans to open up a bottling plant there ASAP. (just kidding)

“When we want everyone in this country to be treated equally.”

-Turkish Interior Minister, Besir Atalay, on the announcement of a plan to make concessions to the Kurdish minority with whom the Turkish have been in conflict for some 25 years. Among the concessions being made is the right to speak Kurdish in public, and assemble in Kurdish groups. The release of the Kurdish leader from prison, however, has not been discussed.

“I was defending my wife and child.”

-Mike Tyson, who decked an over-aggressive cameraman at least twice, causing him to get five stitches. Poor cameraman.

And no surprises, Mike “If I saw her today, I’d rape her!” Tyson is still a big douche.

“I would be honored to visit those cities at some point in my presidency.”

-Barack Obama, when declining an invitation to witness the destruction of an atomic bomb can cause in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

No sitting President has ever made the visit. Earn your peace with macamith.

the news in brief

“I fully expect to direct the prosecutors to seek the death penalty.”

-Army General, Eric Holder, on the upcoming trial of Khaled Sheik Muhammad and four other 9/11 co-conspirators. These are the same conspirators that have been waterboarded, sleep deprived, put in stress positions, and otherwise abused by American authorities. Now we’re going to kill them. But it’s ok, ‘cause we’re Americans and they’re terrorists.

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contact the wt.

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Tuesday at 7:00pm in Jost Conference Room

David Center - 4th Floor

Or send us an email

our generation stands at a crossroads. As we wade through a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. the water tower is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes wildlandish opinions so that you don’t have to come up with them yourselves. We can’t promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but we will respect the te-


cracy 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 healthcare bill has passed in the House and is coming up to the Senate now. To understand the bill, as well as the media analysis, you'll need some sort of code to decipher what the pundits are saying. As always, we're here to help.

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**Political Lingo 101**

by brianfell

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**The assault on women's repro rights**

by katedonnelly

November 7th, 2009 was a historic day. The House finally passed the health care reform bill, guaranteeing insurance coverage for all, by a margin of 220–215. While this was a huge victory for millions of uninsured Americans, it was also a huge setback for Roe v. Wade and women’s rights.

Unfortunately for American women, the bloated bill contains the Stupak-Pitts Amendment, which prohibits federal funding for abortions. It also bars anyone getting federal health subsidies from purchasing private insurance policies that include abortion coverage. That has the potential to shut out thousands of women from having a choice about their bodies and their lives.

Liberals have done a great job of fattening and complicating this bill to appeal to conservative members of Congress. Yet they have compromised their ideology in the process. Liberals need to be strong advocates for women’s rights because we sure as hell know that conservatives won’t be.

The Catholic Church has also butted in, and lobbied to prohibit abortion funding in this bill. Richard Doerflinger, associate director of pro-life activities for the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops, stated, “We want to see people who have no health insurance get it, but this is a sticking point. We don’t want health care reform to be the vehicle for mandating abortion. The church can’t accept a public plan that covers abortion.” Whatever happened to the separation of church and state?

Have a constitutional right to reproductive services? The Stupak-Pitts Amendment infringes upon women’s most basic right to privacy. This isn’t just theoretical when the state chooses to prohibit abortions. Women die. That is a fact. The Guttmacher Institute’s [a pro-choice reproductive think tank] research found abortion occurs at roughly equal rates in regions where it is legal and regions where it is highly restricted. Whether it is legal or not, women will continue to choose to have abortions anyway.

The research also concluded that restricting women’s access to reproductive rights leads to illegal, unsanitary, painful, and unsafe abortions. This results in the death of 70,000 women a year.

So what is next for Afghanistan? Well, to begin with, President Karzai will be under increasing pressure to take action against corruption and to gain the confidence of the people which it does not currently have.

So the citizens of Afghanistan will not get the second election that they desire and deserve. Instead, candidate Abdullah Abdullah, who finished second in the fraud-ridden first round of elections decided to withdraw from the run-off just days before it was supposed to occur. Abdullah said that his demands meant to ensure a fair election had not been met, and that a run-off “might restore the faith of the people in the democratic process...I thought it would be in the best interests of the country if I decide not to participate.”

Regrettably, his decision left the corrupt Karzai as the only option for Afghanistan and his actions since have only served to undermine the legitimacy of the government.

Weary of unending security and safety throughout the country, with the western military personnel serving only as a supplement in fighting the insurgent forces, President Obama is currently considering whether to send 40,000 more troops to Afghanistan. While the extra soldiers would almost certainly help increase stability, it would be due to a foreign power’s military might rather than Afghanistan’s own ability to control affairs within its borders. Furthermore, Obama will certainly face considerable criticism if he decides to send the troops. Sacrificing the lives of American soldiers to control affairs within its borders. Furthermore, Obama will certainly face considerable criticism if he decides to send the troops. Sacrificing the lives of American soldiers to control affairs within its borders.

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So how does Obama plan to undermine the very mission which the United States is trying to accomplish in Afghanistan? To achieve this, he will certainly face considerable criticism if he decides to send the troops. Sacrificing the lives of American soldiers to control affairs within its borders. Furthermore, Obama will certainly face considerable criticism if he decides to send the troops. Sacrificing the lives of American soldiers to control affairs within its borders.

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So the citizens of Afghanistan will not get the second election that they desire and deserve after all. Instead, candidate Abdullah Abdullah, who finished second in the fraud-ridden first round of elections decided to withdraw from the run-off just days before it was supposed to occur. Abdullah said that his demands meant to ensure a fair election had not been met, and that a run-off “might restore the faith of the people in the democratic process...I thought it would be in the best interests of the country if I decide not to participate.”

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Once upon a time in a strange faraway land, well, in Canada, there was a beautiful little girl... almost right, I was a seven-year-old boy.

Anyway, my gramps was so concerned about my lack of hand-eye coordination at seven, he bet me a dollar I couldn’t throw a ball into the air and catch it one-handed 100 times without dropping it. It was a standing bet all summer long. Should have been a cash cow, right? Guess how much money I made that summer?

Three dollars! I know. Seriously. Please continue making fun of me. However, after twelve long years of humiliation, I have decided that really, that’s pretty sad. So I went to Juggling Club. Club on Monday.

“The juggling club is seriously a circus minus the elephants.”

Honestly, they should rename it Run Away to the Circus with Justice and Skippy Club because that’s pretty much what it is. My instructor was Justice, who immediately put me to work throwing and catching one-handed... my nemesis... and get this - throwing and catching two balls at the same time!

If you think that’s hard enough, try doing it when everyone else was flipping stuff around you and all you hear is ‘fwpw’ flip swat (that’s my ball hitting the ground because I’m busy watching Skippy catch Primary colored hoops) ‘fwpw’ flip swat (Natu’s juggling fabric) ‘fwpw’ fabric (How many pins is that?!)” Seriously just sat on the ground at one point to watch everyone else - ‘fwpw’ flip swat flip swat (no splatting, notice?).

Apparently, there’s also a bunch of different types of juggling. The ‘Standard’ type I was learning is called the cascade, which is basically a crosswalk with a ball in each hand and one in the air at all times. Then you can add different tricks and stuff, like juggling with another person, doing fancy things with your hands, getting more balls, using dangerous objects, etc. I don’t really know ‘cause Justice was trying to explain while Skippy was doing something that looked one-hander. I don’t even know what that means. I just know you are living. The Morning after

Ever wake up in the morning in bed with a stranger? If you don’t know you exist, something is wrong with you. For those of us who have been in this situation and experience it often, there is an incredibly unique awkwardness that ensues. Are you bound to talk about your lives and your favorite breakfast food? Do you inter- vene and do damage control or watch in anticipation, but, what if you get stuck dancing with this rhythmically challenged freak show? During this interaction, you are truly aware of your existence because of the shock that results from witnessing these horrible, compulsive movements. Uncomfortable teachers

Last week one of my professors discussed how a man “cannot just pull out his dick and swing it in your face.” My education is worth every penny. What the hell are you supposed to say when profes- sor takes such a turn in a class discussion? Awoken by the shock and intrigue, your brain remembers how to process thoughts. Do you laugh at their strange jokes or feel embarrassed for them? Let’s hope this aspect does not affect our participation grade.

Forget overly complex philosophical explanations; in the last five minutes of class I am still racking my brain for some epic realization. Yet all that comes to me is a hard decision among my majors to deal with. Do I want to get the black bean and cheese New World flat wrap or the City Market burger for dinner?

The juggling club is seriously a circus minus the elephants. And although Justice said I’m getting pretty good with two balls in my hands (that’s what she said), every once in a while it is really good at explaining the concepts, go with your catching skills down. It will be a lot easier to watch.
old on to your potatoes, dr. jones

side the box. When Albert Einstein said, “To raise new questions, new possibilities, to regard old problems from a new angle, requires creative imagination and marks real advance.” he probably wasn’t talking about a potato dish... but he could have been.

3. Mashed Potatoes: Light and delicious when you don’t think about the ingred- ients, potato salad isn’t that hard to make, and you can avoid feeling guilty eating it because technically it’s a salad. This is a more of a summer dish, so having it im- plies fond memories of July and picnics. If you have this at your table, it means you either recruited your 75 year old grand- mother to mix eggs, mayonnaise and potatoes the right way. Trust me, there is a wrong way, but more times than not it’s worth the risk.

2. Baked Potatoes: Minimal work, minimal worry, baked potatoes are the second best reason to have plenty of sour cream in the house. Decorate them with cheese and bacon, and you’re set. Sure, they’re lazy, but have you eaten one lately? They’re fucking delicious. They taste shiitake white, and no microwave does them justice, so if these are out, they are going to get eaten. It’s a big commitment, so take it slow, and remember: less is more... except in regards to butter. If you’re not drowning your potatoes in butter, you’re failing.

1. Mashed Potatoes: The best. There’s a reason mashed potatoes are the first dish you think of in terms of Thanksgiving. They epitomize comfort food through- and through. Served up lumpy shows a dignified wisdom, while serving them smooth and creamy is like serving warm baby food. This distinction separates the boys from the men, and the gits I won’t acknowledge from the gits I’ll marry. If you find yourself with more than one serving of these, you’ll be filling up ARP the second you can, and you’ll be club champion of shuffleboard before too long. This is the comfort food that other com- fort foods would eat if they could. Lumpy mashed potato eaters. I love you.

There’s nothing inherently wrong with school food, it’s just on the wrong side of spectacualr and there’s something oddly sterile about every food in the cafeteria. The gloves, the aprons, all of it; it gives a vibe of mass production and indifference towards you, the consumer. Be honest, you can taste it when the chef didn’t put any love in your sandwich at the Marketplace. But, there’s something endearing about nibbling on leftover tater tots with a sink full of dishes and a stomach full of pump- kin pie, and there is most definitely love in a bowl of lumpy mashed potatoes.

the orange glow

by monique龢eit

The Orange Glow: What is it?
A: A Billy Mays tribute?
B: A provocative hipster band that adores hardwood floors?
C: A carrot top phenomenon?
D: Some heady dank vegan orange glow muffins? Local and organic, please!
E: Tanning Beds?
F: None of the above.

The answer is F: None of the above!

It’s a radioactive hue that floats around your body, much like a neon glow. Or- ange Glow is more contagious than the swine flu. This disease is so easily spread that you simply walk by a contaminated individual, and smell the putrid scent of chemical, orange crap then holy shit, you’ve got a case of the orange glow.

A little history lesson for you orange fiends: the disease originated in Germany. The entire beer stock suddenly evapor- ated, and as a result Germans began making carrot wine. Carrot wine pro- ppered, turning the German people a hue of orange from consuming a multitude of beta-carotene. This au-natural look traveled over to the United States in a bucket of spoiled carrot wine, where it manifest- ed itself as a mold that stuck to the inside of your lungs and spread throughout your blood stream, providing you with an un- healthy orange glow much like jaundice. Now, the air born disease is unstoppable, but there are some individuals mimicking the orange glow by spraying their bodies with carrot juice every night.

In reality, there is no existence of the tainted carrot wine disease. Instead, there is the world of fake tanning and tanning beds. Tanning beds were a complete acci- dent. It all began when one individual by the name of Friedrich Wolff who created a bed of UV lights for people who needed an increased dose of Vitamin D. Unfortu- nately, tanning beds have become a source for poor choices. I know summer has been swept away with the blistering, howling winds from Lake Champlain, but it is really necessary torove discourage cancerous cells by lying in a bed of UV rays? Think of it this way, you are going to end up looking much like a golden raisin at the age of 50 if you keep up the daily spree of luxurious tanning. Also, it’s totally dete- riorating to your bank account, and come on, who could use a couple extra bucks these days?

On top of the tanning bed phenom- enon, there’s fake tanning for those of you who would like to avoid direct sun expo- sure. I would much rather stain my skin with beet juice and henna than walk around with highlighter orange palms, and imitation sun spots on my body from the pooling of the dye. I understand that living in rugged Vermont takes a toll on your sun-kissed faces, but there are other ways you can attain this wholesome look. For example, work outside on a farm or landscaping for the summer: You may endure sunburns and ridiculous tan lines, but at least you’ll have that long-lasting tan on your face, but the color of your body, much like a neon glow. For example, work outside on a farm or landscaping for the summer: You may endure sunburns and ridiculous tan lines, but at least you’ll have that long-lasting tan on your face, but the color of your body, much like a neon glow.

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The Orange Glow? It seems impossible. I’ll be the girl on Tuesday and Thursdays who reeks of shame from now until December 18th. The joy.

top 5 dining halls on campus

5. The Grundle
4. The Grundle
3. The Grundle
2. The Grundle
1. The Grundle

The existential wtf

There is a proponderance of left handed water fountains on campus. Maybe the school wants left handed people to feel special. Or they got them on discount.
I am: 
I saw: 
Where: 
When:
Ill be waiting for the answer in the mansfield room
i like riding, but not bitch and not a motorcycle
i see you riding bitch on a motorcycle
i see you in davis mon, wed, fri. avec your bros
I am: 
I saw: 
Where: 
"Party in the USA. 
You're really cute,
I am: 
I saw: 
Where: 
ps. loved your flannel
tell me more about my eyes
it made my night
me
you told me i was beautiful even though you didnt know
I am: 
Where: 
your assets. If you try talking to me, I'm liable to be very
ter. Watch out you organic foodies,
for the triple-deckers that are so chock-full of fresh
and the sandwiches start at $6.25 and go up to $9.50
very reasonably priced! Bagels range from $1.50 to $3
of Sadie's is that even after importing quality meats and
sured to sit down at the adorably retro counter to enjoy
bagel factory in Manhattan: H&H bagels. Don't feel pres
Sadie Katz imports their bagels from the number one
meats New York noteworthy, but so are their bagels!
This boxcar deli screams New York; not only are their
and deli section. This delicatessen is adult and
make you feel like you're in a genuine, New
same companies that sup
New Jersey, which are all the
am companies that sup-
food, but your dining experience becomes a
into the stainless steel boxcar restaurant, you're


Randall

with brittany marom
and kate randall
What happens when the small town of Burlington
starts serving big city meats? Burlington only gets bet-
ner. Watch out you organic foodies, Sadie Katz Deli is
he next best thing in Burlington. The owners of Three
Seeds opened this Jewish-style deli in February 2008 in
Place of the outdated Oasis, and since then, the deli
and it gets busier. What's their
secret? They get their meat
from State-National Brand in
Albany, smoked salmon from
Brooklyn, and their bread
from the Certified Bakery in
New Jersey, which are all the
same companies that sup-
ply food to the one and only
The one and only Great Danes in
Manhattan.
For those of you who are not
aware of the oldest delicatessen
in the Lower East
Side of Manhattan, Katz's has been open since 1888 and
is considered a true delicatessen because it is the only
place that still cars all its pastrami and corned beef by
hand. State law in Vermont forbids restaurants here
to serve their meat by hand, but it is cut fresh to order
every sandwich.
This boxcar deli screams New York; not only are their
meats New York noteworthy, but so are their bagels!
Sadie Katz imports their bagels from the number one
bagel factory in Manhattan, H&B bagels. Don't feel pres-
tured to sit down at the adorably retro counter to enjoy
your bagel, you can order it to go and still fulfill that
raving without having to pay tip (although they would
appreciate and deserve it).
The most noteworthy aspect of Sadie's is that they have a very importing quality meats and
some of the best bagels in the country, the menu is still
very reasonably priced! Bagels range from $1.50 to $3
and $6.25 and go up to $9.50
for the triple-deckers that are so chock-full of fresh
cut meat they could suffice for both lunch and dinner.
The meat specialist, Andrew, recom-
manded the corned beef and pastrami triple
decker sandwich which is served on rye bread
with cole slaw and Russian dressing which was
very hearty and filling. In place of a
breadbasket we were given a pickle
platter with semi-sour and sour
pickles from United Pickles in the
Bronx, both of which were crunchy
to perfection. The sandwiches also
come with a choice of potato salad,
cole slaw, fries, or potato latkes
on the side; the serving of fries is
substantial, and the potato latkes are
just like your aunt used to make at
Hanukkah parties. OY VEY!
The only downside to Sadie Katz
are that they're only open until 4 on
Monday through Saturday and 3 on
Sundays, and the interior of the restaurant only
has 5 booths and 12 counter seats. When you
enjoy dining at their counter, the decor of the
restaurant resembles an old school 1930s in-
dustrial art deco diner, with an open sandwich
deli section. This delicatessen is adult and
family friendly, and the staff is welcoming, en-
ergetic, and prompt. If you have any questions
about the history of the restaurant the staff is
very informative and they go out of their way
with to make you feel like you're in a genuine,
New York delicatessen. We owe Sadie Katz Delicatessen
colour four and a half W's because once you step
into the stainless steel boxcar restaurant, you're
not only served delicious, heartwarming Jewish
food, but your dining experience becomes a
time warp that takes you out of Burlington
and straight back to vintage New York on the
Lower East Side.
Hilda” he rasped. “Hilda Van Heusen!”

For there she stood, untreated eczema and all, a wizened, toothless old crone with wispy hair and no brush to fix it with in her coffin. Lucy, after having known Tarquin for years, would never have believed it possible, but it turned out that Hilda Van Heusen was the very caricature of a ghost.

“Tarquin,” Hilda crooned. “YOU pompomussed YOU prorrhomessed mee!!”

“I didn’t! No I didn’t! You hit me with a car first!” Tarquin shouted in response, causing the glasses on the table to rattle. Lucy noticed that the other people in the restaurant were looking in her direction awfully closely now.

“Wait, she hit you! With a car!” Lucy asked. “Is she the one who killed you?”

“He wouldn’t get out with me!” Hilda snapped. “So I did a broken heart!”

You were friends with my grandmother, you crazy old lady!” cried Tarquin, standing up; (his chair flew back as he did so, causing a fit of absolute panic in the restaurant; several diners even got up and bolted for the door, leaving their fake fish and unpaid checks behind.)

“Oh, I hope that Model T hurt,” Hilda returned, taunting.

“How old was your grandmother?” Lucy asked Tarquin, trying to keep things friendly, even though it had already been a lost cause. Her Bluetooth was lying on the table, completely forgotten, and people were looking at her as if she still just gone round the bend and began to indulge in witchcraft.

“Eighty!” he cried, and “SHE’S ninety-one!” He pointed to Hilda in frustration while the older ghost plucked the last of the chalk dust to wash away out of the air and left the two ghosts invisible.

“Little rat” cackled. “I’ll wind you round the ceiling fan!”

“Uh-check please!” Lucy cried, “Can I get the check?”

But there seemed to be no point in asking; the restaurant had descended into complete chaos. One of the waiters could be seen, passed out, lying in the lap of a harshly-looking elderly woman in a pant suit; business men were fleeing, leaving their briefcases behind; and several waitresses were screaming in super sonic tones at the spectacle of living glasses that Hilda had begun. To top it off, Tarquin and Hilda were still arguing. So, Lucy, harassed and frustrated, stood up, shouted, “That’s enough!”

We are certainly not perfect for each other, Tarquin and I, she thought, as she stepped out into the cool night air. So much the better for Hilda! I would be much later at night when she got home, however, that Tarquin surprised her. A note and a shoebox sat on her desk, the note apologizing and saying finally that they would “have a better date next time.” She didn’t hate him, which turned out to be filled with heresy Kisses—her favorite. “The kisses I didn’t get—that’s not you—I literally.” A message written on the inside said.

Darn nineteen-twenties guys, Lucy thought as she pulled her quilts over her head. If his penmanship hadn’t been so beautiful, she might not have believed him.

I know I’m gonna get with this basement party’s DJ. I put on Barbie Girl and I wonder, “What the fuck?”

We lock eyes as I dance, and that’s when I know

we’re doing with each other? Seriously, if I don’t love you, then why do I keep obsessing and thinking about it all the time? And I know I don’t feel any kind of lust or passion for anyone else that I’ve known since you. But there’s just nothing there. Me, I mean. I could say it’s there but it’s not. I’d have said it was there—I was quite certain it was—but it was just doing with each other. Is there a ghost? Am I imagining things? Because you’re not here and I feel nothing—except to duplicate that moment, but maybe it was the moment before everything changed and fell to nothing and fell to something just being there and phantoms. I just felt that weird sense of admiration, affection, like I wanted to protect you, even though you wouldn’t protect me. Would you? How do you really feel about me? I just know that how I feel could change if I knew.

But for now I’ll pretend it’s not real and it was just that ghost playing tricks on that small space between us.

untitled

by julietcrisimallos

I see you over there picking out a song.

Wondering if your choice is right, if they’ll dance along.

I see you over my frosted beer filled red Solo cup.

You put on Barbie Girl and I wonder, “What the fuck?”

But the crowd got even more depressed

You fuss and act anxious, but still you look so steered.

You play it safe and put on an ‘80s classic

That’s when I knew that I just had to have it.

I dance to your poppy beat, hips shaking to and fro

That’s when I knew that I just had to have it.

But that’s when I knew that I just had to have it.

I dance to your poppy beat, hips shaking to and fro

by alexleewsend

Man should always

Wor(l)d open
doors for

ladies. After

all, we do

other
good

things

for
dem.

Me.

I suck
dicks.

Don’t
ever

open
doors

for

me.

by bgyptretocco

It extended deeper than just on the outside, with bod-

ic

I wonder: Is it even possible to love something, a

moment, so much but feel nothing for who it’s with? I

should have driven him to that beautiful place, down

that handsome grey street, smiling and tearing up, and

my insides would tight up, and my face would swell

and my veins, my bundles and bundles of heavenly little nerves and veins and all

their systems should’ve taken notice too.

But things felt different, I didn’t have that tether

this time at all, I had nothing standing in the way

of all, and just wanting that moment back so badly.

The afterglow was sitting in the backseat of the car

and sitting on your lap and looking right into that blue

abyss. And laying low when cars passed by at 1 A.M. in

our summer suburb. And the way you parted my hair

and the way you smelled! I really could have melted right

there. The way you smelled was the most important, and

I just remember it so vividly. I mean. I can compare

that moment to anything I’ve seen in some obscure indie

movie or heard in a Morrissey song.

I mean. Who would have thought you— me? I loved

it but I don’t love YOU and I don’t think I can ever love

you, who are you, even? Who are we, and what are we

still doing with each other? Seriously; if I don’t love you,

then why do I keep obsessing and thinking about it all

the time? And I know I don’t feel any kind of lust or

passion for anyone else that I’ve known since you. But

there’s just nothing there. Me, I mean. I could say it’s

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us.
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\[ \text{college of arts and sciences} \]

\[ \text{rubenstein school of environmental and natural resources} \]

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