they don't know kung foo...as far as we know

trash ninjas!

by emilyarnow

It’s a dark and quiet Tuesday night in Burlington. There you are, sipping your DiOra tea and watching Jon Stewart in your living room, when all of a sudden, you hear the slow, grim rattle of a shopping cart approach your porch. You do not move, you sit and wait. The clinking and clanking of cans sent chill up your spine as you peer out your window to see the figure behind this noise. A black van comes to the cans….um, what is the best money? Or are they normal people like you and me? The Water Tower sends an undercover team to investigate.

It’s 8:30 P.M. on Tuesday night, and since trash pick up on North Union Street is tomorrow, this is prime ninja watch time. I wait for the coast to clear and then put out my recycle bin just behind the sidewalk. It’s filled halfway, with five beer cans, two empty Sprite bottles, multiple cans of Arizona iced tea and other plastic recyclables. Now all I can do is wait. With a paper and pen in my hand I crouch behind a tree, peering out on to the street. At 8:45, like clockwork, I hear the rattling of cans as my first ninja approaches the recycling bin. To my surprise it is a young man, dressed in all black, with a backwards baseball cap. This ninja has no shopping cart, but boasts a very large black trash bag, seemingly filled with pickings from previous recycle bins. With a flashlight in his hand (he came prepared) he quickly rummages through the pile. I move to get a closer look and make a noise; he turns, startled, and quickly moves down the street with new collections added to his bounty. I walk to the recycling bin to assess the damage. He snapped up the two Sprite bottles and all the beer cans, leaving the Arizona iced teas and random plastic items. I quickly bring out my next stash of cans to refill the empty bin.

10:00 P.M., a new ninja strikes. This man is in his mid- to late thirties, wearing glasses and appears to be clean-shaven with presentable clothes. I am intrigued and address him.

WT: “Hello sir, I was just wondering, do you use the money for the cans? What do you do with the cans anytime, and he smiled and went on his way.

This ninja had surprised me. He was not the typical homeless man on the street, yelling things and talking to himself. This was a real man who needed to support his family and had to do so by rummaging through college students’ recycling bins. I told him he could collect our cans anytime, and he smiled and went on his way.

With a new outlook on the ninjas, I once again refilled the bin with more cans. The previous ninja had also passed by rummaging through college students’ recycling bins. I told him he could collect our cans anytime, and he smiled and went on his way.

10:30 P.M. An older woman ninja approaches the recycling bin. She appears to be in her sixties, with short gray hair. She carries several black trash bags and picks through the heap very quickly. I decided to speak to her but my footsteps scare her away and she hurries down the street. I go outside again to assess the bin, it is almost empty with no beer cans in sight. I refill the bin with wine bottles and wait to see what unfolds.

10:42 P.M. Yet another younger man creeps up, attempting to be sneaky. He is careful not to make too much noise and wears very ripped, tattered pants and a white shirt. With caution I approach him on the sidewalk.

Continued as trash ninjas on pg 6
If you don’t like it, then why don’t you just git out?
If you’re not sure, we’re here to help.

Sometimes reading - Daniel G. Cohen

We are the reason people can’t remember what it was like to think for themselves. We walk through a world ever connected to a smog cloud that is the result of our thoughtlessness. It’s a world where we have the ability to control our own destinies but instead we waste it on trivial pursuits, such as who we think is hot. If you don’t like it, then why don’t you just git out?

The situation is very grave.
Christine South, coordinator of the International Red Cross, speaking about the recent Indonesian earthquake disaster that claimed dozens of lives.

“We believe it will be a Yes vote.”
Mary Hanafin, Irish Social and Family Affairs Minister, encouraging the Irish public to vote “Yes” in the Lisbon Treaty. The Lisbon Treaty is a new EU initiative that will improve economic and environmental cooperation amongst EU member states. Ireland is the only country who put ratification to a voter referendum and the ultra-nationalist Sinn Fein is really the only force that might prevent it from passing. The rest of the country wants them to shut up and vote Lisbon.

We are the full force of the White House to make sure...that this is a successful games.
Barack Obama, who’s decided that since he can’t get a health care bill passed, he may as well focus on ensuring that his hometown of Chicago is the host of the 2016 Olympics. FYI, it didn’t happen. This guy can’t get anything accomplished domestically.

ANA
The Japanese airline ANA is asking passengers to pee before they get on a flight in order to lower emissions. I’m just wondering...when will lazy people stop asking us to do stupid things like this and just make some more efficient vehicles?

Chicago
Last week the International Olympic Committee selected Rio de Janeiro to host the 2016 Olympic games. Rio beat out Chicago, which President Obama personally lobbied for, Madrid, and Tokyo. But nobody was surprised. A city full of Cubs and Bears fans never really expect to win.

FOX News
Holy Shit! FOX News says that 149 million Americans are unemployed. Our workforce is 154 million, so that really won’t reflect well on President Obama. Thanks, real news, for telling me the truth about things.

Michael Bay
Michael Bay has just signed on to make Transformers 3. They said that there would never be another movie remotely as bad as the second movie. Michael Bay is going to attempt to prove everyone wrong.

China
Did I miss something? Did the biggest, scariest regime in the world just celebrate its 60th birthday with the largest military procession in the history of the world...and we’re totally cool with that!

The news in brief

We provide witty and sometimes outlandish 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 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.

The water tower is for us non-thinkers.

Our generation stands at a crossroad. As we walk through a world ever connected to a tsunami 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 outlandish 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 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.

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You are chilling at your house listening to be assholes and because they think it's cool. Siblings are also masters at revealing secrets, and then answer all questions with curt one word answers. Your heart drops. How are you related to this wretched person? Where is the loyalty that is established in your common blood? Awkwardness ensues, and suddenly your sexy houseguest needs a ride home because she's suddenly remembered the oven is still on. How do we deal with this defeat? Tackle Beat them? Kill them with kindness? Relocate? There are many options for alternatives. But it seems that the most realistic solution would be to not bring your dates, hot friends, or any potential hookups and stay in your dorm. Lauren, who has a brother or sister knows that an innate characteristic of a sibling relationship is to tease. Is this biological? Is it to give us more backbone? Maybe it is something in the makeup of our brains. Whatever the reason, siblings tend to have the power to mess up their dates much later in life when he or she has been labelled a 'cool chick.' Lauren, on the other hand, has been labelled a 'bitch-shit' by mollykelly-yanher.
SA CONCERTS presents

Fall Fest of Montreal

October 10 • Patrick Gym
$15 College Students
$25 Public
Doors open at 7pm, show starts at 8pm
From the top floor of the Davis stairway I saw you sitting alone on the news stand. You were next to that cynical loser, but I know you wanted nothing to do with him. You wanted me. I struggled down the stairs crowded with people hoping to their next class or fighting to get some food. I was so close, but so many people blocked my view, and when I got there you were gone.

When: every Tuesday
Where: Davis Center
I saw: the water tower
I am: an avid reader

We met a couple weeks ago when I was dancing along on Colchester and you complimented me on my groove. You’re a gorgeous blonde hippie with a chilled persona, a warming smile, and awesome fashion sense (I’m digging your fedora). I get tense, tongue tied, and boring around you because IWSY? Let’s dance together!

When: Tuesdays and Thursdays
Where: Philosophy w/ Don
I saw: a woman
I am: a man

I’ll miss your 9s outfits, but you’re still super cute. Girl, you’re one of the most amazing people I know. Also your dedication to dendrology is hot. Can I help you with your next painting project?

When: any time I can
Where: on the grass, in the sun
I saw: a woman
I am: a man

I commented on your sweatshirt as I held the door for you. Turns out the school name on your sweatshirt is also your last name. We walked together a little ways and then departed at Brennan’s. You seem super nice. Can we also your last name. We walked together a little ways and I saw:

Where: when
Where: where
Where: when
I am: a woman

In Williams Hall:
Guy: Yeah, the best thing about going to UVM is it doesn’t really matter what you wear in public. Someone’s gonna look weirder than you.

At Brennan’s Pub:
Dude Bro 1: Dude, I’m so glad that girl almost got kidnapped last month.
Dude Bro 2: Dude, why?
Dude Bro 1: ‘Cause now when a hot drunk chick is walking home from a party, I can be like “Yo, you don’t want to get raped—I’ll walk you.”
Dude Bro 2: Dude...

Simpson Dining Hall:
Some Girl: Oh my god, you were hilarious last night! You immediately started groping that girl’s boob, and she was like, “I have a boyfriend” and you were like, “I know”.

On Main St. by the Davis Center:
Freshman Guy: I have to join clubs ‘cause otherwise I’ll just end up chilling with friends and doing drugs.

Overheard Phone Conversation:
Girl: Umm..our drug dealer has a crush on me...

So I asked my friend to print out all of the phone numbers of the usual people I see in my classes and asked if they wanted to add them to my phone. As it turns out I had none of these numbers on my phone before and so I got a bunch of new contacts. Perfection. I figured it was a good idea to add these numbers to make sure I never have to get a phone number from someone’s cell phone again. It was a little weird to call someone from a phone number that I had never met them before but I think I handled it just fine. One of the numbers I had was for a woman at Madera’s Restaurante & Mexicano. I called her and left a message saying that I was from the Davis stairway and that I had been watching her feed her cat. She called me back and said I could come and have dinner with her and her boyfriend. I went and had a great dinner and now I’m a friend of hers.

On a recent Friday night, I had my first Madera’s experience. Upon the conclusion of my long trek from UVM to the waterfront, I was greeted with the essence of Mexico, one of warmth and invitation. Madera’s is of Mexico, one of warmth and invitation. Madera’s is the south of the border motif. Although my party was not large our party was, and it didn’t really bother me at all. The service was slower than the waffle line at the Boloco. I would highly recommend Madera’s for its enjoy the service. Upon the conclusion of my long trek from UVM to the waterfront, I was greeted with the essence of Mexico, one of warmth and invitation. Madera’s is the south of the border motif. Although my party was not large our party was, and it didn’t really bother me at all. The service was slower than the waffle line at the Boloco. I would highly recommend Madera’s for its ambiance and flavorful menu. It’s about as authentic as it’s going to get in Vermont. Though we may be south of the Canadian border, we are a long haul from Mexico. That is why Madera’s is my pick of the week and receives four out of five WTs.

I overheard a conversation in b-town? was it fast food? dumb? inspirational? tell the ear and we’ll print it.

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I got blackout drunk one night this weekend, and my friend let me stay in his dorm for the night. I brought one of his floormates/roommate for me to sleep on. Apparently I got sick in the middle of the night and woke up in my own enlist. I tried to clean it up but only managed to make the spot look less colorful. I had to return this futon to a kid I had never met before with a big ol’puke stain on it. I was at a party Saturday night and stepped out to the back lawn to talk with one of my friends. Somebody decided to make a big ninja who got in the way of his stream. HTHDTEHTS

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trash ninjas

continued from page 1

WT: “Hello sir, I was writing an article for my newspaper at school and was wondering if I could ask you some questions?”
TV: “Uh, sure.”
WT: “What do you collect and what are the best cans to collect?”
TV: “This street is good for a lot of cans, the beer cans get the most change.”
WT: “What do you do with the money?”
TV: “Sniff, uh, buy stuff.”

My last question had shifted our conversation and I could tell this ninja would like nothing more than never speak to me again. I thanked him, he swung his trash bag over his shoulder and strutted down the street into the night. Once again I refilled the bin and retreated to the porch.

10:50 P.M., a man with no hair wearing a tired, old flannel bounded up the street with shopping cart leading the way. The rattle of his collections could be heard all down the street, and eager to see this man in full view I sat on my porch waiting. He finally approached my house and began to loudly and quickly pick through the bin, throwing plastic milk cartons and solo cups on to the street as he searched for cans. With as much courage as I could summon I approached this seemingly “crazy ninja”.

WT: “Hello sir, I was just wondering what you do with these cans?”
TV: “mumble, mumble, mumble, government, mumble, mumble, plastic”
WT: “Uh, um, do you take them to the redemption center?”
TV: “Dumb plastic, mumble, mumble, CHEESE! mumble!”

Needless to say this interview was going nowhere fast, I retreated to the porch to watch him throw my plastic recyclables all over the street and then slink away into the night with his shopping cart full of new products.

With no more cans, bottles, or Arizona iced teas to put out, I closed my window and headed upstairs to watch the ninjas from my window. A few came and went, peering into the bin, quickly realizing it had been previously been picked over. They all looked the same, with big bags in tow, some with flashlights, some with shopping carts. Although my study into the world of trash ninjas did not change the fact that they came every Tuesday to my house, I did enlighten me as to who these ninjas really were. Yes, some are crazy hobos or are looking for easy ways to make some money, but some of them are father’s who have lost their jobs and need to make ends meet. These ninjas we college students see, hear and even speak to every week are people just looking for a break, and I guess if there’s one thing I learned from this story it is that if I can give them some peace with my trash, if only for a little while, then any ninja is fine by me.
Look—History—ninety-eight to
read them off, one by one.
her mother said. Their daughter,
parents, confused.
some difficulty.
her hand, which she gave to the girl with
'stand it's not like it's a high school class!'
'shution to the people and they don't under
'did! So tell
motorcycle lessons, “ she declared to the
burp and sat up, looking vacantly around.
his overzealous moods. The girl on the
chess. Bartlett was evidently in one of
two of the residents sat down at a table
they've all dropped like rotten apples
“—No, no, not the drug, sir, the other
don't—“ The drug? Mary Fields, you know we
“—No, no, not the drug, sir, the other
dr.” he asked the attendant in his best
cepted into a top-notch university. He
school-age students every year, from
of disease we call senioritis!
the only cure, I'm afraid. “
give her a big lecture when she wakes up.
along with interest.
“Nonsense, Mary, you're nowhere near
“Don't you all act interested at once, ”
he muttered. “That's what I want to see! Such
aglow with interest.
“Do you have anything I can possibly use? Her
something down on his clipboard. “Do
“whatever” all at once, then took out
stare, laziness, fatigue…and she's being
qualified enough to make such a diagno
‘Nonsense, Mary, you’re nowhere near

The two residents who had been play
morning. “
her home, and tell her to call me in the
“Swine flu. “
It's H1N1, sir,“ she said, turning to
ney and looked at the chart of the young
woman who was on it.
“Is it H1N1, sir,” she said, turning to
Bartlett. “Swine flu. 
Barlett stepped a tiny bit closer to the
gurney. “doesn’t look like a swine to me,”
said. “Give her two Ibuprofen, send
her, and tell her to call me in the
“High school seniors can seem like a
eral pandemic!"

You decided to allow him to be her lover, despite his
unfortunate lack of mammmary beauty and his
possession of some rather unsightly dangly bits.

The following is a true story: Names
have been changed to protect the innocent.
Once upon a time in a kingdom down the
hall, perhaps in a dorm where you
live, there lived a lesbian princess named
Alyssa. Everyone in her kingdom loved
the princess, for she was a fair and just
er…well I like to save water you see. So I
you exercising beforehand, because you
nerve.

This was the young Prince Bobby,
whose devotion to Princess Alyssa was
ruler who never spoke a cruel word
to the princess, for she was a fair and just
Alyssa. Everyone in her kingdom loved
the hall, perhaps in a dorm where you
have been changed to protect the innocent.

The princess was silent for a moment, thanks to her shy and maudlin ways,
then she recovered her breath enough to issue such a torrent of profane language
that the prince's ears went red. She then fell out of the magic rain box
and collapsed upon the floor. Prince Bobby suspected that something might be
wrong.

Feeling a little créatif?  Wishing
new section, créatif stuffé.

Senioritis hits hard
by lawrynspach

Dr. Jan Bartlett, a tall, handsome
man of about twenty-nine, dozed
his thirty-second cup of coffee as he
picked up his clipboard as yet another
drooling high school student was wheeled into St.
Aloysius General Hospital. She had a
silver gurney. Her parents were hovering at
her side. He was ready and eager to at-
tend the twenty-seventh case of senioritis to
have hit the area in the past week.
Dr. Bartlett was the hospital’s chief
expert on the disease known as Lethargic
Shock Disorder, once classified as a mental
tal illness, but which now consisted of a
full-fledged physical health risk and
GPA killer. The latest name of the
disease, of course, was senioritis. It plagued
high school-age students every year, from
roughly April first to the very end of
June. Dr. Bartlett and his team of specialists
were the ones who can show the
emergency room.

Now he went over to case number
twenty-seven, a blonde girl recently ac-
tcepted into a top-notch university. He
observed more coffee and wielded his pen
over the clipboard like a sword.

“What’s going on with her, Nurse
Fields?” he asked the attendant in his best
deep, authoritative tone.

Mary frowned. "Drooling, vacant
stare, laziness, fatigue… and she's being
rather uppity with us, too…” The girl on
the gurney rolled her eyes and put on an
expression that seemed to say “yeah, sure…”
and “whatever” all at once, then took out
a nail file, started a manicure and began to
tack the twenty-seventh case of senioritis.

But spend two hours on Facebook.
Open laptop, just one look
Sun is rising, light of day,
Professor has become my master.
Droopy eyes, shaky hands.
I'll be up til 3:00 at least.
Readings weigh upon my shoulders,
Where's my book? I'll have to borrow.

by arielle

You are a small tin box
that rained, that they might sate their
desires. One day Princess Alyssa invited Prince
Bobby to join her in a magical cleansing
box that raised, that they might sate their
love. The encounter was a truly enchant-
ing. The lovers felt their pulses rac-
ing. Prince Bobby felt as though his heart
was so filled with delight that it might
burst from his chest. This turned out to
be a slightly more serious problem for the
prince.

As they held each other close within
the raining box Alyssa’s angelic bosom
suddenly jerked forward into the prince
with the force of a football being thrown
against blanket by a body-builder. Young
Bobby wondered that he might have a
bruse.

“My darling,” he said, “why is it that
you have thrust yourself into me so? Have
you seen an unsightly insect of some
sort?”

The princess was silent for a moment, thanks to her shy and maudlin ways,
then she recovered her breath enough to issue such a torrent of profane language
that the prince’s ears went red. She then fell out of the magic rain box
and collapsed upon the floor. Prince Bobby suspected that something might be
wrong.

独角兽的去向! Call

Once the princess was within the
medicinal palace the magic healers tried to
understand what had caused Alyssa’s
helpful heart machine to send waves of
bitter agony searing through her
every nerve.

You say you were in a shower. Were
you exercising beforehand, because you
really should cool off before you...

The princess coughed and turned
a most dainty shade of crimson. “No, I
...well I like to save water you see. So I
thought of someone else and...”

The healers watched her expectantly.

“Foreplay!”

And so it was that the princess was
given a certificate to provide to all of her
educational instructors and the officials
of her realm inscribed with the words
“shocked during sexual foreplay”. Alyssa
was somewhat amused by this (as was her
dean at a later date).
If there's any anger or discontent brought on this week by the first shivers of imminent cold weather, a proper outlet should then be on the darker side of the dance floor. The Bloody Beetroots are "the bastard son of the Misfits and Daft Punk" and do what their music is more difficult for it. Their content and themes are out of the mainstream. While Of Montreal is hardly an obscure indie band these days, their quality of baroque-pop and neo-psychedelic music points us in a whole new direction. Even private schools like Cornell University are known to hire yawn-inducing acts like The Pussycat Dolls and Asher Roth. Does our state-school status automatically make us susceptible to a slew of mainstream pop artists? Of course not, because we’re UVM. We’re not like all your other state schools, baby. We’re decidedly different—which is why we’re going for the androgynous and sexually provocative, frenetic, and just enough weirdness that you won’t stick figures dancing and enjoying steak on the Outback Steakhouse commercial. You know, the one with the little chefs? You know, the one with the little stick figures dancing and enjoying steak on the Outback Steakhouse commercial. "They’re heartbreakers that evoke a dismal familiarity, with Of Montreal’s own one-of-a-kind spin. "They’re heartbreakers that evoke a dismal familiarity, with Of Montreal’s own one-of-a-kind spin. The first time I heard the band was during The O.C.’s reign of television, with songs appearing on their soundtrack such as "The Party’s Crashing Us," and "Requiem for O.M.M." At this time, I dismissed Of Montreal as being one of those indie-pop bands that will either sell out to the mainstream or just fade into obscurity. But as their success grew and Barnes’ stage-persona won fans across the globe, it became obvious that Of Montreal was something remarkable. Led by flamboyant frontman Kevin Barnes, the group has put out over twenty albums, EPs, and compilations in the last decade. Barnes is the type of straight, married man you don’t meet every day— he wears women’s clothing and possibly married to a woman he doesn’t actually love. "They’re heartbreakers that evoke a dismal familiarity, with Of Montreal’s own one-of-a-kind spin. It’s not about win or lose—we all lose/when they feed on the souls of the innocent/I’ve been praying for/for the people to say/they don’t wanna fight no more." Don’t Rain On My Parade with julietsimilios

Mum - Sing Along To Songs You Don’t Know (Hostess) Mellow, minimalist, indie pop. Makes nice use of vocal harmonies, a broad range of percussion and string instruments.

The Drums - Summertime (Twenty-seven) A Brooklyn duo with synths and guitar. Really upbeat, catchy, summer surf/pop.


Girls - Album (True Panther Sounds) Elles Costello-esque vocals with San Franciscan summery pop music.

Matisyahu - Songs of利亚 with alexptono

The Sunlandic Twins - Other Games, "which proves that though their content and themes are out of the mainstream. While Of Montreal is hardly an obscure indie band these days, their quality of baroque-pop and neo-psychedelic music points us in a whole new direction. Even private schools like Cornell University are known to hire yawn-inducing acts like The Pussycat Dolls and Asher Roth. Does our state-school status automatically make us susceptible to a slew of mainstream pop artists? Of course not, because we’re UVM. We’re not like all your other state schools, baby. We’re decidedly different—which is why we’re going for the androgynous and sexually provocative, frenetic, and just enough weirdness that you won’t stick figures dancing and enjoying steak on the Outback Steakhouse commercial. You know, the one with the little chefs? You know, the one with the little stick figures dancing and enjoying steak on the Outback Steakhouse commercial. "They’re heartbreakers that evoke a dismal familiarity, with Of Montreal’s own one-of-a-kind spin. "They’re heartbreakers that evoke a dismal familiarity, with Of Montreal’s own one-of-a-kind spin. The first time I heard the band was during The O.C.’s reign of television, with songs appearing on their soundtrack such as "The Party’s Crashing Us," and "Requiem for O.M.M." At this time, I dismissed Of Montreal as being one of those indie-pop bands that will either sell out to the mainstream or just fade into obscurity. But as their success grew and Barnes’ stage-persona won fans across the globe, it became obvious that Of Montreal was something remarkable. Led by flamboyant frontman Kevin Barnes, the group has put out over twenty albums, EPs, and compilations in the last decade. Barnes is the type of straight, married man you don’t meet every day— he wears women’s clothing and possibly married to a woman he doesn’t actually love. "They’re heartbreakers that evoke a dismal familiarity, with Of Montreal’s own one-of-a-kind spin. It’s not about win or lose—we all lose/when they feed on the souls of the innocent/I’ve been praying for/for the people to say/they don’t wanna fight no more." Don’t Rain On My Parade with julietsimilios

Mum - Sing Along To Songs You Don’t Know (Hostess) Mellow, minimalist, indie pop. Makes nice use of vocal harmonies, a broad range of percussion and string instruments.

The Drums - Summertime (Twenty-seven) A Brooklyn duo with synths and guitar. Really upbeat, catchy, summer surf/pop.


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