It seemed like Rally the Catamount had the world at his feet. Straight-A student, handsome SGA senator, and let's face it: the coolest cat on campus. "Rally was an awesome guy," remembers senior Sylvester Goupil. "He used to walk around with that goofy grin on his face, break into choreographed routines on the steps of the Bailey-Howe, and cheer up all the stressed-out students by giving them hugs and high-fives." Such happy times are a thing of the past for Rally Cat, and now that brilliant smile is more of a sour puss.

Once known for his cheer and charm, Rally is now famous his "bad boy" attitude and hard-partying lifestyle.

But what happened to the guy who used to bring his own bowl to Honors College ice cream socials? A source close to Rally's family reveals that the allegations of a fling with the Champlain College Beaver were indeed true. Known for her erratic behavior and promiscuous nature, it was no surprise to Rally's close friends and family when he started experimenting with drugs and alcohol. "We knew something was really wrong when Rally missed a hockey game to go on another Beaver Bender," reveals a source. "That was the breaking point for Rally. Beaver was just trouble."

But the trouble didn't stop there. Falling in with the wrong crowd was just the tip of the iceberg for this fragile feline. Rally's weekend raging quickly spilled into his daily life and had a profound effect on those around him. "It was really sad," says sophomore Mustafa Crudup. "One time he showed up to one of the swim meets completely intoxicated. He started harassing male swimmers about their Speedos and made jokes about their genitalia. When they told him to leave, he urinated in the pool."

Unfortunately, this incident was not unique and Rally's outbursts still continue.

"Last week, we were all hanging out at Brennan's, you know, just enjoying Burlington's nightlife," recalls senior Melvin Daschle. "I was just eating my Tamara's Chicken Tenders, when there was a huge ruckus behind me. I turned around and I saw Rally, and man, oh man, was he plastered! He must have had his two Brennan's brews because his eyes were bloodshot and he was stumbling all over the pub. He went over to the popcorn machine and took a Sharpie out of his pocket. At first we thought he was writing a motivational message, like 'Go Cats Go', but when he turned around, we saw that he drew a huge, hairy phallus."

Rally hit rock-bottom after a grotesque display at the Bailey-Howe Library that led to his immediate arrest.

Top left: A scene of destruction at Rally's now-notorious L/L suite.
Bottom Left: Beaver is spotted mingling with co-eds downtown, while Rally lurks furiously in the background.
Above: Rally Cat's mugshot: taken shortly after incident at Brennan's.

Rally Cat attempts to charm his way out of a bind. Cops are not amused.

Rally on the rocks
uvm's favorite catamount spirals out of control

by erika weisz

get inside me
news
shame in the old dominion
by ben donovan

tunes
lcd soundsystem by bridgett reco

reflections
simpson store goes insane
by caleb demers

It’s an effing CATastrophe!

advertisement for your club or organization with the water tower: we’re cheaper than the other guys. watertowersuds@gmail.com
The best news team in the universe.

Inbox

Dear Water tower,

I love Victoria Nguyen's fashion column this year, “water” you wearing? It was one of the first things I flipped to every Tuesday. The fashion section has been great and I like seeing student photos in your paper.

I just have one gripe: every morning I wake up and speak about my Monday class for two hours before I go to eat breakfast and make up my mind about what to wear. I look out the window, see an outfit that I think would work, and nod. Such is the life of a college-styled, collegiate fashion-person on this campus and I AM ONE OF THEM. Find me. Please. I look awesome.

Sincerely,
A lady in Red

Oaxaca shame: the aftermath

by jana mcgloin

After receiving twelve inches of rainfall over a three-day span, a large fall in Oaxaca, Mexico caused landslides on Tuesday, September 28, 2010 at around four in the morning local time. The resulting landslide swallowed a small rural town in Santa Ma-

“**The state prosecutor called her ‘evil’,** and the judge that stated she was ‘the head of this serpent.’”

Love it

1. Senate Candidate Christine O'Donnell ('06) (D) publicly defends卮turation.卮turation plans worldwide protest to stop handgun violence.卮turation plans worldwide protest to stop handgun violence.

Leave it

1. Halli Casson: the highest honor in the land... really. Halli Casson: the highest honor in the land... really.

2. Stephen Colbert testifies before Congress on one-day in position of migrant worker. Stephen Colbert testifies before Congress on one-day in position of migrant worker.

3. Burlington named “Most dangerous city for innocent bystanders” because our judicial system amounted to nothing but a joke. Burlington named “Most dangerous city for innocent bystanders” because our judicial system amounted to nothing but a joke.
When humming is more than hummers: the simpson store goes absolutely insane!

by bailed/lemurs

The Realistic web site, it must be said, is still as good as ever, and it will still provide the details and links to scholarly articles, quotes, and other useful material that you would need for your studies. But one of the highlights is the new “hummer” feature. This allows you to input your own, personal data, and it will then generate a personalized “hummer” for you. You can also share your hummers with others via social media platforms like Twitter and Facebook. It’s a great way to connect with people who have similar interests, and it’s free! So be sure to check it out today!

What’s your major?

by lindsayberg

We all love it—love to chat breack-fast or ask questions to friends. But sometimes, it gets a little bit too much. So we’re here to help! Here are some tips and tricks for handling your daily interactions in a more efficient and productive way.

1. Set boundaries: Let people know when you need to focus on work or your own personal life. This can be as simple as turning off your phone during certain times of the day.
2. Prioritize: Make a list of what you need to get done and focus on the most important tasks first.
3. Be present: When you’re with someone, give them your full attention. This can help you avoid distractions and get more done.
4. Say no: It’s okay to decline invitations or requests that don’t align with your goals.
5. Say yes: Sometimes, it’s important to say yes to opportunities that can help you grow or learn new things.

Remember, it’s all about finding a balance that works for you. So go forth and conquer your day with these tips in hand!
the quim queries

So, Tiling Problem: don’t worry, Hao Wang’s tiling could (congratulations!) in work - and possibly intensifying the problem. An agrarian obstipation misapprehending, you still think not? I owned photos, and you are a math genius referring to Hao Wang’s tiling problem? Thank you can stamp us with your pornography? Write in and see.

Bliss and Mah.

I have the world’s awnfiest fiancé, and we are excited to breed together since we are married. There is a big problem though, it’s physiologically impossible for us to be pregnant (I'm fertilizing a few eggs, naturally) and we still aren’t success. We love each other enough that we still want to spend the rest of our lives together even if we never get to have, but that would really complicate reproduction, and would really suck.

So a surgery exists for this, can’t possibly be covered by any health insurance plan. (If it is) actually tried to find one - I’m understandably afraid of what I might get if Iyped any search term containing the phrase “vagina widening” into Google.)

I took the liberty and risk of typing “vagina widening” into Google for you - and behold, among such gems as “I had a vagina widening surgery - it was more urgent than my brain surgery” - I’m not really worried because I should tell you tonight. (Hey, it’s a good thing)

Guy 2 (on the phone w/ bro):

Girl 2:

Simpson store, in line for sandwiches

Guy 5 (a big penis) to cute girl:

Girl 7 (in back of atm)

Girl: Yes, I just wanna poop in the Davis Center!!!

Harry’s dinner

Guy: Every time I clap my east I have an east-gasm.

Lafayette

Last Fri: I’d rather eat placenta than do math!

Davis Center Marketplace

Girl 6 (Adele to a cute girl):

Guy: We gotta get our hands on some good weed.

Random partygoer: Dude, someone just shit their pants! Everyone wear!

L/L Fireplace Lounge

Guy 1 (on the phone w/ bro):

Girl: I took the liberty and risk of typing “vagina widening” into Google.

Guy: So he cut a whole in a Minnie Mouse doll.

Send your submissions to thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other creative thing to the watertower’s new section, creativestuff. The, watertower’s new section, creativestuff. Send your submissions to thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

Guy 4:

Girl 3:

Simpson store, in line for sandwiches

Guy 5 (a big penis) to cute girl:

Girl 7 (in back of atm)

Girl: Yes, I just wanna poop in the Davis Center!!!

Harry’s dinner

Guy: Every time I clap my east I have an east-gasm.

Lafayette

Last Fri: I’d rather eat placenta than do math!

Davis Center Marketplace

Girl 6 (Adele to a cute girl):

Guy: We gotta get our hands on some good weed.

Random partygoer: Dude, someone just shit their pants! Everyone wear!

L/L Fireplace Lounge

Guy 1 (on the phone w/ bro):

Girl: I took the liberty and risk of typing “vagina widening” into Google.

Guy: So he cut a whole in a Minnie Mouse doll.

Send your submissions to thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other creative thing to the watertower’s new section, creativestuff. Send your submissions to thewatertowernews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.
Recently a friend and I were enjoying a Friday night out at Muddy Waters when a three-piece honky-tonk band started jamming in the front. The three guys, some middle-aged kids in Hawaiian shirts, were having the time of their lives strumming and singing away. They caught the attention of nearly everyone at Muddy Waters that night, and their energy was infectious. They flew through tunes at a breakneck speed, disallowing time for inter-song small talk. They clearly were only interested in playing their music and nothing else. I didn’t catch the name of the band until the tail end of the show, when the bandleader mumbled, “Thanks for coming out tonight, the Whiskey Lickers”.

Something about that show struck a nerve with me. It had been a surprisingly long time since I’d seen a band truly enjoy performing music as much as those Whiskey Lickers. Their musicianships, didn’t really care what they looked like, and just wanted to have a great time playing music. They were honestly goofy-looking — unironically oversized glasses, ill-fitting jeans, and their hair really could have used some work — but they didn’t care about being cool.

Maybe that’s the problem these days — bands are far too obsessed with being cool. Maybe that’s the problem these days — while everyone is always interested in being sharp-dressing scenesters who rock a certain – cool – layout, or indie-approved wardrobe separate kind) — but was wearing oversized glasses too, but what’s the point? When the bandleader mumbled, “Thanks for coming out tonight, the Whiskey Lickers.”

Memorial Auditorium was the perfect venue, with enough space to allow the moshers, the ravers in the back to each have their own space to groove. The dark and looming backdrop of Muddy Waters was the perfect place for underage kids and legal beer drinkers alike, with Music students the trendiest and most talked about indie acts around, nailed it at their higher Ground performance last week. Sure, they looked cool — their hair was not with their complex lighting scheme, elaborate stage layout, or indie-approved wardrobe selection (band member Brendan Canning was wearing oversized glasses too, but the trendy Urban Outfitters kind) — but they also put on one hell of a great show. Performing for no less than a half hours, Broken Social Scene presented their impressive technical proficiency through a dynamic, enthralling live performance. From the bouncy, vivd “Texico Bitches” to a moody interpretation of “Looks Just Like The Sun,” Sleigh Bells didn’t sound amazing live. But there’s really no denying that, despite the accusation that Sleigh Bells doesn’t sound amazing live. But there’s no case to be made that Sleigh Bells is ever again! 

Recently a friend and I were enjoying a Friday night out at Muddy Waters when a three-piece honky-tonk band started jamming in the front. The three guys, some middle-aged kids in Hawaiian shirts, were having the time of their lives strumming and singing away. They caught the attention of nearly everyone at Muddy Waters that night, and their energy was infectious. They flew through tunes at a breakneck speed, disallowing time for inter-song small talk. They clearly were only interested in playing their music and nothing else. I didn’t catch the name of the band until the tail end of the show, when the bandleader mumbled, “Thanks for coming out tonight, the Whiskey Lickers.”

Something about that show struck a nerve with me. It had been a surprisingly long time since I’d seen a band truly enjoy performing music as much as those Whiskey Lickers. Their musicianships, didn’t really care what they looked like, and just wanted to have a great time playing music. They were honestly goofy-looking — unironically oversized glasses, ill-fitting jeans, and their hair really could have used some work — but they didn’t care about being cool.

Maybe that’s the problem these days — bands are far too obsessed with being cool. It seems to me that all bands are more interested in being sharp-dressing scenesters who rock a certain – cool – layout, or indie-approved wardrobe separate kind) — but was wearing oversized glasses too, but what’s the point? When the bandleader mumbled, “Thanks for coming out tonight, the Whiskey Lickers.”