advertise for your club or organization with the water tower. we're cheaper than the other guys.
watertowerads@gmail.com

Prerequisites:
Shredding 001: Basics of Eating Shit
Shredding 010: Exiting the Lift without Falling
Shredding 011: Deleting Ski and Snowboard Club Emails
Economics 009: $400 Investments

Course Objectives:
Master Key Vocab
Dank - All-encompassing word for "really good"
Gnar - Originally surfer slang, now means anything from "awesome" to "terrible"
Heady - See: dank
Pow - Common exclamation in Batman and Robin, also used to describe heady snowfall
Shit Bricks - What happens when temperatures drop low enough to make your large intestine feel the chill
Stowe Dogs - Ill spot for dank munch, not to be confused with your dawgs at Stowe

Obtain Comprehensive Understanding of Steez Anatomy
- Hat crocheted by pothead girlfriend
- Pricy brand-name goggle
- Shitty mustache
- "Gangster" bandkerchief
- Oversized neon jacket
- Pants (Bagginess ratio to Jacket, 10:1)

Lesson Schedule:
Lesson 1: On Munch
Reading:
- Why the Granola "Take 5" is the Best On-Campus Pre-Shred Munch, Intro
- "Do Microwave Burritos, PBR, and 180 Flips Mix? A Vomatieic Account" p4-9
- The Bagel: How to Make a $3 Bagelwich Cost $6.75, Chapters 2-3

Lesson 2: Pre-Slope Ponderings
Reading:
- "We Should Hit the Glades First," p62-71
- "Spooney Says It's Mad Icy," p5
- "Dude! We Say We'll Leave By 10!" p13

Lesson 3: The Lift
Reading:
- "Is the Singles Line Really Faster? An Exhaustive Study?"
- "There's a Child in our Gondola. Should We Blaze Anyway?" p183-205
- "The Parents of the Child in our Gondola are Getting Ski Patrol: How to Disappear Fast." Intro

Lesson 4: Hitting The Trees
Reading:
- "Meet You at the Bottom: Breaking the News to your Noob Friend," Chapter 1
- The Chronic Gnarina: How Not Smoking Bud on the Ill Tree Trail Helps You Remember How to Find it Next Time

Lesson 5: At the Park
Reading:
- "Raging Past the Pack of 14-Year-Olds Camping at the Park"
- "Bail Out! Not Just For Obama"

Lesson 6: Getting Free Cheese
Reading:
- "Cutting the Cheese: Confessions of a Cider House-Cabot Freeloader"
- "Am I Really Too Cheap To Buy a 50 Cent Cider Donut? An In-retrospective Journey"

Lesson 7: Your Friend Who Flaked Out
Brainstorm:
- What excuses has your friend used to flake out? Too hung over? It's too cold out? Death in the family? Upset that healthcare isn't going to pass?

Lesson 8: The Sensitive Skier
Reading:
- "How to Deal With Your Emotions When a Baby on a Leash Out-Skis You"
- "What the Eff is Wrong With You People?! What to do when No One is as Cold as You," p348-359

Course Expectations:
Classroom Attire
- Standards are certainly evolving. The old wisdom was "wear whatever's warm." These days, it's more like "wear whatever most resembles the Las Vegas Strip on acid."

Buzzkills
- You are expected to come to class prepared to shred gnar. Committing buzzkicks will result in a 10 point reduction from your gnar score. Buzzkills include remembering that you forgot your pass halfway down I-89, bringing your girlfriend's gloves instead of your own, leaving the bowl in the car, and complaining about the conditions here versus "that time I went out West."

Attendance
- You are expected to actually use the season pass Mom and Dad spent hundreds of dollars on. Going twice and then just talking about those two times for the rest of the season do not count. More than three Saturday absences will reduce your gnar score. Weekend attendance = extra credit.
outraged by nativity scene outrage

I found this article to be thoroughly irritating. It’s another prime example of some- thing we’ve come to expect from the UVM community. It seems to me that some people are so offended by the thought of a nativity scene that they can’t even come close to understanding why it was created in the first place. This is not to say that the nativity scene is perfect or that it should not be challenged, but the way it is presented in this article is disgusting. It seems to me that these people are only interested in angering others and not in understanding the context of the nativity scene.

Pat Robertson and Rush Limbaugh

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the news in brief

“America will never dream of security until we have it in Palestine.”

-The big man himself, Osama Bin Laden, in a newly released audio-tape lauding the Castlemaine bomb attack and arguing that the reason for continued al-Qaeda aggression is America’s perpetual and indeed “unshakeable” alliance with Israel. What a crazy, cowardly asshole.

“We must produce a firm response in the face of… burgeoning radical behavior.”

-French President Nicolas Sarkozy’s Union for a Popular Movement party, explaining why a ban on the burqa is imperative to protect French society from the rapidly escalating danger of… people who are not French? Way to make good use of your position, Sarko.

“As long as they are both still alive, they will try to stay together.”

-Julia Newth, a wildlife researcher in the UK, speaking not about swans. Apparently, two swans (a male and a female) under observation in the UK recently “divorced,” each returning from their northerly migration with a new partner in tow. According to wildlife experts, this is extremely rare and no one is entirely sure what to make of it. I’ve heard that the woman was cheating, but some people say the man’s gambling problems left their marriage in the dumps.

the shit list

Mark McGwire

The retired slugger from the St. Louis Cardinals admitted to using steroids after 1998, and is especially dangerous now that he’s come down with 70 home runs. This marks the first time in history ESPN has covered baseball-related material during the NFL playoffs. McGwire alleges that he didn’t take the steroids to hit home runs, and that they didn’t help. Michael Vick started a dog fighting ring to stay out of jail, but that didn’t help either.

Pat Robertson and Rush Limbaugh

After the devastation of a 7.1 magnitude earthquake in Haiti, Robertson had the stones to offer up his reasoning for its cause: a pact Haiti made with the Devil for their independence from the French. Limbaugh is arguing Americans to not give aid. There’s not much of a joke except for the way their brains work. the water tower supports aid, as well as challenges these old bigots to a cat match.

On a much lighter note

It’s been almost two weeks since I’ve heard that song “Fireflies” by Owl City on the radio, and I couldn’t be happier.

Massachusetts

I’m not even upset that Massachusetts elected a Republican. I’m not even upset that because they did this, healthcare reform in the country is essentially dead. I am upset, however, because I’m pretty sure that Scott Brown was elected based entirely on Boston sports. I haven’t met anyone who knows anything about this man more than the fact that he drives a truck, was a naked model and that Doug Flutie likes him. What part of that is in the coffin was when competitive Democrat Martha Coakley referred to revered Red Sox pitcher Curt Schilling as a Yankee fan. She’s a dumbass, and so are most Massholes.

Avatar

Pocahantas The Last Samurai Matrix Revolutions Fern Gully Right??

the water tower. uvm’s alternative newsmag

uvmtoday 수도

SportsLink

with michaelslab

The main story this week is the AFC and NFC Championship games. The Jets were able to sneak in there on the back of pretty boy Mark Sanchez. And if you do one thing this weekend please watch the NFC game. Unfortunately, that one is on FOX so I must administer the same warning I did during the MLB playoffs. When watching sporting events on FOX you are subject to listening Joe Buck…. In other shocking sports news, Tiger Woods is addicted to sex and Mark McGwire took steroids. The Australian Open has kicked off in Melbourne and phenom Maria Sharapova made an early exit, losing to fellow Russian bottler Maria Kirilenko.

It was amazing. The match was pretty good too… Available just in time for the World Cup this summer are “stah proof” vents that even represent your favorite country by showing the flag. Why these are necessary? I DON’T KNOW!… UVM’s two basketball teams are having strong seasons. Basketball losing its first conference game this past Thursday and the Women’s team’s loss it’s first conference game to BU on Monday. On ice the Men’s team is in eighth in a close Hockey East, but a good weekend against UMass could move them into fourth. Their Power Play has been doing better and they are playing well winning 5 of their last 6.

America will never dream of security until we have it in Palestine.

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Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected for a hundredth of a second, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. the water tower is for use non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes refreshingly honest opinions on the important issues of today. Our writers are from UVM, we do this for fun. We don’t care if you don’t like what we write. We are the water tower.

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old: burqas
new: freedom robes
by paulgross

The new frontlines in the global war on racism (not terror!) have emerged, and they're being fought somewhere rather unlikely—Western Europe. Starting with the recent Swiss ban on minarets (those tall spires found on mosques), growing anti-Islamic sentiment in wealthy Western European countries has begun to manifest itself both in the form of growing ultra-right wing parties and pretty transparently racist social policies.

In the Netherlands, the openly “anti-immigration and Islamization” (read: bigoted) party, The Party For Freedom, (led by a scary looking blond man by the name of Geert Wilders) has become the third largest opposition party and came in second in the European Parliament elections.

In Switzerland, the conservative Volkspartei (People’s Party) has successfully garnered support to pass bans on the muezzin, or the Islamic call to prayer, and on the construction of new minarets, making it impossible for Swiss Muslims to know what time of day is prayer time and to construct their houses of worship in the traditional (and frankly beautiful) architectural style.

The newest battle against European Muslim immigrants, however, is taking place in France where President Sarkozy and his Union for a Popular Movement are attempting to pass a law forbidding women from wearing a burqa or a niqab (full body and face covering garments) in public, enforceable by hefty fines. Sarkis is spinning this new proposed law as a defense of the rights of women, when in actuality it is a misguided, racially-charged assault.

Supporters of this new law cite fears of “growing Islamization in France” and the formation of “parallel, not integrated, communities.” What they fail to note is that nothing in the Islamic faith requires women to cover their entire bodies and faces—the decision to do so is purely a cultural one, usually these cultures happen to also be Islamic, but the religion does not require the donning of a burqa or niqab.

Thus, what this French law is doing is punishing people for their cultural identification and the way they choose to dress, which is an attack on the rights of women, not a defense of them.

Obviously, feminists, and indeed most people of Western sensibilities take issue with the French government’s efforts to force women to behave in a way they feel is culturally appropriate and widens the divide between mainstream French society and the growing population of Islamic immigrants.

“Supporters of this new law cite fears of the formation of parallel, not integrated, communities”

As it has been rightly pointed out, the French would never pass a law banning nuns from wearing their headscarves, or requiring Catholics to allow female priests, or nuns from wearing their headdresses, or requiring Catholics to allow female priests, or nuns from wearing their headdresses, or requiring Catholics to allow female priests, or nuns from wearing their headdresses, or requiring Catholics to allow female priests, or nuns from wearing their headdresses.

Yet, the French government is trying to force women to dress in a way that is not culturally appropriate, and this is a clear case of discrimination.

If the French government is truly concerned about the “parallel, not integrated, communities” that are forming in France, then they should be working to integrate these communities, not trying to force women to conform to a certain cultural ideal.

“I'll never forget the first time we met. It was in 2004. I was committed to someone else at the time, but I remember how damn impressive he was. I had one of those thoughts you're not supposed to have when you're in a serious relationship: “Well, if things don't work out, at least this new guy looks pretty good.” He was just so full of hope and excitement, plus he was smart, and youthful to boot.

I ran into him every now and then over the next few years. Things didn't really speed up until 2007, when he started taking a serious interest in me. After that, he’d talk to me all the time. Almost on a daily basis. Every time he would speak, it was as if he had unrestricted access to the deepest reaches of my soul, finding exactly the right words to address what I was feeling. Sure, he was totally inexperienced, and probably a little naive (especially in retrospect), but I just felt like I could trust him, like I could look at everything that was wrong and messed up in the world and know that he had the magical power to fix it all.

The current guy I was with was a dud. I had no clue why we were together, but as these things happen, we were. He was a rich party boy back in college, but in his later years, he laid off the booze and became one of those boring come to Jesus motherfuckers. We just didn't see eye to eye on anything. I knew that me and him weren't long for this world. I was just counting down the days.

Anyway, things got really serious in the summer of 2008. The tension was outrageous. I couldn't wait for the moment when we'd seal the deal. It was all I thought about. By the fall, it finally happened. I'll never forget that date. November 4th, 2008.

I was so happy. It was all so new and exciting, and he was such a welcome change from all the other guys I'd been with. Nobody I know, including myself, had been with a black man before. Well, he's half black, but for some reason, when someone is even just a little black, people think of them as black.

But I guess maybe I was the naive one, because things didn't stay so perfect for long. I noticed things were starting to change between us when he started talking to me differently. It was less and less about hopes and dreams for the future and more and more about dealing with the dull reality of the present. While we were flirting, he told me that me and him could accomplish anything together. But it's not like that anymore. I suddenly realized that our whole relationship was really just based on talk. More bad thoughts came into my head. What if he was a liar? What if he was just using me? What if he is an idiot and doesn't know what he's doing? I complained about him to my friends, but they all just say “you knew what you were getting into,” but I'm not so convinced. I think he's better than the man he is now. He got me hook line and sinker with that hope and change stuff, and it's time he comes through. For me.

Maybe someone else will come around, or maybe they won't. In the meantime, he's the best I got. But if I’ve learned one thing from this experience, it’s that there’s a lot of disappointment in this whole game. I’m not sure if I want to play it anymore.

Pizza Fundraiser For Haiti At Pastabilities
Friday, Jan 29th 11am-7pm

100% Of Sales On 16” Pizzas
Donated to the American Red Cross
Take & Bake, or Ready to Eat (Hot)
Unlimited Toppings
Limited to 200 pizzas
Does not include other menu or frozen items

For more information, please contact:
Nicole or Dan Roscioli
Pastabilities
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www.facebook.com/VermontPasta
www.VermontPasta.com
802-598-5513

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deciding between corn flakes and Cocoa Puffs is a serious debate for me. Choosing between the treadmill and the elliptical is slouching in a basement with exposed pipes and not everyone can do a heavy major like Biology or Chemistry, or you’ll have to really buckle down to get all your courses in. Try, or you’ll have to really buckle down to get all your courses in. Clearly, there are a few problems with being undecided. You have no direction, you feel lame next to all your friends talking about their big fancy majors and life plans, and you just want to declare and be done with it. You’re stressed, you’re passing, and you have no clue what to do. The fact that every advice-giving adult says, “Oh well that’s great! I was undecided, that’s the best way to go!” does not help your situation.

The way I see it, finding your true calling inevitably takes the form of fulfilling requirements (however trosse’em it may be) and stumbling across your interests as you go along. Everyone finds their niche eventually, it just takes some longer than others. So take everything with a grain of salt, learn from your first semester mistakes, and move on. Look ahead to future years, where you’ll stroll confidently into class, assured of your choice, and strut at the other kids who are ready to rip their hair out from changing majors. Feel free to pat yourself on the back. Absolutely nothing to chip away at their requirements, and the panic sets in. Life becomes a second semester scramble to make up for that “total freedom” mentality from the first few months.

This begs the question: is it better to declare a major you’re not totally interested or 100% in love with just so you have some direction? If you do that you risk finding out you don’t like that subject, questioning yourself, changing your major, and wasting a whole lot of time. These are, as I see them, the “consequences” of deciding too early. On the other hand, if you wait it out until the end of your sophomore year, you might be too late to do so, or you might have problems in that area. Also, you’ve gotten distribution requirements to consider. If you’re drowning in a sea of doubt, knocking out some requirements is a sensible approach for your first year. However, some incoming freshmen fall into the trap of thinking, “Wow that class sounds sick! I’ll take that.” Then, when they take a look at their grades, they realize they’ve done absolutely nothing to chip away at their requirements, and the panic sets in. Life becomes a second semester scramble to make up for that “total freedom” mentality from the first few months.

Aquarius: January 20th- February 18th

Happy New Year and Happy Birthday to all you Aquarius people out there! The stars anticipate that you will think outside the box this year, stretch your mind, and try new things. How do you know what classes you should take? How can you predict what is most beneficial in the long run? All of us confused first-year need a manual for how to stay afloat in undecided waters, so let’s go.

Some freshmen assume being undecided means taking whatever you want and having “total freedom.” They could not be more wrong. A lot of classes, such as studio art, are for majors and minors only, so you might have problems in that area. Also, you’ve gotten distribution requirements to consider. If you’re drowning in a sea of doubt, knocking out some requirements is a sensible approach for your first year. However, some incoming freshmen fall into the trap of thinking, “Wow that class sounds sick! I’ll take that.” Then, when they take a look at their grades, they realize they’ve done absolutely nothing to chip away at their requirements, and the panic sets in. Life becomes a second semester scramble to make up for that “total freedom” mentality from the first few months.

I always knew I had a talent. Maybe it was elusive or very obscure but I knew it was the truth. Recently I believe I’ve finally found this inner gift, and I’m ready to share it with the world. It’s called avatars. I was the number one in the world at not getting girls. Yes, you may be skeptical, but I may say “that’s not possible” but I’ve been training for ten years and I can say with confidence that no one is better, or worse, depending on your point of view. For all you guys out there just wishing these attractive girls would leave you alone, I have my best techniques outlined in the forthcoming paragraphs for your edification.

It’s best to start training at a young age. A good strategy is to make sure you’re from New England, specifically rural Maine. I find that by growing up in New England, I grew up knowing how to “charm” or “trick” girls with girls is systematically bred out. This takes a lot of the work out for you, and gets you foot out of the door club. The Maine effect doesn’t happen in females, it seems to rearing up as a natural ability socially competent against all odds. This is another plus for you, so looking to get women: there won’t be any awkward ones to relate to.

The second step is to be white. Now, I know some of you out there think I’m racist and that’s fine. I agree with girls is systematically bred out. This takes a lot of the work out for you, and gets you foot out of the door club. The Maine effect doesn’t happen in females, it seems to rearing up as a natural ability socially competent against all odds. This is another plus for you, so looking to get women: there won’t be any awkward ones to relate to.

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P+ by herky kellog

It is quite possible that this January’s Avatar used every cliché, hackneyed plot twist, and sci fi trope in the book. As I first saw the lush landscapes of Pandora, here’s the suds: is this the future house? Who is chaperoning? These are effective in most situations. Occasionally, if you’re really trying to keep my interest space intact, I bring out the classic “I just pooped a little”. That one clears the dance line.

So guys, I hope this helps. Don’t get discouraged if you still see girls groups, it takes practice to become unattractive. I’ve been trained long hours to get to this point, and if you believe in yourself, you can too. If you see a tall white guy from Maine awkwardly bopping his head on a wall at the next party, be sure to say hi, and we can do a workshop. Until then, good luck.

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It is quite possible that this January’s Avatar used every cliché, hackneyed plot twist, and sci fi trope in the book. As I first saw the lush landscapes of Pandora, here’s the suds: is this the future house? Who is chaperoning? These are effective in most situations. Occasionally, if you’re really trying to keep my interest space intact, I bring out the classic “I just pooped a little”. That one clears the dance line.

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We Are:

We Saw:

know they have HOT BOD'S. So, it will just have to stay ing, but you are a little too vague. All the WDW RA's didn't know you found our towel walking so intrigu

I am

I saw

Where

When

We didn't know you found our towel walking so intriguing. When we first met at the Grindle, and then again the same night, where you helped my friend change her spikies. If you think that you would want to hang out, you can find me where we both work out.

When: the other weekend

Where: at an event

I saw: an athletic boy

I am: a shy girl

We've spent the greater part of the night in the Cyber Cafe vigilantly working away on finals at the computers, you walked by and completely melted me with your gaze and your smile, a most pleasant distraction from all this work. I'd like to exchange the favor, and exchange smiles more regularly. I wish you all the best on finals, let's take a break together sometime before they're over.

When: End of Semester

Where: Cyber Cafe

I saw: a blossomy beautiful woman

I am: a debonaire man

We didn't know you found our towel walking so intriguing, but you are a little too vague. All the WDW RA's know they have HOT BOD'S. So, it will just have to stay in your dreams. See ya at the next floor meeting!!

We Saw: Supposed “Hot WDW Resident”

We Are: WDW RA's

we made out, and you punched me in the stomach. you don't remember. i want you so bad but im invisible to you.

When: late night

Where: isham

I saw: a girl

I am: looking for more

i think well have one chocolate peanut butter crunch, one vanilla health bar crunch, and one chocolate macadamia. ? never mind. we know exactly what we want... you! (with sprinkles on top!)

We could enjoy some karamel sutra together sometime! See you next Wednesday. Same time. Same place. Same order.

When: Wednesday 12/9

Where: Ben & Jerry's

I saw: Two Sexy Scoopers

I am: Three Sweet Girls

it might seem backwards that we first kissed when you were naked, except of course, for that striped scarf but id wrap myself in you any day. so meet me wednesday at 3pm on the steps of bailey howe and i'll kiss you like i wish i had. (wear your scarf, i'll wear my red jacket, and we'll keep each other warm.)

When: naked bike ride

Where: outside harris mills

I saw: a woman

I am: a woman

i saw you singing at the Top Cats winter show. you sang “You Found Me” by The Fray, and Jason Mraz. I think you're the cutest guy ever, and your voice melted my heart. i'd love to hear you sing to me someday.

When: Homecoming weekend & Winter show

Where: Top Cats show

I saw: a Top man

I am: a Top woman

you asked me for a pen

I will give you ten

for seven digits.

When: Sunday

Where: Library- 2nd floor

I saw: a man

I am: a woman

Fish Bowl:

Girl 1: you want to be like santa claus? old and counting down your days?

Girl 2: Santa's never going to die you idiot.

Christie Hallway:

Gross Person 1: I hooked up with a homeless drug dealer!

Davis Center, Third Floor:

Girl chatting on the phone: Hi Mom...so the rash is mostly gone except for under your armpits. It should clear up soon!

Outside Kalkin:

Ashole kid smoking a cigarette with asshole friend: Haha, I just can't wait for the day that I am important enough to call random women “honey” and “sweetheart.”

2nd Floor Bailey Howe Library:

Random Skate Bro: Dude if this exam was a rap battle, I bet you'd win...

Davis Center Bistro:

Girl: I'm not used to seeing you like this! Like, when we're both sober.

The Tunnel:

Stoner-bro 1: Alright, so it's a baby, but it's deep fried with double cheese and bbq sauce.

Stoner-bro 2: Oh, in that case fuck yeah!

1st Floor of Bailey Howe

Girl: I like to play with my boobs.

Boy: Really?

Girl: Yeah! You would too if you had them.

Boy: I like to punch them

Tupper Ground:

Girl 1: when was the last time we shotgunned beers in the shower?

Girl 2: ohhh right, before new moon.

Prez Fogel's Office:

WT Love: I love the water tower. Its way better than the cynic

Third Floor Library:

Girl speaking loudly on the phone: I need to go to Rite Aid for something, I can't say it right now.

Pause

Really? That'd be great, I only need like three.

Pause

Oh! They have them there! That'd be so embarrassing.
once there was a girl
by alex	townsend

Once there was a girl, a sad little girl. She was sad because she wasn't happy and she was little because she wasn't. That was the way things were. The girl lived in her room. Her room was in a house or a castle or a hut or a palace. She couldn't quite remember whether it was outside her room because it had been so long since she had opened her door. There were times when she had a sneaking suspicion that she was a princess, but mostly she was big and wondered if she was that wasn't true. Mostly she couldn't even re-member what her name was. She would make up names like Cindy or May-belle or Flower-of-the-Moon. No one ever called for her, not even when it was time for dinner. And then she was sad. And so she was little.

One day little Cindy or Maybelle or Flower-of-the-Moon got tired of being in her room. It had been a long time in coming. She had stayed in there for months and months and years. She had read and reread every book on every shelf. She had worked to arrange every stuffed animal just so. She had played with all her toys endlessly. Finally, she had gotten tired of it all. Her room had gotten smaller.

One day she went to her window and discovered that she had a balcony. There was this chance that it had always been there. She walked on it with tiny steps, nervously that it would disappear. When she reached the railing she looked down and saw a boy standing and looking up at her.

She was old, but not the oldest there one, or the most misshapen. She had curly orange hair and she could get around, but only with the walker she always had with her. She couldn't speak at all though. I wasn't ever able to reckon how she could even eat. Her bottom lip hung low down a big knot of frogs or something. I went down to around her shoulders, but it was stiff and cardboard like. It didn't look like it could ever be part of any natural face, but there it was. She was the corner woman. I don't think I ever saw her just standing in a room or following me down a hall. She was always coming around corners, even ones I swore she couldn't be behind. She slowly began to face me more times than I could count when I walked around chewing gum and not paying attention to much. She always looked angry with me, like I'd shown up when I wasn't supposed to. She never even touched me, but that lookid send shivering jolts through me.
I have no idea what’s gotten into me. The show even started. I wanted to stop me from getting a tee shirt before the concert, but it was just too enticing. As I understood it, spilling sulfuric acid on your skin could be an automatic trip to Fletcher Allen. Naturally, about two hours after outfitting myself with said nifty purple gloves (and after about 35 consecutive minutes of watching our demented acid mixture bubble and hiss in a sophisticated distillation apparatus that even Severus Snape would be proud of), I clumsily removed the flask of acid from the complicated contraption and proceeded to spill it all over myself.

Now, here’s the interesting part. My first reaction was not, “Oh no, it got on my skin, I’ll have to go to the hospital to get this stuff off or else risk growing an extra appendage off my elbow” or even “Yikes, there goes my lab technique grade this week.” In fact, the first thing I exclaimed was, “OH, NOOOO! IT’S ON THE FLOOR!” “Yikes, there goes my lab technique grade this week.” In fact, the first thing I exclaimed was, “OH, NOOOO! IT’S ON THE FLOOR!”

Sulfuric acid is, apparently, one of the most corrosive substances we work with in organic chemistry lab. In light of this, my TA was especially vigilant and made sure we wore those awesome purple rubber gloves so we wouldn’t spill acid on our selves. As I understood it, spilling sulfuric acid on your skin could be an automatic trip to Fletcher Allen. Naturally, about two hours after outfitting myself with said nifty purple gloves (and after about 35 consecutive minutes of watching our demented acid mixture bubble and hiss in a sophisticated distillation apparatus that even Severus Snape would be proud of), I clumsily removed the flask of acid from the complicated contraption and proceeded to spill it all over myself.

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