The grim news was announced at 7:30 on Saturday morning by nothing more than a laminated card depicting a cartoon butternut squash with a cute little smiley face.

“No local organic butternut squash today,” it read. Soon after, all hell broke loose.

Taylor Greenhood, a City Market regular, says he was one of the first shoppers to see the sign. “Using my iPhone, which can now send picture messages, by the way, I took a picture and immediately messaged my buddies who work down at the Intervale. They contacted the Compost Club, who contacted the EcoKeps, and somehow the Moms for Sustainability got word, and before I knew it, those bastards had a mob on their hands.”

For some Burlingtonites, shopping at City Market isn’t just a trip to the grocery store: it’s a statement. From the certified organic jalapeños to the fresh baked artisan French bread from South Hero, customers truly believe City Market reflects a commitment to saving the world, one Barbra’s Bakery Peanut Butter Puffin cereal puff at a time. With this attitude in mind, one begins to understand how the unexpected absence of local organic butternut squash could fundamentally rock the world of the City Market regular.

“I don’t especially like butternut squash, in fact, my kids hate it, but I bought it all the time anyway. Why? It was local and organic, and that’s all that matters in my kitchen. I thought City Market was on the same 100% post-consumer recycled page as me,” lamented Dorothy Sproutskey, president of Moms for Sustainability.

One disturbed eyewitness claimed that he saw City Market manager Mr. Treefellow trying to explain to the crowd that it wasn’t that big of a deal, and that the local organic butternut squash should arrive within the next two or three days. His explanation was ignored.

“I’m an orgolocalvore,” yelled UVM student Willow Winters, as she repeatedly kicked City Market manager Mr. Treefellow in the balls. “Now where the hell am I supposed to get my local organic butternut squash?” she screamed into his painfully twisted face, “I might as well be back home on Long Island, you freakin’ idiot!”

One passerby tried to calm the angry mob by suggesting that they go down to Price Chopper on Route 7, where they could all get butternut squash for $1.75 less per pound. “Besides, he added, “as the only supermarket within walking distance in Burlington, City Market doesn’t even carry a wide selection of low-priced everyday groceries like meats, frozen meals, and brownie mix. I’m pretty sure they don’t even have Cool Ranch Doritos!”

His comments were met by screams of “lets compost that motherfucker,” which could be heard as far away as Mr. Mike’s. He was subsequently beaten, mauled, and hauled off to the compost pile.

The Burlington police were about to call the UVM police down the hill for backup when the crowd inexplicably dispersed. Only later did the reason for their departure come to light. It turned out that sales from the Farmer’s Market in City Hall Park had undergone a sharp decline without the presence of Burlington’s environmentally responsible consumer scene. Although the outrage over the loss of the local organic butternut squash was palpable, the urge to buy pricey local products directly from local farmers and artists in a fun, friendly outdoor environment was too strong to resist.

Twenty minutes after the crowd had disbursed, the once bloodthirsty City Market Customers could be seen calmly munching their granola and sipping homemade root beer at City Hall Park.

Meanwhile, back at City Market, a late shipment of local organic butternut squash had arrived in the back of a Ford F-350 Super Diesel.
trash ninja outage!

Hi,

First of all, it must be nice for the author to have apparently never needed money badly enough to become familiar with a redemption center. Secondly, the callousness with which this was written and published is disgusting. The Water Tower is supposed to be UVMI’s own alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont. 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 Taliban: The Taliban has just been caught mocking President Obama’s recent Nobel Peace Prize, which is stupid, considering the President could approve another 40,000 troops to send to Afghanistan. If this isn’t irony, I don’t know what is.

Mucus: According to National Geographic, giant mucus-like blobs have become more and more common in the Mediterranean sea. They can be up to 124 miles long and can cause serious health defects. Also, many believe this to be the effect of rising sea temperatures, others believe it’s because James Gandolfini was shooting boat rockets off of the deck of his Italian Villa last month.

The shit list

Boston: In a groundbreaking effort to catch eyes with green building, Boston has commissioned the construction of a high rise that will feature green-algae slime on the outside of it. The building is to be called Eco-Pod but will most likely devolve into the Green Monster.

Herbert and Catherine Schaalbe: have just been charged for the death of their son, whom they prayed for during the last 24 hours of his life. He was “raped” with bacterial pneumonia and they couldn’t figure out why. So instead of getting him treated, they prayed for him. The charges were dropped when it was discovered the family didn’t have health care anyway.

The news in brief

“I will accept this award as a call to action.”

- President, and now Nobel Laureate, Barack H. Obama. Apparently the Norwegians hadn’t heard that Obama-mania is over, and decided to award the most high-profile prize in the world to someone who, actually, has done very little for peace. Then again, the award has been given to Yasser Arafat, Henry Kissinger and Al Gore. More like the Nobel: “We think you’ve a pretty chill guy at this moment in time.” Prize.

“This has to be seen through.”

- Hillary Clinton, as a badass Secretary of State (as has, somewhat surprisingly, become the norm for her), and taking the first step to ending the one hundred year tension between the Turks and Armenians. The Turks still haven’t admitted to the Armenian genocide, but the two countries are now officially diplomatic allies, much thanks due to Hillary Clinton. No one in this administration is bringing change we can believe in.

“I will end ‘don’t ask, don’t tell’.”

- Obama, to a gay rights group. I’ll believe it when I see it.

“I have great affection for her.”

- John McCain, remarking on former running mate, Sarah Palin, and the tensions that supposedly plagued their campaign. McCain admits that he could not trust Palin all the time, but still stands by his decision to try to make a woman who doesn’t read the newspaper the second most powerful person in the world. Thank god he’s not president.

“He just ran from the police, then decided to come back.”

- A Georgia police officer, commenting on the arrest of hip-hop superstar Soulja Boy Tellem. Soulja Boy and 40 of his closest friends were at an abandoned house in the Atlanta suburbs, doing something nefarious when the police showed up. Lots of kids ran, but Soulja Boy came back about 20 minutes later to get his car. Clever. He was arrested for obstruction of justice.

At a health care rally, President Obama says, “This plan would help millions of uninsured Americans…”

...you, watching the news out of the corner of one eye while you write your English paper that’s due in an hour, text your friend: “Yo, I think we’re all gonna get free health care…”

...which happens to include that old man up the road, who hasn’t bought new clothes since 1963 and thinks the government faked the moon landing. He adds, “The government is rationing healthcare!” to his list of conspiracy theories.

...which he proclaims to anyone he meets, including the UPS delivery guy, who tweets, “Oh shit, I just heard the government has total control over our lives…”

...which is read by his 36 followers (who knew UPS guys were so popular?) all of whom post “OBAMA = COMMUNISM!” as their Facebook status…

...which makes its way onto protest signs, which make their way to Washington in the hands of angry protesters, who make it on to the news…

...which makes you, watching cable news while you drink your morning coffee, say “Communism? Didn’t see that coming!”

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected for 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 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 thought we have to say. 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.
It is clear that the situation in Honduras is moving toward resolution. The army also surrounded the Brazilian embassy and remains there today, though it is not clear whether the situation is moving toward resolution.

"Dictatorial douche bag Micheletti has lifted the emergency decree, saying that there is peace in Honduras now."

By manbookman

In an August 2009 Wall Street Journal article, former Bush speechwriter William McGurn analyzed the shift among Americans regarding policy preferences. McGurn concludes that there is a lack of majority support for the president's policies, and that the current administration is struggling to win over the public.

This view, conventional wisdom among moderate Republicans is flawed because it incorrectly assumes that if President Obama moves to a center-right policy platform, Americans will be more likely to support it, and the gap will close. The reality is that Americans never want to be caught up in policy specifics - left, right or moderate. A closer look at polling data demonstrates that there is widespread disagreement among Americans regarding specific policy options. Time and again, a substantial majority of Americans agrees that something must be done, but within that majority exists a spectrum of opinion on how that something should be done.

Mr. McGurn believes that this type of data shows that President Obama has just public support for addressing broad issues, but has just been making the wrong choices on the specifics. He seems to assert that there is a popular center-right wing of the issues and an unpopular lefty wing, and that Mr. Obama has been unfortunately betting on the latter.

Note to Obama:

"If President Obama is to salvage his presidency, his best bet is not to move to the right on policy specifics - it is to avoid them all together."

By melaniekartzmer

When it comes to sex scandals in the political world, we've seen it all. Everything from prostitution rings to Argentinian lovers, and even lewd conduct in an airport bathroom. It is amazing that the people running our great country and under close media watch, feel they can get away with such like this. In the generation of YouTube, video and camera phones, and Twitter, let's be honest - you're going to get caught.

It looks like politicians aren't the only ones having trouble staying sexual.

Last week, the hottest affair isn't linked to a philandering politician. In fact, the latest hot potato other than late-night comedy host David Letterman. He has admitted to having sexual relationships with women for over a decade. In The Late Show. Letterman has made it clear that these affairs were consensual and not forced, and he currently is not involved with any of them.

We're all human, and we all make mistakes. But there is a trend occurring that we can't ignore. Cases of adult celebrities, and politicians have skyrocketed.

Not that these politicians don't have role models. JFK and Clinton had been found in bed with women. But it looks like it is the responsibility of the election run by the current administration that is failing in this era.

The elections he is referring to are the FISA vote, the health reform vote, and the stimulus plan the president's ability to orate at a level to devolve into enemies. This would not change if the president moves to the right. The elections he is referring to he made multiple attempts to return to power that entitles them to feel like they are invincible or exempt from basic moral code - or are just attracted to power clearly takes its toll. What will it take for people to just keep it in their pants?

On his show last night Letterman joked that he would keep it in his pants. I'll be honest with you, right now I'd give anything to be hiking in the Appalachian Mountains."

Defense

The coup, which was executed with support from the Honduran army, has been widely condemned by the international community and the Organization of American States. However, the coup leaders have been able to maintain control over the country, and the situation remains tense.

The elections held under the Micheletti regime, the only way for Mr. Obama to salvage his policies are in the Honduran constitution concerning term limits on presidential power-- something Zelaya denies. With nothing to lose, Micheletti issued an emergency decree, saying that he was going to return to power. In late September when he appeared in the Brazilian embassy in Tegucigalpa. Following Zelaya's return, Micheletti issued an emergency decree which shut down two radio stations loyal to Zelaya, limited freedom of travel and speech, and outlawed gatherings of more than twenty people. The army also surrounded the Brazilian embassy and remains there today, though it is not clear whether the situation is moving toward resolution.

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the sports entourage epidemic

by jelenazaleksich

There’s a new epidemic in town and it’s spreading faster than Swine Flu. The allure of the sports athlete has always been one of the more tempting things in a college student’s life. Is it their rock hard bodies? Their success? Or their multitude of battle wounds that you just want to massage all over? Most are not able to know they somehow always manage to be treated like gods, at least during their college experience. The same phenomenon happens: new freshmen and sophomores have marked their territory. Girls surround each of the athletes and create a pose of worshipers. Every team has their own group that serves as the personal carnal crew. All of the athletes—lacrossetitues, hockey hoes, basketballs, and soccer sluts have one thing in common: jock addiction. This may come in many forms, but if you seem to be constantly surrounded by people in the athletics department, that’s when you know you have been hit by the lure of the athlete. You may be a sports slut without even realizing it! A few general symptoms include the following:

1. Extreme difficulty not looking at team rosters.
2. The daily activity and withdrawal from RK’s (regular kids)
3. Unable not acquiring multiple frenemies who also have this ailment.
4. Lack of energy to do anything but show up to sports games, galas, and practices.
5. You are allowed to go to classes without scoring with at least five athletes…the same on the team.
6. If you have at least two of these symptoms for a minimum of three weekends, then you have Fanatic Athlete Syndrome. However, it is treatable and usually opti-mistic for complete recovery. Firstly, it’s already getting colder so you may want to start considering it. This is that “special” someone who will make the long winter warmer. In reality, this will most likely not be an athlete. There are a few exceptions, where you may become the happy trophy wife, or the muggle BFF, but this is a pretty rare occurrence. You’ll only benefit yourself in the future if you try to have your hardest to resist this enticing desire. There are those tenacious individuals who do not fall victim to this condition and this may be no concern to them. However, it’s only reasonable for most of you to not have that much self-control because we all have that one friend who succumbs to this condition.

The first step is to try having 10 shots instead of 15, because you’ll actually remember your night and not throw yourself at the first person wearing a jersey. The slightly better lucidity will help you see that the guys aren’t as cool as you really thought they were and you’ll also realize the plethora of competition that comes along with this fantasy. It’s a vicious cycle that only gets worse during their in-season. Post-celebratory games are the most dangerous because we all know (including the players) that they’re all guaranteed a shag that night, whether they won or not. Just like their “bro-tastic athletes” reputation, most of these may ridicule you in one session of their locker room talk. They’ll even use the same ways to describe your bedroom adventures with you in sports language: with words like slamming, raw, slap, and beat it up. Their sport, as well as the many bromances that come as a result, is probably their sole purpose in life.

The exact cause of this addiction unknown, it is hard to have a solid way of dealing with the issue. I’m inviting myself to the athletic elite results in short-lived entertainment, where you bang out your guilt. So the next time you walk by those chiseled abs and cocky smiles, try to keep it in your pants.
We slice our meats daily, we pick up our breads daily: We grow our own tomatoes, and the herbs are grown from seed to product is slowly grown and shipped by their distributor. While Pam claims the turkey bacon is her favorite, people come in and ask about the bagels, bagels, and bagels, and bacon-egg and cheese. Kathleen Truax of UVMS very own history department, agrees: “I like the Italian Strollers. And everything is so fresh and delicious!”

Pam’s Den only takes cash, they’re conveniently located in between most class buildings, so you don’t have to lug all the way to the Davis Center. Their food is awesome - and local. “With me, unfortunately it’s cash only, but you get fresh eggs, not the powdered form.

The theory of evolution, Charles Darwin, as he reconciles with his religion and wife after the death of his 10-year-old daughter Anna. This is not a movie about how much cleverer biologists are than evangelicals or preachers, or how “Origin of Species” is a better seller than the Bible. It is an emotional film about a tortured soul, just like “The Passion of the Christ” only without all of theunky whipping.

Wake up America! It’s 2009 and we’re still having this debate in our country? Who knew evolution was still such a hot topic?

Vanessa Denino

This week in the Davis Center, you may have noticed the flu shot tables that have gone up. How could you not? The woman working Table One all but plunged the needle into my arm while trying to pass through - Lady, don’t come between me and my sushi rolls, alright? Or maybe you didn’t notice the well publicized flu. With local food prepared fresh, and a satisfied appetite of “disturbing” their competitors in all respects. Going into your wallet instead of reaching for your wallet and give you great, unprocessed, fresh food. Pam’s Den is a place where UVMSers, as well as a tradition that should be supported for years to come.

There’s not a better way of transmitting germs than packing hundreds of young people into poorly ventilated party rooms, sharing glasses, playing beer pong and kissing,” said Dr. James Turner.

What can college students do in the meantime? Unfortunately, it may require putting down your shot glass. “There’s not a better way of transmitting germs than packing hundreds of young people into poorly ventilated party rooms, sharing glasses, smoking cigarettes, and getting drunk,” said Dr. Turner. Turner estimates that a little more than 13,000 students have experienced flu like symptoms over the past month. But he cautions that it is likely to grow, and give you great, unprocessed, fresh food.

Wake up America! It’s 2009 and we’re still having this debate in our country? Who knew evolution was still such a hot topic?

vanessa denino

Fall’s latest trend: H1N1 vaccination

by gaminstrausciaomog

This past Friday, the director for the Center for Disease Control, Dr. Thomas R. Frieden, issued a statement concerning the flu. With the flu season just around the corner, several UVMSers are eager to get their flu shots. “It’s flu season!” says one UVMS student. “I’m not afraid. I’ve had the flu before, I know what it’s like.”

While students are eager to receive the flu shot, many are unaware of the benefits of getting the flu shot. “It’s not just for the elderly anymore,” said Dr. Frieden. “It’s for everyone.”

The flu shot is a simple way to prevent the flu, and it can be done at most pharmacies, doctor’s offices, and clinics. “It only takes a few minutes,” said Dr. Frieden. “And it’s free!”

The flu shot is not only important for individuals, but also for the community. “It’s not just about you,” said Dr. Frieden. “It’s about the community.”

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I saw:

When:

study you!

laptop. I think you were studying. I would really like to

didn't know what to say. You were typing on your pink

sitting there like a jack bum. You were so beautiful, I

We were chillin in your room. I was the tall goofy guy

Where:

When:

growing lust for you, and I think about you all the time.

share similar friends. I think you are so cute and one

I've seen you around a lot this year so far because we

I am:

I saw:

Where:

When:

Please come back to UHN.

because you're dead.

but I don't know how to get in contact with you,

Now I hear that you're with Sean,

but I haven't seen you in over a week.

I used to talk to you almost everyday,

I met you at orientation and we saw each other at the

airport when we left. Since school's started, I've seen you

all over campus and everytime we've made eye-contact,

Usually on Trinity Campus

Friday night, September 25th

Prospect and College

In my dreams

All over campus

Usually on Trinity Campus

I am: Sebastian Downs

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**creatif stuff.**

Feeling a little créatif? Wishing Vantage Point was published more than once a semester? Well sure you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other créatif things to the water tower’s new section, créatif stuff.

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

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**a quick jaunt to city market**

by jpdubuque

My fridge groans with hunger pains
Empty of food—not one grain
And here I’m trapped in all town
With no car in which to drive around—
Alas City Market can save the day
It’s down on So No., a tip top place
Where exactly, I haven’t a clue
But as time has past I’ve learned and crept through the
hat you’re assured theft.
Where if you’re stupid enough to the size visible on the
Surrounded by things different and new
Because here I truly sit in Red Sox nation
It’s like a wall I have up as a protection
You cannot see where my eyes lead
When I put on my fitted, and rock it low
Make that the organic free-range poultry...

---

**cups and balls**

digital photography by juliet critsimilios

---

**cups and robbers**

Part One

“Do it,” whispered a voice in the dark,
“just turn on the lights, but keep ‘em dim. I want him to appreciate the atmosphere.”

The lights came on and there was an old gray man in bed. Above him was a younger man holding a gun in the elder’s face.

“Wake up!” shouted the man with the gun.

And wake up the old man did. His eyes popped open, then shut again as if in disbelief! When they opened again, they held a clear sense of fear, firstly because there was a gun in his face, and secondly because he realized he could only move his head, and barely. His eyes started upward and looked at the man holding the gun. He had a stern face, one you would not want to cross. He looked as if he could have been no older than thirty, except in his eyes, which had clearly seen more than his years.

“You look surprised. You really shouldn’t be. You know how we operate. You can’t move because I had my personal physician inject you with a sedative. The gun is in your face because you crossed us. Any questions?”

The old man’s mouth opened slightly, all he could muster. The gun slid through the opening, lying heavily in the geezer’s throat like a cannonball. There were tears in his eyes.

“Judge Stephens, you are going to use all the pull that you have in order to get the arrests of my men, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Absalom. Beware. This will be the last reminder. You’ve spent too much time dicking around with us. It’s time to get real. Calvin. I’ve done terrible things for you. I’ve kidnapped. I’ve murdered. I once killed a three-year-old girl. Do you know what happens when your leg is broken that young? It doesn’t ever heal right. I crippled that little girl while her mother watched, for you. And this is how you repay me? I should have you get arrested? Charged? There are so many horrible things I could do to you. And you really thought you could get away with disobedience? Did you forget about your affair with a 16-year-old girl? Did you forget about the nephew you molested? I could destroy you with a phone call. But that’s not what I’m gonna do to you. This is your last chance. If they aren’t released by 3 P.M. tomorrow, I will be back. And you’ll be dead.”

He pulled the gun out of the judge’s mouth. This was when Judge Stephens realized there were more men in his room than just Joe. There were five other men, one in latex gloves, all staring sadistically at him. It was too dark to recognize any of them.

Joe snapped his fingers and the men turned left. As he was about to walk out the door, Joe turned off the lights and said, “You’ll be able to move again in about an hour. Don’t make me come back to this shithole.”

He slammed the door.

---

**untitled**

by chandlergodette

When I put on my fitted, and rock it low
I can see you but you can’t see me
You cannot see where my eyes lead
And in turn cannot read what’s going on with me
It’s like a wall I have up as a protection
Because here I truly sit in Red Sox nation
Somewhere by that river different and new
Nothing like the streets I’m used to
Where the fitted you’re wearing can be the difference between life and death
Where if you’re stupid enough to the size visible on the hat you’re assured theft.
But as time has past I’ve learned and crept through the issues
And here I stand here before you.
My fitted is my heart.
It reminds me of what has happened from the very start
The city, the smell, the police, the drugs, the drama, the people.
But I wouldn’t trade it for the world
My fitted represents not only me but where I’m from
Home of the Bronx Bombers, Hip-Hop, and an awesome rapper named Big Pun (R.I.P.)
So when you see this fitted on me, or another
If they’re anything like me respect it, too even if you’re rockin’ a Six or another fitted.
Rivalries and competition aside we still share that mutual connection
Love for our team and our home.

---

**oskar mcgrew and the fraternity of blasphemy**

episode 5

by henrykelly

When strange evil threatens the UVM campus to the point of all weirdness, Oskar McGrew strives to save UVM from certain peril.

The three thugs looked at one another manically. I looked right back at them. I tensed and bent my knees. If my extensive training in Mexican wrestling and being the only boy on my high school’s gymnastics and cheerleading team meant anything, it was that I should be able to kick these guys’ asses right now. As the first lunged to take a swing at me, I dove through his legs. Then I hand-sprung past the second guy. The third punched me in the face. I went down hard. On my ass. My sombrero fell off me. The frat members closed around me. The third punched me in the face. I heard a crack. My jaw was broken that young? It doesn’t ever heal right. I crippled that little girl while her mother watched, for you. And this is how you repay me? I should have you get arrested? Charged? There are so many horrible things I could do to you. And you really thought you could get away with disobedience? Did you forget about your affair with a 16-year-old girl? Did you forget about the nephew you molested? I could destroy you with a phone call. But that’s not what I’m gonna do to you. This is your last chance. If they aren’t released by 3 P.M. tomorrow, I will be back. And you’ll be dead.”

He pulled the gun out of the judge’s mouth. This was when Judge Stephens realized there were more men in his room than just Joe. There were five other men, one in latex gloves, all staring sadistically at him. It was too dark to recognize any of them.

Joe snapped his fingers and the men turned left. As he was about to walk out the door, Joe turned off the lights and said, “You’ll be able to move again in about an hour. Don’t make me come back to this shithole.”

He slammed the door.

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**escapades and escapes**

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**before they saw a guy in a bathrobe running full speed out of their house. I was being chased by six big, fatty frats. Joe, I turned to them, a chill went down my spine. As I looked in their eyes, I saw a red reflection. Not the red like a long night of partying gives you in the morning. Glowing red. Like possessed by something red. I was at the eire nexus between one reality and another. One of the strangest things I’ve ever seen. They were red. I could only move my eyes. My legs were broke a three-year-old girl’s leg for you. I’ve kidnapped. I’ve murdered. I once killed a three-year-old girl. Do you know what happens when your leg is broken that young? It doesn’t ever heal right. I crippled that little girl while her mother watched, for you. And this is how you repay me? I should have you get arrested? Charged? There are so many horrible things I could do to you. And you really thought you could get away with disobedience? Did you forget about your affair with a 16-year-old girl? Did you forget about the nephew you molested? I could destroy you with a phone call. But that’s not what I’m gonna do to you. This is your last chance. If they aren’t released by 3 P.M. tomorrow, I will be back. And you’ll be dead.”

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**Digital originally published by josh hegarty**

My fridge groans with hunger pains
Empty of food—not one grain
And here I’m trapped in all town
With no car in which to drive around—
Alas City Market can save the day
It’s down on So No., a tip top place
Where exactly, I haven’t a clue
But as time has past I’ve learned and crept through the
hat you’re assured theft.
Where if you’re stupid enough to the size visible on the
Surrounded by things different and new
Because here I truly sit in Red Sox nation
It’s like a wall I have up as a protection
You cannot see where my eyes lead
When I put on my fitted, and rock it low
Make that the organic free-range poultry...

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**Digital photography by juliet critsimilios**

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