



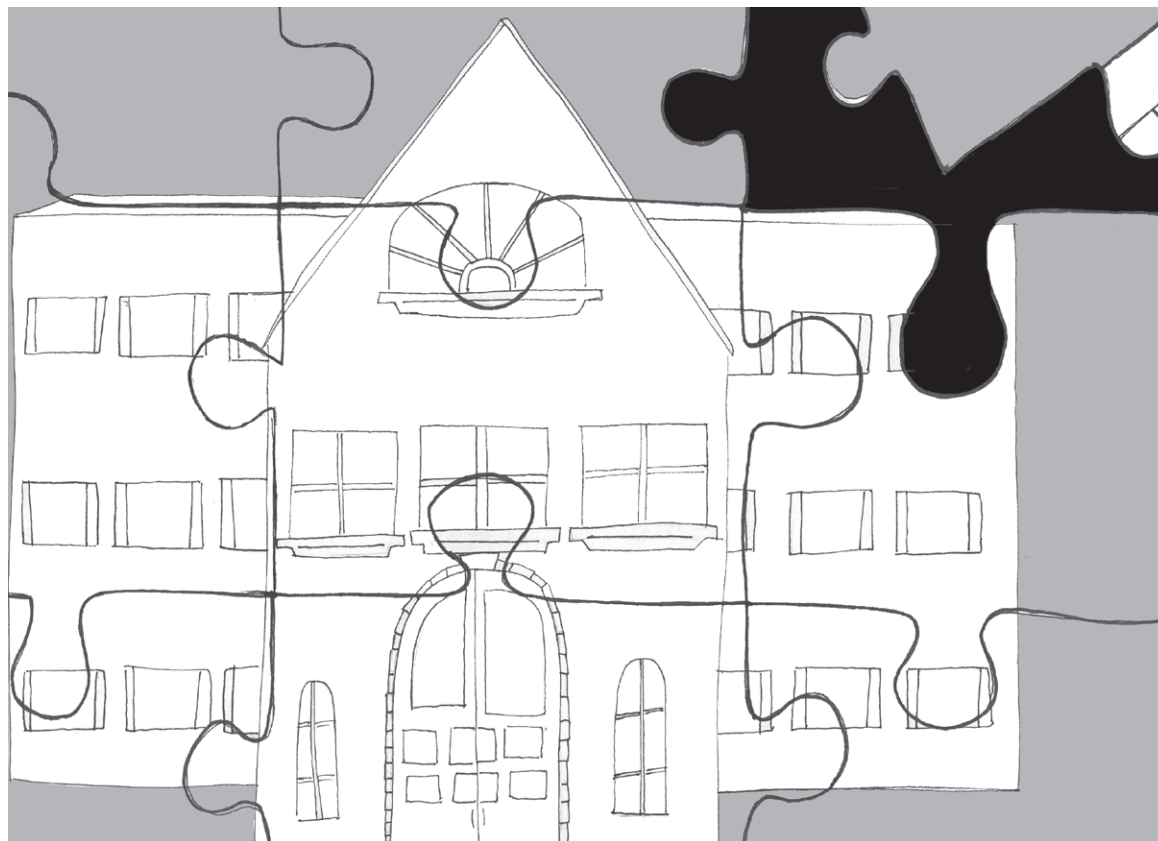
# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com

## an *apple* a day: curing america's educational woes



ben berrick

by kerrymartin

We're lucky to live in a nation that turns its young people into students, not laborers or soldiers. But even if you've attended top-rank schools, public or private, it should be no news to you that across the country, our students are lagging, our schools are crumbling, and it's becoming much less taboo to seek options outside of public education. Now that education is more readily available than it's ever been, we've devalued it, and some people have even begun to take pride in their reaction against what should be our greatest privilege.

This isn't even an issue of test scores. This isn't even an issue of graduation rates, because at 78% they're actually the highest they've been since 1974, which should be a reason to celebrate. This is an issue of attitude: Americans, both students and parents, regularly assume that school is boring, if not cruel, and that it serves no greater purpose than keeping our kids off the streets. Nasty opinions about public education are becoming more and more mainstream, especially among the lower class, minorities, and millions of creative students stuck in schools they find intellectually suffocating.

We've heard the heroes of "Real America"—from fashionable bulldog Sarah Palin to badly-disguised elitist Mitt Romney—label college as pretentious and unnecessary. More radical Tea Partiers have waged an all-out assault on the entire Department of Education, whether for its failure to teach intelligent design or the "awful lot of made up criticism about the founders intruding on the Indians or having slaves or being hypocrites in one way or another," as TP spokesman Hal Rounds puts it. The current familiarity of this fundamentalist dissent partly explains why the number of home-schooled students has spiked from 850,000 in 1999 to 2.5 million in 2013, mainly white children of blue-collar workers.

Looking across racial lines, the baditudes are directed less at public education than at intellectualism as a whole. The heroes of the Civil Rights Movement would weep to hear the views on brainpower that parts of the modern black community hold. One telling survey cited by Dr. Henry Louis Gates (we'll get back to him later) asked black students at a St. Louis charter school for construction careers, "What does it mean to 'act white?'" garnering re-

sponses like "good in school and in class on time," "smart and well behaved," and "uppiety about everything, geeky and always into stuff." The same question for acting black got answers like "ghetto and having a nasty attitude and disrespect people," and "listen to hip hop, saggy pants, making B's and C's even though we try our hardest, drop out of high school to have a baby and work at a fast food restaurant."

Academic disengagement is now not only acceptable, it's rampant, and it marks nothing short of a cultural crisis. Race is an un-ignorable aspect of this, with Hispanics trailing whites in graduation rate by 12% and blacks by 17%. We are past the age where we can accept inherent, biological disadvantage as an explanation. A lack of food, books, and free time is part of the reason, but it's only half the problem, and there is little that the schools can do to remedy it. What our schools can do is reform curriculums, because right now, our standard course schedule does little to foster intellectual curiosity, and without that, every subject becomes much harder to teach.

As far as how we ought to amend our methods of teaching, it's kind of a free-for-

... read the rest on page 3

## hats off to tupper

by katharinelongfellow

As someone who will shamelessly admit an obsession with tiny, repeating lines and patterns, I can't help but appreciate the style of Jackson Tupper's artwork. Chances are if you've managed to defrost your limbs and crawl around Burlington recently, you've seen his work too. Tupper's art has been featured all over from the Radio Bean to the Vantage Point and even the acclaimed pages of *the water tower* once upon a time.

At first glance, Tupper's work appears simple. The characters of his artwork are created from strong, clean outlines and typically feature birds, stumps, men with enough facial hair to make any lumberjack proud, or some kind of combination of the three. Regardless, all his subjects tend to feature round, rolling figures with the occasional spaghetti limb winding around the body.

The simplicity, however, only lasts for about the first three seconds that you look at the image. Riddled in the beards, sweaters, or backgrounds are tiny, repeating patterns and lines executed with meticulous detail. Where his figures are formed from rounded, organic lines, all of the patterns Tupper includes are geometric and incredibly precise. The juxtaposition between the two line styles adds a wonderful element of texture into his artwork that keeps the viewer interested.

It's important to pay attention to the detail of the work because that's where Tupper sneaks in the interesting bits. While a piece may seem to rather cheerful at first glance, Tupper will slip in a little hint of morbid humor or something rather unexpected. I won't ruin the surprise but there's the occasional, unexpected impaling of some body part or another. It's certainly worth a second look, especially if you find "Where's Waldo?" to be a little too mainstream and you'd rather play "Where's the Wound?"

Although Tupper's style is more oriented towards pen and ink, where he can showcase his precision detail, he is still able to transfer this unmistakable style on to dif-

... read the rest on page 6

get inside me:

homework spots  
by caito'hara

serena: queen of my heart  
by dannissim

uggs or fuggs?  
by staceybrandt

that high school melody  
by georgeloftus

# the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **water tower**,

Since I have found out that **the Watertower** [sic] only publishes letters which fit its agenda of America and Israel bashing and ignores facts about the Middle East, I am not writing to publish anything. I do want to point out the hypocrisy [sic] of Kerry's article on France in Mali. Why does French killing in Mali receive support while Israel's self defense against Islamists which actual [sic] fire on Israel does not? Be assured that French troops are less discriminating in their fire and Mali is less of a direct threat to France. Civilians in Mali are likewise not immune to French bullets and missiles. Have any missles from Mali landed on French civilians? Also, if you are going to write about foreign relations maybe you should get your facts right. Lybia [sic] is a former Italian colony and Palestine was under the British after the fall of the Ottomans, they were not French colonies. The errors bother me as a student of the Middle East but the hypocrisy [sic] of condoning and praising French intervention to fight a radical Islamist threat far from home while condemning the US and Israel is a distinction that is hard to understand.

<http://www.israelnationalnews.com/News/News.aspx/164510>

J.R.

It disheartens me that you believe, what's more that you "found out" from someone, that **the water tower** "only publishes letters which fit its agenda of America and Israel bashing." First, we will print pretty much any letter that fits within the space allotted for letters to the editor. When we do not print a letter, is most likely too long to fit in the paper, and we always try to respond at least via email. Second, the paper does not have any agenda such as the one you describe. We are largely an editorial-style publication, and so the individual opinions of writers may come out in their writing. We do not make demands about the beliefs that our writers may hold. Kerry's article was specifically in reference to Hollande's recent (and to some, surprising) capability in foreign relations. It was not necessarily a "pro-French intervention" as much as it was discussing the decisions made by the leader of France in a positive light. In no way, shape, or form was it a comparison with the Palestinian-Israeli conflict, which got one brief mention during the section of background information. The conflicts in Israel are widely recognized to be incredibly complex, and while you may find it to be a hypocrisy for someone to support anti-Islamist wars elsewhere in the world but not in Israel, it is hardly a unique opinion to hold. Lastly, you are correct that Libya and Palestine were not French colonies. I believe that Kerry meant to express that they were colonies of some state at some point as a way of partially explaining the longstanding trend of European military intervention in the Middle East; he could have perhaps been more clear on that point. Thank you for your letter, it is always helpful to hear what the UVM population thinks about the articles we print.

James Aglio  
Co-Editor-in-Chief

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

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## the news in brief with kerrymartin

**“Yo, keep hunting, I just popped a ten-foot Burm dog...I got him right now baby...Yeah, for real, what do you think, I'm playing?”**

-**Ruben Ramirez**, who's been hunting Burmese pythons for 27 years, telling his fellow hunter that he caught one of these enormous snakes. In an attempt to eradicate these non-native reptiles, Florida's wildlife agency is hosting a python hunting competition, for which over 1,000 people have registered. Ramirez worries about amateurs using guns and machetes. I'm worried the Feds will step in with napalm and Agent Orange.

**“There used to be only a few crocodiles in the Limpopo River. Now there are a lot.”**

-**Zane Langman** observing the consequences of flooding in South Africa. Heavy rains caused a river to overflow, and over 15,000 crocodiles from Langman's father-in-law's farm escaped. Half have been captured, including one on a rugby field 75 miles from the farm.

**“Her pads on her feet were bleeding. Her claws are worn weird. The front ones are really sharp, the back ones worn down to nothing.”**

-**Bonnie Richter** describing the state of her cat Holly, who wandered off on a family trip and was thought lost, only to return to her Florida home, two months and 200 miles away. Holly also now knows how to speak, and she recounted her struggles with hunger and python attacks in an exclusive **water tower** interview. Don't miss her memoir, *A Long Way For a Pussy: A Cat's Struggle Against All Odds*.

**the water tower** is UVM's alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.

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Waterman - Main Lobby  
Williams - Inside Steps  
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**join the wt.**  
New writers and artists  
are always welcome  
**Weekly meetings**  
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm  
Williams Family Room  
Davis Center - 4th Floor  
**Or send us an email**

**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.

news ticker: Literal Disco Inferno: packed Brazilian nightclub Kiss burns to the ground, over 200 killed in blaze +++ “Beam me up, Scotty” St. Andrews scientists create Star Trek-esque tractor beam. ■

**2013**-continued from page 1

all. On the radical, arguably fascist side of the debate, Improve-Education.org presents a Five Point Plan to reform our national curriculums. Point #4 is my favorite: “REAL HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, GOVERNMENT. No more Social Studies. No more propaganda, indoctrination, and political correctness. No more multiculturalism for its own sake. History is taught by people who majored in History. You learn names, dates, places and events. You understand why things happened the way they did. Everybody loves a good story. History is a million good stories.” Yeah, maybe if you're a white supremacist.

The opposite camp—reform advocates who cite successful creative curricula in Brazil, Singapore, and the EU—stresses the importance of creativity and interdisciplinary studies in the classroom. The intersection of religion and literature; science and politics; art and technology. This is what's going to get students critically thinking, this is going to appeal to a broader base than cut-and-dry subjects, this will teach kids to see links in our hyper-connected world. Separate disciplines are limiting and build an outdated, black-and-white worldview. They've realized it at Harvard, where they now offer a class titled “Social Issues in Biology.” But if Harvard were an accurate cross-section of the nation as a whole, I would have little to write about except maritime law.

Another great idea (also out of Harvard) comes from Dr. Henry Louis Gates Jr., the country's foremost African-American Studies scholar, sadly best known for getting arrested trying to enter his own home in 2009. UVM invited him as keynote speaker for its week-long Martin Luther King Day celebration, so Dr. Gates—a funny man voted “Best Teacher” by Harvard students—described a new curriculum he's been constructing and implementing, based on his well-known PBS series, *Finding Your Roots*. Thanks to innovations in modern genetics, students can test their DNA and discover where their family originated from, be it Northern Ireland or the Zulu nation. Then, by interviewing family members and consulting public records, they will build family trees, using their own histories as introductions to American history. “Let kids study what they're most interested in,” stressed Dr. Gates, “themselves.”

No Child Left Behind hasn't turned our education system around. Creative curricula just might. There are ways to move from telling kids what they should know to letting kids discover what they want to know, and still preserve the intensity and integrity of the classroom. But it's going to take some imagination; hopefully we've still got some of that left. ■

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## the shit list with jamiebeckett

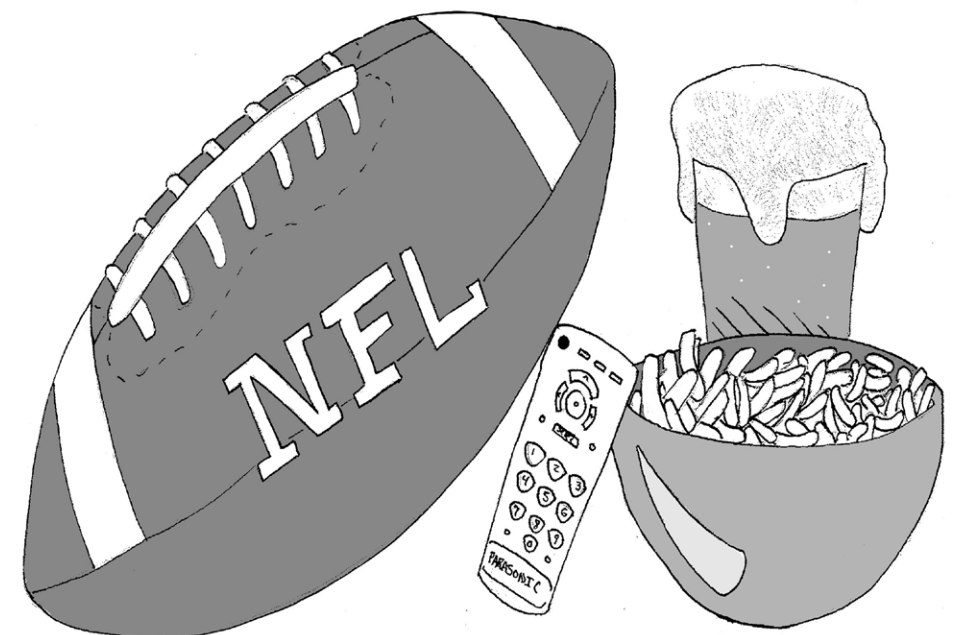
**Dry skin**- Fuck you wind, my face hurts. It's balls cold out but I didn't realize I needed a scarf to take the bus to class. Everywhere I go I see chapped lips and faces and that's just no fun. If the wind insists to persist, I say that ho better bring some snow.

**Late things**- The cold is culling the herd and causing some of us to be late. Be we struggling into a lecture hall fifteen minutes in or missing morning buses to the mountain, the tardiness is really busting my balls. While I may forgive you (in time) your professor may not, so don't turn in your lab reports late this week folks.

**Nutella**- Anyone else eat a jar of nutella lately? I stumbled upon this chocolaty treasure in my room late last Saturday and everything the nutella touched turned to gold. While enjoying sensational nirvana, I consumed a day's worth of calories. Totally worth it, but also shit-worthy.

**Bagged wine**- Don't get me wrong; I love to slap the bag, but these whole day hangovers have got to go. Such head-throbbing is not conducive to learning and class picked up quick this week leaving me bamboozled in my GIS lab.

**Methane**- Some douche bags fart on you, others near you and damn it! I can smell it. While I often find farts funny, methane is no laughing matter for it is a very strong greenhouse gas and more potent than carbon dioxide at trapping heat. The thawing of tundra permafrost is allowing for new activity, creating another source of methane to be released into our atmosphere. Because cow farts weren't enough. ■



ben berrick

## super bowl XLVII: the harbowl

by dannissim

This year's Super Bowl is full of great stories. We've got a second-year quarterback, Colin Kaepernick, of the San Francisco 49ers who has all of 9 starts in his career. Also, Super Bowl XLVII will be the last hurrah for Baltimore Ravens' linebacker Ray Lewis who decided to suit up this season in search of another championship. And don't forget about Randy Moss, who has had a bit of a resurgence in his first year with the 49ers. Will he finally get his first Super Bowl ring? But the biggest headline might be the battle between the brothers: Younger brother Jim Harbaugh is the head coach of 49ers, and he faces his older brother, John Harbaugh, head of the opposing Ravens. John has worked hard to get his team through the playoffs this year to their first Super Bowl since the 2000 season. Jim, in his second season with the 49ers, has changed the mentality of the program in San Francisco. He led them to the NFC Championship game last year, and this year, with the help of Colin Kaepernick, has brought them to this joyous occasion.

Colin Kaepernick at first. Why would the 49ers bench Alex Smith, who led them so triumphantly to the NFC Championship game last year, for an unproven quarterback? I know last season was a bit of an outlier for Smith, but the logic escaped me. Answer: Alex Smith was able to get them to the NFC Championship game; Colin Kaepernick helped them win it and go on to the Super Bowl. Kaepernick has the arm, breakaway speed, and poise in high-pressure situations. For Baltimore, the big story is about Ray Lewis' last season. It looked like it was all over near the end of their divisional round match-up against the Denver Broncos, but by some higher calling, Lewis and his Ravens snuck away with the victory. Expect to see some hard-nosed defense from both sides. Also look out for the matchup between the talented 49ers receiving core (Davis, Crabtree, and Moss) and the tough secondary of Baltimore. The teams are well matched, but I think the 49ers have too powerful an offense. My pick: 49ers 24 - 16. ■

I was not a big fan of the switch to

# around town.



## homework spots and where to find them

by caito'hara

*There's little to like about doing homework; that's something that simply cannot be denied. However, there is a way to make it somewhat tolerable, and actually manage to get things done: Having "Your Spot." There is something to having a place that you feel completely comfortable doing work at that makes the entire process seem smoother. The atmosphere you choose to work in has a direct effect on the quality and quantity of work that you produce. In my time here, I've found several that I really enjoy and lucky for you, dear Reader, I'm willing to share.*

### 3rd floor of living/learning

I discovered this hidden gem while desperately trying to pass my Calc 3 class last semester, and have definite plans to continue using it. There are rarely other people up there, several classrooms are free for use, and several tables tuck into nooks facing the window (perfect for those 5 minute day dreaming sessions). In short, it's hard not to love this place. The seclusion and lack of foot traffic makes it so easy to focus in on the task at hand. I've gone there expecting to only spend an hour or two getting the necessities done, and before I knew it 4 hours had passed and I was caught up on all of my work for the week. Oh yea, it's that kind of good.

### bailey howe

It seems as though it would be the perfect spot for homework, seeing as it's the obvious choice, but there's something about the library that just makes it questionable: People. With the number of people coming in and out of the library for printing, Cyber Café runs, and general attempts at work, you're almost guaranteed to run into someone you know. Which inevitably leads to conversation, and before you know it, it's been several hours and you've got nothing done. I recommend trying the second floor because the usual noises of the library dissipate out as you go higher and deeper into the stacks. But really, only come here if you still have days to finish things.

### dormland

There's the tried and true option of staying in your dorm. From your own desk, to the study lounges, to a random room you've discovered in adventuring, there is something comforting about studying in a familiar place. Every dorm on campus has some sort of lounge/study room/multipurpose room, which are often occupied by other students trying to accomplish the same thing you are. The beauty of the dorms is that you are almost always able to find someone else who is taking the same class that you're struggling with, meaning help is never more than a couple doors away. Plus, there's something to be said about studying in your pajamas.

### uncommon grounds

I will readily admit that this is my favorite place, not just to do homework but in general. It's never loud enough that a pair of headphones and some good zone-out music won't keep you focused, and there's something about being surrounded by the smell of freshly roasting coffee while trying to get things done that keeps me in a seemingly hyper-focused state. Here, I can keep going far beyond my average point of mental exhaustion, which is great when you can't procrastinate no more.

### the aiken lounge

Located in our lovely new eco-gasm of a building, this is one of those spots that most have not explored. Right as you walk in, you'll notice large windows, and through them you'll see tables and chairs. As you cautiously enter this foreign place, the level of concentration in the air will be palpable. And, at least in my experience, this concentration level will absorb through your skin and inspire you to achieve a whole new level of productivity. It's less than a three-minute trip to get a coffee or a snack from the Marketplace, making this the ideal spot for a long-term study session.



art by barry guglielmo

### the kalkin dungeons

If you've ever suffered through the unfortunate experience of having a class here, you know exactly what I'm talking about. But it's a great way to sequester yourself and bust out copious quantities of work. I will admit that you can feel like somewhat of a creeper down there if you stay for too long, and the lack of access to coffee can be hard for some, but the redeeming qualities of this charming little place more than make up for it. Bathrooms, water fountains and vending machines are all within all of 40 feet of you at all times, and you'll be more than pleasantly surprised with how much you'll be able to get done.

*So there you have it folks, my favorite study spots. I'm sure there are more and everyone has their own personal preferences, but I highly suggest giving one of these a try. Who knows? Maybe you'll be pleasantly surprised by a new level of ass-kicking when it comes to your work. ■*

## city market schoolin'

by benberrick

Here at **the water tower**, City Market gets a lot of flak for being far too expensive as a grocery store for the UVM student who can't afford to gold-plate their brand new custom-made D&G boat shoes. While this may be true, it would be irresponsible to ignore the quality of some of the organic and local food. When used in tandem with the weekly farmers' market, City Market can be a great way to stay healthy and happy among the colossal tidal wave of fatty, processed temptations on campus. However, not only does it offer a way to keep your body in shape, but also your mind, keeping it covered with lectures and food classes.

Covertly scheduled at night, and posted on UVM BORED (thus explaining why no one knows about them), these little seminars are held for anyone who wants to attend—you do not have to be a member of the Onion River Co-op, though if you are you can save \$5.00 on the paid workshops. The ratio of free to paid classes is about 50/50, (though, quite frankly, the free classes are comparatively lame, usually focusing on a boring general topic) so even if you don't have a penny to your name, you can still learn how to keep a healthy colon in a way that doesn't involve the Grundle and a sizable roll of ResLife approved toilet paper.

If you are willing to part with \$10, you can attend the more kickass sessions and walk away with newfound knowledge of herbs, sauces, and hors d'oeuvres that will dazzle friends and quickly make you the most popular person in your social circle. This Wednesday, for example, will be a tutorial on making winter vegetable dips that you can bust out on movie night to feel like one fancy fucker. Imagine the looks of awe and respect on your buddies' faces when they pop some of your glorious-ass turmeric tahini in their face-hole: Totally worth investing \$10 and an hour of your time.

Even if cooking isn't your thing, and you would prefer to buy your food made for you, because this is the 21st century after all, there are still classes you can benefit from. On February 3rd, there will be a free smart buying course to educate you in the ways of keeping a pantry stocked without selling your soul to the bourgeoisie devil and how to keep food in the way which will keep it from spoiling for as long as humanly possible. As college students, being able to eat what you buy right up until it grows lips and can plea for its life is a must if you expect to save every spare nickel and dime.

Interested in alternative medicine? Then you can attend a free herbal consultation with a specialist who can recommend a swath of natural agents to cure that headache or sore throat so you won't have to worry about the horrible things those pills you've been taking may or may not have been doing to your liver. Being free, even if the recommended remedies don't cure you as fast as a cocktail of chemicals, you haven't lost anything.

**"imagine the looks of awe and respect on your buddies' faces when they pop some of your glorious-ass turmeric tahini in their face-hole"**



art by ben berrick

## the people vs. IWYSB a defense of the dirty poems

by constancefingerbottom

First, let me make it clear that we certainly have published some less-than-stellar IWYSBs this past semester, but to call these attempts bad, or worse than those that could have been published, would be to ignore the core of the section. Every so often there is a really stellar piece of horny poetry; some hopeless romantic with, I assume, a sizeable boner (or lady-boner), makes us swoon with their sweet nothings and wish that we could find some recognizable hint of our characteristics in their "I saw." But these bits really are few and far between: Not to mention that recent issues have had just as many of these as past runs (seriously: The "dirty blond paragon" piece in issue 8? Could a piece of prose be more panty-wetting?).

In the earliest issues, published submissions didn't even necessarily adhere to the basic premise that said submission should be a poem, often forsaking even the most skeletal of prose in favor of dropping enough deets to get their hands on whoever it was they were creaming themselves over.

Compare:  
*"I see you all over L/L drinking tea and being friendly...we should hang out more often; you seem pretty cute"* (Issue 1, Sept. 2009).

*"Met ya in Gen Chem/From there our love did stem/Then I learned you from an island/and I want my coconut fruity drink/WOOT HOT GIRLFRIEND"* (Issue 3, Sept. 2012)

Clearly, both of these would be pretty shitty in comparison to one of the rare stellar poems, but at least the more recent one attempts to rhyme. Considering such an utterly unfunny origin, I would argue that we've come pretty far. Sure, we may not be publishing the next Byron, or even a Ginsburg, but the precedence that has been set—a concerted effort to combine humor and licentiousness—is in itself an accomplishment.

Additionally, to claim that the issue is not with the quality of the submissions themselves, but with those that have been published is fallaciously ignoring the spirit of the section: Why should quality detract from the humor and lightheartedness of tumescent pleas for love? **The water tower** is UVM's student's paper and there is elegance in the entropy infused in the lowest common denominator. Like the graffiti of penises on Pompeian villa walls or cuneiform couplets on pottery shards, crude art has been a staple of the human condition and is cumulatively worth just as much as the masterpieces in the Louvre.

Basically, to say that recent semesters' batches of published IWYSBs have been especially worse is an egregious instance of looking back at past years through rose-colored glasses. They may not be perfect, but in a way, that's always been the point: They are a forum through which any shmuck can apply for the chance at wooing their unknowing crush with heavyhanded descriptions of their genitals. ■

# reflections.



## what *i miss* about being a freshman

by phoebefooks

Being a freshman has never really had anything positive attached to it, other than the fact that you're not in high school anymore. You're a little fish in a big sea, most likely unaware of what you want to do with your life, and your mom calls you ten times each day. However there is certain nostalgia for this age, most often possessed by upperclassmen suddenly realizing they're graduating from college in less than a year and will have to move on from the "best years of their lives." Even I, a mere sophomore, lust at last year's memories of move-in day, my first time going home for Thanksgiving break, and everything associated with the "honey-moon phase" of college life.

First of all, though it's nice that my parents have phased out the daily phone calls, with it they have also phased out one of freshman year's best offerings: the care packages. Come on, you guys don't care about me anymore? Sophomore

status brings along the assumption that you're now immune from homesickness and therefore apples from your favorite hometown orchard and homemade trail mix (my hippie parents went for the healthy care package option) aren't worth the shipping and handling fees. After freshman year, your mailbox is forever as lonely and empty as your old bedroom at home, which has now been converted into a guest room/office. Thanks, Mom and Dad.

Things that do show up in the mail once you're older are not the kind of letters that you rush to open and read right away. I'm talking about bills. Not having to worry about monthly rent, heat, electricity, and the like is a second thing that I miss about being a freshman. And as a sophomore with plans of living off-campus next year, I've only just dipped my toes in the waters of leases, landlords, and less-than-satisfactory Burlington real estate. Living in the dorms is finally starting to show off its advantages, just as it's time for me to make my way out.

Furthermore, whether you bomb a midterm, black out on a Thursday night, make out with a stranger on the drunk bus, or get frost bite on your toes because you forgot to invest in proper Vermont winter footwear, nothing beats the "I'm just a freshman, I didn't know any better" excuse.

You still have time to learn from your mistakes. But as you get older, you can't really say, "maybe an econ major just isn't for me," or that you had no idea Four Loko contains eight percent alcohol by volume. (As a matter of fact, unless you're a sixteen-year-old girl who has pierced her own belly button and runs a Brooke Candy appreciation blog, you really don't have an excuse to be drinking Four Loko at all.) Regardless, the point is when you're an upperclassman in college your parents won't have sympathy for your mediocre grades, drained bank account, and your poor decisions that lead to both of these results. Enjoy the pity while it lasts, kiddos.

Being a freshman is additionally a lot less expensive than it seems at the time. The college years press on, your body begins to physically reject cheap dining hall food and Franzia, so you resort to spending more money eating out and buying fancier beverages. On that note, my body's low tolerance to alcohol is also a fond memory of freshman year, and consequently I have spent more on booze than ever before but without getting nearly as smashed as I did when I was a freshie. And I haven't even ventured into the bar scene yet...

But these are menial complaints. In the grander scheme of things, I miss the genuine naivety of my freshman self. I miss feeling as though I had all the time in the world to decide what I want to do before graduating, signing up for classes just because they sound cool, and generally never knowing what to expect with each turn of events. There were times when I would look around and actually be awestruck at the friendships I had formed, the new things I had tried, and how much my life had changed in such a short time. On your birthday, people often ask you if you "feel older." The response is usually a shrug with some sort of clever answer such as, "Only by a day, Aunt Joan!" but frequently during freshman year I could actually feel myself growing up.

I know you've all heard this too many times, but college really does go by fast. So freshmen, I encourage you to make mistakes, and to try new things that at no other time in your life will it be socially acceptable to do. ■

## coupons on your cell

by patrickmurphy

On my way to class one fine morning, a strange woman around my own age handed me a small, ice cream-sandwich sized book of paper in the Davis Center. What first caught my eyes was the small printed "100" in the corner and the multiple shades of green which I immediately recognized as American money. Logic soon let me realize that this woman was not handing me a wad of 100-dollar bills but in fact the biannual coupon book that many of us receive, but never use.

The Spring 2013 installment of the "Campus Special" coupon book brings with it an update on its smart phone app counterpart. As an avid iPhone user, sometimes referred to as an "addict" of sorts to my cellular device, I prefer using the app to the textbook-thick equivalent that no one has time to flip through and become acquainted with. The updated app is a progressive and advanced step, now resembling more seasoned applications. This time around, you are required to make a profile, or sign in with your Facebook. A slight deterrent, since now I'm

going to get more emails, but the hope of saving money helps me move on. Deeper into the app I realize the entire interface has been altered to help you narrow down the coupons you wish to use based on categories—food, tattoos/pierc-

**"the downside of this app is that it goes into indefinite loading purgatory every time you switch pages"**

ings, movies, etc. There's a separate food section for take out with phone numbers and full menus alongside the deals! Pretty helpful for those nights when you forget to eat until nine and realize its too much effort to go outside so you just order pizza.

The downside of this app is that it goes into loading limbo almost every time you switch

pages, lasting from anywhere to three seconds or indefinite loading purgatory. There is also a lack of a "view all" option for each category, which is a huge bummer if you are just looking to browse through the coupons, thus forcing you to have to know exactly what you want upon entering the app. A brand new feature that I absolutely hate is the Campus Special grading system; I am currently ranked as an underwater basket weaver and I have no idea what that means or if it's supposed to be even remotely amusing.

Overall, having the digitized version of the most forgotten yet useful of UVM's free spew that comes by at the start of every semester is a huge convenience. All it requires is remembering that you have it when you're downtown at your favorite restaurant or store since you almost always have your phone, but not necessarily that stupid-ass coupon book. As the vast majority of us are in the broke college student category, saving money anywhere we can is essential to our survival and sanity. ■

### TUPPER—continued from page 1

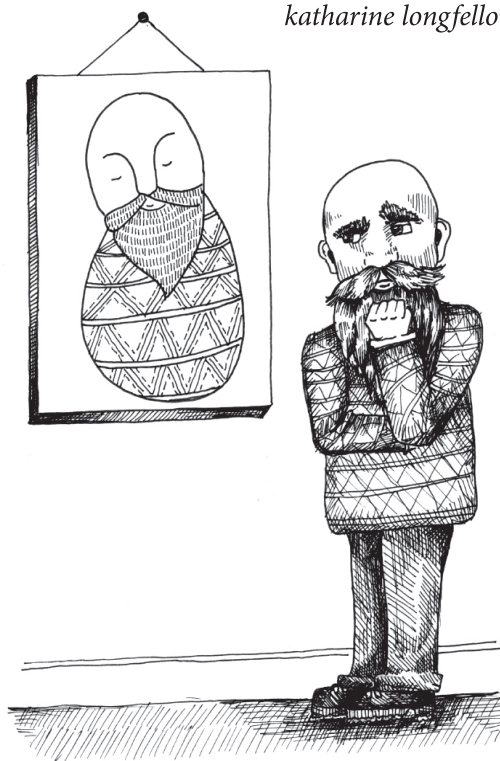
onto different medias. Tupper employs a range of mediums throughout the show, including paintings, pen and ink, as well as mixed media.

Particularly in his pen and ink images, you can really get up close and personal with all the itty-bitty details and see how they develop the personality of his characters. He transfers this process to some large black and white paintings that continue to capture the delicacy and cleanness of the line without sacrificing style.

In some of his other color pieces, Tupper blends soft earth tones with natural wood backgrounds, paying homage to the stumps frequently featured in the piece and reflecting the thoughtful mood of the figure. Yet with his more energetic pieces, Tupper match-

es the colors to the character, choosing pops of bright colors that contrast the muted earth tones without overwhelming the lines of the figure.

katharine longfellow



but the bearded men of Jackson Tupper's art have inspired me. The show is currently located up on the fourth floor of the Davis Center and it's definitely worth a closer look. ■

by dannissim

It pained me to see my favorite tennis player, Serena Williams, go down in her quarterfinal match at the Australian Open last week. She has been playing at the top of her game, not letting her age of 31 slow her down. She finished her 2012 season in stride. After losing at the Australian and French Opens, Serena went on to win Wimbledon, gold at the Olympics, and the US Open. I can still see her doing the Crip Walk at the All England Club after winning her gold medal.

Now, I'm not going to spend time overplaying her rise from Compton. I am going to talk about the Serena Williams who has dominated opponents, overcame many obstacles, and placed herself among the best female tennis players of all time. It didn't take long for young Serena to make a name for herself in professional tennis. By the age of 17, she had already defeated stars like Monica Seles and Lindsey Davenport earning her a world ranking of 20. At age 18, she won her first Grand Slam singles title by beating world No. 1, Martina Hingis, at the 1999 US Open. This primed her for what would be one of the greatest runs in tennis history.

## for serena

Her 2002 and 2003 seasons have been called the "Serena Slam." Serena beat her older sister, Venus, in four consecutive Grand Slam events. First at the 2002 French Open, then at Wimbledon, the US Open, and finishing up at the 2003 Australian Open completing her Career Grand Slam. Serena finished 2002 with 56-5 record, splashing herself atop the world rankings.

Then came the injuries. Serena

**"in a game so proud of its etiquette, serena brings a passion unmatched by her opponents."**

struggled for several years from knee, ankle, and other assorted ailments. She returned to true form by winning back-to-back Australian Open and Wimbledon titles in 2009 and 2010. Today, I believe Serena is playing her best tennis. Some have called her serve the best ever in women's tennis. She can put away her opponent's first and second serves for

easy winners. She commands the tempo of each match. Serena doesn't beat opponents; she obliterates them.

But it was almost all over for Serena in early 2011 when her doctors found a pulmonary embolism. Serena recovered, and I was fortunate enough to see her play at the US Open final that year. Even though she lost to Sam Stosur, I got to see her passion for the game first-hand. Early in the second set, after dropping the first, she yelled, "Come on!" after putting away a forehand winner. Apparently her celebration over the point was premature, and the point was awarded to Stosur. Serena had no problem getting in the face of the chair umpire. That is what I admire about her. In a game so proud of its etiquette, Serena brings a passion unmatched by her opponents. Sure, she did threaten to shove a ball

down a line judge's throat at the 2009 US Open, but don't we all get a little out of hand sometimes?

I am proud to have Serena Williams as one of my sport's idols. While other sports are riddled with doping and cheating scandals, no one can question Serena's work ethic and passion for the game that she loves. ■

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Catch Up. Get Ahead. Online. On Campus.  
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The University of Vermont

100 YEARS  
1863-2013

# fashion five-oh.



## uggs or fuggs?

by staceybrandt

While winter settles in as comfortably as a brain freeze, our clothing choices have become dedicated to the preservation of body heat and the deterrence of the elements. It is the season when jackets become puffer, materials become hydrophobic, and the phrase “my hood” explains both a person’s street cred and why their hair looks like shit. Most winter apparel I have encountered seems to have some sort of practicality, but around New England a winter-wear anomaly has emerged: Uggs.

Almost too perfectly, the word “Ugg” calls to mind a common adjective describing that which is homely or unattractive. If you’ve ever worn or seen this deplorable footwear, you know their power to magically transform the petite foot into the foot of a Sasquatch; they’re just plain Ugg-ly. All in all, if you are trying to be fashion forward, Uggs will send you fashion backward about thirty-seven steps.

I’m all for the minimalist approach Ugg designers have taken with their product: No laces, no buckles, no problems. Uggs, however, seem to surpass minimalism and enter into a world of blandness. Ok fine, shoe tying and fastening take precious time away from tweeting, online shopping, and Facebook stalking, but I would rather lace up a good pair of boots than slip into a pair of Uggs any day. Uggs are bulky, unflattering, and unfashionable. What

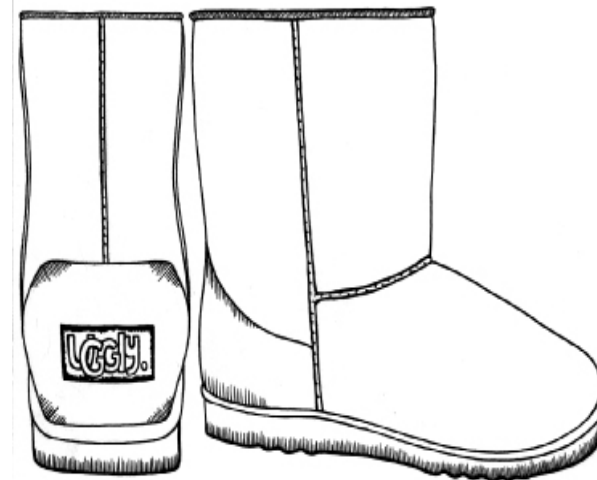
other popular product shares these qualities? A Snuggie. And I have yet to see someone slip on their favorite Snuggie and head out for a night on the town.

So maybe you’re not a fashion guru. Maybe you constantly wonder who Victoria is and why her Secret is so damn important to all of your friends. You have also been known to say, “Life isn’t a fashion show!” in stressful situations. Even so, I do not recommend Uggs in addition to your preexisting fashion flops. Beyond their superficial flaws, Uggs do not fit the Vermont lifestyle.

First and foremost, do not be distracted by the comfort of dead sheep around your toes; Uggs lack any other sort of practicality. Without waterproof technology, wearing Uggs in precipitation of any kind is about as logical as using the afghan your great-aunt knitted for you as an umbrella. Though these non-vegan foot casings may be enticingly warm, they’re only ideal on cold days when rain puddles, slush puddles, and snow mounds are nonexistent. That means, by Vermont standards, Uggs are suitable to wear one, maybe two days in mid-November.

Terrible traction adds to the list of undesirable Ugg qualities. If you, an active Vermonter, plan on hiking in Uggs, you should also plan on falling off of a cliff. While wearing a material easily shredded by a Bichon Frisé puppy,

don’t plan on protecting your toes much either. Even in non-hiking situations, Uggs may become hazardous, posing a threat to one’s safety and dignity. For example: While hurrying to class one icy day in my Ugg footwear, I practically skated across a busy crosswalk while falling on my ass with cars whizzing inches past me—think clown slipping on a banana peel meets Spike TV’s 1,000 Ways to Die. ■



mariel brown-fallon

# fork it over.



## easy recipes made difficult (but better)

by benberrick

Cooking may not be everyone’s forte, but there are a few essentials that everyone knows. While these basic iterations may be serviceable, there is absolutely no reason why they shouldn’t be made more difficult and better. If you’re already a capable cook, you should have no problem adapting and enjoying your vastly superior meals. Those of you who may or may not be kept 1,000 feet away from a stove by court order can still hazard an attempt. If successful, you will emerge from the kitchen bruised, burned, and sweating bullets, but with a dish that will set your previous plebeian efforts to bitter shame.



julianna roen

8

Ramsay’s Scrambled Eggs  
(Courtesy of Gordon Ramsay)

### Ingredients:

- 3 eggs
- “generous pat of butter” (no more than a tablespoon—ain’t nobody got time for that)
- ½ tablespoon cream fraiche (sour cream will work in a pinch too, you hillbilly)
- salt/pepper
- fresh chives (because all college students totally have this at their disposal)

### Directions:

- Get a burner nice and hot.
- Crack the eggs into a saucepan or small skillet—COOL YOUR JETS, ACE, AND DON’T SCRAMBLE YET—add pat of butter.
- Place pan on burner: Now scramble the dickens out of everything—DON’T YOU STOP STIRRING.
- When the egg/butter mixture begins to thicken, remove from heat, keep stirring, and season with salt and/or pepper.
- Return to heat. When mixture thickens more and begins to form globs, remove from heat and add a generous ½ tablespoon crème fraiche/sour cream. Fold in.
- Add the fresh chives you had all over the goddamn place.

Serve on toast, with cereal (if you want your cheerios to develop low self esteem), or by itself because it’s just that freaking delicious. Enjoy.

Mind Blowing Spinach Pear Salad  
(Courtesy of Epicurious.com)

### Dressing Ingredients:

- ½ extra virgin olive oil
- 2 tblspn balsamic vinegar
- 1 tsp sugar
- 1 tsp sea salt
- pepper to taste

### Salad Ingredients:

- 1 cup red onion-sliced thin
- 1/3 cup dried cranberries (unsweetened)
- about 8 cups fresh baby spinach (you can fudge this a bit. It is just leaves after all)
- 2 pears, quartered lengthwise and cut into long slices
- whatever nuts you like

### Directions:

- Mix dressing ingredients. You can either whisk the Defoe out of them or put them in a small jar and shake it up like you’re dancing a samba with Ricky Ricardo himself. Set aside.
- Cover onions with cold water and let sit for about half an hour. This removes the “raw onion bite”, which you would only want if you were some kind of weirdo.
- Toss cranberries with about 2 tablespoons of the dressing and let sit for no less than 20 minutes. They need their “me-time.”
- When onions and cranberries are done, toss all that shit, with the spinach, into a bowl. Give your dressing a little shake to remind it who is boss, and then add. Toss with your choice of nuts.

This makes enough for about 6-8 servings, depending on who’s eating, so bring some friends who you can impress your superiority upon. Bon appetit!

# trash.

## i want you so bad



someone on campus catch your eye?  
couldn’t get a name?  
submit your love anonymously  
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html

Grundle girl, oh Grundle girl.  
You really are a wonder, girl!  
You wear a bandana, I wear a hat.  
You’re fucking gorgeous; I’ll leave it at that.  
I saw you at breakfast, I saw you at dinner,  
If you were in my bed, I’d feel like a winner.  
I’m a true Vermont boy; I have a beard and wear flannel.  
We could even eat together, by the light of a candle.  
Your hair is red, I’m feeling blue,  
I haven’t seen you around this semester,  
I really miss you...  
**When:** Breakfast and dinner  
**Where:** The Grundle  
**I saw:** A foreign beauty  
**I am:** Too nervous to say hi...

The nickname I always call you is Golden  
But baby, it’s your hand I want to be holdin’  
You don’t know me at all  
I would explode if you gave me a call  
Everyday in my Slug Suite I talk about you  
And how I would kill to have you as my boo  
You live in Greenhouse, as do I  
I wish the two of us weren’t so shy  
The only thing I know is you love your marijuana  
I know you are the only one I wanna...  
...be with forever.  
**When:** since day one my sweet Golden  
**Where:** Greenhouse  
**I saw:** the boy I want so bad  
**I am:** hoping you want me too

I see the two of you, peas in a pod,  
each of you the same, with a scorchin bod.  
I dub thee right and left, I want you both,  
I’ll be sure to give it a shot, this I quoth.  
Is it possible, who knows, my courage withstands,  
For the power is right here in my hands.  
**When:** erry day  
**Where:** Harris  
**I saw:** Sexy twins  
**I am:** Master B.

Spoiler alert: this ones freeverse  
Dan Suder.  
I’ve never seen you  
I’ve never heard of you  
Read your article this week  
You done good.  
It was so well written  
Writing for **the wafer tower**,  
Is such a turn on  
You said YOLO  
Marry me?  
**When:** Thursday  
**Where:** First floor of Waterman  
**I saw:** The words of Dan Suder  
**I am:** An admirer

remember to check out the overflow  
on the blog!  
thewatertower.tumblr.com

# the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?  
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?  
tell **the ear** and we’ll print it.  
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html

**Millis - Girls’ bathroom with shower running**  
*Young Woman (of good birth’s voice):* Should I take my tampon out?!?  
*Startled Gentleman:* Yes.  
*Young Woman:* I should?  
*Gentleman:* Yea.

**WDW front desk, Friday night on duty**  
*Trevor Brown:* Gobble Gobble motherfucker.

**Cook Dining hall, in passing**  
*Hushed conversation among Group of Conspirators (no doubt insidious):* ...two dinosaurs fucking...  
*Gentleman to Acquaintance:* Are they still furries if they have scales?

**Fishbowl 5 pm 1/24/12**  
*Flaxen-haired Maiden:* So, do you want me to like blow you later?  
*Young Sir, bedecked in flannel, with the hair of a knave:* That’d be cool...

**Redstone Market**  
*Matrona 1:* I could never fuck a Republican.  
*Matrona 2:* I think I did on Saturday but I didn’t know till after.

**Hungerford Terrace**  
*Fashionable mistress 1:* Everyone’s in the Outing Club.  
*Fashionable mistress 2:* I don’t want to be in the fucking Outing Club, those weirdos smell like shit!

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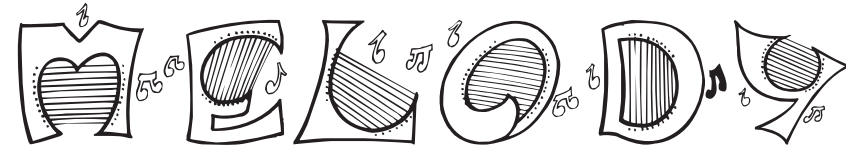
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# tunes.



that *high school*



At the end of last semester the water tower had to say goodbye to one its most distinct voices, graduating senior georgeloftus. Due to the extreme circumstances, this piece was unable to be published in the final issue. Rock on, rock on.

by georgeloftus

I'm about to graduate, but between me and that piece of paper that'll barely qualify me to work in a Starbucks (Yay English/Film double major!) is a mountain of work. I've got one sixty-page screenplay, one 110-page screenplay, a ten-page film paper, and an astronomy final that I can only assume is to me what the Expendables are to small fictional Hispanic islands. I'm one day of un-productivity away from collapsing and holding myself in the fetal position until someone realizes they haven't seen me in a week.

These are the songs that are talking me off the proverbial ledge; they take me back to high school and remind me that as bad as I have it, at least I'm not a 30-year-old with a sleeve tattoo crying into a microphone about a girl that broke my heart (yet. Does it pay well?). Songs like these help me feel 15 again and take the edge off of things like final exams, final papers, and a week with my family taking pictures of me wearing a graduation cap and gown (read: dress).

**"Cute Without the 'e' (Cut From the Team)" by Taking Back Sunday-** Like many, I was bit by the emo bug pretty hard ages 14 to ... well, now. Cute without the E is the emo movement distilled into three and a half minutes. One minute it's angry, the next it's devastated, then vengeful, lather, rinse, repeat. There's still no more wonderful song to scream at the top of my lungs on the six-minute stretch of highway from here to Williston for a Best Buy run.

**"This Must Be the Place (Naive Melody)" by Talking Heads-** David Byrne is a musical fucking genius. There. I said it. There's no chorus really, just a series of lyrics that convey a general feeling, a longing for something cohesive and tangible at the end of a gauntlet made of superficiality and false promises. It's gorgeous writing, gorgeous singing, and the instrumentals on this track are so understated and subtle. Every time I hear this song my ears have a little

orgasm. The live "Stop Making Sense" one is even better, somehow. That's like my ears having two little orgasms.

**"Such Great Heights" by The Postal Service-** While never as prolific as his main squeeze, Death Cab for Cutie, I'd stand this one-off album (*Give Up*) against all of Death Cab's, save for *Transatlantism*. Ben Gibbard is a master lyricist, making rhymes you never would've thought of but doing so in a way that never sacrifices quality of the narrative he's telling nor the flow of the song. It's precision with words complimented so well by the electronic music backing it up. Every song on this album is amazing, but "Such Great Heights" was the only song I listened to for about two months in 2004.

**"A Favor House Atlantic" by Coheed & Cambria-** This song is nucking futs. It's part of a grander epic sci-fi love story space opera thing, that the band decided would be told over a series of albums, but this song stands on its own the best. It's loud, the wookiee-looking lead singer sings incredibly high pitch, but never annoyingly so. "Good eye, sniper/now I shoot/and you run". The lyrics are non-sensical but they jazz me up when I get those 3AM blues in the cyber cafe after the 40 of PBR I didn't bring goes dry.

**"Hurricane" by Something Corporate-** I'm hard pressed right now to think of a song more cheesy that isn't sung by someone whose name rhymes with "bailer thrift". The rhymes are childishly simple, the conceit of the verses are meteorological phenomenas, and overall it's hard to think of as anything more than "high school tripe" at this point. But there was a time when that cute blue-eyed, curly-haired girl in my spanish class gave me butterflies and every batt of her eyelashes was something for me to read into. This song perfectly encapsulates the soundtrack to staring at your ceiling and contemplating crushes.

Do you miss Warped Tour -esque music as much as I do? Want more to add to your playlist? Here are my top faves:

- "I Loved The Way She Said 'LA'" by Spitalfield

- "The War" by Melee

- "Something That Produces Results" by The Early November

- "Smashed Into Pieces" by Silverstein

- "Hold Me Down" by Motion City Soundtrack

- "Best of Me" by The Starting Line

- "Wounded" by Third Eye Blind

- "Freakish" By Saves The Day

- "Be My Escape" by Relient K

- "The World At Large" by Modest Mouse

- "Pretty Girl (The Way)" by Sugarcult

- "The Taste of Ink" by The Used

- "The Mixed Tape" by Jack's Mannequin

- "Pieces" by Sum 41

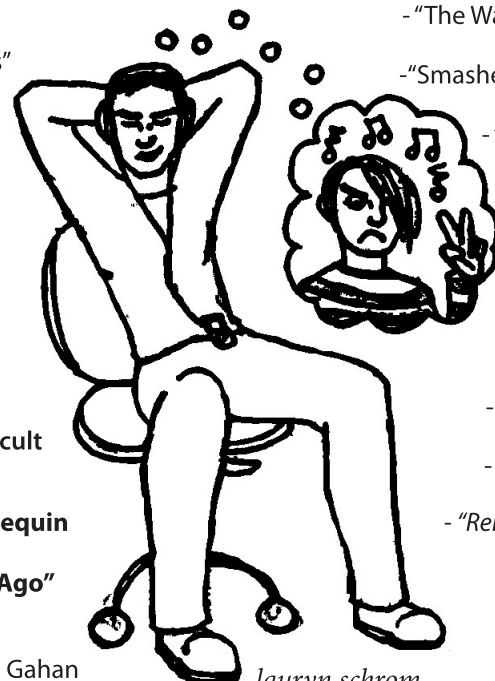
- "Chicago Is So Two Years Ago" by Fall Out Boy

- "Reinventing Your Exit", by Underoath

- "Pressure" by Paramore

- "Kingdom" by David Gahan

- "Last Train" by Lostprohets. ■



lauryn schrom

## this week in tunes

by dylanmccarthy

Coachella 2013 lineup released.

Ah yes, the grandiose west coast festival that mocks us New Englanders with it's countless acts and mid April occurrence. This year's lineup is pretty damn impressive boasting headliners such as Blur, Jurassic 5, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Modest Mouse, Red Hot Chili Peppers, New Order, and Wu-Tang Clan. Anyone with an ardent disregard for their classes or a private jet should really make the pilgrimage.

Billy Corgan confirmed that the Smashing Pumpkins are breaking up (yet again).

Mr. Corgan has apparently decided it's time for another publicity stunt and declares that the Pumpkins will be no more at the end of their current tour, but we all know he'll be back for more.

Nas reissued his 1994 magnum opus, *Illmatic*, in a fitting style.

This box set features an ersatz cherry wood case, standard vinyl, a gold CD (!?!?!?!), and a 48-page mini book. Recently Nas has been making some great music, but nothing will ever come close to *Illmatic*. Hip-hop fans near and far rejoice.

Jack Black and Kyle Gass of Tenacious D announced their planned Comedy Music Festival

It will feature Zach Galifianakis, Flight of the Conchords, and The Lonely Island. All the tears of joy shall be shed at this wondrous event.

The Flaming Lips announced their follow up to 2009's *Embryonic*, entitled *The Terror*.

The way out there, yet strangely delicious sound of The Flaming Lips varies from album to album, but if *Embryonic* was a sign of things to come then chances are *The Terror* will more than live up to its name.

Prince released a new track entitled "Screwdriver."

It's... (sigh) way too much radio-savvy bubblegum pop and nowhere near enough unreal-super-sexy-smoooooth Prince. ■

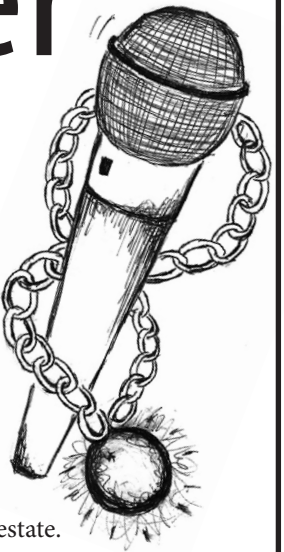
# créatif stuffé.



## the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, *UVemcees*, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we shrink *Sweaters*.



Weather's getting colder, best believe I'm dressin' older. Not like prim adults, ain't that style from this beholder. I'm talking more geriatric, inspiration from the g-parents. Sweaters so big and warm, my comfort is all too apparent. Cable-knit, woolen, scratchy or soft, Button up, Crew necks, don't give a fuck if people scoff. Cause haters hate when they didn't inherit something great. You can keep your vintage heirloom, and I'll take my fleecy estate. Cuddlin' myself in my sweater that was stitched with love. Sending much thanks to Grams and Pops up above. Cause outside's so icy, frigid walks posing crises. Erryday I'm reppin' sweaters since no other shirt will suffice. Screw your North Face or your Old Navy cardi's. Mass products are like piss and my old sweaters are Barcardi. I keep my wallet fatter by this cheaper style choice. PLUS people love them dope patterns, always hollerin' "NOICE!!" by maniacal M-Senior LL Cool G

Next week, we burn *Brennan's*. The week after, we scrutinize *True Love*. Send your raps to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Gang-ges River" or something to that effect. Once again, best rapper of the semester gets a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

# sidewalk man

by bethziehl

He stood on the sidewalk beside the traffic light pole, casually leaning against it. Across the street, the orange hand flashed, telling him not to cross. The rain poured down relentlessly, soaking everything it touched, including me, standing across the sidewalk from this man. Dark clouds rolled in, threatening me to get off the streets. The traffic flowed rapidly, creating a dull whooshing sound as the rain fell heavily on the cars.

He stood there, unfazed, his long hair flattened against his head. His body was slender, defined by a white V-neck shirt and a black vest, and his shiny boots glistened in the rain. In one arm, he held a guitar case, clearly worn and well loved. It spoke words, told travels of the man, travels that he could never express himself. Water streamed down his face, running through his trimmed beard and dripping off his chin down onto his shirt. In one hand, he twirled a guitar pick between his fingers, caressing each side carefully. He possessed

the aura of a man who had made many mistakes in life, but ones he had never regretted. He learned and traveled and spoke through his music. I felt as though I could hear his song now.

He placed the fedora in his hand upon his head and the water was directed off the front of the hat. I gravitated toward him,

**"he possessed the aura of a man who had made many mistakes in life, but ones he had never regretted."**

me and saw the bright headlights glowing in the gray abyss. My heart sunk deep into my chest. I felt the water seep into my clothes. I stood there, turning round and round, looking up to the sky. Rain drops tapped me on the head. Lights glowed all around me. I closed my eyes. What now? In the short amount of time I stood

world for eternity. I saw him for one more moment and then he disappeared into the crowd, following the others directed by the little white man glowing on the screen. He was gone, and I was left standing there in the middle of the intersection, nearly to the other side where he had stood only seconds before. I could now hear the cars beeping at

me and saw the bright headlights glowing in the gray abyss. My heart sunk deep into my chest. I felt the water seep into my clothes. I stood there, turning round and round, looking up to the sky. Rain drops tapped me on the head. Lights glowed all around me. I closed my eyes. What now? In the short amount of time I stood

there, I felt protected, contented. Nothing was wrong in the world. And like everything else, it didn't last long. A man came and grabbed me by the waist, pulling me out of the road. My feet shuffled up onto the sidewalk and I walked over to the traffic light post. Water drops clung to my lips, just resting there. I licked them off my bottom lip, tasting the pureness they possessed. I leaned against the pole and slowly slid down to the ground into a puddle below. My fingers touched the water, absorbing the cool feeling, the numbness. They seemed detached. I could sense them touch something else, something that was not water. I picked it up and turned it over in my hand, rubbing the smooth edges. As I did, I felt a warm sensation crawl through my fingers and up my arm. It was a hard plastic in my hands. It was a guitar pick. For the first time in a long while, I felt hope. ■

# cat litter.



collincappelle



on the web at [www.satirestyx.com](http://www.satirestyx.com)

## Tip o' the Week



Don't go on 4chan after a national tragedy. It will permanently darken your soul

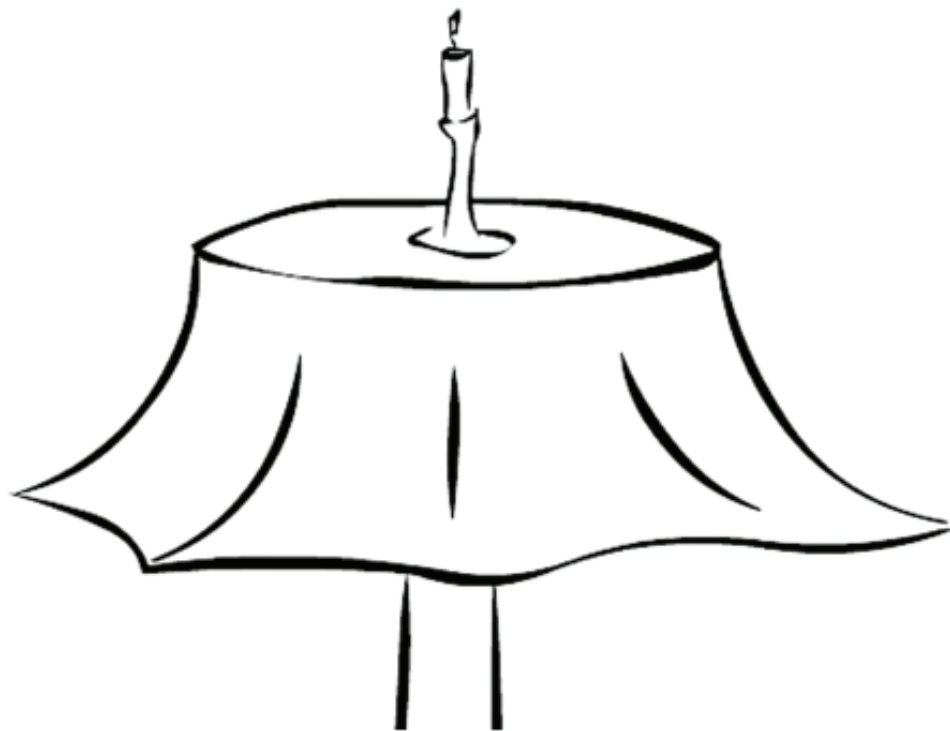


Little do you know, making toast kills, you murderer

## Submit to the Shit Box

In a few weeks it will be Valentine's Day and you know what that means... The Cata Sutra VD Edition. We (and by we, I mean I) at Cat Litter are now taking positions, uhh... I mean submissions for the next publishing of the Cata Sutra. So if you fancy yourself savvy in the ways of feline coitus, submit your idea to the [watertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:watertowernews@gmail.com) with the subject line Cat Sex Position. Include the name of the position and a stick figure drawing or description. The best will be printed in **the water tower.**

Now from the Grundle:  
**Late Nite Date Night**



Want to go on a date but have no money? Then come on down to the Grundle for some classy late night chow. You can enjoy such delicacies as hot dogs, waffles, and pasta in a pleasant, candle lit environment. So why try to impress your date with an expensive dinner downtown when you can get a quality meal here?