Petition Calls for Two Daysoff as Students Struggle with Burnout

By Henry Linsky

On Tuesday, an SA Impact petition asking ad-

On Tuesday, an SA Impact petition asking ad-
ministration for a new fall break on November 3 and 4 garnered nearly 600 signa-
tures within an hour of its release. The petition comes as students across the
University are feeling burnt out from online classes and the pandemic continues to touch everyone’s lives.

One of the petition au-
thors, sophomore Syed Sa-
bheet Kazmi, told the Cam-
pus Times he was inspired to help write the petition after witnessing residents in his hall struggling with
COVID-19 related burnout, and knowing many were experiencing pandemic-re-
lated hardships. "I have a friend who lost both their grandparents very recently, I have a couple of friends with close friends in ICUs, I myself have a friend from back home who was in the ICU and recently moved to the ventilator," Kazmi said.

"COVID means that people not only have complications within their own lives, but that they need more time than usual to recover from it, because in a number of these situations, it’s life or death."

Students have been very receptive to the petition on campus. “It’s something that makes sense, previously you would have [... a] fall break and certain federal holidays and that kinda evened things out,” said junior Jose Cervantes. “But now the common sentiment is that everything is just a rush.”

“Students are feeling overwhelmed by the amount of assignments that continue to pile up, the impending election, and most impor-
tantly the pandemic,” said

Since it’s in the middle of a week. It will discourage people from leaving cam-
pus.”

As opposed to creating a long weekend which may inadvertently encourage
students to leave campus, the petition calls for a break on Election Day and the day immediately afterwards.

“Personally, I’m from New Hampshire, so I wouldn’t be driving back seven hours for a few days,” said junior Trevor Van Allen. “I think they just need to trust the students. There is no reason why students who live an hour away couldn’t go home on a weekend anyways.”

With only four weeks left of in-person instruction on campus, many have turned their focus toward the up-
coming spring semester.

SEE BURNOUT PAGE 5.
Nobel Prize Winner Reflects on Time at UR

“That was a transformative time — it was totally different once the women moved onto the campus,” he said. “We became more polite, better dressed, and happier. It really, really made it a different school and a much better school.”

Although changes come and go, one thing has remained constant for UR students: freezing Rochester winters.

“It was bitter cold all of the time, and we had the tunnels — which helped,” Alter said.

“It was bitter cold all of the time, and we had the tunnels — which helped,” Alter said. “But the walk from Burton dorm to classrooms was very chilly [...] When the weather was the best [...] we were sent home.”

Alter wasn’t done with winning after four years; he said, attended medical school at Strong Memorial Hospital, helped in part by his attention-grabbing as an undergrad. A distinguished scientist emeritus at the National Institute of Health (NIH), Alter only had praises to sing for his two-time alma mater.

In 1961, Alter, then only 21, attended medical school at Strong Memorial Hospital, attended medical school at the University of Rochester right now,” Alter explained, laughing. “[My life] might have been fine otherwise. But it definitely would have been different.”

Instead, he wound up as a researcher at NIH, where he got involved with the study that discovered a protein, later dubbed the Australia antigen, that coats the surface of the hepatitis B virus. This research paved the way for isolating hepatitis B and preventing post-transfusion transmissions of the virus.

“If I hadn’t gotten drafted, I might have still been in Rochester right now.”

After his promising start in medical research at NIH, he moved to Seattle to complete his second-year residency, before going to Georgetown University for a hematology fellowship, and then as a faculty member.

In 1970, NIH called him back to pick up his work in hepatitis and blood transfusions. As Alter tells it, that led to the drafting of the Nobel Prize — the discovery of the hepatitis C virus.

“It wasn’t hepatitis A, which was infectious hepatitis, or B, which was called serum hepatitis,” Alter said. “So, in a brilliant deduction, we said if it’s not A and it’s not B, we’ll call it non-A and non-B.”

‘Over the next decade, despite never seeing the virus or having a test for it, they were able to interfere with its transmission’

That got the ball rolling for Alter and his team. Over the next decade, despite never seeing the virus or having a test for it, they were able to interfere with its transmission, to the research that won them the Nobel Prize — the discovery of the hepatitis C virus.

“Post-transfusion hepatitis, which had been 30% in 1970, when Alter came back to NIH, and was down to virtually zero in 1997. Post-transfusion hepatitis has disappeared,” he said. “What’s gratifying to me is, I think I saw the first patient that was called non-A non-B hepatitis. And now I’m seeing all these patients being cured.”

The news that he and his colleagues had won a Nobel prize came as a shock. “About four years ago, somebody told me they were writing a letter on my behalf,” Alter said.

“That year, I kind of watched to see if anything happened and it didn’t [...] So I just forgot about it.”

When Alter got the call about his Nobel Prize at 4:30 in the morning, he was dumbfounded. Thinking that it was spam callers, he “was ready to call them out for calling in the middle of the night,” Alter recalled. “But then he said, ‘This is so-and-so from Stockholm.’ And then I got stopped in my tracks.”

Alter joked that the glow wore off quickly. “The elation is kind of short-lived, but emails go on forever.” He also attributes part of his success in research to the way NIH operated in the 20th century.

“We had much less oversight and much more freedom to just pursue things.”

“Hepatitis B was just a chance, a new disease. We just thought we were going to find new ways to make the blood purer.”

‘To students currently looking to get their foot in the door of a medical profession, Alter suggests first finding a passion, and then a mentor.

“Try to be the person that other people either want to come to you for advice, or want you to be their collaborator [...] It’s very hard to do anything just by yourself these days, you gotta really work with others if you want to delve into something really deeply.”

Higgins is a member of the class of 2022. Nguyen is a member of the class of 2022.
Research at Rochester: Lenoe looks at everyday women from the feminist movement

By Havera Ahmed

**Lack of breaks Leads to Student Burnout**

**BURNT OUT FROM PAGE 1**

Sophomore Kayla Gunderson hoped that the University would consider making a break from this semester and have some breaks scheduled for the spring. She said she’s heard of other schools having a break as well, a couple of Mondays off in the spring.

Kayla believes the administration will likely consider implementing some breaks in the spring. “Considering how this is an issue brought up this semester,” he reasoned, “the administration will likely be more considerate of it come spring.”

**“the administration will likely be more considerate of it come spring.”**

Even if a two-day break is not possible, SA senator and senior Rafael Ramirez-Giron hopes to expand on the idea of having days off for mental health as he works with administrators to build an improved proposal for spring. Ramirez-Giron added that he and other senators will meet with administration next week to discuss improving “Mental Health Days.”

The petition has been signed over by 1570 students so far. SA Impact petitions only need 250 votes before being reviewed by SA and making their way up to administration. In previous semesters, petitions helped pressure administration to implement a “pass/fail” option for spring.

**“I just keep thinking about that two month break, that’s what gets me through.”**

But for students like Cervantes, it may be too late in the in-person semester for a break to make much of a difference. In that case, all that’s left is to hope for a better spring semester. “What else can I do but keep grinding,” she thought to herself. “I’ve got nothing else for me to do, besides keep grinding it out and just pushing for more.”

But for undergraduates interested in pursuing research, Lenoe’s advice is simple: “Talk in class and build relationships in the History department. Contact [Pablo] Sierra, the director of undergraduate studies in the History department—he’ll direct you to professors to talk to in need of research help.”

“I love collecting the tea of history, then spilling it.”

Currently, Lenoe is in the process of developing her senior thesis, centered around the media coverage of Aum Shinrikyo’s March 20, 1995 attack on the Tokyo Subway System. She plans to research Second Wave Feminist Movement sites in December.

After UR, she plans on applying to graduate programs that focus on Japanese American History. She hopes to obtain her Ph.D. in the subject. She aims to research how Japanese women were involved in the Second Wave Feminist Movement, as well as how Japanese American women have experienced major historical American events, including internment camps along with World War II. “I love collecting the tea of history, then spilling it.”

Ahmed is a member of Class of 2022.
The phrase “Defund the Police” was discussed in an event hosted by the UR School of Medicine & Dentistry and the UR School of Public Health on September 3rd.

By Jacob Hanley

“Defunding the police is essentially means the police will be funded but will not be overfunded,” she said. “The city budget will be redistributed [...] [meaning] everyone [will get] a fair share in terms of the funding. [The phrase] ‘defunding the police’ makes it sounds like individuals want to terminate all funding [...] but really it’s saying that we need to give the community a fair chance.

McIntosh said that she supports the reallocation route.

“Defunding the police essentially means the police will be funded but will not be overfunded,” she said. “The city budget will be redistributed [...] [meaning] everyone [will get] a fair share in terms of the funding. [The phrase] ‘defunding the police’ makes it sounds like individuals want to terminate all funding [...] but really it’s saying that we need to give the community a fair chance.

She went on to say that redistributing the funds could help support community resources and other professionals in the medical and educational fields. This support would include having the community work together to provide support for those who need help instead of relying on police to act as mental health professionals and educational specialists.

“Even though we are talking about police brutality, health care providers also have a duty to do no harm,” McIntosh said. “Racism is a public health crisis and when providers have an underlying bias, they have the potential to do harm.

Doughty said that the conversation of defunding the police should center around the terms of structural changes. Instead of forming discussions around who blame, Doughty said that it is important to shift the discussion to “the pressing social problems” and their resources in order to help the community.

According to Doughty, the three key pieces to help with that shift are “thinking historically and comparatively” and understanding what policing is, “shifting the mindset from solving problems through capture and control to support,” and thinking systematically at a structural level as a society, a city, as a campus where the problems and the “best systems to be put in place” are.

The event then shifted focus to the issue of policing: how one should address it and why it needs to change. To understand this issue, Doughty said that one should understand the underlying issue of redlining, a practice that involves identifying which areas are more desirable than white people.

She went on to say that neighborhoods with a high rate of minority residents were more likely to be redlined because people of different races were deemed less desirable than white people.

This issue is evident in police brutality, as officers tended to live outside the city in predominantly white areas, and as a result, redlined and marginalized communities, Doughty said.

The region where the 1964 race uprising occurred in Rochester was historically redlined, Doughty said. “Daniel McIntosh spoke on a street corner in an area that was redlined. The officers who were involved in these killings and arresting events live in areas that were not redlined; they were outside in the suburbs.”

By Sarah Chen

For the past few weeks, family members have been relentlessly shelling areas of Artsakh (also known as Nagorno-Karabakh) and its majority Armenian population.

In turn, virtually all of the region’s inhabitants have either fled the region or hid underground. The Azerbaijani government has recently been bombing parts of Artsakh, which they claim is only in response to Armenian strikes. However, many international analysts speculate that Azerbaijan actually fired the first shot, which could be seen as an attempt to gain control of Artsakh and wipe out the Armenians within it. Ghastly carnage, military and civilian deaths, and mass destruction have been the products of this aggression.

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The event started off talking about Armenian aggression against Armenians and the people of Artsakh: bombing parts of Artsakh, filiming soldiers beheadings, and current situations of illegal cluster bombs.

“The people fighting on our side are soldiers our age; sometimes even younger,” junior Astghik Baghinyan said. “My cousin died a few weeks ago, and also two of my classmates are in the hospital injured [...] It’s also very hard for us being so far away from home and constantly checking social media to see if our friends and family are okay [...] It’s really real and knowing that [...] we are now here safe, but people younger than us are fighting a war they don’t want to fight. They want to fight to protect their country but they would rather go to university.

In addition to lives lost, the region’s cities, along with their history, infrastructure, and culture, are being leveled as well. Junior Victoria Ter-Ovanesyan, who has been to Stepanakert (a city in Artsakh), told the panel, “The hotel where I lived no longer exists, and in the places where we celebrated a wedding is no longer there.”

“You have to keep talking about this, because if you don’t, eyes go off of it.”

Activist and panelist Anna Mehrabyan also expressed concern that the issue could be made worse by lack of awareness, saying that news sources and the general public need to continue talking about the bloodshed occurring in Artsakh in order to find ways to prevent it.

“You have to keep talking about this,” Mehrabyan stated in regard to the media. “Because if you don’t, eyes go off of it, and that’s when all hell breaks loose.” Panelists also expressed frustration about how UR responded to the issue. “I question if I made the right decision to be here,” senior Anush Mehrabyan said.

According to a few of the panelists, the UR administration that if the University were to put out a statement regarding the conflict as a whole and what they called the vandalism of pro-Armenian chalk on campus. Students were told by the administration that if the University were to put out a statement on every current issue, there would be 100 statements a day.

“And it’s like, why not?” junior Irina Ter-Ovanesyan, a panelist, asked. If the University was to keep an email address available for students to send voices from the University, she said, “Why not add an international email?”

Senior Anush Mehrabyan added, “In a couple of years, we’re going to come and look back and think we didn’t do enough to support this university. And there is no reason for us to do that if we do not feel supported by the University today in such hard times.”

Hanley is a member of the Class of 2023.
Women's March Organizer Urges UR Students to Vote

By Haven Worley  STAFF WRITER

Last Saturday, another nationwide march was organized in local communities across the country — but this time, this march was to honor former Associate Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg and to support women’s voting rights.

In Rochester alone, over 100 attendees gathered in Susan B. Anthony Square to participate in their own local Women’s March led by activist Ashley Teague.

At the beginning of the march, State Assembly Candidate Jen Lunsford spoke to the crowd, saying that because of Trump’s nomination for Judge Amy Cooney, Barrett to succeed Ginsburg, voting has become critical not only for women, but for all minorities.

In an interview with the Campus Times, Teague discussed how Trump’s poor handling of the pandemic pushed her to organize the march. “It’s [by] the people, for the people; so we are the ones that have to go out there and [have] our voices heard to get something done,” Teague said.

Teague and attendees of the march, the feminist movement is not only about fighting for women’s rights, but fighting for rights for all groups, including Black Lives Matter and LGBTQ.

“I think equality for us — for women — is basically just equal- ity for everyone,” UR junior Victoria Ter-Ovanesyan said. “I think at the end of the day, that’s what America stands for. I hope that’s what it stands for.”

UR junior Ivana Pacar said that protesting represents what America should become. “Seeing how many flags are here — like [the flags of] LGBTQ+ and Black Lives Matter — just proves to you that it’s really intersectional and everyone who’s here is fighting for all the other groups as well,” Pacar said.

RIT junior and attendent Kim Ngo agreed that there is power to physical protests, attributing her realization to the BLM protests in Minneapolis, Minn. in response to George Floyd’s murder.

“Being in an atmosphere where people were open-minded and looking to create change was very inspiring and motivating,” Ngo said. “I felt like I learned another side to something that I hadn’t known before.”

People of all age groups either walked or drove from Susan B. Anthony Square to City Hall, where everyone gathered to listen to guest speakers.

Christine Brucker, an educator for 35 years, recognized the younger generation’s interest in protesting.

“I have always believed in what the future brings for us, and being [...] physically here is a big difference,” Brucker said. She also acknowledged the fear that drives people to participate. “I think everyone’s shitting bricks if [Trump] is elected — our democracy is in a downward spiral big-time, worse than it’s been in four years. So yeah, [I’m] just very scared right now.”

Ter-Ovanesyan’s reasoning for marching was that it affects her every day. “I don’t want to be paying for my pads like they’re luxury goods,” she said. “I need them — it’s not my fault that I bleed.”

Teague believes that because so many young people like Ter-Ovanesyan participate in marches similar to Saturday’s, femininity will soon be redefined to make real change. “We need to be innovative of non-binary and trans people because saying ‘feminism’ leaves people out, and the louder younger generation will really do something [to change that],” said Teague.

When asked about advice for UR’s student activists, Teague said that there is strength in being the first to lead something. “Anything is possible. I know that’s cliché, but [...] anything you truly put your mind to, you can do. It takes time, but it happens,” she said.

Teague had one last message for the UR student body: “Vote!”

Worley is a member of the Class of 2024.

Supernatural suspicion in the stacks of Rundell library

By Melanie Earle  SOCIAL MEDIA EDITOR

Rush Rhees isn’t the only haunted library in town.

The Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County, the Rundell Library, is believed to be haunted, with alleged paranormal occurrences occurring in its halls. The Rundell Library’s stacks are where most of the activity takes place according to an article in the Democrat and Chronicle.

Shadowy figures lurk in the stacks, doors open and close by themselves, voices can be heard echoing through its halls, books are tossed, and motion alarms go off with no one (apparently) in the building. The supernatural activity supposedly comes from two deaths that happened on the library’s property, one of them under suspicious circumstances.

In 1902, over a century ago, 26-year-old Laura Young’s body was found in the waterway, underneath the library.

‘In 1902, over a century ago, 26-year-old Laura Young’s body was found in the waterway, underneath the library,’ closed to the public. The Rundell Library was renovated in the 1990s.

The activity was noticed in the 1990s but was not revealed by the Rochester Public Library until the late 2000s. An investigation was first conducted until 1934, over 30 years after the death of Laura Young. The library was built on top of the waterway where Laura Young’s body was found, the closest area being the library’s stacks, which are

The library itself was not constructed until 1934, over 30 years after the death of Laura Young. The library was built on top of the waterway where Laura Young’s body was found, the closest area being the library’s stacks, which are

Some of the activity is debunked by the “Ghost Hunters” show, such as the self-opening doors, but was not satisfactory according to a since-deleted t3WHAM report, where some quotes can be found on a Ghost Hunter fan website.

“Ghost Hunters” did find evidence of paranormal activity, supporting claims of a shadowy figure that peeks out of the stacks, with a video capturing a possible shadow.

The Rundell Public Library has since been investigated by Monroe County Paranormal Investigations and researched by the Rochester Public Library’s very own Anita Wahl. The library stands with two other suspected places of haunting in Rochester, the old Rochester Psychiatric Center and UR’s very own Rush Rhees.

Could the Rundell Library truly be haunted? Evidence and a variety of accounts about paranormal experiences point towards the supernatural taking place in Rundell’s doors. Rundell Library seems to be another haunted Rochester attraction, so if you hear an otherworldly sound in its rows of shelves, you might want to “book” it out of there.

Earle is a member of the Class of 2023.
CULTURE

PASApella Still Singing in the Face of COVID-19

By Will Leve
CULTURE EDITOR

When COVID-19 hit in March, I had no clue how certain music student groups would adjust to moving online. How would performers practice rhythm sensitive pieces of music with Zoom delays? How would they craft art that’s predicated on in-person collaboration when they’re not even allowed in the same room as each other?

This past Thursday I spoke with sophomore Paterno Iradukunda, one of the co-capitains of PASApella. PASApella is the Pan-African Students Association’s cappella group, a subsidiary organization of the Pan-African Students Association.

“How would they craft art that’s predicated on in-person collaboration?”

Early in our conversation I asked Iradukunda what a normal day for PASApella was like pre-COVID-19. He recalled how the group would gather in Wilson Commons around 6:00 p.m. every Saturday. Before starting actual practice, they’d simply eat snacks and catch up with each other. Under normal circumstances this answer wouldn’t have been worth commenting on, but considering how much life has changed since then, hearing about PASApella’s old practice routine was a sweet reminder of what normal life used to be like. Iradukunda recounted that after about 10 to 15 minutes of socializing, PASApella would begin practicing.

Right before COVID-19 sent students home, PASApella was preparing for their largest performance of the year at Afrikanza, an annual held celebration of African culture by the Pan-African Students Association.

“When the final decision came that no events would be held, that was a big blow.”

In fact, they were deep within the process of refining multiple songs for this performance when the school suddenly cancelled all in-person events and moved classes online. “When the final decision came that no events would be held, that was a big blow. All this hard work, just gone like that.”

Though the transition was difficult, Iradukunda said, “At some point, we just accepted it.” With this philosophy in mind, Iradukunda and the rest of PASApella kept in touch with each other through the spring semester through WhatsApp, all the while preparing for how they would practice in the fall while social distancing.

Since being elected as co-captain in summer, Iradukunda has been leading PASApella practices in a totally different way this fall semester. PASApella will be practicing in-person events which follow social distancing guidelines. Their next performance is in a few weeks, at the Pan-African Student Union’s Fall Showcase.

“But because casual in-person practices are a violation of social distancing and using Zoom is nearly impossible due to lag, Iradukunda and his co-captain assign specific vocal roles to members of PASApella to record on their own.

“At some point, we just accepted it.”

Once all of these recordings are collected, members of PASApella compile them together into one cohesive whole, which Iradukunda calls an “assembly.” The function of the assembly is to let the group hear what their performances would sound like in a live setting and to make adjustments without breaking social distancing rules. Though this process has its own difficulties, such as standardizing the tempo of individual recordings and simply keeping track of all of them, Iradukunda alleges that the process has actually become quite productive, and the group has been able to put together coherent performances.

While the group has successfully practiced in this fashion, a lot of what made the process enjoyable and fulfilling has been lost. One of the primary objectives of the group is to improve on your singing skills,” Iradukunda said. “Since you meet people and practice together, you learn skills from others. So since that part is removed, the growth in singing and performing is hurt.”

‘A lot of what made the process enjoyable and fulfilling has been lost.’

Iradukunda also mentioned that some longtime members aren’t able to participate when they are left at home over the summer. His remote practice combined with the time zone difference would be too great a burden on them.

Even considering these setbacks, what Iradukunda and PASApella have accomplished this semester is impressive.

The creativity and effort the group has shown this fall in pursuit of their passion for a cappella is nothing short of admirable, and I hope they inspire any readers who are afraid of pursuing their art in face of COVID-19’s adversity.

Leve is a member of the Class of 2022.

Would Becoming a Vampire be Worth It?

By Jacob Hanley
STAFF WRITER

I know, this is the question we all ask ourselves every day. Someone had to address theugen of the evil lord of darkness that needs to consistently prey on innocent victims and turn them into undead beings of the night in order to survive” thing, right?

I personally think that being a变成一个500-year-old walking corpse that shrivels and dies if it goes into the sun in order to become a bat might be kind of cool. But I could be wrong — there’s a great deal of lore to sift through to make an educated decision.

‘I know, this is the question we all ask ourselves every day.’

If you omit the whole “evil lord of darkness that needs to consistently prey on innocent victims and turn them into undead beings of the night in order to survive” thing, then maybe.

In all seriousness, though, to answer this question, we must turn to Bram Stoker’s “Dracula” for answers. Vampiric powers and weaknesses vary from tale to tale, so I decided it was only right to base our analysis on the most classic vampire story.

First off, one of the best powers you’d gain would be the ability to shapeshift — whether that be into a bat, a wolf, a dog, mist, or the person you were before you agreed to listen to your friend’s “sales pitch” for what definitely isn’t a pyramid scheme (I’m looking at you, Eric). And of course, in true Dracula fashion, you would be virtually immortal — bullet wounds, knife stabs, and falls from skyscrapers would have absolutely no effect on you.

But at the same time, you can’t get within a five foot radius of garlic without dying. You might accidentally eat a piece of bread and subsequently suck the entire life force out of your body and end your 500-year reign of terror.

‘In true Dracula fashion, you would be virtually immortal.’

Still, Dracula’s powers would allow you to manipulate the weather — no more gloomy grey afternoons or walking class in the snow! Except, you probably want cloudy days, as you’d be able to break out of that tomb twice a day. But hey, you’d be able to break out of that room with your superhuman strength.

Unfortunately, living in Riverview is off the table if you’re Dracula’s vampire, as you’ll have some trouble crossing running water. So, unless you want to cope with potentially having what little is left of your animating force absolutely consumed and your head exploding every time you try cross the bridge to get to your 9:40 a.m. class (although maybe it already feels like that), being a vampire might not be for you.

Just like Dracula, you also have to sleep in the soil of your native land most nights. I don’t even have a joke for this one. You literally just have to sleep in dirt. Well, like a lot of things, maybe being a vampire sounds a lot more fun than it actually would be in real life. But a man can dream.

At the end of the day, though, just be who you are! That’s a lot cooler. So don’t become a vampire. Or do. It’s up to you.

‘You probably want cloudy days, as you’d be instantaneously vaporized if you step foot in the daylight’

Hanley is a member of the class of 2025.

COURTESY OF HEBER PETERSON/AMERICAN EAGLE
Yesterday, I watched the first episode of “Haunting of Hill House,” which proved to be too scary for me to finish. Still, falling asleep last night, the show had me thinking about the supernatural. One of the most common tropes in horror fiction is the idea that the ghost — or the alien, or the demon, or the spirit — always exposes itself to the youngest member of the family. In movies, the smallest child is always the first to notice the rest of the family that they’re seeing dead people; and in elementary school, I remember reading a library book that said ghosts will always present themselves to the youngest energy in a house because they’re the most vulnerable — and the least skeptical. The book also said to place your shoes facing opposite directions as a way to banish spirits. This is a habit I still follow to this day.

I’m an extremely superstitious person. I always wonder if there’s something out there I just can’t see, something barely out of my reach, another world that we’re not meant to understand. I’ve never seen a ghost, like Steven in “Haunting of Hill House,” but I have an inkling. I’ve never been skeptical of their existence. Today, in the good spirit of Halloween, I’m going to share my own ghost story that holds a close connection in my heart.

‘I always wonder if there’s something out here I just can’t see.’

In elementary school, my family moved around quite often. We were living in a small house when a larger, older one became available down the street. It belonged to one of my mother’s friends — for the sake of this story, I’ll call her Mia — whose mother had been living there alone until one of my mother’s friends, a larger, older one became available, which my brother squeezed his eyes closed, and when he opened them, she was gone.

This week, we’re taking a short break from our regular scheduled content to honor or the greatest holiday ever: Halloween. I just couldn’t let Spooky Season pass by without a seasonally themed column.

This year, I decided to explore another day of sweets and skeletons: Dia de los Muertos, or “Day of the Dead.” On Dia de los Muertos, families honor their deceased loved ones by creating an ofrenda, or “offering,” of pictures and treats that welcomes their loved ones back to visit the world of the living one a year. The Day of the Dead is filled with tons of festivities and yummy treats like sugar skulls and pan de muerto. On the ofrendas, families may leave their deceased loved ones’ favorite foods, so I decided to explore Mexican food in general to figure out what my personal favorites would be: you know, just in case I die suddenly and you’d like to welcome me home on a future Dia de los Muertos.

La Casa is one of my favorite Mexican restaurants here in Rochester, so I thought that would be a great place to try out some culinary inspiration. To start, we had the chips and salsa that they bring to every table, plus some guacamole, which I just couldn’t resist. The chips had a perfect crispy texture and came out nice and hot, which is a big plus, but the dips were the real stunners — for the sake of this story, I’ll call him Mia — whose mother had been living there alone until one of my mother’s friends, a larger, older one became available, which my brother squeezed his eyes closed, and when he opened them, she was gone.

Did this actually happen? I think so, but I’ll let you decide on your own. In the weeks that followed, my brother and I switched bedrooms because he was afraid the woman would haunt him any night, but I remember always feeling unsettled before I fell asleep. I kept my eyes open until the very last second and just couldn’t keep them open any longer.

Weeks passed, and Mia came by to check on us and see how we were doing. There were lots of funny and spooky things — the weather, the house, their children — when my mother asked about Mia’s mother. How did she die? Mia said.

“Of a heart attack,” Mia said.

In the pink bathtub last year.

Now, I’m not adding this detail to seal the deal. It’s just the truth. Until recently, I’ve been scared of everything — the dark hallway in my house off campus, the ceiling above my bed at night, looking in the bathroom mirror when the lights are off. I’m always scared there will be something above me, or behind me, or in some spiritual realm that operates around my physical existence.

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Alger is a member of the Class of 2022.

Live on the Edge: A Ghost Story

‘Get up, get up.’ he was saying. “There was a lady in my bedroom.”

This is a habit I still follow to this day.

‘I always wonder if there’s something out here I just can’t see.’

In elementary school, my family moved around quite often. We were living in a small house when a larger, older one became available down the street. It belonged to one of my mother’s friends — for the sake of this story, I’ll call her Mia — whose mother had been living there alone until one of my mother’s friends, a larger, older one became available, which my brother squeezed his eyes closed, and when he opened them, she was gone.

This week, we’re taking a short break from our regular scheduled content to honor or the greatest holiday ever: Halloween. I just couldn’t let Spooky Season pass by without a seasonally themed column.

This year, I decided to explore another day of sweets and skeletons: Dia de los Muertos, or “Day of the Dead.” On Dia de los Muertos, families honor their deceased loved ones by creating an ofrenda, or “offering,” of pictures and treats that welcomes their loved ones back to visit the world of the living one a year. The Day of the Dead is filled with tons of festivities and yummy treats like sugar skulls and pan de muerto. On the ofrendas, families may leave their deceased loved ones’ favorite foods, so I decided to explore Mexican food in general to figure out what my personal favorites would be: you know, just in case I die suddenly and you’d like to welcome me home on a future Dia de los Muertos.

La Casa is one of my favorite Mexican restaurants here in Rochester, so I thought that would be a great place to try out some culinary inspiration. To start, we had the chips and salsa that they bring to every table, plus some guacamole, which I just couldn’t resist. The chips had a perfect crispy texture and came out nice and hot, which is a big plus, but the dips were the real stunners — for the sake of this story, I’ll call him Mia — whose mother had been living there alone until one of my mother’s friends, a larger, older one became available, which my brother squeezed his eyes closed, and when he opened them, she was gone.

Did this actually happen? I think so, but I’ll let you decide on your own. In the weeks that followed, my brother and I switched bedrooms because he was afraid the woman would haunt him any night, but I remember always feeling unsettled before I fell asleep. I kept my eyes open until the very last second and just couldn’t keep them open any longer.

Weeks passed, and Mia came by to check on us and see how we were doing. There were lots of funny and spooky things — the weather, the house, their children — when my mother asked about Mia’s mother. How did she die? Mia said.

“Of a heart attack,” Mia said.

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Save the Planet: Repurpose Your Halloween Costume

By Jane Pritchard

EDITORIAL OBSERVER

It’s the most wonderful time of the year. Of course, “wonderful” here is truly relative. Given the national and global crises that make it feel like a higher being has been playing truig.comedy bingo with our existences, it may seem crass to roll that all aside and play Halloween dress-up for a night.

And while we’re being gloomy, have you ever considered how much plastic waste is generated by Halloween merchandise retailers every year, whether or not the stock is sold? Isn’t it weird how normalized it is to buy a plastic polymer costume that — if you’re lucky — won’t dissolve until the very end of the night, like Cinderella’s gown when the clock strikes 12? Isn’t it disappointing that millions of people do the same thing every following year?

That being said, I love Halloween. I love those little Pillsbury Ready-To-Bake cookies that are shaped like pumpkins and the all-night movie marathons. I own at least four costumes that I can pull out of my closet at any given time.

What I can’t stand is the rapid production of trendy materials at the expense of the environment and our bank accounts.

I don’t mean to demonize people for whom fast fashion is the most fiscally responsible choice for their income level. I know the pleasure of buying a new clothing item, particularly during these dark times when serotonin seems to be at an all-time low. Also, it’s unreasonable to expect people to be ethical consumers 24/7. Impulse buying those plastic vampire fangs that you’re only going to wear around the house might not make the most sense from a logical standpoint, but it means the world to you.

I have a proposal: Normalizing wearing Halloween costumes year-round.

Goths got it right in the 80s. Start wearing your frilly vampire shirts and fishnets on a Tuesday in April. Make costume elements state-of-the-art pieces that you can wear on multiple occasions — start wearing that clear Patrick Bateman raincoat as a sexy office piece. You might make a fashion statement! Since the last time I wore my clown costume, I’ve integrated a few different ruffled collars into my wardrobe.

‘It’s not much, but Halloween isn’t exactly the end-all panacea that will solve our nation’s problems.

Maybe Halloween wasn’t on your list of priorities this month because you had more important things to worry about — classes, finances, your health. For you, I have a small gift, the illustration below.

It’s not much, but then again, Halloween isn’t exactly the end-all panacea that will solve our nation’s problems. We shouldn’t use temporary diversions to avoid ever thinking about the greater issues at hand, but that doesn’t mean you can’t consume conscientiously.

Put it on, indulge yourself in a sweet treat and a creepy movie, listen to the Monster Mash once or twice, and have a good night. You deserve it.

Pritchard is a member of the class of 2022.

This editorial is published with the consent of a majority of the Editorial Board: Haille Higgins (Editor-in-Chief), people@times. The CDC, antithetical to current events, has encouraged us all to wear face masks or social distancing. Make a Mask is a Part of Your Halloween Costume

Last year, Halloween meant a plethora of parties. This year, the same could be said about danger.

We need to resist our desire — for the ooky, the spooky, and the supernatural, and focus on what’s right in front of us. Your actions this year have the power to endanger others. We anticipate that upcoming holidays may pose an increased transmission risk, recently released a set of guidelines for this year’s celebrations.

Halloween is approaching, but don’t take that as an opportunity to ruin things. Somehow, we haven’t been sent home and UR can’t completelyonline. When we’re doing so well keeping our campus open and free from outbreaks, but we’re unmasked party away from shutting everything down. Just look at St. John Fisher, another Rochester-area college. They were sitting at a comfortable and reasonable four cases until a few weeks ago. Since Oct. 10, they’ve jumped to 52 cases.

Now, their campus is closing for the semester. Fisher students have to pack up and return home before their classes resume on Monday. The school warned that the spread would jump to 52 cases. Now, their campus is closing for the semester. Fisher students have to pack up and return home before their classes resume on Monday. The school warned that the spread would’ve jumped to 52 cases. Now, their campus is closing for the semester.

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Disaster Prevention Lessons from AI

By Jiwon Chang
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

‘The Matrix,’ and ‘I, Robot.’ ‘Tacoma’ takes a different approach. It posits that there will be numerous AGI in the world and that any AGI, even one safely designed one, in the wrong hands at the wrong time could cause lives to be lost.

That’s the future that a growing number of AI safety experts are worried about. An AI’s goal usually isn’t human ethics has potential loopholes. Sandboxes could be jailbroken, power buttons could be destroyed, and ethics is incredibly difficult to define in terms of math and code. It only takes superhuman intelligence to dupe humans once for it to go out of control.

It’s likely that there will be many specialized AGI in different industries throughout the world one day. With numerous human stakeholders and countless AGI, there can be misalignments happening everywhere — which’s called a many-to-many alignment problem. A complex deals with what safety researchers call complex systems, or, a bit of a nightmare.

A complex system is one that’s too unpredictable to reduce to some set of rules, but not random enough to use statistics. The bad news is that most modern safety challenges deal with complex systems; the good news is that people have gotten better at managing it.

In her 2016 book ‘The Terminator,’ Leveson addresses common misconceptions about safety-critical systems engineering: engineering systems whose malfunction could lead to human loss. Such safety-critical technologies include aviation, nuclear power, automobiles, heavy chemicals, biotechnology, and, of course, AGI.

First, a system that reliably follows its specifications isn’t the same as a safe one. In ‘Tacoma,’ software engineers achieve an incredible feat: They create AGI that are sandboxed and obey human instructions. Like I mentioned before, such sandboxing might be impossible in the real world.

Leveson’s book suggests, we should be making organizational changes. So what can be done? Among many sophisticated guidelines, Leveson suggests that organizations should be aware that safety guidelines will inevitably become lax over time and impose preventative measures.

Or in the words of E.V. James, Tacoma’s administrator: “We know it’s not safe working up here. We just don’t think about it a lot, but here we are out disasters.

Chang is a member of the Class of 2022.
Embracing the ‘Crazy Ex-Girlfriend’

Let me tell you about T. T was raised by feminist parents. T has always been a size six, but five years ago, T went through a period where T didn’t like her body and thought it should be thinner. T got really invested in learning about diet culture and weight loss. Now, after spending so much time thinking about weight, T teaches other people how to think about it. T teaches other people how to stop thinking about weight, and learn to love themselves! T has created a business out of this, making money off of other women’s neuroses. T invites women to participate in small groups to say, “I have a body. I love my body!” and then think hard about complex topics like the “double whammy” of feeling shame about your body, then feeling shame about feeling shame.

‘T has created a business out of this, making money off of other women’s neuroses.’

What wisdom. T thinks fat people are gross. T would like fat people to lose weight. T runs her program because she wants to help skinny girls who obsess about their bodies too much, not fat women who actually need someplace to go to feel safe, whole and seen. T has many Ts in this world. These women tell you that they “really understand” your struggles with weight. These women tell you that they’ve been a size eight and they felt like they swallowed a whale, but now they’re back to a “normal,” thin weight, thank God!

‘Now, after spending so much time thinking about weight, T teaches other people how to stop thinking about weight.’

These women would really like to tell you that you aren’t normal, and that as far as they’re concerned, if you’re fat and not on a diet, you’re killing this planet and yourself with your excess. Could you please do that somewhere else so they don’t have to look at you? These are the people who look at you up and down when they meet you, very obviously taking note of where your body has gone wrong. These women don’t want to get lunch with you, because, ew, then they’d have to see you eat! They think you eat too much, that you breathe too loudly, that the way you sit in a chair is the wrong way to sit in a chair. These women look great in bikinis because they spend roughly half their lives working hard to look great in bikinis. These women don’t go to church, they go to step class. When these women bunge on donuts late at night, they have to jog to burn off the calories. When these women get angry, they take a deep breath, smile through gritted teeth, then walk around the block a few dozen times, like a nice girl. These women are bellies in high heels and probably never realized it. These are the women who claim other women don’t like them, and it’s so confus- ing, I mean, how can women be so sexist? These are women whose adult bullying takes the form of “concern.”

‘These women don’t go to church, they go to step class.’

This is concern trolling. Being a victim of concern trolling is painful. It’s a mind- f**k, a form of gaslighting. It’s the reason you start to feel that the things they say are un- acceptable, or unimportant, or not allowed. When your bestie side- eyes you every time you eat something more calorie than a side salad, and sits you down and tells you, "You better watch yourself, honey, I’m concerned you’re eating more food than I believe is healthy/ acceptable for a woman to consume,” that’s concern trolling. When your boyfriend buys you a gym membership for Christmas. When your moth- er buys you clothing two siz- es too small “for inspiration.” When your housemate insists that you’re taking up too much space in the fridge even though you’re taking up the exact same amount of space as she is, except that she’s 40 pounds lighter than you. And the perpetrators aren’t “con- cerned,” they’re furious at you for reminding them of their shitty relationships with their own bodies.

And they are. I’m telling you what lies beneath the con- cern you.”

And there’s power in the tor- ror you instill in them. If you learn to use it...
Wake Up Sheeple!

By Brianna Lindsey
STAFF WRITER

The annual night of family fun is rapidly approaching (or, more aptly put, the Devil’s birthday), and one brave group of citizens is using the costume-wearing tradition to take a stance on current events within the country. Decked from head to toe in sheeple vests, fluffy hats, and perfumed with sheeple-adorned masks, you’ll never guess what twist this group of FOX News viewers pulled on, according to them, the “ridiculous CDC regulations.”

“That’s right. This group of parents has decided to traipse through the neighborhood dressed as ‘sheeple.’”

Residents of one perfectly reasonable cul-de-sac said, “Well, we’ve known that this whole deal of ‘public safety’ and ‘international crisis’ is just as silly as our precious children dressing up. That’s right. This group of parents has decided to traipse through the neighborhood dressed as ‘sheeple.’ The costumes consisted mostly of actually wearing masks. Although they have been referred to by some as the black sheep of this year’s Halloween, a petition has arisen from the midst of this group to change the phrase to “white sheep” due to outcry that white people are “actually way more oppressed; like, one time someone stole my guy and I don’t think anyone has ever experienced that kind of oppression.”

Bradford recalled that “It was honestly kind of a stupid idea. I mean, the boys do kinda take this oddly seriously. It’s almost like a police trip. Like, it’s a three-dollar shirt.” Bradford, who is a resident of the class of 2023, went on to say, “I have enough to last until mid-March. I think the Frat Quad will be a safe bet for candy. All the extra people totally not going to the party will have the drunken enthusiasm to really feed a village. Just watch out for the hard core.”

Schiffinan is a member of the class of 2023.

Soylent-Quarantine for Halloween

By Ben Schiffinan
STAFF WRITER

The University of Rochester is facing a new epidemic on top of COVID-19: a hunger crisis among its student body. Nearly 70% of undergraduates are out of declining dollars with a month of school to go and no Halloween candy to keep them afloat.

I’m really worried about what I’m going to eat for the rest of the semester,” said a collection of upperclassmen on all-declining meal plans. “I usually can just pack fistfuls of candy from professors every day, and by Halloween I have enough to last until Thanksgiving. This year, I blew all of my declining on frappes as usual but now I have nothing to fall back on, said Sarah Garlmane, who would not give her name to avoid embarrassment. Unfortunately for her, we have access to the student directory.

Among the hungry students, John Gavone, a sophomore living in Southside, told us yesterday that she has “no hope of making it through the semester. I’m highly considering eating my roommate’s essential oils and her vanilla scented candle.”

Out of desperation, she’s caught first-year friends who could steal some extra portions from Dougie for her, but even in her starvation, she was adamant. “I’ll never eat from Danforth again. I’d rather starve.”

The administration has begun to take notice of this and is looking for solutions. The number one option they have planned is called Soylent-Quarantine. While they won’t announce what its made of or how they can afford it, the University has released the following statement: “In these troubling times, we have faced issue after issue that we continue to have to pretend to care about. It has come to the administration’s attention that there is an increasing number of students running out of their meal plans early, hoping to survive off of Halloween candy like usual. Our science department students have invented a new kind of food that not only can feed our students but will the saccharine empty calories of Halloween candy. Soylent-Quarantine for Halloween is named after the COVID reality on campus.”

“To make all this financially possible, we will now be sending all students who are exposed to COVID-19, test positive for COVID-19, or break COVID-related rules on campus to ‘quarantine’ indefinitely on the University of Rochester campus. Those of us who are just trying to survive will be given buckets full of the Soylent-Quarantine candy. Those of us who are out of declining and requires sustenance will have to dress up in costumes on October 31 and wander through the residence areas. Then, the students who were given the candy will pelt the plebs below.”

In a poll of students, only 15% of students were excited about the new free meal plan. Sophomore Ethan Turtled told us, “I think the Frat Quad will be a safe bet for candy. All the extra people totally not going to the party will have drunk the enthusiasm to really feed a village. Just watch out for the hard core.”

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A Nightmare on Fraternity Road: Sexy Swarm Monitor

By Megan Browne
STAFF WRITER

Last Saturday, “sexy Swarm Monitor” Jane Greene, clad in an XL bright yellow Swarm Monitor t-shirt and fishnet stockings, marched up the door to the Halloween party at Peru Eta Theta, only to be rejected from entering.

“It’s a risk issue. We can’t allow people to think that they might actually be a Swarm Monitor,” ZET president Chad Jones told the Campus Times. “Those dudes have important jobs and people need to know who to go to there [...] What if someone needed something important and they asked her thinking she was a brother? We just can’t have that happening. We take this really seriously.”

Chad declined to comment on the allegedly sky-high percentage of brothers who had been caught drinking while on duty.

“She’s making fun of those of us who are just trying to keep it safe here,” Risk Manager Tom Thomas said. “I gave up a lot by being more sober than usual tonight and she’s making a mockery of what I’m doing! Imagine if we didn’t have Swarm monitors at parties, who would tell us to get off the steps?”

Kappa Omicron Delta brother and junior Tyler Bradford recalled that “It probably didn’t help her case to walk up the steps against the outnumbering of many KOD brothers.”

“Get off my steps! Smith allegedly yelled at the crowd waiting to get into the party.”

“No one is getting in until MY steps are clear,” had added, smashing past the crowd to stand by the brothers.

“Huh was honesty kind of a funny,” Bradford said. “I mean, the boys do kinda take this oddly seriously. It’s almost like a police trip. Like my dude, it’s a three-dollar shirt.”

Bradford, who is a member of the class of 2023, pretended to care about. It has come to the administration’s attention that there is an increasing number of students running out of their meal plans early, hoping to survive off of Halloween candy like usual. Our science department students have invented a new kind of food that not only can feed our students but will the saccharine empty calories of Halloween candy. Soylent-Quarantine for Halloween is named after the COVID reality on campus.”

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Southside Spiders Seriously Spook Stella

By Stella Wilkins
STAFF WRITER

Picture this: You just got absolutely ass-fucked by an exam, you ran out of food and don’t have time to go get any before your next class, your laptop powered off and won’t turn back on no matter what you do, and you finally get a chance to simply open your window and enjoy what little you can of the nice weather since you’ve been stuck inside via Zoom university all day, when out of the corner of your eye, something scurries across the window. If you can picture this, first of all, I’m so sorry, and second, you can then imagine my displeasure upon finding a gargan-tuan, lustrous-rumped, gangly-legged, octo-eyed, bitch-ass orb weaver staring at me from its tiny nest of butt string that had materialized in my window. Yes, I cried.

Yes, I envisioned it sitting there, laughing. So, with foggy, mascara-stained glasses, I waited for the quarter-sized beast to get in position then slammed my window shut, crushing the spindle and all its little spidey guts. I vowed never to open that window again. So, the next day I opened the other window, and not 15 minutes went by before another hairy beast appeared, staring me down like the animal it’s named for. It delighted the pants off of this wolf spider tingle with excitement at the thought of eating human (in retrospect, I don’t think they’re actually harmful, but don’t tell past me that), and thought, “Why, God, why? (maybe if I believed in one…),” before flushing it down the toilet.

I have since encountered a total of 18 spiders across two weeks, which is absolutely unacceptable, though not surprising for Southside. My neighbor killed a house centipede the other day with one of those expensive textbooks your professor requires but you never actually open, and I’ve heard rumors of mice, but spider after spider came for me, and no one else in my building seemed to be having this problem. My boyfriend, however, had spiders emerge from his car engine while driving almost every night for about a week, so maybe it’s me… My neighbors were skeptical when I joked that my little situation seemed like “a plague to come,” and we all laughed and chuckled.

Then the gnats arrived. Seriously, what’s next? A swarm of locusts? Or maybe I’m being paranoid? I think for three days? A plague? Wait… Shit. Perhaps this is a sign; maybe I’m meant to try to understand the spiders, get on their level. I decided to catch one and study its movements while tapping on the glass of its enclosure and accidentally chopping off parts of its legs. Based on my research, I will attempt crossing across walls over the weekend, eating gnats that I catch, and may be even hiding in a shoe. Or maybe I’m being haunted by the facts of all the spiders I’ve killed in my 20 years. Who knows? I will say that there is one good thing to come out of this whole situation, and it’s the discovery that CT Cups can make great spider pooper-scooper. Wilkins is a member of the class of 2024.