

HUMOR

It's OK to Wear Fur

BY SIOBHAN SEIGNE
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

I grew up in rural Vermont, a place where people have little inhibition when it comes to killing animals. If a wood-chuck is eating my Dad's garden or burrowing into the foundation of our pool and causing it to slide down the giant hill behind my house, it will either be shot, or caught and subsequently drowned.

I was also never a particularly sensitive child. I didn't sit in my room ripping the appendages off flies for pleasure, but I also didn't start crying when I found out that hamburgers were made of cows.

So, this year, when I returned to school and excitedly showed my roommates my new fur scarf, I was shocked when one of them gasped in horror as I told her what kind of fur it was. Who knew so many people liked chinchillas? It has now become a running joke among

my friends that I derive some sort of sick pleasure from the death of rodents. To that, I just have to say that if people weren't okay with the idea, whack-a-mole wouldn't exist.

not okay for me to drape dead chinchillas around my neck. And when I purchase Sperrys, no one reminds me that a cow had to die for my shoes. Maybe it's because cows are delicious and chinchillas taste like dirt.

I bought the scarf for the equivalent of 20 dollars in rubles at an open-air market in Moscow. So, I wasn't expecting great value, but when I got home and Googled how much a chinchilla costs (~\$150) I realized I had saved a lot of money.

I'm not going to tell you how many chinchillas

I think are in my scarf, but it's a lot. Just think of the value—and I don't even have to feed them! I understand that this article makes me sound cold and heartless, but those chinchillas were just going to die anyway. I mean, I will too, but I'm probably going to hell. Those chinchillas will be basking in God's favour in chinchilla heaven. The bastards.

Seigne is a member of the Class of 2019.



LUIS NOVA / ILLUSTRATION EDITOR

Even though I find it hilarious, I know that some of my roommates are strongly opposed to my fashion choices, even though they hide their thoughts from me.

Their opinions are not entirely unexpected. It occurred to me that in the U.S., there is a sort of taboo concerning fur. Ironically, many of the girls at this school walk around with lamb carcasses wrapped around their feet, yet somehow it's

Bad Advice from Brian

BY BRIAN LEONARD
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Dear Brian,

I need your help. The guys in the room next to mine play music and loud video games all through the night. I simply can't fall asleep! What should I do?

-Dan Edwards, '17

Hey, Dan, thanks for the excellent q-stion. I'm gonna go ahead and get right to answering it with sentences. The first thing to do when you find yourself dealing with a noisy neighbor is to ask yourself, Do I really understand what it means to be "noisy?"

As we all know, noisiness is the vibration of "sound particles" in the air.

Noises are made when an object emits an electrical current from its "focal node." This current then excites the particles and teaches them which way to move.

Now, I know how you'd probably respond: this "electricity" theory of sound might make sense for amplifiers or speakers, which have wires and are extremely electric, but it doesn't make sense for noises made by people, who are made of people-meat and not electric current!

Well, on the contrary, people are actually very made of electricity, and we do make noises by sending currents from our brains (which are the "batteries" of the person) to our tongues, which send them out into the air.

To make sense of the noise, our ears "look" at how the sound particles are arranged and use that picture to make up an appropriate-sounding noise in one's head.

This means that it's never really true to say that someone is being noisy, because it's actually the "air" that's being noisy. Further, when you're overhearing

the noise your neighbors make, you're actually listening to the noisy air in your room, which you are ultimately responsible for.

So, in a sense, you're the real problem.

Now that we understand whose fault it is, we can get to work on resolving the issue.

Do you really need to use your room at night? I rarely even spend time in mine; most of my nights are spent drinking dates and going on beers with women.

It's a wide, wide world, and there's a lot of things you could be getting up to, Dan. I mean, if you choose to spend your nights all alone in your room, aren't you asking the air to be noisy?

Hopefully this cleared things up for you, "Dan." Maybe next week you could ask for advice about something that isn't entirely your fault.

Leonard is a member of the Class of 2017.

Survivors of the Presidential Debate Drinking Game

BY SCOTT MISTLER-FERGUSON
HUMOR EDITOR

Cody awoke in a hazy, painful stupor. He reached for his glasses and took in the wreckage that was once his living room. Littered across the floor were empty bottles of Genesee Cream Ale, malt liquor, and Mr. Boston vodka. One of the light fixtures on the ceiling had blown out, and the couch

insanity came back to him. He remembered standing on his coffee table and screaming, "Down with NAFTA!" as he pulled the stopper of a bottle of Mr. Boston and drained the contents of the plastic vessel into his gullet. He remembered Erin's furious screech of anguish at hearing that Hillary had released her entire plan to defeat ISIS on the Internet, and how she'd driven a nail through the Internet router to stop the



LUIS NOVA / ILLUSTRATION EDITOR

inexplicably had a hammer driven through its cushioning.

This was the aftermath. Cody and his friends had played with fire and they'd been burned—burned by the righteous fires of Donald Trump's glowing mane and Hillary Clinton's blood-red pantsuit of vengeance.

That's right—sweet and native Cody had dared to believe that his brain and liver could survive a drinking game for the first Presidential debate of the 2016 election.

It had seemed simple enough: take a sip of beer every time either candidate mentioned ISIS, take a shot whenever Hillary attempted to make a joke, finish your drink if Donald made any reference to a wall, and so on. It had seemed simple, but they'd been so wrong.

Right out of the gate, the four friends had already killed a bottle of malt liquor after Hillary opened with her first lie: That it was good to be with Donald Trump. From then on, any time the candidates told the slightest white lie, Cody and his friends would chug liquor to the point of nausea. They drank a lot of goddamn liquor.

As Cody stumbled into the kitchen, snippets and flashbacks of the previous night's

Chinese from selling Cody's Wi-Fi password to ISIS. He even recalled, with great shame, that it had been he who had cheered on Hillary's mockery of Donald's climate change denial and tried to plunge the hammer into his couch to stop it from leaking oil into Chesapeake Bay.

Without meaning to, they had gone through \$200-worth of alcohol in a single night, and there was only one person to blame: Lester mother-flipping Holt. Cody and his friends had added a fun twist to the game where they had to take two deep swigs of beer each time a candidate exceeded their time limit for a question. Holt had punished them for this foolishness all night. By the fiftieth minute of the debate, Carter and Allan had taken to spewing profanities and vague insults about Holt's massive forehead, and about who could land the larger aircraft on top of it.

Cody shuffled into the bathroom, looked into the unforgiving waters of his toilet bowl, and spewed his guts into it. He didn't throw up for Donald. He didn't throw up for Hillary. He threw up for America.

Mistler-Ferguson is a member of the Class of 2018.