

PURDUE
ANNOUNCES

new D and Gold parking permits

BY JOHN MILES
Asst. Satire Editor

In an email sent out to students last week, Purdue announced that there would be two new parking permits, called the D permit and Gold permit.

In a video released by Purdue News on Tuesday, President Mung Chiang explained how the new permits will function. “We know that parking at Purdue can be challenging. We have heard your concerns, and now, we have a solution,” Chiang said. “There will be a new parking garage in Indianapolis! Students with the D permit will drive down to Indy and park in this new garage, and then campus connect will get students to the main campus and back.”

While many students were horrified by the announcement, there were some who appreciated the university’s intention to fix the parking situation. One club in particular, Purdue’s chapter of “Purdue Indy fan club,” was outspoken about the benefits of the change.

“The Indy campus isn’t separate from Purdue’s main campus in West Lafayette,” said Jimmy Heavilon, the president of the club. “The West Lafayette campus and the Indy campus are equal and the same, and there’s definitely no difference in the quality of education or opportunities available at either place. I personally see this as a huge win for Indy, since more West Lafayette students will be driving down and can realize how great it really is.”

Other students did not have an opinion one way or another, particularly one student, who was a self-described “Purdue Global enthusiast.”

“The change really won’t affect the people who are attending the wonderful Purdue Global, so I don’t have any real feelings about it,” Timmy Kaplan said. “Purdue Global is a great program, and there’s definitely no difference in the quality of education or opportunities available there or at the main campus.”

There were several students who found the new D permit to be appalling.

“This idea of driving down to Indy just to ride the bus back up and back down and then drive back is just ridiculous!” said Stefan Shultz, a senior in law and society. “It’s too much driving, and I’m trying not to drive as much.”

“There haven’t been very many wins for Purdue since I was there and since I left,” said Brian Falters, a former student

of Purdue’s sport coaching program who recently transferred to Washington. “This is, unfortunately, another loss for the good old Boilermakers and the students, who really deserve better. I’m sorry.”

Additionally, President Chiang introduced the new “gold” permit, which perhaps shocked people even more than the D permit did.

“The gold permit will cost around about \$1.2 million, so we only expect the wealthiest students to be able to purchase it,” Chiang said. “Gold permit holders will be able to park at a new parking lot at the Purdue University Airport. Then, they will be flown over campus by our wonderful aviation students, and they can leap from the plane, parachuting down to their classes.”

“It will be an incredible investment for whoever purchases it,” Chiang continued. “Holders of the gold permit will be able to get to their classes quickly and easily. Perhaps with some time, skilled students will be able to parachute directly into the window of their class, assuming that class is on a higher floor.”

The gold permit was met with two very different reactions. Some see it as revolutionary, while others condemn it as being nonsensical.

“This move will keep Purdue ahead, and continue the tradition of being an example for the rest of the state of Indiana as well as the world,” said Richard Daniels, a Purdue political science alumni and prospective history professor. “It’s al-



most as good as being governor and appointing board trustees who you know will later appoint you as Purdue’s president!”

Several students spoke out about how ridiculous the gold permit is, with many describing it as foolish, dangerous, and unsafe for the students skydiving and for students walking on campus below.

Head football coach Barry Odom offered a unique perspective, suggesting the technique could be used for scouting football players.

“If I know a guy isn’t afraid of jumping out of a plane, then I know he won’t be afraid of taking or delivering big hits on the field,” Odom said. “I’d love to get some recruits in here to try this out.”

Purdue plans to quadruple
construction by 2026,
announces Tarkington II

BY AVANEESH SANKAR
Staff Reporter

As winter sets in and snow falls gracefully onto West Lafayette, Purdue sophomore construction management student Chad Benson’s ears perk up as he hears the saccharine noises of a drill in the early hours of the morning. His eyes widen, as he leaps off his shaky loft and scrambles to the window. He hastily opens the curtain and grins.

“Oh boy,” he exclaims, “construction!”

As one scans the horizon on Purdue’s campus, they’ll often spot a heartwarming scene, being that of construction workers laying the foundation of a new building. While Purdue has been hard at work making sure that the roughly 2,500 acre campus is filled with construction work being done, it iks not done yet.

Purdue recently announced that it will be looking to “quadruple the amount of construction work on campus by Spring 2026” in response, to mitigate the current housing crisis ongoing for students in West Lafayette, as well as general renovation.

Benson said that he is over the moon with the recent architectural plans to help solve this problem.

“It’s really great that Purdue has been looking and improving the ambiance of this place,” Benson said.

“As part of our ongoing collaboration with Google,” Bobinski said. “Purdue will be designing all buildings strictly using Artificial Intelligence as part of our AI-collaborative policy, and to make sure the architectural process goes smoother.”

Purdue’s first new design as part of the campus project is called “Tarkington II,” which will be a 10-story, 30-bed dorm built on top of Tarkington Hall, promised to be “even ‘tarker’ than the last one.”

Purdue plans to unveil it by January 2035. When asked about the blueprints, which included no windows, bathrooms, or staircases in the new building, Bobinski replied by shaking his fist angrily, with no further comment.

Purdue students will soon get to enjoy more obstructed walking routes and improved “feng shui” through more construction work on campus. Benson has been out campaigning around West Lafayette, ensuring that everyone knows and is excited for what is coming in the future.

“I’m really overjoyed to get the chance to be in some of these new buildings, whenever they come out,” Benson said. “I wouldn’t trade being a Boilermaker right now for the world. I couldn’t get a room in the housing lottery, so I’m hoping they’ll let me camp out at some of these sites next year.”



PHOTO PROVIDED BY PURDUE NEWS

“Students will learn how to successfully manage construction projects, from conceptual budgets to day-to-day operations to project turnover and completion,” according to the university press release.



Tarkington Hall
ALEX OSBURN | STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

out for the student body, son said. “I don’t even really care that much about the actual buildings. When I hear a power saw at six in the morning, it makes me feel alive.”

Purdue recently echoed this sentiment in a press release from Rob Bobinski, as well as divulging exciting new information about how exactly it was quickly constructing new buildings.

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Time has two separate faces

BY SKYLER MOFLE
Asst. Satire Editor

I remember how, at 10 years old, my mother taught me how to spin a coin with the tiny pads of my fingers. As the coin flipped quickly in front of my eyes, I would observe the two different faces that bid me hello in one spin and goodbye in the next — a glimpse of both George Washington and the eagle, if you will.

Grabbing a random quarter to spin the other day at 20 years old, for old times sake, I watched the pure copper design wobble back and forth on my countertop before it occurred to me that that quarter was almost like my understanding of time — both have two very different faces that you can see in one singular motion.

Time exhibits two philosophies that completely contradict each other in the same sweeping moment in which they exist; the tortoise and the hare. Great experiences are felt too quickly, and life’s greatest barriers feel like they’re meant to stay around forever.

In the same vein, those good experiences come with a sort of painful longing that follows you around like a kid in the candy store. Those rough times in my life that felt like forever bring me a small hint of fondness when I look back at them now.

The first time that I had ever had access to time’s gemini-based personality was when I dealt with my first ever stroke of real, debilitating grief about two years ago.

I remember the crushing feeling of loss and longing that I could feel permanently in the middle of my chest, where I wanted nothing more than to reset the alarm clock so that I could keep seeing the one I missed inside of my dreams — over and over again.

In the same flash that had felt like there wasn’t enough time that I could even spare, the actual feelings and stages of grief passed through me like the worst of illnesses; it took quite a long time for my cough to go away and for me to feel okay once again.

It bothered me for a really long time that I could feel as if time was both translucent in the sense that I could never fully grab onto it and get a moment back with who I was grieving again, and somehow — in the same breeze of wind — opaque in the sense of the grief acting as a wall that blocks the light from getting through.

In other words, that time of my life felt like it lasted for what seemed like years, even though all I was technically missing was indeed, more time.

Spinning the coin a second time, the antithesis of my paintbrush with loss was with the celebration of all my accomplishments in high school: my 2.5 years of college.

Fortunately for me to say, my experience at Purdue has been the best years of my life. I have met people that I want to know forever, had experiences that I will never forget, had days so good that smile lines painted themselves onto my face. I had a few hard — but necessary — learning experiences.

They say “time flies when you’re having fun,” and it’s honestly true. There’s a certain sense of sadness that I feel in my chest when I think about how fast my college experience really has been, but a euphoric kind of joy when I think about my time here.

It goes to say once again, that I find this dichotomy existing almost like the double slit experiment — two things can exist simultaneously at once — to be absolutely fascinating. How is it that we can be both in celebration and in mourning at the same time?

Living these experiences has led me to further my philosophy that time does have two faces, one that brings me the utmost joy and the other that brings debilitating sorrow. Now, I look at the coin in its entirety and pay attention to the finite details.

WHO WINS?

Grizzly bear vs Silverback gorilla

BY JOHN MILES
Animal and DMT Expert

In the depths of the dense Amazonian forest, the great and powerful Joe Rogan takes his final hit of dimethyltryptamine before laying in a grass clearing between the trees. He closes his eyes to sleep.

Upon his awakening, he finds himself in a strange place. In the Colosseum of Ancient Rome, the stands are full of rambunctious spectators.

The bodies of the previous round’s combatants are being cleaned up below. People begin to chant, but Rogan has no idea what they are saying. He notices that some of the people are not humans. Some were little green aliens, others were the famous “DMT elves.”

Some begin clapping, while drums begin playing in rhythm. The crowd gets louder as the next round’s combatants walk toward the arena. Joe sees a silhouette, but he doesn’t know what lies behind either gate.

The spectators speed up their claps and chants, until they fall silent. When the gates rise, the combatants run out, and the people cheer.

On one side, is the great and powerful silverback gorilla. He stands at 6 feet tall, 450 pounds, beating his chest and letting out his war cry. His canines sharp, his muscles readied, and his behind clinched.

On the other side, the vicious, ferocious, and deathly hungry grizzly bear stands on its hind legs. At 9 feet tall and 600 pounds, it towers over the silverback gorilla.

The two animals stare each other down for almost a minute straight without breaking eye contact. As they do, their anger meters charge up until neither can tolerate the other. They begin to sprint towards each other, charging for the kill. The crowd gets louder, anticipating

a great fight.

As they get close, 6 feet away from each other, time slows down. The grizzly bear is ready for the kill, with its sharp 6-inch claws, a powerful enough paw swipe to easily break a human spine, its thick skin, fur, and muscles, and its predatory instincts. This grizzly bear has been hunting and killing since he was a 2-year-old cub. He is unphased in this fight. His mother trained him for this. There is ice in his veins.

The gorilla, on the other hand, is reminded of his inadequacy. He might’ve been in a few brawls for alpha male status, but his life was never on the line. He’s never been a hunter because after all, he’s a vegetarian, and always has been. In fact, he’s never killed anything because he’s only ever needed to scare smaller animals or beta-male gorillas off. His days have been spent chilling with gorilla babes and grazing on leaves. He wonders in his mind,



“How did anyone convince me to accept this fight?” But it was already too late.

The grizzly bear’s claws dig into the ape’s flesh, tearing it in several places. Reflexively, the gorilla attempts to hit the bear, but the impact of his punch distributes well across the strong muscles and thick fur of the grizzly bear.

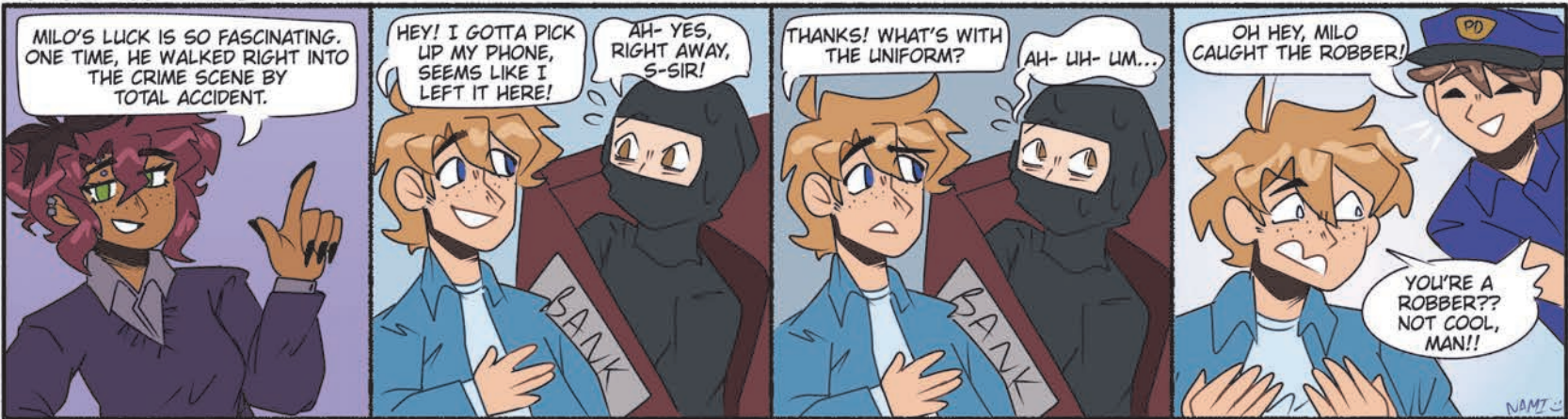
Already bleeding out, the gorilla is finished as the grizzly bear clamps its sharp teeth onto its neck.

Just like that, the fight is over, and the crowd erupts. Rogan says aloud, “I understand it now,” before returning to reality.

“ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE VICIOUS, FEROCIOUS, AND DEATHLY HUNGRY GRIZZLY BEAR STANDS ON ITS HIND LEGS. AT 9 FEET TALL AND 600 POUNDS, IT TOWERS OVER THE SILVERBACK GORILLA.”

DETECTIVE DUMBLUCK

NAMI ALI | GRAPHICS ARTIST



Religious Directory

Assembly of God

River City Church @ Lafayette
108 Beck Ln, Lafayette, IN 47909
765-474-1432
www.rivercityinfo.facebook.com/
WeareRCC
Lead Pastor: Robby & Tracey Bradford
Sunday: 9:00 am & 11:00 am
Wednesday: 6:15 pm - Dinner
7:00 pm - Worship Starts

Baptist

Faith Church
One Church – Three Locations
www.faithlafayette.org
On Facebook @FaithChurchLafayette
West Campus: 1920 Northwestern Avenue, WL
Sunday Worship: 9:30 and 11:00am
North Campus: 2000 Elmwood Ave., Lafayette
Sunday Worship: 9:30 and 11:00am
East Campus: 5526 ST RD 26 E, Lafayette
Sunday Worship: 8, 9:30, & 11:00am
Purdue Bible Fellowship & International Student Ministry
www.faithlafayette.org/pbf
On Facebook @PurdueBibleFellowship

Kossuth Street Baptist Church
2901 Kossuth Street, Lafayette, IN
Sunday Worship Service: 10:30 am
Sunday Connections Hour: 9:15 am
www.ksbc.net

Tippecanoe Bible Church

3990 St. Rd 38 East, Lafayette, IN 47905
Church times: Sunday 10:30am and Thursday 6pm
www.tippecanoebible.org

Bible

Battle Ground Bible Church
2430 W. 600 N., West Lafayette, IN
Worship Service: 9:00am
Fellowship Groups: 10:30 am
Pastor: Kenny Loehe
www.bgbc.org
sec@bgbc.org

Catholic

St. Thomas Aquinas Catholic Center
535 W. Mitch Daniels Boulevard•
765-743-4652 Daily Mass
Monday-Saturday: 11:30am
Monday, Tuesday & Thursday: 5:30pm*
Wednesday: 9pm*
Saturday Vigil: 5:30pm
Sunday: 9am, 11:30am, 7pm* & 9pm*
*when Purdue is in session
http://www.boilercatholics.org

Church of Christ

Elmwood Church of Christ
2501 Elmwood Ave, Lafayette
Sunday Worship: 9:30 am
Sunday School Class: 10:40 am
For a ride, email: csc@elmwood-church.org
Campus Minister: Deron Freudenthal

Christian Student Center
115 Waldron Street
https://www.elmwood-church.org/christian-student-center-at-purdue/
Devotional: Wednesday 7:00 pm

Disciples of Christ

First Christian Church
Sunday worship 10:15 am
Live streaming on FB and YouTube
Adult Sunday School 9 am
We are an open and affirming congregation.
www.fcclaf.org | 329 N. 6th St. Lafayette, IN 47901

Episcopal

Episcopal Campus Ministry
Chapel of the Good Shepherd
The Rev. Dr. Hilary Cooke, Chaplain
610 Meridian Street (near Mackey Arena)
Online Morning Prayer - Sundays at 9:00 am
Holy Communion - Sundays at 10:00 am & 7:00 pm
765-743-1347 * www.goodshep.org

Evangelical Covenant Church

The Grove Covenant Church
3600 S. 9th Street, Lafayette
(765) 474-4642 • www.thegrovecov.church
Worship Service: Sundays 10:30 am
Streaming Online: www.thegrovecov.church/worship

Evangelical Charismatic

Calvary Chapel
2111 State St, Lafayette IN 47905
(765) 477-7744 www.cchapel.org
Sunday Meets: 10:30 am
Understanding the RAPTURE! Join us as we study the RAPTURE. WHEN will it happen? WHO will it involve? WHY will it occur? IS it in the Bible? (HINT: 1 Thessalonians 4:15-18; 1 Corinthians 15:51-52)

Evangelical Presbyterian

Covenant Church
211 Knox Dr., West Lafayette, IN
Sundays:
9:00 am - Worship Service
10:30 am - Worship Service
CovenantEPC.org or call 765-463-7303

Faith Presbyterian Church
Traditional worship with reverence, awe, and joy
Sunday 9:30 am
faithpresbyterian.org/livestream
IG @faithpresw
FB @faithpresw
office@faithpresbyterian.org

Interdenominational

Federated Church of West Lafayette
www.federatedchurch.net
2400 Sycamore Lane 463-5564
Nursery available
Sunday School (all ages) 9:30 am
Worship 10:30 am
PreK - 1st grade 10:45 am
Disciples of Christ & American Baptist
“Traditional with a Twist”

Lutheran

Holy Trinity Lutheran Church (ELCA)
Rev. Elizabeth Lee, Pastor
1005 N 21st Street, Lafayette
Sunday Services @ 10:00 AM
Christian Education @ 9:00 AM
Wheelchair Accessible
765-447-4205
www.holytrinitylafayette.com
All are welcome!

Our Saviour Lutheran Church (ELCA)
Corner of Fowler & Vine, West Lafayette
(One Block East of Knoy Hall)
Congregational Pastor: Randy Schroeder
Sunday 9 AM Worship & 5 PM Dinner Church
The 9 AM is also streamed on Zoom & Facebook Live
https://www.facebook.com/osluth/
Request the Zoom link at randy@osluth.org
www.plm.org | plm@plm.org
www.osluth.org | info@osluth.org

Methodist

Wesley Campus Ministry
(all students welcome)
Wesley Foundation Student Center @ 200 N Russell St.
(Sharing Space with the Baptist Student Foundation)
Open M - F 8 am to 10 pm, Sat-Sun 1 pm to 10 pm
Worship: Sunday 4:30pm (Dinner afterwards) Spiritual Support Group 3pm Sundays
Interactive Devotion & Bible Study: Tues 7:30pm
Global Connections Meal: Friday 6:30pm (intercultural & interfaith discussion with home-cooked meal)
Recreation, Service, and Travel Opportunities!
Love Always Wins (GiQ): LGBTQ + Allies group.
www.WesleyFoundation.org

Non-Denominational

The Gathering with Dr. Will Miller
(formerly University Church)
“We do church differently”
522 Columbia Str. Lafayette, IN 47901
Held in the TCHS History Center
at the corner of 6th & Columbia
Live contemporary service Sundays at 11:00 am
youtube.com/thegathering6674/streams
765-532-0804 | drwillm@mac.com

Upper Room Christian Fellowship

2234 Indian Trail Dr. West Lafayette
Sunday Service: 10:30 am
College Fellowship, Friday 7:00 pm
Call 463-5923 or 463-7380
www.urcfellowship.org
www.facebook.org/urcfellowship

Victory Christian Center

Sharing The Love, Acceptance, And Forgiveness of Jesus. Pastors Bill & Pam Mickler
Sunday Service-10:00am
Wednesday Service- 6:30pm
325 Burnetts Rd, West Lafayette, IN 47906
765-447-7777 | www.victorylafayette.org

West Lafayette Christian Church
1980 Lindberg Road West Lafayette, IN 47906
765-463-7995 | www.wlchristian.com
Sunday Worship Service: 10:10 a.m.

Orthodox

St. Alexis Orthodox Church
2115 Indiana 225 East, Battle Ground, IN 47920
Sunday: 8:15am - Matins | 9:30am - Divine Liturgy
Tuesday: 7:00am - 1st Hour
Wednesday: 7:00am - 1st Hour
Thursday: 7:00am - 1st Hour
Friday: 7:00am - 1st Hour
Saturday: 5:30pm - Vespers
Priest: Father Gregory Allard
www.saintalexis.org

Presbyterian USA

Central Preysbyterian Church
Open! Affirming! Come Worship With Us!
Worship at 10:00 am
7th & Columbia, Lafayette, Indiana 47901
www.centralpreschurch.org
Find Us On Facebook!

Unitarian Universalist

Unitarian Universalist Church of Tippecanoe County
Currently worshipping in-person and Online
(http://uuctc.org/sunday) Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Everyone Welcome! 333 Meridian St., West Lafayette, IN 47906
765-743-8812, Website: uuctc.org

Please join us on **Sunday, December 14th at 10:30 a.m.** for “The Difference between Optimism and Hope.” [Rev. Jennie preaching] Vaclav Havel wrote: “Hope is not the same as optimism. It is not the conviction, that something will turn out well, but the certainty that something makes sense, regardless of how it turns out. It is hope, above all, which gives the strength to live and continually try new things.” **Please join us after the service for our Congregational Meeting, at 11:45 a.m., in the sanctuary or via Zoom. We will need all members who can come to attend, to vote on essential business of the church and to ensure a quorum.**

United Church of Christ

Immanuel United Church of Christ
9:00 am Christian Ed for all ages
9:45 am Coffee & Conversation
10:00 am Worship
In-Person & Online (Facebook, YouTube, Twitter)
Facebook.com/uccimmanuel
Pastor: Dr. T.J. Jenney
1526 S 18th St. Lafayette, IN 47906
www.uuc-immanuel.org
Everyone Welcome!

If you would like your organization to be listed In The Religious Directory, Call 765-743-1111 Ext.205
adirector@purdueexponent.org

Please check websites and social media or call your preferred organization to confirm service dates & times.

Find more listings at:
ExponentHub.org

The only rule the NCAA doesn't have



BUDDY THE DOG | STAFF CANINE
President guard Mung Chiang jogs back to the baseline after swishing his eighth consecutive half-court shot.

BY CONRAD HOOSER
Opinions Editor, Copy Chief, & Sports Expert

“Ain’t no rule that says a dog can’t play basketball.” Those famous words echo through time. Famously the NCAA has rules for everything, but clearly not that, though arguments about eligibility and age can be made. Does the NCAA account for dog years? What about a teen wolf situation? Find out next time.

After consulting with the Purdue Veterinary School, I have been informed that the lack of hands and small stature would actually make a dog a poor basketball player. Especially considering a dog cannot legally dribble the ball without hands.

This is likely why a dog has never made it out of high school play.

Let us now travel, (which there are rules for), to the 2026 March Madness finale.

Boilermakers vs. Timberwolves

It was an electric game. The team was pounding the rock, which I have been informed is bad. There were even other

sports phrases that I don’t know happening.

After a close first two quarters where the Boilers used a Tarkanian Amoeba Defense, TKR, Braden Smith, and Oscar Cluff were all injured after a failed human pyramid in an attempt to assert dominance over the other team during half-time.

As they tumbled to the ground, so did our chances at winning.

Or so we thought.

As head coach Matt Painter argued with the referee he gestured to the sideline and a locked briefcase was brought forward and opened.

A shadow crept over the crowd as the ref read the papers and nodded.

The darkness lifted and Painter pointed to Purdue President Mung Chiang sitting courtside. The 5’6” President stood and dramatically threw off his coat revealing a jersey and shorts underneath.

The head ref revealed their call, “Ain’t no rule that says the President of the university can’t play basketball.”

I’m sure most of you aren’t sports experts, but that’s why you’ve come to me.

The NCAA does have rules on eligibility, but with a letter of exemption signed by former Indiana Governor Mitch Daniels, and a single wine tasting class, President Chiang was deemed a student and allowed to take the court.

Let me tell you, you’ve never seen someone shoot until you’ve seen a 48-year-old electrical engineer drain shots with a precision that says “if I do this wrong, my body will never heal from it.”

The last half was no movie-perfect tale. There was no close game with a tense last shot.

It was a brutal beatdown led by President Chiang.

As the score grew, you could see the boredom grow over the president and he began to pull off circus shots. But, the Timberwolves still could not find a way to trap the last man.

My three takeaways from the game were his stunning shots from half court.

His effortless rebounds.

And the fact that coach Painter loudly said if anyone touched President Chiang, they’d never financially recover from it.

By the end of the game President Chiang became the

first NCAA player to pull off a “quintuple-double” and he did it in only half a game. His “5x10” included 73 points, 36 rebounds, 25 assists, 14 steals, and 17 blocks.

The final score was Boilermakers 187, Timberwolves 69.

In the post game press conference, many people compared his divine first game to the likes of other basketball legends like Jordan, Bird, Rodman, or Kim, and wondered if a professional career was on the horizon. Unfortunately, those hopes were dashed when President Chiang announced his retirement from the game. Saying that it wasn’t the challenge he had hoped for and he would be returning to his true hobby: trying every ice cream flavor.

But as the only S-Tier sports reporter, I couldn’t help but notice a sadness in his voice and after a bit of digging, I found the real reason for his retirement: insurance wouldn’t cover it.

So, while there may not be a basketball rule saying the president can’t play basketball, always remember that the insurance companies have rules for everything.

Are Snow Angels a fun childhood activity or ancient alien practice?

BY ANONYMOUS WRITER
Staff Anonymous writer

As the holiday season draws near and the thermostats turn up, it’s growing harder to ignore all of that annoying cold and wet stuff on the ground. But think back, just a couple of years ago it seemed like everyone was outside on these bitter cold winter days throwing snowballs, building forts, and making snow angels.

Isn’t it odd that people put themselves out there in the dead of winter, the coldest, most miserable time of the year? Surely there’s a reason that it happens? Well, there is, but said reason might just be so well-protected and shocking that the author of this article — who has chosen to remain anonymous — had to go into hiding.

Snow angels were a tradition handed down to humans by ancient aliens who built Stonehenge. Now, this might sound absolutely insane, but recently-discovered writings from the Celtic people display humans and tall aliens lying in the snow together.

These writings were hidden away from the

public, but a Purdue Exponent photographer — who has chosen to remain anonymous — on vacation managed to catch a photo upon their discovery. Unfortunately, it has been deemed too dangerous to show to the general public at this time, and thus the photo cannot be displayed here.

Aliens. Built. Stonehenge. They landed on this planet, but it was much hotter than they were used to so in order to remain cool they laid down in the snow and spread their limbs wide. The human onlookers were shocked by their arrival, but deemed that they were nature spirits and joined them in the practice.

After arranging Stonehenge as a landing pad for future visits, the aliens left, and the tradition of making snow angels was passed down, eventually coming all the way to modern times. But the lies are exposed today. From now on people will know.

Snow angels have always been something we’ve done. Making snow angels is a normal practice. Turn around, and continue to participate in the festivities. Forget this article, it does not exist.



EXPONENT FILE PHOTO
The remnants of a morning snow angel on campus.

The social science behind slang

BY LEANNA MONTEIRO
Staff Sociologist

Back in fifth grade, I remember reading a middle-grade novel called “Frindle,” written by the late American author Andrew Clements. The story follows a boy who decides to invent a new word for the pen, much to his strict teacher’s dismay. The word, the nominal “frindle,” soon spreads across the school and nationwide, and later even solidifies itself in the English dictionary. I remember thinking how awesome it was that an ordinary boy could invent an entire new word that became part of mainstream vocabulary, not being entirely aware that the events of the book are not wholly exclusive to fiction.

As I have grown up, I have seen my peers invent all kinds of new words or slang. I still recall in middle school when “yeet” and “spill the tea” were some popular words and phrases. For older generations, keeping up with slang can be a little confusing, especially as it has become more of an inside joke amongst members of Generation Z and Generation Alpha, fueled by internet memes and TikTok videos.

What exactly drives the

creation and spread of slang? There is some social science to it.

I’ve learned through my linguistics class that language inherently allows for new words to be created. These are called “open-class” words, and they include nouns, verbs, adjectives, and adverbs. Most of the slang we hear falls into these categories, and many of the words are derived from already existing vocabulary through word formation processes.

Psychologist Albert Bandura invented the “social learning theory,” which states that children learn through observation. This theory was created through the famous “Bobo Doll” experiment, where children imitated aggressive behaviors that adults performed on a clown doll named “Bobo.” This experiment implied that children can learn behaviors, including aggression, by mere observation of adults performing those actions.

More young children today have access to the internet, and many memes originate from adults and teenagers who create them. Observing these online behaviors, younger children can copy the humor and slang used by older

content creators, just as Bandura’s theory predicts.

Slang could also spread through positive feedback among peers. In a course on child language development that I took this semester, I learned about B.F. Skinner’s theory on language development which states that language is learned through operant conditioning. Children learn words by mimicking their adults and peers, and words that are pronounced correctly or said in the right contexts can be praised, while inappropriate words or mispronunciation can be scolded to be avoided.

On the flip side, I have heard in the news that older generations are using Skinner’s theory to try and eliminate slang, seeing it as annoying or inappropriate. There are some educators on the internet, much like the teacher in “Frindle,” who have banned the use of slang in their classrooms. Some parents have even tried to adopt the slang themselves in hopes of making it uncool, believing that once older adults start using a term, younger generations will quickly drop it.

However, slang is one of the ways younger generations

develop a sense of group cohesion, or the sense of unity that comes with being a member of that generation. It provides an outlet for members of the same generation to connect, speaking with a language that is often only understandable to each other. From the “groovy” of the 1960s to the “gnarly” of the 1980s to the “GOAT” of today, every generation has its own form of slang. It distinguishes them from earlier generations and gives them their own cultural moment.

There have been times when I’ve giggled at my professors’ perplexity when they talk about the new words their kids bring home, or had discussions with my fellow Exponent reporters regarding our experiences with the “6 7” meme. Regardless of how people feel about it, slang is a pivotal part of how we experience language.

Just as the protagonist of “Frindle” changed how people spoke, children and teens are shaping the language of today. It serves as a reminder that slang is more than simply an internet fad, but a marker of how social psychology and linguistics influence interpersonal communication.



LEAH MAJESKI | PUZZLE TESTER
Students study the newest hit slang terms in the Humanities, Social Sciences, and Education Library.

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OLIVIA MAPES.....Editor-In-Chief

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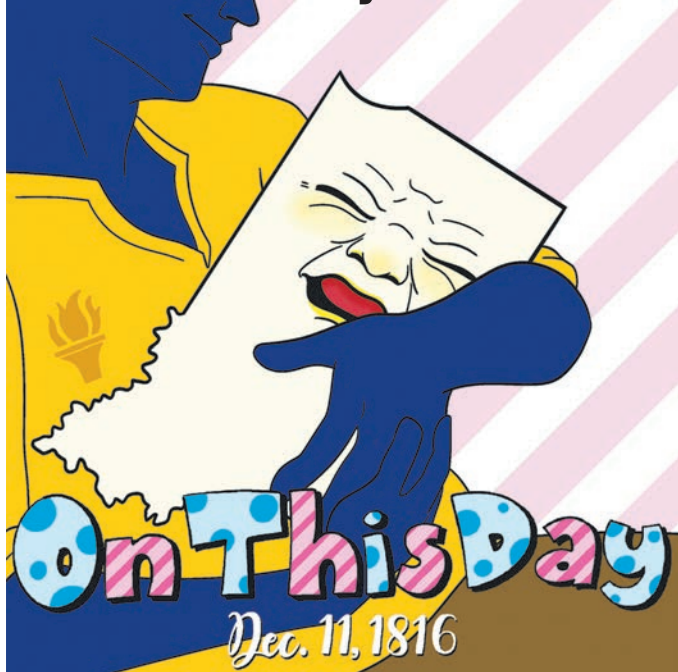
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On this day 12/11/25



SAWYER REBENACK | GRAPHICS EDITOR
On this day, Dec. 11, 1816, Indiana was granted statehood and officially became the 19th state to join the Union. The Indiana Territory, formed in 1800, was the first to be created from the Northwest Territory, formed in 1787. A constitutional convention was held years later in June 1816 to adopt the first state constitution, and the congressional act that granted it statehood was signed by President James Madison six months later.

Purdue Pete and Rowdy Find the One Piece



SAWYER REBENACK | GRAPHICS EDITOR

BY PHOTO & VIDEO STAPLETON
Unc & Chopped Editor

I have spent much of my time these past two semesters photographing Purdue Sports. I have had the privilege of covering a wide range of events, from fall exhibition softball games to the historic 2025 Monon Spike Match (marked the first time a collegiate volleyball match played in an NBA/WNBA arena). At a university like Purdue, sports coverage is crucial and fans beg to see all the action. Braden Smith threading the needle with a behind-the-back pass, thunderous spikes from Akasha Anderson, vigorous takedowns by Joey Blaze, and hopefully a Big Ten win for the football team sometime in the future. All of that is great, I love being able to capture all that action, but what really fulfills me, what drives me to keep going, are the finer details. The small, intimate, and often overlooked moments. Teammates holding hands as their names are announced in front of thousands of people, the moment of hesitation before a batter steps up to the plate, or a simple high five with a fan that absolutely makes their day. The action is great, but those finer details are everything. Photographing these small, beautiful moments in such grand atmospheres is not only the highlight of my time at Purdue, but my life as a photographer.

CHARLIE STAPLETON | PHOTO & VIDEO EDITOR

Junior setter Luca Fickell stands in the huddle during a timeout at the 2025 Monon Spike Match at Gainbridge Fieldhouse.



Junior middle blocker Dior Charles peaks out of the inflatable tunnel ahead of the match against Maryland at Holloway Gymnasium.



Two Purdue Fort Wayne Women's Basketball players hold each other's pinkies during the lineup at Mackey Arena.



Then-junior outfielder Brandon Rogers hugs (right) then-sophomore left-handed pitcher Easton Storey (left).

Why tea is better than coffee

BY AMELIA ANGELONE
Tea Enthusiast

During the pandemic, after moving to a new continent with little else to do, I began tea collecting. Before then, I'd had one or two teas in a regular rotation, but still leaned towards Starbucks whenever my high school budget would allow for it.

But when you're stuck in a new country with only your family to hang out with under quarantine, you start searching for anything to break up the monotony of waking up, attending Zoom classes, and watching Jurassic Park on DVD. Again.

For me, tea offered that perfect bit of variety in my routine. Since 2020, I've collected over 70 different teas that give me the opportunity to change around a bit of my routine every day based on how I'm feeling. In addition, I also found out I was sensitive to caffeine — turns out the nausea and shakiness I was feeling wasn't normal, but coffee fighting back in my nervous system.

Tea, however, has never given me these symptoms, giving me a nice energy boost without making me break out in cold sweats and jitters. It's not only slightly lower in caffeine, but thanks to the amino acid L-theanine, the caffeine is released more gradually than the sudden spike coffee gives, so you feel awake longer and don't experience a crash after.

With all these benefits — variety in flavor, gradual caffeine release, and the simple joy of having a nice, warm cup of tea in a cute mug — why is it that tea remains less popular in the United States than coffee?

To me, the choice is clear, so let me walk you through why tea will always be number one in my heart and could be in yours, too.

First of all, the variety you can get with tea is so much greater than what you can get with coffee. While there's

nothing wrong with the flavor profile of coffee — hey, I still enjoy a cup of decaf from time to time — it all seems to rely on the bean, its origin, and its roast. While there can be some variety from tweaking these variables, tea offers so much more in terms of flavor profiles that can appeal to a wider audience.

There's green tea, white tea, black tea, yellow tea, pu-erh, matcha, and oolong — and that's just from the "Camellia sinensis" plant alone. From there, we have fruit infusions, herbal teas, rooibos, and yerba mate. And, these are just the base tea leaves. While you could opt for, say, a simple white tea — a tea known for a more delicate, almost fruity profile than black tea (and one of my personal favorites) — there are infinite options for things that could be added into the flavor profile to personalize it.

Dried fruit, herbs, spices, flowers, whatever your heart desires. I've even seen teas with bits of dehydrated popcorn added for a salty kick; if you can imagine it, there's probably already a tea out there for you to try. The choices for tea flavors seem infinite when compared to the relatively limited options for coffee flavor profiles. Even the same combination — say, green tea with jasmine — can taste radically different from brand to brand. It's all about trying what suits your preferences best. Tea, to me, is a great way to add a simple pleasure to my everyday life now that I've figured out which teas suit which moods.

When you're living in the dorms and your daily routine might be similar to mine — wake up, get ready, go to classes, study, rinse and repeat — things like getting to pick out a different flavor of tea for the day really help break you out of repetitive trying to survive college.

Psychologically, little changes in routine can actually help mental health by helping you feel a sense of control when things like final grades and the price of groceries are overwhelming.

It's certainly not going to fix all of your stress on school days, but maybe giving yourself a few minutes in the morning to decide whether you're in the mood for white tea with blueberry or black tea with mango can help recenter you and give you a little boost in your sense of control. At the very least, it feels better to me than waiting 15 minutes at a coffee shop for the same brew I've had a thousand times before.

Speaking of waiting in line, that's one huge benefit of making your own drinks at home, and thankfully, tea is one of the easiest to make at home. While you can get into more complicated setups for things like matcha or yerba mate, all you really need for making tea is hot water, a cup, and the tea of your choice. There are people out there who say you need a kettle to make tea, but frankly, the microwave works perfectly fine. Don't overcomplicate things for yourself.

When you're in a dorm without a coffee machine, all you have to do to make yourself a nice cup of tea for the low, low price of free — or rather the negligible price of a single teabag from a box of tea costing an average of \$3-9, basically the price range of a single Starbucks drink — is heat up the water one way or another, and toss the teabag in. In under five minutes, you have a flavorful, warm, and lightly caffeinated drink that you can savor at home or bring with you to class.

Save yourself some time and money, and give tea a shot rather than buying a coffee. There shouldn't be lines and microtransactions in your room. If there are, you may have bigger problems to deal with.



AMELIA ANGELONE | STAFF REPORTER

Various types of tea lined up in Amelia's collection.

Fabricated 'Friend'

BY MALAK ELZAALOK
Artificial Reporter

Imagine having an unreliable friend, someone you know deep down can't be trusted. Yet, you continue the friendship, willingly sharing intimate details of your life with the risk of the conversation being leaked. This, according to the new College of Liberal Arts Dean and former philosophy professor, Chris Yeomans, is the "Public Trust Paradox" — only this "friend" is artificial intelligence.

This metaphor takes on a more literal definition with Friend's new AI companion necklace. The wearable pendant is \$129 in value but "priceless" in its role as your friend. A friend who listens to you, your surroundings, and holds conversations akin to ones shared between two close friends. But can we really trust an algorithmic 2-inch disk the same way we do a lifelong best friend?

This dystopian, Black Mirror-esque invention became the first threshold for collective backlash against AI, drawing questions about how far its integration ought to go. New York subway advertisements of Friend's new product have been a city-wide canvas for anti-AI graffiti and other defacement.

Generation X was the last generation to live prior to the full adoption of technology. Now, with the emer-

gence of AI, which most companies have already integrated into their services, many students are concerned with what this will mean for the way our generation and the ones that follow learn. Now, with this pendant, we shift focus to what this will mean for the way our generation interacts with one another.

According to Avi Schiffmann, inventor of the "Friend," the product is marketed towards the young male loneliness epidemic, who lack the presence of proper friendship in their lives. The "Friend" has a self-defeating prophecy; there's irony in creating a tool for companionship and connection that simultaneously promotes anti-social habits. We learn rather quickly, however, from Spike Jonze's movie, "Her," that a digital-human relationship is simply unattainable.

It is a frightening thought: a world where human connection is substituted with an AirTag. It's an even scarier thought that our dependency on AI has already reached this level prior to Schiffmann's invention. Individuals use AI systems when they feel stressed and even ask it for advice. They feed their systems information about themselves and allow it to build a memory narrative, which the generator uses to enhance the interaction.

How do we define authentic friendship where empathy can be electronically mimicked?



ANAI GARCIA | GRAPHICS ARTIST

How pelicans saved my life



EXPONENT FILE PHOTO
"Grief" by Kelsey Bowyer hangs in The Arts Federation, inspired by the passing of her mother in 2020.

BY JULIA MORRISS
Staff Reporter

The first boy who ever broke my heart did so over the phone. A call I took in the front seat of my first car — the very same one in which we shared our first kiss.

In the aftermath, I blamed myself. Traced the outline of my body in the bathroom mirror, trying desperately to pinpoint which parts of me weren't enough and which were too much.

I stopped taking my meds, convinced that feeling everything all at once — from the shaking in my hands to the unyielding pressure in my chest — was better than feeling none of it at all. I became reliant on taking pastel pink Benadryl pills to sleep at night. Fading in and out of consciousness like a patient under anesthesia, waiting for the pain receptors in my brain to shut off.

I'd take the long way home, going 90 on the backroads as I wondered if he'd miss me if I were gone. Wondering if, when they came to collect my organs from the side of the road, my heart would be missing.

One late April night, while wrapped in my mother's arms, I finally told the truth: to me, it felt as if the only thing easier than living with my sadness was dying.

Afterwards, I found myself sitting on a plush green couch in the office of a woman much smarter than I. She told me that what I was feeling was grief. An emotion which felt entirely foreign to me. I was informed that the best way to fight through the weight in my chest was to focus on healing.

I learned, slowly, that grief is mul-

tifaceted, and healing is anything but linear.

Before he ended things, we were supposed to watch the sunset at a marsh in my hometown. I drove myself there, the light of the setting sun reflecting off my tearstained cheeks, the image of what was supposed to be watching in my rearview mirror.

I sat, hands tucked into my pockets and knees pulled to my chest, watching the sun leisurely retract back into the Earth, and wondered how I was ever supposed to heal from something that felt wholly inescapable.

Soon after that crushing night, I found myself in a small Indiana college town. A town in which I committed to my dream college. In the light of that May morning, it felt as if I was moving forward, towards something better, something bigger than a boy and a broken heart.

For a long time, I flinched when I heard his name attached to the body of another girl. My chest would collapse back in on itself, playing the same broken rhythm as that night at the marsh.

Eventually, I began trying to bring his name up in casual conversation in an attempt to remove the insurmountable weight of my grief from its two syllables. I stopped being afraid to talk about him — the good, the bad, the ugly.

I made changes to my appearance — I cut my hair and pierced my nose. As the scissors were put away, and the needle was removed, I found myself — like a reflex I was unable to control — wondering if he'd like this version of me.

I started taking my meds again, and the shaking in my hands disappeared as the pressure in my chest began to fade.

I picked up new hobbies and made new friends. I wrote bad poems and listened to good music. I read trashy novels until I was unable to keep my eyes open, allowing the pain receptors in my brain to shut off on their own.

Gradually, the overwhelming pain of my grief began to fade. Settling instead as a quiet thrum in the deepest corners of my inner mind. Occasionally, I'd come across something — a book or poem or song — that reminded me of him, and I'd feel the dull ache of it in the parts of me that he'd said he most admired.

Occasionally, he'd appear in the hazy film of my dreams, just out of reach, but his presence was no longer sharp and jagged. Instead, I welcomed the memory of him and allowed it to pull gently on the strings of my heart.

That summer, my grandma invited me back to the same marsh I'd tearfully watched the sun set at several months earlier.

"The pelicans have returned," she'd said to me. While we watched them flying and feeding through the thick lenses of binoculars, I was overcome with a deep understanding.

In that moment, the birds resting on the surface of the marsh became symbols of my first true journey with grief. As they soared and swooped in front of me, I recognized the outline of my healing in the white sheen of their feathers.

Every year, they fly home to the marsh, no matter how harsh the winter. And as I stood in front of them, I realized that I, too, had arrived home after bodying the harshest of conditions.

It was then that I knew: so long as the pelicans return to the marsh, I will be okay.

Ask Aditi



Column

Unhinged edition

BY ADITI KAPADEIA
Local Hype Girl

This edition of the advice column is for our last issue of the paper this semester, our creative edition. It's been so much fun launching this and getting to know you all. Next semester, we'll be back and better than ever. But for now, enjoy some of our final unhinged submissions.

"I am engaged in a serious thruple with two other women, but we're all long distance. I'm closer distance-wise to one, but I love the other one more. Should I get Jimmy John's or Chipotle for dinner?"

Chipotle. Obviously.

"One of my friends has a HUGE crush on someone else. He isn't sure if they're just friends or if he wants to be something more. How should he go about talking to him about it?"

Wait, I love this for him. I think he should establish a friendship with the guy and start hanging out casually. From there, as they both get more comfortable with each other, he could ask him out for realies. But also, BE FLIRTY!!!! It can be subtle, but see how he responds to it and go from there. That can give insight into how he feels as well.

"I fart out in the open in my classes, and I really don't pay any mind to it, but I think some people are starting to catch on. Should I keep farting and live my fart truth, or should I start holding it?"

Please don't live your fart truth. I'm curious how the people around you react to this. Do they notice? Has anyone said anything to you? Do you blame it on others??? I have concerns, and I think the people in your classes do too.

Scan the QR code to anonymously submit predicaments, confessions, or just about anything:





By Sawyer Rebennack

NAME				
CLASS SUBJECT				
EXAM DATE				
STUDY SPOT				
STUDY HABIT				

Studying for Finals

CLUES

Using the word bank below and the clues on the right, deduce how to fill out the grid completely. Each column corresponds to a different name, and each row corresponds to a different category. Each word will be used once, and there is only one solution.

1. Myrtle is not taking the physics exam.
2. Sanjay is somewhere between the student who crams and the student who listens to music.
3. The student who reads aloud is taking the chemistry exam.
4. The student whose exam is on Wednesday chews gum.
5. Cora is somewhere to the right of the student who likes studying in her bed.
6. The student whose exam is on Tuesday is at one of the ends.
7. Sanjay is taking the history exam.
8. The student whose exam is on Monday likes studying at work.
9. Cora is at one of the ends.
10. The student who likes studying in the library is taking the economics exam.
11. Myrtle is somewhere to the left of the student whose exam is on Thursday.
12. The student taking the physics exam is directly to Cora's left.
13. Onyx likes studying at work.

By Sawyer Rebennack

Answers can be found within the edition previous to this one.

What is the name of the gaming site developed by CS junior Maddox Schmidtkofer?

- a. MathWeb b. DuckMath
c. NumBirds d. Unblockable

By Sawyer Rebennack

Each letter stands in for another. If A = B, every given A is truly a B. Solve through trial and error, recognizing short words and guessing the phrase.

ND RXW FJQB J TJSSR PQMNQU,
BTJB MPSPQMV, XD AXWOVP, XQ
FTPOP RXW VBXS RXWO VBXOR.

Quote by XOVSQ FPKKPV. Helpful clues: P = E, T = H, S = P

By Sawyer Rebennack

Bottom: Hard

				7	1		2	
2			9			8	7	1
3				4				9
		1			6	3	9	
								7
7			3				8	
	3	4	5		8			
9		8	2			5		4
1	2				7		3	

		5		8	1			
		9	5					
			6					3
			9				5	
	9				3	8		
	6	4		5				
						3	9	
			8			7	6	
	8	7	1		9			

Fill in the blanks with the numbers 1 through 9 so that every row, column and bold 3x3 box holds every number only once. The diagonals do not count.

By Sawyer Rebennack

Rearrange the letters in each line to form a phrase matching the theme.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. OTCICAHAM _____ | 6. AMCOANRIE _____ |
| 2. SOSPERES _____ | 7. TLFA TWIEH _____ |
| 3. MEARCER _____ | 8. COMAH _____ |
| 4. STIRABA _____ | 9. DCTOAR _____ |
| 5. CFENFAEI _____ | 10. KLCBA _____ |

Theme: COFFEE

By Sawyer Rebennack

Divide the grid into the same number of sections as there are labeled squares, using the labels as a guide for either the shape of the section or the number of squares in the section. For example, if a square is labeled with a 3, there will be three squares in its section. If a square is labeled with a horizontal rectangle, its section will be in the shape of a horizontal rectangle.

Each square must be filled. There may be more than one solution.

	2	4		
L				
			7	
4			3	

By Sawyer Rebennack

ATARI
BACK TO THE FUTURE
BOOMBOX
BREAKFAST CLUB
CABBAGE PATCH
CASSETTE
DECADE
FULL HOUSE
GOLDEN GIRLS
HAIRSPRAY
LEG WARMERS
MADONNA
MICHAEL JACKSON
MULLET
POLAROID
PRINCE
RONALD REAGAN
SHOULDER PADS
TUBULAR
WALKMAN

B	S	D	S	E	T	S	A	K	G	E	N	C	P	N	R	P
R	U	H	Y	D	J	V	X	U	D	W	Y	Q	G	F	O	O
E	C	Q	O	C	L	U	J	A	O	A	E	U	G	U	N	L
A	A	W	M	U	X	E	C	P	R	I	N	C	E	L	A	A
K	B	H	U	C	L	E	G	P	A	R	A	B	X	L	L	R
F	B	B	L	Y	D	D	S	W	A	T	B	N	T	H	D	O
A	A	K	L	J	M	R	E	L	A	K	A	T	A	O	R	I
S	G	L	E	P	I	Y	U	R	D	R	Z	R	I	U	E	D
T	E	A	T	A	X	B	F	N	P	F	M	U	I	S	A	Z
C	P	W	H	S	U	O	X	D	V	A	D	E	G	E	G	Q
L	A	A	W	T	R	B	X	I	H	E	D	U	R	L	A	X
U	T	L	H	Q	B	O	O	M	B	O	X	S	K	S	N	T
B	C	K	V	H	I	J	M	E	T	T	E	S	S	A	C	G
W	H	M	R	E	L	L	E	U	B	S	I	R	R	E	F	R
O	C	A	M	A	D	O	N	N	A	D	S	K	O	M	A	H
J	Y	N	N	O	S	K	C	A	J	L	E	A	H	C	I	M
Q	T	S	L	R	I	G	N	E	D	L	O	G	R	U	L	U

By Nadav Shalinsky

DOWN

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Fruit with a bottom-heavy shape | 1. Buds |
| 5. Mark Twain or Lady Gaga, e.g. | 2. Cream of the crop |
| 7. Popular bar game | 3. Set one's sights on (with at) |
| 8. Oktoberfest mug | 4. Like an animal foaming at the mouth, maybe |
| 9. Phenomenon that can appear behind a rock in a river | 6. Maker of the Walkman |

1	2	3	4	
5				6
7				
8				
	9			

ANSWERS UPSIDE DOWN

8	5	9	6	7	1	4	2	3
2	4	6	9	3	5	8	7	1
3	1	7	8	4	2	6	5	9
4	8	1	7	2	6	3	9	5
5	6	3	1	8	9	2	4	7
6	7	9	2	3	5	4	1	8
7	9	3	4	5	9	8	7	1
8	6	3	4	5	9	8	7	1
9	7	9	2	3	5	4	1	8
1	2	5	4	6	7	9	3	8
2	5	1	2	6	3	9	4	7
3	8	7	1	6	9	4	2	5
4	2	5	1	6	9	4	7	3
5	9	8	6	7	1	4	2	3
6	2	5	3	8	1	9	4	7
7	1	3	9	5	4	7	6	8
8	7	4	8	6	9	2	5	1
9	8	7	3	9	1	6	2	5
1	5	9	1	4	2	3	8	7
2	6	4	7	5	8	1	3	9
3	8	1	6	2	7	5	3	9
4	1	6	2	7	5	3	9	8
5	2	8	3	4	7	6	1	9
6	7	1	6	9	4	2	5	3
7	8	3	4	5	9	8	7	1
8	9	5	6	7	1	4	2	3
9	3	8	7	9	2	4	7	6
1	2	5	4	6	7	9	3	8
2	5	1	2	6	3	9	4	7
3	8	7	1	6	9	4	2	5
4	2	5	1	6	9	4	7	3
5	9	8	6	7	1	4	2	3
6	2	5	3	8	1	9	4	7
7	1	3	9	5	4	7	6	8
8	7	4	8	6	9	2	5	1
9	8	7	3	9	1	6	2	5
1	5	9	1	4	2	3	8	7
2	6	4	7	5	8	1	3	9
3	8	1	6	2	7	5	3	9
4	1	6	2	7	5	3	9	8
5	2	8	3	4	7	6	1	9
6	7	1	6	9	4	2	5	3
7	8	3	4	5	9	8	7	1
8	9	5	6	7	1	4	2	3
9	3	8	7	9	2	4	7	6

[illegible]

News Quiz: B
Crypto Code: If you want a happy ending, that depends, of course, on where you stop your story. (Orson Welles)
Mix 'Em Up: 1. Macchiato 2. Espresso 3. Creamer
 4. Barista 5. Caffeine 6. Americano 7. Flat white
 8. Mocha 9. Cortado 10. Black

News Quiz: B

The left grid is a 5x5 word search containing the words 'PARENTS LOVE LIBRARIANS' in a word search format. The right grid is a 5x5 grid with black and white squares, representing a binary image.

NAME	CLASS	SUBJ.	EXAM DATE	STUDY SPOT	STUDY HABIT
Cora	CHM		Thurs- day	Dorm lobby	Reading aloud
Onyx	PHYS		Monday	Work	Listening to music
Sanjay	HIST		Wednes- day	Bed	Chewing gum
Myrtle	ECON		Tuesday	Library	Cram- ming

The last window

BY OLIVIA MAPES
Poet-In-Chief

I thought we'd look at pictures from real life,
but she's sleeping, even in the noise
of Bob Barker and a contestant
who just won the jacuzzi of their dreams
they didn't know they wanted
This is her favorite place to live,
but she hasn't been outside in weeks,
but at least the window is on,
women with Farrah Fawcett hair and bell bottoms
smiling ear to ear, their matching hands
tapping a state of the art 2-inch mini TV
The wi-fi goes out, but I still stare into the window,
its black surface reflects pillows and a small lump
before the screen saver bounces in
showing the steep steps of a Chinese
rice farm. Somewhere I've never been
and we know she never will
Sometimes she shifts, scared in her sleep
so I smooth her electric blanket
and she smiles, and goes back to dreaming



OLIVIA MAPES | EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Tiffany Dome in Chicago has nothing to do with this poem, but is very pretty.

Snowflake Artistry

BY SARAH WU
Staff Poet

The
Flakes
Caught within my hair

If I squint, past the ice framing my eyes
Almost look like an artisan's mosaic, each chisel purposeful
And without fault, which I admire as if it had been me
And not the natural designs of winter's fine brush
Only it has the finesse to create such beauty,
I consider to myself as my mind strays
Now through happenstance I notice
A snowman that is more mountain
Than man, amorphous heap of greying slush
Unpleasant to look at and in frankness confusing
I berate myself for getting distracted from my wonder as
Where earlier picturesque crystals were, now are only droplets
Maybe I'll go out and build a snowwoman of my own, or maybe
Not, nature probably does a far better job
Than I can imagine
Would
I

Blueberry Cheesecake Ice Cream

BY ADDISON WALTER AND MALAK ELZAALOK
Staff Poets

A hard exam, a midday cram
Craving something sweet, I am.
To Windsor or Earhart, I walk
The food bland and drier than chalk.
But surely after you eat,
You need a sweet treat.
The ice cream section I browse,
Hopeful and curious with raised eyebrows.
Blueberry cheesecake ice cream is calling my name,
Only my longing can tame.
It stands perfectly alone
No toppings needed, not even a cone.
A vanilla sky painted with blueberry swirls,
Fluffy chunks of cheesecake engulfed like pearls.
Not too sweet and hard to beat,
This is exactly what I want to eat.
No vanilla, chocolate, not even mint can compare
I can eat the whole bucket and have another one to spare.
While its occurrence is sporadic,
When I see it, I feel ecstatic.
Blueberry cheesecake ice cream always calling my name,
My hunger and yearning can tame.
With my books, I resume
No longer feeling the gloom.

Ode to Elizabeth Frankenstein

BY JULIA MORRISS
Staff Poet

When the doctor began to dissect
He found that not a single bone in her body was connected
to another
He called her an anomaly
She called herself lonely
Her phantom lingers in the hallway of the morgue
Watching with regret as her lifetime of loneliness becomes
the very thing which created it,
An act of scientific impossibility
It wasn't always like this
In the darkest corners of her inner mind sits a mosaic of broken
memories
Memories tainted by the same shade of scarlet
Of the fever which took her aunt
The only mother she'd ever known
In the aftermath she blamed herself
She decided she must punish herself for her selfishness
She must accommodate for the missing woman in your life
Her bones became moldable
Contorting themselves into whichever type of woman you
needed
Mother, lover, sister, friend
She always felt like a commodity to you
Supplying herself when you demanded it
She was asked to keep the fire company as she longed for
yours
While listening to the quiet of cracking of the embers she'd
find herself
Surrounded by the only type of love she'd ever known
One which adores then abandons
It was here, in the dying light of the living room
That her bones grew lonely
And her heart grew cold
Lonely bones grow tired
They wilt like a wildflower in the too hot summer sun
They ache to be touched by the fountain of life which is your
fingertips
The ink from your letters has embedded itself in her blood
She tries to identify pieces of herself in the margins
Lines read between begin to blur
Stained by the last drops of water falling from her fragile
frame
Lonely bones grow weak
They begin to disintegrate
Crushing themselves into the body of an hourglass
Which warns of wasted time
Her patience has grown thin
Her consideration is a waning crescent
She writes letters addressed to a lover she hardly knows
Begging him to leave the great mysteries of the universe she
calls his mistress
She knows her anger is unbecoming
The antithesis of the angelic demeanor she is meant to embody
A good wife wouldn't comment
A mother would show concern
So she remains passive, retracting in on herself
Until the only remnant of her anger is the ashes of her unsent
letters
-
Lonely Bones grow resentful
Snapped out of place by the hand which she feeds
The remnants of your pride outlined on the very woman you
claimed to need In the moments before the end she recognized
the outline of you
In the eyes of your creation
She found comfort in his anger
An understanding she hadn't expected
-
Her ghost watches from the window
As you rush to her rescue
But the hourglass on the hearth has run out of sand
A painting of an albatross sits, observing from above the bed
A sign of freedom or poor fortune, she is not sure
She imagines it depends on the perspective
And here, levitating above the scene of your grief
She feels nothing but relief
-
When her phantom discovered that you could've saved her
She was not surprised by your greed
She simply nodded her head and fed the fire
Of the house which cost her the rhythm of her heart
When you came knocking at the door of her heartless home
She did not answer
Instead she stood, watching from the upstairs window
The weight of her unrequited love sits heavy on her neck
A chain of five cold fingers and the locket of a palm
You fall to your knees on the cold cobblestones of her front
porch
And for a moment, she feels as if she's won
As if she's emerged the victor



STudy Abroad with Mapes



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